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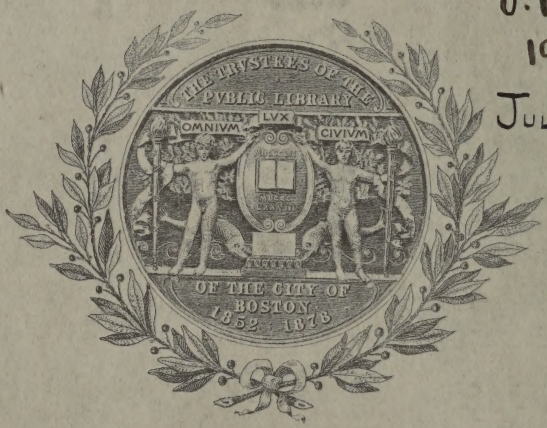

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The Disloyalty of the German-American Press

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY 1917

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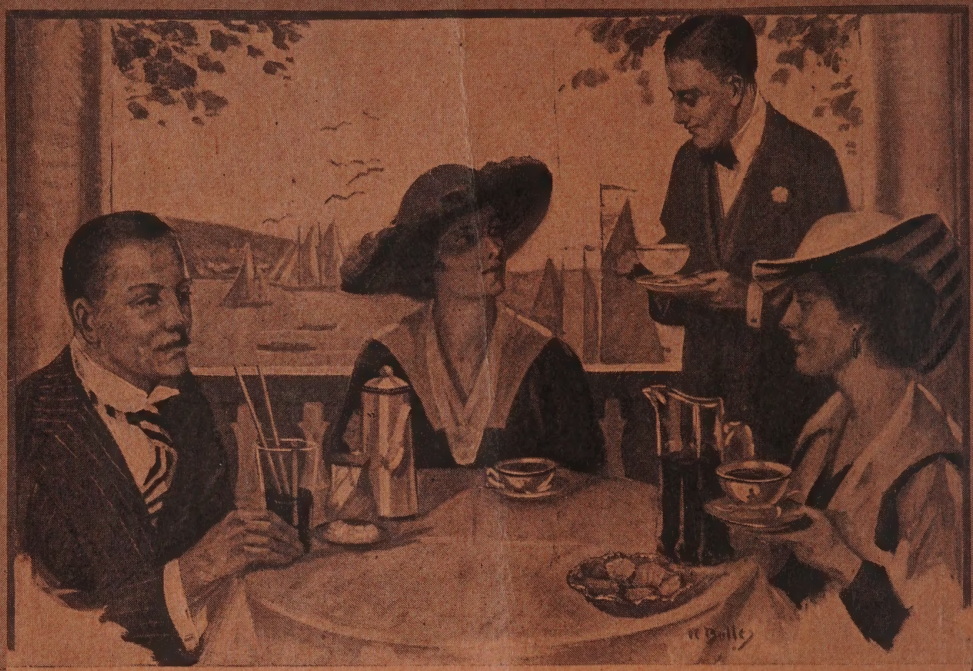

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1917

May 2-1918
Wisconsin

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

BY MAURICE BARRÈS
MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

To-day the noble-hearted American nation is asking on its own account the question which, for nearly three years now, the French nation has been asking itself: 'What will be the outcome of this war, which is modifying our national soul? What manner of men will come back to us from the trenches when victory has been won?'

For two years and a half, our young soldiers have been learning the lessons of war; shoulder to shoulder they have been winning their manhood, their *croix de guerre*, their promotions. They are being formed on the same model; they are being initiated into the rules of discipline and system; they are amassing a treasure of sober thoughts, and friendships which will suffice for the whole duration of their lives. By virtue of their profound impressions, their first tremendous experiences, every man of them belongs now and for all time to the world of the trenches. Such an education means a France unified and purified. In these young men is taking place a resurrection of our most glorious days. Some great thing is about to come into being.

I should like to show you the eyes of these radiant boys, turned toward the future, full of life, full of love of nature, of their parents, of their country, and consenting so readily to die; but how can I make you see the unforgettable purity of their gaze as they scan the horizon, seeking, not their own destiny, but the destiny of their country? Better far to call some of them in person from the ranks — youths chosen at random from the length and breadth of France; they shall speak to us themselves, and let us see, with no barrier between us, the boundless goodwill shining from their faces. Let us listen to these soldier-boys, beloved of their comrades, unknown to their commanders, lost in the rank and file, as they open their hearts to their families.

We shall see that the task they have set themselves is the glorification of their country at the cost of their blood. It is their will that from this slaughter France, and, through her, all mankind, shall flower anew.

Young Alfred Eugène Cazalis, a pastor's son — student at the Theological Seminary of Montauban, and a private in the 11th Regiment of Infantry, who died for France at nineteen, writes to his parents, —

'More and more, in the face of all those who have struggled and fallen, in the presence of the mighty effort which has been made, my thoughts turn to the

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France of to-morrow — to the divine France which is *bound* to be. I could not fight on, if I did not hope for the birth of that France, so richly deserving that men should kill one another and die for her sake.'

Jean Rival, a Grenoble boy, son of a college professor, who died for France in his twentieth year, writes to his younger brother, —

'My greatest comfort in the difficult moments which I must endure here is to think that you, my little brothers and sisters, are all doing your duty as I am. My task is to fight like a brave soldier; yours, to work just as courageously. Small and unimportant as you may seem to be in this great France of ours, you owe it to yourself to do your utmost to make yourself bigger, richer, nobler. After the war France will sorely need intelligent minds and strong arms; and you, the boys of to-day, will be the young manhood of to-morrow. You will be called on then to take the place of a soldier who has died for our country.'

Léo Latil, the son of a doctor of Aix-en-Provence, sergeant in the 67th Infantry, died for France at twenty-four. He writes to his family, —

'Our sacrifices will be sweet if we win a great and glorious victory, — if there shall be more light for the souls of men; if truth shall come forth more radiant, better beloved. We must not forget for a moment that we are fighting for great things — for the very greatest things. In every sense, this victory of ours will be a victory of the forces of idealism.'

Young Antoine Boisson, born of a family of soldiers, at Lure, in one of those little towns of Eastern France so rich in the military virtues, left his *lycée* to enlist, at the outbreak of war. While an *aspirant* in the 47th Regiment of Artillery, he died for France at eighteen. In his diary — the date is January 1, 1916 — he writes, —

'To-day begins the new year. It will be the year of victory. What will it mean for me? The greatest year of my life, surely, if God grants that I survive. I am going to fight; I am going to take part in war — in real war, in a holy war which, for seventeen months, has numbered so many victims — friends, comrades, fellow countrymen. Whatever destiny may be awaiting me, I shall waste no time thinking about the future. I confess I said to myself this morning, "What will be left of me when still another year has taken the place of this one?" But my conscience quickly replied, "Do your duty, your whole duty. That is the only thought worthy of a volunteer soldier like yourself." Let soul and heart obliterate the animal instincts and the revolt of one's baser nature. A man must hold up to himself some great dream to follow, some goal to reach. And what is this war for, if not to train character? It has developed within me feelings I am proud of, though I am at a loss to say why.

'I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of knowing that I am brave and high-spirited; I am proud of serving France, the land of my birth. Loyalty to the flag, love of country, respect for the given word, the sense of honor — these, for me, are no hollow, meaningless phrases; they ring like a bugle-call in my young heart, and for them, when the moment comes, I shall be able to make the supreme sacrifice.'

Ten thousand voices, all in harmony, rise from the young men of the classes of 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917, in response to their country's call. A junior officer, detailed in November, 1914, to instruct some Norman and Breton re-

cruits — boys called to the colors before their time — at the barracks of Saint-Lô, set his pupils their daily exercise in writing. Here, taken at random, is what one of them wrote: —

'Tremble, Germans! France hastens to invoke her greatest hope, the class of 1914. They are twenty years old. Mere boys, you say: what chance have they against the "kolossal" German army? What can they do, these young men whose strong hands, already trained, are lovingly fondling the stocks of their rifles? They will do as did their forefathers — the men of Valmy, of Austerlitz, of Rivoli, and of Solferino! They will conquer!'

Sublime though they all are, these voices differ. Every one of these pages, taken from the field-diaries of our young soldiers, is a variant of the same high theme: there are no two identical leaves in the whole vast forest, but each one, in these days of storm, yearns to come fluttering down to earth, that earth may be the richer for their fall. These boys consecrate themselves to the most glorious destiny. And so, while they are making the France of to-morrow, France herself is being made in them. Already this miracle is manifest on the surface of their lives, in their words, in their acts. O blessed augury!

I have no wish to make the mistake of classifying their aspirations, their flights of soul, and of crystallizing too hastily this free and flexible spirit. Let us watch the young sensibilities of these soldiers as they live and breathe and take color; and from day to day, as we read their letters and follow the emotions they share with their families, we shall see that their instincts are beginning to work with the harmony and coördination of some great mechanism. Beneath the surface of the ocean, all torn by terrible whirlpools, thousands of tiny coral islands are drawing together, fusing themselves into one. A new world is coming into being.

Léo Latil left his home at Aix-en-Provence, where, near his family, he was studying for his degree of doctor of philosophy under the guidance of Maurice Blondel, the far-famed author of *L'Action*.

'What charming hillsides, what noble rivers!' writes this young Provençal, as he goes farther north; 'truly, this country of France is worth fighting for!'

He comes to the forests of the Meuse, close by the low hills, the springs, and groves that Jeanne d'Arc knew.

'A wooded slope, terraced with three lines of trenches. Opposite, across the valley, *they* are in possession. What a glorious countryside! in all France, none lovelier! If you only knew what good friends to soldiers the woods are! Under their protection one may venture forth from dug-outs and bomb-proofs; one may bathe in living springs, and the *Taubes* see nothing. One drawback only: those ugly brutes across the valley climb stealthily up the trees and snipe at us.'

I know of no pastoral poetry more limpid, more crystal-clear than these letters, in which one seems to catch a fleeting glimpse of Cowper's hare, and the partridges of Francis Jammes. Our young warrior watches them flash past with his good-humored smile:

'The one thought that helps me through all trials is that we are spending every moment close to Nature, and growing to know her as no mere civilian could ever hope to do. One evening, when the little schoolmaster and I had come back late, and every scrap of room in the bunk-house was taken, we flung ourselves down side by side at the foot of a big beech. Scarcely a moment before the rain began to murmur

beneath the leaves. The great tree had not been able to protect us. But then I thought, "What harm can come to me from this Nature, which has been so friendly?" Another evening, in a lonely dell, I heard a nightingale sing so wondrously that its voice held us silent for a long, long time. Nature consoles me; she is my friend; I am in her confidence. I have learned the secrets of every hour of day and night. In these Meuse woods, which I call my woods, I have seen every little leaf born, every copse turn green anew. They shelter me and protect me when the ordeal is at hand.'

This fellowship with Nature — frequent enough among our young soldiers — is touching indeed. In her they find a mother whom boys of their age, in a happier life, are slow to recognize. As I listen to Léo Latil, I seem to see an exile, some young descendant of Theocritus and Virgil, a Sicilian shepherd, in our forests of Lorraine; and as I am about to speak my thought, he takes the words from my mouth: —

'The moonlight is magnificent. I have slept like a shepherd on a couch of dead leaves, in spite of the fearful noise of the 75's, which are clattering away behind us.'

Others have loved Nature as dearly as this boy loved her, and Maurice de Guérin, coming from his fair Southland, felt the influence of the Northern sky as quickly as the young Provençal. But what is the end of their sylvan intoxication? Léo Latil turns it to good account: 'I am determined to set free those hillsides, those tree-tops waving rhythmically behind the enemy's trenches.'

He repeats the thought later. This fusion of calm, peaceful impressions of the Meuse woodlands with the burning spirit of sacrifice stirs one almost to the point of anguish. For this young soldier there exists no imaginary conflict between the cult of Nature and heroic Christianity. Self-immolation, the spirit of sacrifice, have seemed to us irreconcilable with this enchantress. How easily he subordinates great Pan to the Son of God crucified! The beauty of the skies, the forests, the rivers of France furnishes him with just so many more incentives to the fulfillment of his duty.

Moreover, the memories of home life, the daily letters breathing forth the fragrance of happiness and affection so pervasive in happy households, far from sapping the purpose of this young heart, make it all the firmer.

A child is born into the family circle. To the young mother Léo Latil writes:

'All my best wishes to you! After all, the *poilu* is not indestructible, and care must be taken to replace him. Then, too, it is good to think we are fighting for all those little children, who shall have free and peaceful lives.'

Though his thoughts wander back to the home in Aix-la-Provence, or give themselves over to Nature, he remains faithful to the realities of his soldier's life.

'I wish you could have seen the procession of *poilus* coming back from the trenches to the rear. Heavily bearded they are, and long-haired; caked with mud, plodding along on their sticks, and carrying on their backs a large and strange collection of bedding, tools, and camp-dishes. One might think that all the beggars and the luckless from all the highways of the world were filing past; but their spirit is so splendid that we always feel like cheering them. . . .

'I am now serving my apprenticeship as sergeant. Nothing difficult about it, but one must keep one's mind on a hundred little things, and with it all never forget to be just. One must know how to demand a great deal, to

have authority, and to acquire still more, without losing the human touch. One must be able to hearten one's men and console them. All this can be acquired, and is well worth trying for.'

This lofty idea of the dignity of command, this fine anxiety to make the most of one of the humblest ranks of the system, show us that beneath all this fragrant poetry, joyous and perfect in taste as the deathless songs of Mistral, there breathes a stout soul.

'Do not pray,' he writes to his family, 'that I may be spared suffering. Pray rather that I may be able to bear it, and that the courage I long for may be given me.'

In such souls there are no dark corners. They are penetrated by the full light of day, even to the innermost arcana. His family, his beloved land of France, his brothers-in-arms, his religion — these are the voices which call this lovable boy to his duty. He is ready now for whatever may come; he is about to leave the country of Jeanne d'Arc — in September, when autumn in Lorraine is most poignantly lovely. And in this same month the young hero is to fulfill his destiny.

'If you could only have seen our leave-taking! Evening; the kitchen of a country inn — a great Lorraine kitchen, clean as could be, with a roaring blaze in the huge fireplace. Already day was drawing her veil about her, and the night-mists were rising from the marsh-lands. The table was loaded with bottles of wine which the proprietor had brought up. We stood around, leaning on our rifles; the two little girls, over in the corner, were sobbing as if their hearts would break. Even the old man himself was upset. As for us, we were cracking jokes; I swaggered about, with my American pipe between my teeth. Once more, for the last time, we drank each other's healths and kissed cheeks wet with tears; then we filed out into the darkness, dragging our gun-stocks over the floor. It was all like some quaint old picture — one of those moments of poetry or legend which you might think could exist only in books.'

Before he says farewell to this Lorraine of which he wrote, 'We shall come back as pilgrims, after the war, to this green Lorraine with its rolling hills, its meadows, and its woods,' — before he dies, let us enjoy one more of this young Provençal's pictures of the Bar-le-Duc countryside: —

'We were in an orchard, lying at ease, awaiting orders. I had forbidden my men to pick any of the plums; they could only gather up the wind-falls lying in the grass. The little boys of the village, however, who were always trailing along behind us, swarmed up the trees and shook them. What a downpour of plums — and how good they were!'

O Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in comparison with this, your cherry tree at Annécy and your two charming girls count for little indeed! Here, young warriors of France are resting in the grass, and the village urchins of Lorraine are shaking the plum trees!

One moment more: we can never have too many of these sketches by young hands now dead. From this one eight lines stand out — eight swiftly drawn lines, a moral portrait, as it were, which I would gladly have a foreigner carry away with him as the likeness of the typical young Frenchman. Those who can measure its restraint, its depth, may know that they are capable of appreciating the best that our race has to offer.

'Sometimes,' writes Léo Latil, 'I find myself pursuing a dream; but for the most part I am one with my men, living their life with my whole heart. They are such splendid fellows, so many of them! And besides, I love this

solitude with its tang of bitterness, these ceaseless mortifications of the flesh, these moods of the purified soul, ever ready for prayer.'

Thus, in the land of Saint Louis, of Jeanne d'Arc and Pascal, speaks a young soldier gently born, who combines, after the high French manner, the three gifts of dreaming, of generosity, and of a soaring spirit. A perfect young man!

On the evening of September 27, 1915, Léo Latil fell at the edge of a German trench, west of the farm of Navarin, in Champagne, as he was leading the bayonet-charge of a section of the 67th Regiment, whose lieutenant had just been killed.

And now let us see and hear Alfred Cazalis, the son and grandson of missionary clergymen. Alfred Cazalis is the very spirit of tender, stirring orthodoxy, of dogma translated into charity and sympathy — a fine, lovable boy who says to God, 'To Thee I belong, and to all my brothers.' Eighteen years old, and bred in a very fervor of religion, he brings all his heart's devotion to his war-life, so pitifully short. To this noble young Calvinist, the vision comes in a remarkable form; but burning within is the longing, shared alike by all these soldier-boys, to create a more transcendently lovely France.

'First and foremost,' he says, 'my preoccupation has been with the righteousness of this war. I know that our cause is just and good, and that the right is on our side. But this war must not be sterile; from all these deaths there must burst forth new life for mankind.

'I think ceaselessly of the France of to-morrow, of that young France whose hour is at hand. A consecrated France it must be, in which there will be no purpose in life save Duty. Men will live only in so far as they realize their duty and strive to fulfill it. And it is for us Protestants — or rather, for us believers — to reveal this new life to the world.

'Our duty, then, is to go forth as apostles. Our duty is plain; Jesus has defined it: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Perfect *through ourselves* — that is, developing our personalities to their utmost limit, making them yield the last least thing of which they are capable, and bringing them up to the ideal stature of Christ. Then, too, perfect *through others* (for surely we believe in the communion of saints!), which means praying for them, that they may learn to bend conscience and will before the kingly will of God.'

These are his first thoughts; this is the abiding faith of this boy, steeped as he is in the religious spirit of his home. Day by day, during his short apprenticeship to life, he devotes himself passionately to learning the lesson of facts.

While in barracks, he writes, —

'I am trying to profit by these days of rest to prepare myself still more fully. I have time to read and meditate. Each morning, I try to get away to the hillsides to pray, and as evening comes on, I go to the church for a moment to collect my thoughts.'

Above all, however, he tries to know what *action* means. 'I have often dreamed,' he writes, 'of that hour when I shall enter into reality.' One day, in the trenches, his thoughts turned to death, and he sought a remedy for it.

'I find it infinitely sweet, in moments like this, to feel that there are others close by us, who, if we should fall by the way, will snatch up and hold high the blazing torch which we have been carrying forward.'

Suddenly he breaks off, and the sinister birds take flight.

'Others!' he says. 'Have I not too much faith in life and its preciousness

to be content with that hypothesis? It is not for death that I would prepare myself, but for life. For life eternal, no doubt, but for the more immediate matter of earthly life as well. When war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was — or the lesson will all have been in vain. Through the war mankind must be reborn, and is it not our duty to be reborn first of all?'

Thus he reconciles tragic eventualities with his young love of life; thus he decides that he will conquer, and that even beyond the grave he will toil on and pursue into eternity itself his earthly spiritual task.

'A grave moment is at hand. There is to be a bayonet charge. If I do not come back, one thing only I ask: may the tiny flame of consecrated forces which was in me descend upon those whom I loved and who loved me — upon all my comrades in faith and in toil.'

Then follows another utterance, equally sybilline: —

'Already I feel a change coming over me. The abstract being which was in me is falling asunder, and numberless realities of the spiritual order which were once mere phantoms are becoming flesh and blood to me through an experience which is renewed every instant. I am learning to live.'

What does this mean? What is this life whose meaning this boy is learning at the same time that he learns to die? That is the great secret. But I seem to listen in amazement to fresh accents from the shadowy young lips. Existence, he tells us, may be a ceaseless elimination, a progression, a development which commences here below and continues when the spirit, taking flight into the heavens, fully unfolds that which was its essential inner nature. Eternal life (if I understand this mysterious young Levite aright) is not rest, but a prolongation of the noble task begun on earth. Earthly life is a rough sketch, so to speak, of the deathless existence, and suffers no change of quality beyond the grave. After dissolution, men will continue to act. The young soldiers who have fallen for France will take up again the sacred work of their country.

Beneath these charmingly inadequate words (one might fancy them a stumbling translation of the 'Cantique des Anges') I see with admiration how complete has been the victory, in these young hearts, of war-time discipline over the seething anarchy in which we found so much beauty only yesterday. What a wild yearning toward group-life! How urgent a need to form, across time and space, an indissoluble union with souls capable of creation! What a splendid determination to make one's self eternally at one with the best! Four days before his death this spiritual boy, stirred by some presentiment, set about coming to conclusions with his soul and recapitulating his deepest experiences: —

'First of all, my experience of men. In these hours when, every instant, one's life is in peril, they show themselves in their true colors, with no false semblance either of evil or of good. Everything within them that is mere factitious acquisition or pretense is sloughed off; and so one gets to know men's souls under conditions that doubtless will never recur again.

'Then, my experience of the communion of saints. Never a moment when I did not feel close to my people, to all those that I love; never should I have believed that, in spite of great distances, they could seem as near as the men who are fighting at my side.

'Thus it was that I reached the greatest of the three experiences — a realization of the marvelous and incomparable worth of prayer.'

Four days later, on May 9, 1915, at

Roclincourt in Artois, Alfred Cazalis died by the side of his lieutenant, in a bayonet-charge. His major, who was himself to fall three days later, wrote at the time to Pastor Cazalis, 'I mourn all my beloved young soldiers, but above all your son, who prayed with me the evening before battle.'

I rejoice in copying such pages as these; I linger fondly over the yearning of these heroic young spirits; their thoughts follow no order save the ascending course of my admiration.

Jean Rival, at nineteen years of age, was an *aspirant* in the 14th Battalion of Chasseurs. Like Boisson, Cazalis, Latil, and all his other young brothers-in-arms, he was in love with life. In the midst of danger these young souls declare their love for light and space and movement and hope; but they put France first, and Jean Rival writes to a young kinswoman a letter in which the song of leave-taking, the eternal song of the twentieth year, is blended with and made secondary to the hymn of sacrifice accepted.

'I feel within me such an intensity of life, such a need of loving and of being loved, of unfolding, of admiring, of drawing great joyous breaths, that I cannot believe that death will lay hands on me. And yet I know well that commanding a section is deadly perilous. To lead soldiers to battle is to make one's self a target. Many have fallen; many more will yet fall. I have just learned of the death of several comrades who came to the front only a short while ago as *aspirants*. If this should be my lot, I count on you, dear J——, to console my parents. You must tell them that I died facing the enemy, protecting France with my body, and that they did not bring their son to his twentieth year in vain, since they have given our country one more defender. Tell them that my blood has not flowed for nothing, and that the countless tragic sacrifices of individual lives will save the life of France.'

These boys wish no pity for their hard life; they do not ask to be spared or admired.

'I learned to my amazement,' he writes to his parents, 'that M—— went to see Captain V—— and Major de R—— about me. That is too bad. Let M—— go about her own business and keep calm. And why do you always call me "poor" Jean? We have no liking to be pitied that way! Say "my dear Jean," or "good old Jean," or "little Jean"; but why "poor"? Is it because I am doing my duty like all my comrades?'

And what is his duty? What sort of life is he leading in the terrible sector of the *Tête de Faux?*

'We are within thirty or forty metres of the Boches. One can only move about in deep, narrow trenches, filled with mud and puddles of water separated by big stones, which give way under one's feet. A single shot may presage an attack. All night long I go the rounds, and when day comes, I must oversee the trench-works, so that I have n't a moment to myself. I can hardly snatch a bit of sleep on damp straw, in a dug-out which I must enter on all fours. Nevertheless, our spirits are of the best.

'I am in command of a platoon — that is, two sections — my own and that of the adjutant, who has a shell-wound. The responsibility is considerable, but little by little one gets used to it. Only the reliefs are troublesome. You start off about midnight, follow through the black shadows of the pines a path filled with stones and slippery with sleet; keep dead silence; fall down; get up again; lose your way; find it once more; and, having ultimately arrived at your destination, station the sen-

tries, send the men to bed, spot the trenches where the fighting is going on, in case of an attack; then finally fling yourself down on the straw, revolver close at hand — that is what a relief is!'

And yet listen to the joyous greeting which the young soldier sends forth from this abode of anguish and death. It is Easter Sunday, 1915.

'Happy Easter, Happy Easter! You must excuse this poor little letter; I am no longer in the rest-camp, but in the first-line trench, in a gloomy dug-out where the rain beats in, and I can't stand up straight. I have the command of two sections now, so there is plenty to do. Still, I have time to tell you that all goes well, that I love you, and that I am happy with my lot. Happy Easter!'

What an intensity of inner life is revealed by such a letter — still more by this exclamation which I take from another missive: 'Land of Alsace, which I love as dearly as my own Dauphiné!'

Is it not admirable, the spirituality of this outcry from a boy of twenty years who, at his humble post, suffers night and day in the mire? Whence comes this sublimation of great-heartedness?

Listen to this utterance of a young French knight-errant, pure of heart: —

'Dear J——, how can I thank you for all the good you do me with those letters of yours, so full of warm, cheering words, sweet as those of the elder sister I always longed for, and whom I find in you! What am I to do to prove myself grateful? Fight bravely, to defend you, to defend along with you all the maidens of France who to-day consecrate themselves to their brothers at the front! Fight bravely, to spare you the loathsome touch of these barbarians, whom we have been holding back here, one battalion against two, for a month and a half!

'On the day of the attack, dear J——, at the supreme moment when, at the signal of my captain, I shall go up and over the ramparts with my men, shouting, "*En avant, à la baionette !*" — at that superbly tragic moment when one stakes one's life, I shall think of you, rest assured of it. "Forward, boys, forward! At them, with the bayonet, for our sisters, the women of France!"'

This boy stands on the threshold of all the paradises he has not yet known, and seeks to defend them, without one single thought of self. How faint grows the blazing song of the young Sophocles at Salamis beside this flame, which no base fuel nourishes! And all are alike! To the cry of Jean Rival, 'At them, with the bayonet, for our sisters, the women of France!' there comes the answering cry of young Bernard-Claudius Lavergne. On the 23d of May, 1915, in Artois, he shouts, 'The moment has come. Forward, with the bayonet, for France and our mothers!'

And this tender exaltation is joined to the soundest reason. These boys, whom a superficial passer-by might see wrapped in a roseate mist of enthusiasm, possess true wisdom, won not from theories, but from their own experience. Jean Rival realizes that he is an officer whose duty it is to forge the weapon of victory by fanning in his men the fire of cheerfulness. This boy of nineteen writes, in the course of a familiar letter, a page of which historians of the war will do well to take note.

'If, taking it by and large, one may find (here at the front) a sane and noble spirit, it is utterly different from that which exists in the barracks and behind the lines. A spirit of unconsciousness and fatalism in some, of sober courage in others, and of cold resignation in others still. . . . For my part, I have

always believed in the necessity of the "chosen few," but of a chosen few truly worthy of the name, pervaded by a sense of duty, influencing and educating the masses. The chosen few, at this present moment, are brave and firm of purpose; they are the leaders in the war, and it is they who will bring it triumphantly to an end, for the masses are, in general, long-suffering, enduring, and easily stirred to glorious strife. The officer holds in his hand a mighty implement. If only he is a good workman, — that is, if he passionately loves his profession and his country, — be sure that he will turn out a work of art.'

The wonder is that this young warrior, who knows how to avoid cheap sentimentality and false demagogic claptrap, preserves the noble humanity of his soul. Herein lies the miracle of French reason, the divine pliancy of our race, when we are at our highest pitch of perfection.

'The mad pranks of our chasseurs at Grenoble? Yes, I know, but they are good fellows, nevertheless. If they know how to fight, they also know how to have their fun, and, upon my soul, who can reproach them for that? Here, too, when our men come into Plainfang after months in the trenches, they act like sailors returning from a long voyage. They kick over the traces: wine, cigars, merry songs — it's all part of the game. The officers can't get angry; in fact, they have no right to. What does it all matter if, after these few irregularities, the rascals throw themselves heart and soul into the charge? Needless to tell you that the irregularities of your nephew are on a small scale. A glass or two of old wine, a few cigarettes, and also — to be frank with you — a few smiles at the Alsatian girls: that's all. Have no fear for the damnation of my soul.'

What say you to this? Was not old Nestor, so revered by those garrulous Greeks, a mere schoolboy by the side of this young non-commissioned officer of nineteen years? Blood-spattered experience joined to stainless purity of heart: was ever the like of this in the world before? One's admiration is blended with sorrow in reading a letter in which the boy tells how deeply stirred he has been by the sight of a village first-communion; then, abruptly changing the subject, he enjoins calmness and energy upon his family. Or still another letter, with its burden of charming gratitude, in which this young soldier, who is giving his very life, grows solicitous lest the tiny sums sent him by his relatives can ill be spared from the modest home. Then, finally, there is that letter written on his father's birthday, in which he says, all forgetful of his own sacrifice, 'You may be sure that I understand the feelings of a father who sees his son of twenty years, whom he has reared at the cost of so much toil and care and thrift, setting out for the great Unknown of war.'

So it goes. Is it not splendid — this strong will dominating a tender, joyous heart?

And now, having taken stock of his ability, his courage, and the devotion of his men, he says, 'All is ready.' Here is his last letter to his young confidant: —

'Dear J——, to-morrow at dawn, to the strains of *Sidi Brahim* and the *Marseillaise*, we shall charge the German lines. The attack will probably finish me. On the evening before this great day, which may be my last, I remind you of your promise. Keep up my mother's courage; for a week or more she will receive no news. Tell her that when an advance is at hand no soldier can write to his loved ones; he must content himself with thinking about them. And if the time goes by and she hears nothing of me, let her

live in hope; keep up her courage. Then, if you learn at last that I have fallen on the field of honor, let your heart speak those words that will bring her solace.

'This morning I attended mass and took communion some few metres back of the trenches. If I die, I shall die as a Christian and a Frenchman.

'I believe in God, in France, in Victory. I believe in beauty, youth, and life.

'God guard me to the very end. But if my blood is needed for our triumph — Thy will be done, O Lord!'

If my only object were to make known and beloved this young nature, at once so tender and so strong, I might feel that with these *ultima verba* my task was done; I might even have closed with the young soldier's acclamation of 'beauty, youth, and life.' I feel it a sort of holy duty, however, to transcribe every one of these words which do such high honor to our race. In Jean Rival and all his brothers-in-arms there is not the least preoccupation with glory; no wish save to do that which is right. They pour forth the fragrance of their souls with no thought of producing an effect — but they are the diadem of France; they must be seen by the whole world, not as a reward to them, who are beyond all recompense, but for the glory of our country.

The attack of Le Linge began on July 20, 1915, about eleven o'clock. At one o'clock, Jean Rival, leading his section, fell dead with a bullet in his forehead. He lies at rest in the sacred soil of Alsace.

I must stop. And how unwillingly I do so! There is a multitude of young soldiers, all the peers of those whom I have described. Every one of them should be heard.

Joseph Cloupeau, who died on the field of honor at nineteen, said, 'How good it is to be of some use, even if one must pay for it with one's life!' And, revealing in that dawn the beauty of a harmonious life, he was able to declare, 'I am not a Christian and a soldier; I am a Christian soldier.'

Young Alfred Aeschiman, who died for France just before leaving the military *dépôt* of Aubagne, was walking one Sunday in February, 1915, through pine woods and sun-soaked groves of olives. 'How hard it is to accept death when one is twenty years old!' he murmured. 'I must never cease to keep before me the great ideals for which I am going to fight; and compare the worth of a mean, impure personality with that of the moral principles which are the glory of the human race.'

The young volunteer Paul Guieysse (he has since fallen on the battlefield) confides to the friend who accompanies him to the recruiting-station, 'I love life so dearly that if I did not have unswerving faith in the immortality of the soul, perhaps I might hesitate to enlist.'

Michel Penet, a boy of nineteen, in the 8th Regiment of *Chasseurs à pied*, writes: 'If only you could have been with me when the volunteers were called for! The lieutenant was there, with a copy of the ministerial decree in his hand. "Who wishes to join the army of invasion?" In a moment every arm was raised; there was but a single cry, "I do! I do!" It was more than mere patriotism that set all those caps waving in the air; it was more than mere hatred for the German nation; it was *vengeance*. I have seen soldiers argue with their officers because they would not let them go; I have seen some of them weeping with rage. Every one of us has his quota of deaths to avenge.'

This 8th regiment had already been sent forward under fire eight times. Their lieutenant said to his men, 'You

know, all of you, that the chasseurs are not made to live.' Joyously the young soldier goes out to meet his destiny. 'I am going forward with full confidence in the divine mercy,' he says. 'Of course it is hard to make such a sacrifice when one is not yet twenty. That is the age when life is good to live. Tomorrow we shall be in the Argonne; it will be a struggle to the finish. I shall fight for France, offering my heart to God; and when evening comes and the battle is over, I shall be resting for a few moments, and my thoughts will go out to you, who love me so much, and whom I love still more dearly. When night comes, our hearts will be united.' Of his march to the firing-lines, he says, 'The thing that impressed me most deeply was the old women. How many of them I saw wiping their eyes as they watched our splendid battalion swing by!' By the 20th of April, 1915, he had reached the trenches, and on May 29 he met a hero's end.

Only the dead have spoken to us here. This is seemly; we need put no curb on our praise. The living, however, are in every way their peers. Though they have not received the supreme consecration, theirs is the compensating glory of continuous service. All these splendid boys, scarcely emerged from childhood, are part and parcel of their generation; in them its beauty comes to full flower; they pour forth its fragrance before the action of time hardens them into individuals. Lithe bodies, sensitive and gentle souls, in whom strength has awakened before its season, truth-loving and modest unto humility, knowing well their honor and their duty, these soldiers of seventeen, eighteen, twenty years are truly 'sons of France,' as an admiring world calls them. 'Weariness?' they say in unison. 'It is a matter of energy, of moral resistance, rather than physical strength.' Every one of their biographies would tell of the deepening of the soul; and in the inner sanctuary of all these different souls there burns the same fire.

Have you noticed that they speak constantly of God — that they pray?

Captain André Cornet-Anquier, a Protestant soldier who died for France, tells us: 'A Catholic captain said the other day that he prayed before every engagement. The major observed that it was no time for such things, and that he would do better to attend to his orders. 'Major,' replied the other man, 'it does n't prevent me from taking my orders and fighting, and I feel the stronger for it.' Then I broke in: 'Captain, I do as you do, and I also am strengthened.'

'Those happen to be two believers,' you will say. 'There are always some of *them* to be found.' Yes, but they are men of different religions, and they agree. About what? *A fact.* What does prayer mean to these soldiers? They tell us that it is something which makes them stronger; that they draw virtue from it. We have all read about such things, but these two men speak from their own experience.

Fifteen years ago, in a conversation which I shall never forget, the great explorer Stanley told me, to my amazement, that in Africa, whenever he was perplexed, in torment, or in peril, he opened his Bible and found guidance there. 'Oh, yes,' I said to myself at the time, 'he is an Anglo-Saxon.' Nevertheless, the difference in nationality does not explain everything. Today we see our fellow countrymen, our neighbors, the children of our flesh, placed in circumstances that stir the depths of their being, feeling, and reasoning as they stirred that Englishman. My friend Captain Hassler, older than any of these boys and a stranger to their faith, looked about him and wrote,

'One cannot close one's eyes to the fact that many men are sustained by the idea of a superior being to whose care they entrust themselves.'

Noble is this *jungamus dextras* of these loyal soldiers; and beneficent this serene submission of believer and unbeliever alike to the great Fact; but my wonder goes far beyond this. The spirit of religion pervades this whole younger generation. They are not all equally sustained by it; certainly they are not all of the same creed, but history, in speaking of them, will use the words of Léo Latil: 'In this war the spiritual element dominates all.'

Whence do they come, these soldier-boys *sans peur et sans reproche?* The Judge's daughter in Scripture said, 'We ask of you a brief respite to bewail our youth.' *They* crave not a single tear. What luminous presence, what eyes full of calm, what sublime thoughts, rising without turmoil to the surface of their beings! Are these really our young brothers? Twice have they been born: first out of the soil of France, from an old race whose sons are noble, one and all; and again out of the nation's peril. A French mother (and French mothers are the tenderest, the most timid in the world) said to her son, 'I should urge you on with my own voice, if I could see you rushing to meet the enemy.' These boys are heirs to the ancient treasure: countless virtues slumbered within them, and to-day they are all awake.

As we watch them act and think, we are present at the resurrection of these forces that were slumbering. Tracts of the French soul which had long lain fallow in us are beginning to be fruitful once again; and these young men have won inner riches which we, their elders, had lost. Foregoing nothing of that which was *our* treasure (for their positive aptitudes, their sense of surface realities, are at least as great as ours), they leave no darkness in the more mysterious parts of their beings; they have rediscovered the secret of the Ages of Enthusiasm. By this token they are more complete natures than we, and come nearer to fulfilling the type of man made perfect.

Acceptance of sacrifice, the consciousness of a great Presence at one's side — we come across these again and again. If we need a picture to symbolize them, none more true to life can be found than that evoked by a sentence which Bernard-Claudius Lavergne, the thirteenth child of the glazier Claudius Lavergne, wrote home to his family: 'To-night we leave for the trenches. To-night I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand. You know who is watching over me.'

What an epitome! What a thought beyond price! O young men of France, worthier far than we!

They shall live on; but even were they dead, our country shall be built anew with their souls, as with living stones.

BRITISH EXPERIENCE FOR AMERICANS

BY SIDNEY WEBB

It was Bismarck who once declared, when some one apologized for a mistake by saying that one must learn from experience, that he preferred to learn from other people's experience. The United Kingdom is now completing its third year of quite unprecedented warfare, and it has had to learn a great deal from its own mistakes. The United States has even less experience of modern warfare than the United Kingdom had in August, 1914. It may save much by taking the fullest advantage of the British experience. The following suggestions have reference, not to military or naval operations, on which the public is necessarily imperfectly informed, but exclusively to the civil administration of a nation in war-time.

The Need for Personal Economy

Modern warfare proves to be quite extraordinarily expensive — not only much more costly than any previous warfare, but more so even than any one in Europe, statesman or economist, ever imagined. The great magnitude of modern armies and navies, the costliness of their pay and equipment, the unprecedented expenditure of munitions, the destructiveness of the guns and explosives employed, the extraordinary diversity and extent of the auxiliary services required — all this means a prodigious outlay by every belligerent government. Each month of the present war costs the governments concerned as much as the whole course of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71. In the first twenty weeks of the current year, the British government has paid out as much as the entire cost of its twenty years' warfare against Napoleon a century ago. There is no help for it. The United States will presently find itself let in for an expenditure which would construct a new Panama Canal every six weeks. It will not have been at war many months before it will have spent as much as the whole cost of the Civil War of 1861–65. Hence the first, and in the long run the most important, question for the administrator is how, if the war lasts more than a few months, this colossal expense can possibly be borne.

Warfare has to be conducted strictly on a cash basis. This was the first lesson that the United Kingdom — which thought itself in 1914 unrivaled in financial strength, accumulated capital, and borrowing credit — had to learn. The power of governments to borrow does not solve the problem. War cannot be carried on by merely mortgaging the future, not because of any failure of credit in the ordinary sense, but because post-dated checks are neither food nor missiles. Even the wealthiest nation cannot feed the soldiers out of future harvests, clothe them in next year's wool, or supply them with ammunition to be produced by a subsequent generation. What the armies and navies use and consume are the commodities which we have already in our possession, or which we are contemporaneously producing.

War involves, therefore, a diversion

of consumption. What the soldiers and sailors eat and destroy is so much abstracted from the civilian population. This is the root of all war finance; and the nation which does not learn it is pulled up sharply, long before the government becomes unable to borrow, either by famine at home or by shortage of shells at the front. Germany, which found itself blockaded, has long since put its entire population on strictly limited rations, and has taken every scrap of rubber, oil, copper, and hundreds of other things required in war for the service of the army. It was a long while before the people of Great Britain, where such governmental restrictions would be much resented, could be made to understand that the only way in which the soldiers at the front could be kept supplied with food and munitions was by the civilian population at home voluntarily abstaining from spending its wages or profits, and thereby abstaining from consuming either the commodities needed by the troops, or the labor-force that might otherwise produce such commodities. It took a tremendous campaign of exhortation and instruction, carried on, not merely in the newspapers and by speeches, but also by house-to-house visitation of the people, rich and poor, before the British people could be convinced of the simple economic truth that every pound's worth of food or clothes or petrol or service that was used by the civilian population, even if they 'could afford it,' was just so much abstracted from the supplies that were imperatively required at the front. Some people in all social grades still remain ignorant, and consequently unashamed of their spending. But taking the nation as a whole, it seems probable that the aggregate amount of its voluntary savings out of income is now three times as great as before the war. Whereas the nation then consumed, day by day, in mere living, four-fifths of what it produced, — the balance representing new investments of capital, — it is probably now consuming in civilian living not more than half of what it is producing — the balance going to the government, either in taxes or loans, to feed, clothe, and equip the army and navy, and provide the shells.

This is how it is that the unprecedented expense can go on. The question for America is, how soon will its hundred millions of people understand that they, too, will have to 'do their bit' by voluntarily restricting their customary personal expenditure on food, clothes, service, fuel, holidays, and so forth, however easily they can afford the expenditure. Only in this way, coupled with incessant production, can even the wealthiest nation maintain a great war.

Taxes or Loans?

To the government war means, not economy at all, but an endless and apparently limitless demand for money, to pay, not only the troops but also the ever-growing horde of contractors of all sorts, from whom it has to purchase the innumerable supplies that modern warfare requires. The government can get this money only by taxes or loans, and it always uses both resources. But it makes a most momentous difference to the future well-being of the nation to what extent war is paid for out of taxes or out of loans. Germany is paying for the war almost entirely out of loans, without increasing its taxation, except tardily and to a small extent. Russia, which began by very bravely sacrificing four hundred million dollars a year of spirit revenues, has been able only to put on new taxes to replace that income; and thus has had to rely on borrowed money for its fighting. France and Italy have striven valiantly to in-

crease taxation, but have not been in a position to get much help from this source.

The United Kingdom alone among the belligerent nations has enormously increased its taxation from nearly all its sources of revenue, so that the government receipts for the ensuing year will be nearly three times those for the year before the war. To give only one example, a man with profits or dividends yielding him £3000 ($15,000) a year pays (*a*) an income tax (quite strictly enforced) of five shillings in the pound, or 25 per cent; (*b*) a supertax of about 5 per cent more; (*c*) death-duties on the capital value passing at death, averaging about 10 per cent, which is equivalent roughly to a 5 or 10 per cent additional income tax; and (*d*), if his income is derived from business, either an excess-profits tax amounting to 60 per cent of all the profit made over and above that of pre-war times, or, in the case of an establishment making ships, guns, or munitions for the government, the whole of the profit in excess of 20 per cent above pre-war conditions. The income tax is now payable by persons getting as little as £130 ($650) a year. And the taxes on tea, coffee, cocoa, alcoholic drinks, mineral waters, sugar, petrol, and what not, are equally heavy.

Nevertheless, it is the very decided opinion of economists and financiers of all shades of political opinion, that the British government has made the mistake of not sufficiently increasing the tax-revenue, and of relying too largely upon loans. This mistake, it is very commonly held, will make the financial burden far more onerous, and far more crushing upon the country's industry, than it need have been. It has also been unfair. 'In my opinion,' writes Professor Pigou, who succeeded Dr. Alfred Marshall in the Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge University, 'the government has committed a very serious mistake in taxing so little and borrowing so much. When young men are compelled to give their lives, I see no reason why old men should not be compelled to give — and not merely asked to lend — their money; and I do not believe that, had the government dared to make that claim, it would have been widely resented or opposed.'

Indeed, the press has repeatedly made a similar demand. We have had the unprecedented spectacle, with the tax-revenue trebled, of newspapers reproaching the government for not taking more — not merely that organ of enlightened Collectivism, the *New Statesman*, but also the bankers' own journal, the *Economist*, and the *Times* itself.

What every government needs to do in war-time is to pare down personal expenditure to the barest minimum that each social class can be induced to endure; and then to gather in, for the maintenance of the war, the whole of everybody's surplus above that barest minimum. Theoretically, taxation should be so adjusted as to take from everybody all this surplus and no more. Practically, no system of taxation can be contrived to shave so accurately; and, accordingly, in order to avoid intolerable personal hardship, the taxes must fall well within this limit. But the nation at war is imperatively called upon, by all considerations of economy as well as equity, to put on a steeply graduated series of taxes, so devised and adjusted as to avoid trenching on the standard of life of the mass of the people while penalizing their luxuries; and, from the rest of the nation, to shave off, class by class, as much of the expenditure above bare subsistence at the class-level as can be secured without undue evasion or hardship — this taxation rising to 80 or 90 per cent of the income of the millionaires.

Even the most drastic tax-system will leave many individual pockets of surpluses untouched, and it is these alone that the government ought to attract by offering favorable terms for loans. To borrow at high interest what could and should have been secured by an equitably graduated system of taxation is to rob the mass of the people for the benefit of the wealthy; and to put a double charge on the next generation in order to allow the rich men of the present to utilize the war to increase their possessions. This is the great economic mistake that all the European belligerents have made in their several degrees — most of them because their peoples would not or could not stand increased taxation; but the United Kingdom, in a lesser degree (though more inexcusably), because the Cabinet Ministers have been too closely in alliance with the wealthy classes to be willing to decide (or even to be able to understand the need) for the more onerous taxation that would have been alike equitable and economically profitable to the nation as a whole.

It is now for America to profit by the European experience. It will not be enough to double, or even to treble the Federal revenues from taxation. If America is wise, it will insist on the whole daily cost of the war being as quickly as possible levied as current taxation, — at least up to the amount that would be yielded by the heaviest possible taxation of luxuries, and a scientifically graduated income tax rising to 90 per cent of the largest incomes, — and thus pay for the war once only, and not also a second and even a third time in interest.

War Profits

Governments in war-time are the prey of every person who can become a contractor. They want, in a hurry, unprecedented quantities of every kind of commodities; they never know how to buy economically, and they have no time to think; and they are always made to pay through the nose. 'No price is too high,' said Mr. Asquith, 'when honor is at stake'; and this was instantly made the motto of the contractors in a sense other than had been intended.

To check this extortion the British War Office has found itself compelled calmly to assume possession of all the wool, leather, and other materials that exist within the land; to supply these raw materials to manufacturers to be made up on a strictly defined scale of prices; and to control the entire output of the factories. A separate Ministry of Munitions has put up a hundred huge national factories, run by the government itself, for the production of every kind of munitions; and has made nearly five thousand of the most important shipyards and factories into 'controlled establishments,' working under strictly limited profits according to government directions.

All these protective devices will have to be resorted to by the American government in one or other form, whatever the Constitution may prescribe. But drastic as they are, they have not prevented the most extraordinary profits being made out of the government's necessity. The American government has made itself acquainted with all the experience of the British government, and knows the need of saving itself from the most unscrupulous 'profiteering.' The American government knows, also, at what points these expedients have fallen short of success; and what the British government believes would stop the leaks. The nation ought to support the President in the most drastic action in the way of summarily assuming possession of all the materials, products, mines, factories, ships, rail-

ways, shipyards, and machinery of all the kinds needed for supplying the government; leaving to be subsequently assessed and paid such equitable compensation (recouping only actual out-of-pocket loss, and never paying for any foregone opportunity of making profit) as may be conceded.

But, after taking every known precaution, the American government will, nevertheless, find an enormous number of people making enlarged profits, as a result of the industrial and financial dislocations caused by the war. The British government — herein followed by the French, Italian and German governments — has accordingly imposed an excess-profits tax. Every person or corporation domiciled in the United Kingdom, making in any year profits more than £200 in excess of the pre-war average, is required to yield to the Exchequer 60 per cent of the excess, besides paying income tax and supertax on all that is left to him or to the stockholders. As an alternative, the shipyards and munition-making firms, nearly 5000 in number, are compelled to pay over to the Exchequer — as 'controlled establishments' — the whole of their profits in excess of the pre-war average increased by one fifth.

These taxes have been very successful, but their administration demands the highest official qualities, in scrutinizing accounts, in preventing hiding of profits in depreciation, new equipment, and reserves, and in determining the allowances to be made in respect of increased capital and the like. And, do what we may, we cannot prevent a large number of people from making fortunes out of the nation in its hour of need. Such conduct is now stigmatized in the United Kingdom as disgraceful; but it is nevertheless done by 'business men' whom we have hitherto thought of honorable standing.

Soaring Prices

What makes war financially so calamitous to the wage-earners — who constitute everywhere from two thirds to four fifths of the whole community — is not so much the taxation as the way in which it enhances prices. In the United Kingdom food-stuffs are now, on an average, just twice as dear as in July, 1914, while bread has more than doubled. Rents of working-class dwellings were starting to rise in the same way, but — a useful hint to Congress — Parliament stopped this by making it a penal offense for any person to ask or attempt to enforce any higher rent for a dwelling under a specified annual value than had been charged for the dwelling before the war. Altogether, the cost of living for British wage-earners is officially computed to be from 60 to 70 per cent higher than in July, 1914. A dollar in Great Britain goes only as far as 60 cents did three years ago.

The trouble is that wages never rise either so promptly or so much as prices, so that the wage-earners always suffer in war the pecuniary loss of a larger percentage of their incomes than even the most heavily taxed capitalists. This means, to many millions of them in America as in Europe, a very serious encroachment on the actual necessaries of life. There is no economic calamity that a nation can suffer which is so disastrous to the community as a whole, so far-reaching and so lasting in its ruinous results, as a lowering of the standard of life of its wage-earners. Yet this is the national calamity which, in war-time, is perpetrated daily, as a matter of course, by the whole business world. It becomes therefore an imperative duty of the government to see to it that this dire peril into which war always brings a nation is, so far as possible, averted.

The British government has taken

action, first, by raising wages, and secondly, by seeking to arrest the rise of prices. By public exhortation and private counsel, by governmental influence and social pressure, and finally by Act of Parliament, the British government has intervened actually to compel employers in nearly all industries to concede rises of wages, war-advances and war-bonuses — to the railway workers, to the workers in shipyards and munition factories, to every person employed in the whole engineering industry, to the couple of million women employed on all kinds of war-stores, to the million coal-miners, to all the government employees getting less than £150 ($750), a year, to the schoolteachers, the farm-laborers, and the rest. Altogether, it is estimated that the rate of wages has been increased in Great Britain, taking the whole wage-earning class, by about 20 to 25 per cent on an average. This falls far short of the increase in the cost of living; so that the rate of wages, measured by what it would purchase, has fallen considerably, under the influence of the war.

This will undoubtedly be the experience of America also if prices continue to rise. The intervention of the government to secure an adequate increase in wages otherwise than by strikes will certainly be required. If, as Mr. Gompers and other labor leaders have patriotically agreed, there are to be no strikes, it becomes imperative that the American government should intervene, and it is important, in order to prevent both a ruinous degradation of the standard of life and the spread of dangerous labor discontents, that enlightened public opinion, far from opposing such action by the government, should call on it to intervene promptly and effectively.

There will arise, in America as in Europe, a popular outcry that the rise of prices should be prevented. The British government has, like all other belligerent governments, actively intervened to prevent further advances by fixing maximum prices by law. It has been demonstrated, alike in Germany and in Great Britain, that this fixing of maximum prices is neither quite so futile as the economists have asserted, nor anything like so effective or advantageous as the man in the street believes. Alike in Germany and in Great Britain, it has been proved by repeated trial that any attempt to fix by law or by police action any maximum price short of what may be called the normal market value under the actual conditions of cost of production or supply and demand, is promptly nullified by a withdrawal of supplies from market, and by secret sales to those customers who are able and willing to pay more than the legal maximum. The shortage, so far as the mass of the people is concerned, is thus merely aggravated.

On the other hand, it has been equally proved that we cannot assume that commercial competition, if let alone, will insure that the rise in price shall nowhere be in excess of what is indispensable. The experience of the whole world has shown the advantage of a legally prescribed tariff for the fares charged by hackney carriages, in order to protect the customer, who happens to be imperatively in need of conveyance, from being mercilessly exploited. The same is true of food-stuffs in a time of scarcity. Thus, wherever the government controls the production or stocks, or can otherwise insure continuity of supply, there is a distinct advantage in fixing a maximum price, so as to prevent either the wholesale dealer or the retail distributor from adding more to the cost than the actual expenses of distribution. The British government has accordingly successively assumed the control of the rail-

ways and mines, of all the flour-mills, of all the merchant shipping, and of all the munition factories; it has made itself the sole importer of sugar and wheat, and has become an importer on a huge scale of meat, rice, and many other things; it has taken over all the wool, leather, copper, and other raw materials; its Ministry of Munitions is now three times as great in its turnover as the largest single industrial enterprise in the world, not excluding the most extensive American trust. And wherever the government controls the supply, it fixes in one way or another both the wholesale and the retail price of the commodity, so as to limit the advantage that any dealer can take of the urgent needs of the consumer. No one doubts that this policy has been extremely successful in preventing prices, at particular times and in particular places, from soaring sky-high; nor does any instructed person imagine that a 'law of maximum,' without control of supply, would be otherwise than ruinous to the poorer consumers.

We cannot learn that the systems of compulsory rationing which have been drastically imposed in Germany — the sugar-card, and the bread-ticket, the clothes-ticket, the boot-ticket, and all the other attempts to prevent persons with money from getting more than an equal share of scarce commodities — have had any success in preventing intolerable hardship among the poor, or in seriously interfering with the power of the rich to get whatever they choose to pay for. Experience does not warrant either Great Britain or America in resorting to this expedient, without government control of the supply. What has been successful in Great Britain in economizing supplies has been a widespread appeal to the whole nation to limit its consumption of wheaten bread (4 pounds per week), meat ($2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per week), and sugar ($\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound per week) to a prescribed maximum per person in the household; and to make up the necessary subsistence by the use of substitutes, such as fish, other cereals than wheat, and other vegetables than potatoes, of which the crop throughout all Europe has largely failed. More efficacious still has been the absolute government monopoly of sugar, secured at the very beginning of the war, and the drastic restriction of the total quantity allowed to be issued from store, the aggregate reduction being thus infallibly secured, and the retailers being left to share what sugar they obtained among their customers. It has been found useful, too, to make the wheaten flour go further by compelling all the millers to include both an increased proportion of bran and a certain proportion of other cereals. More drastic measures are near at hand.

In the main, however, the government has been unable to prevent a staggering rise in prices of food-stuffs, which now reaches close upon 100 per cent all round; and consequently its obligation to secure an adequate increase of wages has been recognized. The average increase of 20 to 25 per cent, to which the employers have been compelled, has been eked out by (*a*) the liberal scale of separation allowances paid to the dependents of all men called to the colors, and of pensions given to the discharged men, these two items now amounting to five hundred million dollars a year of direct government subvention; (*b*) the absorption into wage-earning industry, not only of all the unemployed men, but also of a large number of youths of either sex from 12 or 13 upwards, of women married and unmarried, and even of old men who had been superannuated — thus greatly increasing the number of separate wage-earners in the average household; and (*c*) the rapid spread of piece-work in place of time-work, and

a general increase in the hours of labor, resulting, at the cost of greatly increased effort and strain, in a considerable increase in total earnings apart from any change in the wage-rate.

The outcome seems to be that, in contrast with all previous wars, and with all other governments, the British government has this time been, up to the present, fairly successful in staving off any general fall in the standard of life of its people — a notable result of the advance in the United Kingdom of economic knowledge and of democratic influence. It will be interesting to see with what success America tackles the very similar economic problem with which it is now confronted.

(*To be concluded*)

THE RUSSIAN IDES OF MARCH

BY PAUL WHARTON

PETROGRAD, *March* 17, 1917.

To have supposed a short week ago that the colossal Russian bureaucratic machine, which for three hundred years has withstood assaults from within and without, would to-day be scrapped beside the highway of nations would have been sheer madness. Speculation and dark prophecies foretelling the imminence of a revolution in Russia have been rife since the beginning of the war, but in no circles, high or low, has any one had the temerity to think, even in his most exalted moments, that the spirit of the Russian people could initiate a great revolt against the government, and carry it through to victory with little bloodshed, with a superb display of nobility, and with a breadth of view disconcerting even to an American. During these days of street battles and all-night sittings of the Duma, when the atmosphere was hectic and an onlooker thought he saw chaos, a common voice has spoken, virile with youth, modulated with age, vibrating with righteous indignation and aspiration, a subtle composite of the voices of its children and seers from Pushkin to Tolstoy.

To appreciate the march of present events it is necessary to give a cursory description of the *status quo ante*. Dissatisfaction with the government was almost universal, ranging from disappointment with the conduct of the war to disgust at the criminal bungling of the food and transport problems.

Although the insufficiency of railways and equipment, and the enormous drafts made by war requirements upon ocean tonnage soon caused prices of food staples to soar in the industrial centres, wages advanced sufficiently in most cases to meet the new conditions. The urban populations did not really begin to feel the pinch of war until the autumn of 1916. Then, owing to the inability of the working classes to procure ample food, sporadic strikes occurred in various government munition factories and arsenals in Moscow

and Petrograd. The demands of the workers were not for more money, but for food — in most cases only for more bread. In exceptional cases the government made a half-hearted attempt to cope with the situation and measures were taken to put more food within reach of the operatives; but more frequently the strikers' petitions were unsympathetically received and the workmen were peremptorily ordered by the military to return to work.

From the autumn on, many ominous signs were apparent. Inflammatory speeches and articles were continually being suppressed, and a marked restlessness in the Duma indicated that a great people was becoming wearied of the maladministration of its affairs by the nonentities who held ministerial portfolios.

The situation went from bad to worse. During an exceptionally severe winter all the working and middle-class population had to stand in line anywhere from five to eighteen hours, to receive the commonest necessities of life. These numb shivering lines knew all about the millions of pounds of cheap Siberian beef which were overtaken by spring before being released for consumption, and rotted as a consequence. Few of the munition-workers, whose wives or children spent more than half their time in the queue before a bread-shop, had not heard of the 'fish graveyards' of Astrakhan, where thousands of tons of the spoiled harvest of the Caspian were buried; and all classes had heard of the 'saccharine rivers' which travelers had seen flowing from leaky sugar warehouses in the great beet-growing districts of South Russia and Podolia; while we put jam in our tea and work-people drank it unsweetened. Every one knew that the country was full of grain, and that the provincial towns were full of flour.

Finally, food-riots began, and some bakeries and meat-shops were broken into and ransacked. Small patrols of Cossacks appeared in the restless districts, and the air became charged with a certain tenseness which would subside for a few days, only to reappear with more persistence.

Affairs were in this state on Friday, March 9, when the increasing turbulence of the people brought out great numbers of Cossacks. The following day, March 10, I went to the principal shopping district in and around Nevski Prospect, where I had many errands to do in preparation for my departure on Monday the 12th for the Ural Mountains. Notwithstanding my preparation for coming events, I was shocked when I turned from the Katherine Canal into the Nevski, and beheld it filled with long columns of Cossacks, knout in hand — a forest of lances.

The Nevski is a street apart, with an atmosphere of its own: a thoroughfare for a great human current which undulates over its little bridges, eddies about its tawdry shops, or flows smoothly past the Dowager's red palace, while the gardens in front of Kazan Cathedral form a haven of refuge for those fatigued with midstream. A place of color and life and freedom of movement, it suddenly looked still and bleak. The wide expanse of well-packed snow had never seemed static before; it had been part and parcel of the moving picture, cut in swirls by skidding sleighs or whipped up by motor-wheels; constantly traversed by living things. Now it looked whiter and wider; it glistened, and I thought of the snow on the plains.

The cessation of usual life in the street, the disappearance of the cheery, overcrowded red trams and the subtlety of the snow, all heightened the psychologic effect of impending change, as the blank white curtain at a movie drama stands for both the suspense in

emotions and the rapid transition of events from the black misery and injustice of the first reel to the red revolt and bright heroics of the second. That Saturday afternoon on the Nevski was the blank between the reels.

After watching it all quietly from afar, I came down into the picture and mingled with the crowds. At the curb, where the people pressed by the solid phalanxes of mounted Cossacks, there was much badinage. The omnipresent woman of the working class, with shawl-covered head and eyes alert, was the voice of all the timid or self-conscious onlookers. She walked right up to these men of her kind and called out, 'You would n't really kill us, would you? You know all we want is food. Will you obey those who starve us?'

I watched the faces of the Cossacks intently. Most of them were young men, some of them adolescent; there were a few of the ruffian type, but most of the faces were good, while some were gentle and sweet. I know these men hated their jobs. Where three or four of them, separated from their companions, were stationed at corners to deflect the current of pedestrians down side streets, their manner was apologetic, and they prefaced their orders with '*Pajallst*,' which is the colloquial for 'If you please.' Many persons argued with them and continued along the Nevski.

Plainly the Cossacks were feeling the situation, as was evidenced by their vacillation from a military point of view. I hold no brief for them. I simply feel that they are about as good and about as bad as you or I. You see, only last December I made a journey of several hundred versts by *troïka* through the country of the Ural Cossacks; I've broken bread with the old mothers and fathers of these fellows, trotted their little brothers and sisters on my knee. I've lived in their homes, and I cannot forget that the most important place in each home is that ornate corner which shelters the sacred *ikons*.

Although the revolution may be said to have started on Saturday, March 10, real concerted clashes between the troops and the people did not occur until Sunday, the 11th. I had an engagement for the early afternoon at a friend's across the river. Leaving the house where Mary and I have lived since autumn, I found no sleighs in circulation. All trams had disappeared. The crowds were immense, representing all classes, and a black stream, like an army of ants, poured over the Liteiny Bridge, from the Viborg manufacturing district beyond. The people were expectant and good-natured — out to see something, like a crowd waiting for a balloon ascension, the hour of which is uncertain. Large bodies of Cossacks were out, either standing at rest or exercising at a walk.

When I had nearly reached the Nevski, sudden commotion ahead and a general scuttling for doorways drew my attention from passers-by. The Cossacks were charging down the sidewalks on both sides of the street. Thanks to the fact that nearly all the buildings have wide entrances for vehicles, every one found refuge. The Cossacks passed with a clatter; they made no attempt to touch any one and for the most part kept their faces averted. After this there was more excitement, but, in my crowd at least, no show of anger, just as if an irresponsible runaway horse had bolted through a densely thronged street.

I soon turned into Nevski Prospect, still rather hoping to find a sleigh and keep my engagement. At that point there were no Cossacks and the situation seemed almost normal except for that evanescent tenseness in the air.

As I approached the big crosstown street, Sadovaya, I heard a fusillade of rifle-shots not far off. The pedestrians thinned out miraculously, and what I saw about seventy feet ahead of me riveted my attention. Lying on their backs, with blood running from their mouths, were two young workmen in high boots and black reefers. As I stood over them and looked into their unseeing eyes, a woman stooped, peered into their faces, shuddered and said, 'What a shame! boys, only boys!'

As I left them, I saw the cordon of soldiers which had fired the volley stretched across the street at the corner. I now had to avoid pools of blood every three or four yards. Frantic groups in the doorways of little shops told where the wounded were. I passed six men wearing green students' caps, who were bearing over their heads in the street a corpse on a sign-board. A company of Cossacks whirled past and surrounded them, presumably to prevent a demonstration farther on. A passing limousine was waylaid by men who held the chauffeur and made two occupants get out, after which wounded civilians were put in and hurried away. I also saw this act repeated with two private sleighs.

By this time I had nearly reached the Sadovaya, and was within twenty-five yards of the infantry. A bugle was warning the Cossacks far down the Nevski. I heard a sharp command and saw the men of the cordon fling themselves forward on their stomachs. Another command rang out; the rifles came up as one, and as I turned the corner into safety, the air was rent with a fratricidal roar.

The mobs in the side streets were on the *qui vive* with excitement. One began to hear the word 'revolution,' and the people who were being killed were called revolutionists. During the first part of the day the troops were ordered to fire upon the crowds because they would not disperse; but by three in the afternoon the people were firing on the troops — not as parts of a large organization, but as small and independent groups which seemed to spring up from nowhere. By nightfall every one realized that the strikes and food-riots had grown into a thorough-going revolution, and despite the anxiety about the effect of it on the armies at the front, nearly every one was glad.

Monday, March 12, was the crucial day of the revolution. Street-fighting assumed formidable proportions early in the morning, centring around the government arsenal on Liteiny Prospect. Soon the populace was thrilled by the news that five celebrated regiments had joined the people's cause and were actively opposing the loyal troops. Some officers were killed, others mauled, and those who would not come out in open opposition to the government hid themselves away. On Liteiny Prospect a lively engagement was fought between the soldiers, the loyalists lying on their stomachs in the snow while the revolutionists stood erect. Excited crowds in passages and doorways naturally took the side of their protagonists. Even women and children left shelter and walked out calmly under a lively fire to drag back the wounded.

In spite of earnest protests, I went out on foot to keep yesterday's tryst across the river. At the farther end of the Troitsk Bridge I encountered a huge crowd held back by police and troops: the government had decided to stop the influx of people to the centre of Petrograd. But even here privilege overruled authority, and persons arriving in motor-cars or sleighs were allowed to pass over the bridge without question from the authorities; but there was a question in the common mind, and it achieved expression a few

moments after I arrived. Bolder members of the throng scattered themselves back along the car-tracks, and as soon as a machine or sleigh slowed down on approaching the crowd, three or four men leaped aboard, rapidly ejecting driver and passengers and appropriating the conveyance to their own ends.

When returning home at dusk, I saw a scene which brought back memories of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Kamennostrovski Prospect, which is the main artery of that quarter of Petrograd beginning at the Troitsk Bridge, was literally choked with a great surging mass of revolutionists, who had tramped over here from the fighting zone, to proclaim victory and to draw all lukewarm persons to their flaming cause. It was an earnest, serious crowd, devoid of ranting or vandalism; its temper was that of Russian music — strength with pathos, optimism without joy. Gray army trucks throbbed in the midst of it, loaded with soldiers, women, and boys bearing crimson banners. Bayonets were decked with scraps of red bunting, and bonfires lit up pale faces and eager eyes. Now and again a touring car would thread its way nervously through the mob, stopping every hundred yards for a student to make a one-minute speech, or continuing to bore its way while Red Cross nurses threw out handfuls of bulletins. The Socialists got out literature so fast that it seemed as if the pent-up energy and stifled utterances of years were behind their presses; strange scraps of paper such as were never seen before in this city floated freely in the air with the headline, 'We asked for bread, you gave us lead.'

Eventually I wormed my way through the crowd, past the beautiful cathedral whose graceful domes looked down with aloof incomprehension upon the drama at their feet, until I came out at the Troitsk Bridge. I hardly noticed that it was open to all and that the police had disappeared, because of the glory of the view that lay before me. Over my right shoulder the turrets and castellated walls of Peter and Paul, fortress and prison, threw their grim silhouette against the dying sun, a dynasty gone to rest. To the left the sky was all molten gold and forked with giant tongues of flame; the High Tribunal, Courts of Justice, and jails, instruments of injustice in the Old Order, were making room for the New.

At that moment, however, I did not know just what buildings were burning but I did know that the fire was in our neighborhood, and you can imagine the intensity of my anxiety until I got home. I found Mary full of news. Immediately after I had left in the morning, an officer was beheaded by striking workmen next door. Another officer climbed a twenty-foot wall in record time and took refuge in our yard. Meanwhile the crowd in the street was yelling, 'Where is the other pig? Find him! Kill him!' Fortunately a running fight between a rebel armored car and loyal troops drew the mob away, and our dangerous friend sought other sanctuary.

Some one had brought in a copy of the first bulletin of the Provisional Government. It started off this way, in big type: —

ISVETSIA [News] *February* 27 [1]

THE NEWSPAPERS DO NOT COME OUT!

EVENTS MOVE TOO FAST, AND THE PEOPLE MUST KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON!

DISSOLUTION OF THE DUMA BY NIKOLAI II!

DECISION OF THE DUMA TO REMAIN IN SESSION!

TELEGRAM FROM RODZIANKO, HEAD OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT, TO THE TSAR: —

'The situation is serious. The capital is

[1] March 12, New Style.

in a state of anarchy. The government is paralyzed. There is universal discontent. The streets are filled with disorderly shooting. Parts of the army are shooting on each other. [Literally: "friend on friend"]. It is necessary to find a person who has the confidence of the whole country, to establish a new government. Make haste. Procrastination means death. I pray to God that the responsibility will not fall upon the Crowned Head!'

A COPY OF THIS TELEGRAM WAS SENT TO ALL COMMANDERS AT THE FRONT, ASKING THEM TO UPHOLD RODZIANKO IN HIS APPEAL TO THE TSAR.

SECOND TELEGRAM FROM RODZIANKO TO THE TSAR: —

'Affairs are worse. You must act at once. To-morrow it will be too late. This is the last hour in which to decide the fate of the country and of the dynasty.'

THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE ARMED CITIZENS, APPEARED AT THE DUMA AT 2 P.M. THEY WERE MET BY THE DEPUTIES AND THE LATTER WERE LOUDLY CHEERED. SPEECHES.

CHIEF OF THE ARTILLERY FACTORY, GENERAL MARTUSOV, IS KILLED. THE ARSENAL IS UNDER GUARD OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

ARREST OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE, SCHERGLOVITOV, FORMER MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

DUMA COMMITTEE FORMED FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF ORDER IN PETROGRAD, FOR THE PROTECTION OF INDUSTRY AND SAFEGUARDING THE PUBLIC.

When we went to bed, the sky from our windows was still bright from the fire. Rifles snapped fitfully, and the yelling of bands of hooligans reached our ears through double panes.

Early Tuesday morning we no longer considered it safe to stay in our house, so we hastily prepared to avail ourselves of an invitation from friends on the French Quay. Mary had been home from the hospital only a week, and was hardly able to walk, and our precious little boy was less than three weeks old. To find a conveyance was out of the question, so we started off on foot, two good friends taking Mary by the arms while I carried the baby. When we went from the house into the street and Mary saw the crowds and the barricades, and field artillery, her nerves gave way at last. Each time a shot rang out she would call ahead to me, 'Don't let them kill my baby; my baby!' while passers-by stared at her tears.

When we reached our friend's house she quickly regained self-control and soon began to watch the progress of the revolution from the front windows, which commanded the quay, a great expanse of the ice-covered Neva, and the two bridges previously mentioned. Motor-cars continually sped past, decked with red banners and bristling with rifles and bayonets. They made a very dramatic appearance, with soldiers lying forward on the mud-guards, and rifles with fixed bayonets protruding in front. Many open cars had machine-guns rakishly trained fore and aft from the tonneaus, and there was a continual procession of thundering army trucks loaded to the guards with soldiers and civilians, armed with drawn revolvers or swords taken from the police.

Later in the forenoon, the Cadets' Corps, with a band, followed by a great crowd, marched down the quay. As the band struck up the *Marseillaise*, hats came off and hundreds of people from all classes joined hands. Every one wore revolutionary colors. The color impression was that of Boylston Street after a football victory over Yale.

In the afternoon I found a crowd sacking a police station. Windows were smashed, the furnishings knocked about, and jubilant people inside were

throwing out armfuls of records and letters on the blazing bonfire by the curb. Later I saw the same thing at the station on Fontanka Canal. Every one seemed to take delight in lugging out his share of the archives. They threw them into the fire with a righteous zest. As soon as the tide of revolution turned in the people's favor, a city-wide police hunt was started. Out of twenty to thirty thousand police, not one was to be seen in the streets. During the first two days they were killed on sight by soldiers and civilians alike; but forgiveness outweighs lust for revenge in the Russian soul, and after the first flash of anger, the people took their erstwhile tormentors as prisoners. The search had many spectacular features, including battles on the housetops, where groups of police armed with machine-guns stubbornly defended their positions against revolutionists on other buildings. Many of the police, in small groups of threes and fours, fired on the people from the upper windows of tall apartment houses where they had taken refuge.

I witnessed an affair of this kind only a short distance from our house. I saw a rifle stuck out of a black window, and an instant later, as I heard the report, a piece of a sign-board splintered away over my head. A passing soldier immediately took up his position at the corner and began firing as fast as he could, while I peeked over his shoulder to observe his marksmanship. By this time, half a dozen soldiers were concentrating on the window from different vantage-points, while a crowd gathered. The police kept up their fire with spirit until an armored car came up and gave the window a hail of bullets. Then a party entered the building, and a few minutes later a soldier brushed past me exultantly exclaiming, 'Five more taken!'

At midnight, March 12, the Executive Committee of the National Duma was organized, under the leadership of Michael Rodzianko, President of the Duma. That committee, which became the executive branch of the government of all Russia for the time being, issued a bulletin Tuesday morning, outlining its policy, admonishing the population to refrain from acts of violence and vandalism and closing as follows: —

'In spite of the deep difference of political and social ideals of the members of the National Duma constituting the Temporary Committee, in the present difficult moment complete unity has been attained among them. Before all stands a task which must not be postponed — that of organizing the elemental popular movement.

'The danger of disorganization is comprehended by all.

'Citizens, organize! That is the call of the moment. In organization lie salvation and force. Hear the Temporary Committee of the National Duma.'

On Tuesday about two hundred portfolio ministers, generals, and other officials of the old régime were arrested by the revolutionists, including I. G. Sheglovitoff, one of the traitors who left the Russian armies without ammunition just before the enemy's advance in Poland, B. V. Stürmer, former President of the Council of Ministers, who intrigued for a separate peace with Germany, and Major-General Balk, Chief of Police of Petrograd.

Also on Tuesday there were great jail deliveries, all prisoners being liberated indiscriminately. Estimates of the number vary from ten to twenty thousand. All of the prisons except the historic Peter and Paul were burned by the people. A friend of mine met an old white-haired man tottering across the Troitsk Bridge asking questions of all passers-by. It seems that he had

just been freed from Peter and Paul after having sat in a dungeon below the level of the Neva for forty years, waiting to come to trial. When a young man he had been put in as a political suspect.

On Wednesday the 14th, I visited the charred and smoking shell of the Courts of Justice. The courtyard, with its trees and walks, was crowded with curious people who wandered in and out, delving for souvenirs of that which was already a thing of yesterday. The grand staircase was entirely wrecked; only the lower third of a marble empress remained on her pedestal. The blackened torso lay at my feet, the imperial head, orb, sceptre, crown, among the débris, and the archives were like the mouth of a live volcano. Going through a dark corridor, I reached an inner court next to the prison. The street entrance to the latter was closed by the soldiers, but I followed a crowd which had just forced an entrance through a high window reached from a wood-pile and the roof of a lean-to.

I shuddered when I found myself inside this great human cage where everything was steel and stone, clanked, and was cold. Think of the delirious joy that flew on wings from cell to cell as the revolutionists battered down the gates and flung wide every door! I went in scores of cells and in each saw a cube of black bread, in each case just a little bitten off; the call to freedom had come at the beginning of this simple meal, which was never to be finished. Most of the bread lay dashed upon the floor, but some prisoners, perhaps hopeless ones, thinking the first alarm too good to be true, had placed theirs on a shelf. I suppose some of us will try to put bread on a shelf when Christ is coming. Those have seen so many overloaded shelves that they have grown skeptical about good tidings.

Eventually I reached the commandant's office, which was gutted and wrecked. Since there were not many bidders for it, I walked off with an oil portrait of the Emperor under my arm. The work-rooms were depressing. It hurt to look at the well-worn tools. I hurried on to the chapel, with its shattered door and its Byzantine fittings in wildest disarray. Books, vestments, and robes were strewn about the floor. The marble altar was damaged and the crowd was curiously handling the ceremonial vessels. Presently a young soldier snatched up a richly embroidered robe and flung it over his shoulders; next, he put on a long embellished collar; and last of all, he jammed a battered mitre on the side of his head. Then he opened the Testament and began to intone in a comic bass voice, while the bystanders laughed and some chuckled. There was nothing vindictive in the young soldier's manner. He was perfectly sober, but having a great lark. A short week ago it would have been indiscreet even to conjure up in one's mind such a picture as that chapel presented. The priesthood, for the most part minions of the government, are conspicuous by their absence during these stirring days.

It seems here as if the whole world must be topsy-turvy. The incredible is becoming a common sight, the commonplace has quite disappeared. For instance, I passed a jolly group of soldiers who were eating and chaffing around a great bonfire on the snow, made of piles of gilded imperial eagles and crests of royalty which they had stripped from government buildings and shops which purveyed to the aristocracy.

In the night of March 13, the Imperial Council sent the Tsar a telegram as follows: —

Your Imperial Highness, we, the undersigned, members of the Imperial Council by

election, in recognition of the threatening danger approaching the country, appeal to you, in order to fulfill the duty of our conscience toward you and toward Russia.

In consequence of the complete disorganization of transportation and absence of necessary materials, the factories and mills have stopped. The enforced idleness and the extreme acuteness of the provision crisis . . . have brought the popular masses to the limits of desperation. This feeling has been made still worse by the hatred of the Government and the deep suspicions of the authorities, which feelings have taken such deep root in the soul of the people.

All this has taken the form of popular disorders of great strength and the troops are now beginning to join this movement. The Government, which has never enjoyed the confidence of Russia, has been definitively discredited and is completely helpless to cope with the threatening situation.

Sire, the continuance of the present Government in power will mean complete wreck of the legitimate order and lead to inevitable defeat in the war, the fall of the dynasty, and great misfortunes for Russia.

We consider the last and only means to be the decisive change by Your Imperial Highness of the course of the internal policy, in accordance with the frequently expressed wishes of the representatives of the people, the classes, and public organizations: that is, the immediate convocation of the legislative bodies, the retirement of the present staff of the Council of Ministers, and the entrusting to a person deserving of the national confidence, to present to you, Sire, for confirmation, the list of a new cabinet capable of managing the country in complete accord with the representatives of the people. Every hour is precious. Further delay and hesitation threaten incalculable misfortunes.

Your Imperial Majesty's faithful subjects, members of the Imperial Council.

[There are 21 signatures including Count Tolstoy, Prince Troubetskoy, Guchkoff, Prince Oldenburg, etc.]

The Council of Workmen's Delegates issued a proclamation on the following day, the 14th, in which it said: 'All together, with united forces, we shall fight for full removal of the old government and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, chosen on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage.'

While order was gradually being restored in some quarters by the hastily organized City Militia, composed mainly of student volunteers, other districts were still being hotly contested. Wednesday afternoon I walked to the Nikolai Station; great crowds surged back and forth in the wide square, like the ground swell of the sea, against the massive base of the equestrian statue of that arch-reactionary, Alexander III. The lower end of the Nevski was in a riotous state. Sniping from windows was still going on, and the police station near by was in flames. I witnessed the exit into the street from the station of some Siberian troops, who immediately went over to the revolutionists amid wild demonstrations of the people. Earlier in the week the Emperor's regiment and the Cossacks who were sent in from Tsarskoe-Selo to quell the rebellion went over to the people without firing a shot; all of which proves how universal was the spirit of discontent, and how deep the longing for a democratic government. Even now, huge crowds are parading the streets, singing and bearing aloft enormous red banners with the legend, 'Great Russia must be a Democratic Republic.'

On Thursday the 15th, the Temporary Government published a proclamation which is so epochal in character and refreshing in spirit that I copy it below:—

Citizens!

The Temporary Committee of Members of the National Duma, with the coöperation of the troops and the population, has now attained such a degree of success over the dark forces of the old régime as permits it to

proceed to a more solid structure of the executive authority.

For this purpose the Temporary Committee of the National Duma appoints as Ministers of the first public cabinet the following persons, in whom the confidence of the country is assured by their past public and political activity.'

[The list follows, with Prince G. E. Lvoff as President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Interior, former member of the First Duma and President of the Chief Committee of the All-Russian Zemski Union, and with P. N. Milyukoff as Minister of Foreign Affairs.]

In its present activity the Cabinet will be guided by the following principles: —

I. Full and immediate amnesty in all political and religious affairs, including those convicted of terroristic attempts, military insurrection, and agrarian crimes.

II. Liberty of word, press, assembly, unions and strikes, with extension of political liberty to those in military service within the confines permissible by military-technical conditions.

III. Abolition of all class, religious and national limitations.

IV. Immediate preparation to convoke, on the principles of universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage, a Constituent Assembly, which will establish the form of administration and constitution.

V. Substitution of national militia in place of the police, with elected leaders and subject to the local administrations.

VI. Elections to local administration on the basis of universal suffrage.

VII. The troops taking part in the revolutionary movement are not to be disarmed or taken away from Petrograd.

VIII. While maintaining strict military discipline in the ranks and in military service, all limitations upon soldiers in the enjoyment of public rights as enjoyed by all other citizens are to be abolished. The Temporary Government considers it its duty to add that it in no way intends to take advantage of the circumstances of war to cause any delay in carrying out the above reforms and measures.

[Signed by President of the Duma, Prime Minister and Ministers.]

History is in flux. The Slav, so long democratic in spirit, has at last thrown off the rotten shackles which have traduced his interests and thwarted the realization of his ideals. He has come through the fire without anger, and with little bloodshed. The difficult path into the future is obscure and beset with dangers, but this future will be met with high courage and it will be a courage beautiful to behold, for it will have behind it the rich Byzantine tradition, which will reveal to the world, more and more, that Christ who is preëminently the symbol and essence of love — love in action, contagious, omnipresent.

I am happy, very happy, for I believe that one of the great spiritual victories of mankind has been won during this bewildering week. I send you greetings from that old Russia, which gripped my soul and carried me away to her bosom when the first spark of social conscience came into being and struggled toward light; I send you greetings from New Russia, the centre of the culture of the future.

THE CLEARING AIM OF THE WAR

BY L. P. JACKS

THERE is a certain sense in which we have all known quite clearly, since the war began, what we were fighting for. There is another sense in which none of us has known. That we were fighting for liberty, justice, the sacredness of treaties and law, and for 'humanity' in its deepest sense — about this there never has been a scintilla of doubt in the general mind of the Allied nations. In that sense we have known what we are fighting for; and to have known so much has been our strength and inspiration and so will remain to the end. But at that point our vision has been arrested. Assuming that victory for the right will assuredly be won, and taking our stand on that assumption, we found ourselves gazing forward into a dark hinterland of unsolved problems. How is victory to be applied? In what way, in what form, are its fruits to be used? What precisely is to be done, what specific arrangements are to be made, in order that the justice and liberty for which we have shed our blood and spent our treasure may become effective in the life of nations, and not merely sacred names which have been vindicated indeed, but which cannot be applied? It is this concrete question which baffled us, and in the diversity, I had almost said the chaos, of answers given to it, we have the grounds for asserting a sense in which we have *not* known what we were fighting for. The cause for which we are fighting has been clear. How to make the cause effective, when triumphant, has been obscure.

Quite recently — I am writing on March 23 — the dark hinterland before which we stood perplexed has been illuminated as by a great searchlight, and we have seen afar off the towers and battlements of our goal. Two great events have happened — the revolution in Russia and the advance of the United States to the brink of war. Events are always our greatest teachers, and these two have thrown more light on the meaning of the war, and given us more help in the interpretation of its immediate objective, than all the books, pamphlets, articles, lectures, and speeches which have been written or spoken since the outbreak of hostilities. They have made all things new, not by diverting our aims, but by clearing them. Nothing that has been previously said about justice, liberty, humanity, needs to be withdrawn; but these terms which, like the ocean, sometimes confuse us by the vastness and depth of their meaning, suddenly concentrate their light on a single point and reveal the *deed* that must be done. It is not merely that they render our victory doubly secure, as indeed they do. Their value at the moment is that they show us the first and immediate application to which victory must be put. In their light we see the next step after victory, and it can be said no longer that through ignorance of that step we know not what we are fighting for.

Will the reader bear with me if for the moment I hold my meaning in reserve? It is through no respect for the

arts of rhetoric, or other dodges for exciting interest, that I crave this indulgence. I wish the reader to learn my meaning gradually, as I learned it myself and as thousands besides myself are learning it. With that purpose I invite him to follow the process of thought which led me to that point of bewilderment at which, by the favor of heaven, the two events of which I have spoken threw their searchlight on the scene.

I

The chief phrases in which we have hitherto defined our aim in the war were supplied to us by Mr. Asquith. Quite early in the struggle he declared that we were fighting for the cause of Public Right. Later on, when we had begun to ask how public right was to be enforced in the event of our victory, he answered by three words, 'reparation, restitution, and guaranties.' These are precious words and they have served a great purpose. They are landmarks in the history of the war. But, like all words which announce ethical principles, they leave us without a clue to their application. *What* precisely is the 'public right' in question? *What* reparation would atone for the shameful injuries? *What* restitution would make good the immeasurable loss for which the wrongdoer is responsible? And *what* guaranties would be effectual with a nation which, as the inception and conduct of the war too plainly prove, has no respect for its plighted word?

First then as to 'public right.' The term has been frequently expounded, and no doubt need exist as to the general scope of its significance. It is the principle of non-interference, of live and let live — in a word, of *laissez-faire*, applied to international relations, with especial reference, it may be, to the smaller peoples.

States or communities are to be left free to enjoy and develop their own life, their own civilization, their own culture, in their own way, and secured in the right so to do. No nation, however powerful, however firmly convinced of its own mental or moral superiority, may impose its culture or its civilization on the rest. Any such attempt is a violation of public right. Each community is the best judge of what is good for itself, and is not to be interfered with by other nations which think they know better. There is to be no tampering with the individuality of a people by self-constituted superiors — as happens for example when Germany seizes Belgium by the scruff of the neck and proceeds to teach her what's what. Belgium is to work out her own salvation and not to have it worked out for her by Germany, no matter whether Germany is or is not what she claims to be — the moral and intellectual superior of Belgium. And so with all the rest, great and small. Reduced to plain language 'public right,' as a rule of international polity, is the rule that each nation, big or little, is to mind its own business and leave other nations, big and little, to mind theirs.

It is immediately apparent that this principle, adopted as a rule of international law without further qualifications, would run clean counter to the prevailing practice and tendencies of modern states, whether autocratic or democratic, in their domestic organization. Here the principle of non-interference has been long discredited and, in large measure, replaced by its contrary. Any one in these days who, when domestic affairs are in question, should proclaim the right of every individual to live his own life in his own way, deny the right of government to interfere with his liberty to do as he pleases, and say that every man, no matter how ignorant, weak, backward, or vicious, is the best judge of what is

good for himself — any such pleader would at once be treated as a crank or an obscurantist.

Yet, in spite of the utter discredit into which this principle has fallen as a rule of domestic politics, it nevertheless appears to be identical with what most persons have in mind when, surveying the states of the world in their various grades of civilization and culture, they proclaim the right of each state to live its own life, without interference by the rest. For example, when Germany, believing herself to be the most enlightened nation, claims the right to impose her culture on nations less enlightened than herself, how, after all, does her conduct differ in principle from that which we all acclaim in domestic government when we say that the ignorant must submit to the control of the wise, that virtue has the right to stamp out vice, and the expert to rule the incompetent? Germany is merely applying on the international scale a rule which each nation adopts within its own borders, and adopts, moreover, on the ground that only thus can true liberty be secured. And yet it is as a violator of the liberty of nations that Germany has sinned. It is evident we have here to do with two conceptions of liberty, one for domestic, the other for international use. And the two, so far, are flat contradictions.

It is not surprising, therefore, that statesmen and political authors who defend the doctrine of public right, as a rule of international law, are seldom entirely consistent. Mr. Balfour, for example, in his famous letter, after squarely accepting the general principle of public right, does not hesitate to make a sharp exception against the Turks. He is by no means disposed to allow them to enjoy their own civilization in their own way. On the contrary, he proposes their expulsion from Europe — a most desirable object for everybody *except the Turks*. Mr. George Armstrong again, who is a stalwart defender of the rights of small nationalities, and whose book, *Our Aim in the War*, has been widely read in this country, proposes an equally prompt extinguisher for the Turks. Is this consistent?

A federation of all nations for the purpose of defending their mutual rights is no doubt a magnificent conception; but a clique of nations, however respectable they may be in their own eyes, who agree to defend all rights except those of the nations who, like the Turks, happen to be objectionable to themselves, is another proposition altogether. It might be followed in practice by a league of the objectionable nations against whom exception had been made, and most serious trouble would be likely to break out between the two groups. When proposals of this kind are under discussion, it is well not to forget the existence of a continent called Asia, containing vast and highly intelligent populations, whose ways are not our ways, and whose notions of what is good for themselves — and for us — are by no means in accord with our own.

But it must be conceded at once that those who define our aim in the war as the maintenance of public right are not in general to be charged with these major inconsistencies. They back the plea for public right with another proposal. They would apply to interstate relations that very principle of government control which has been almost universally adopted in domestic legislation, thereby bringing the two things into line. A Federation of Peoples, a League of Peace, a Council of Nations, an International Police is to be set up, and by this means the policy of individual states is to be checked and controlled in the common interest of

all nations, in exactly the same way in which the action of individual men and women is checked and controlled by the law of the land. The community of states, in short, is to be democratized, organized, and governed by an authority of its own creating. The rank individualism of mere non-interference is thus avoided.

This proposal is neither more nor less than a new scheme of world-dominion; and though it comes oddly enough from those who are resisting the attempt of Germany to win the dominion of the world, it is not on that account to be judged unsound. For there is this great difference, that, whereas Germany would organize the world herself, probably on an autocratic basis, *this* government would be based on the consent and concert of all concerned — would be in fact a world-democracy.

II

We now reach that fuller statement of our aim in the war as it was in the minds and on the lips of so many of us before the revolution in Russia, and before the course of events had brought the United States to her present position. It was the establishment of public right, to be *enforced* by a league of nations. In order to secure the liberty which comes from ordered government each nation must surrender, like the individual citizen, some portion of its unchartered freedom to a higher authority.

In the bare statement of this idea there is nothing inconceivable, and there is much to attract and inspire. But one condition is essential to its realization. *It is that all the nations which are parties to the scheme should be free nations.* Of this until quite recently there seemed to be no prospect.

The will of the peoples is everywhere for order and peace, and wherever this will moves freely, order and peace arise almost automatically. But this can come about only when *every one* of the participant nations is truly democratic. It is not enough that some should be free, or even that most should be free, in order that a free federation may stand firmly on its feet. They must *all* possess freedom in the same general form and understand it in the same terms. The presence of one powerful member in a group of nations, whose action was subject to the will of a despot, or to that of the criminal *entourage* which despots never fail to gather round themselves, would, inevitably, wreck the working of any scheme which had the world's peace or the world's order for its ultimate object.

For this reason there has been, up till now, a weakness in our case whenever we affirmed, as we so often did, that our aim in the war was the establishment and enforcement of public right — a weakness which you in America have been quick to note. One of the principal members of the Grand Alliance was, in appearance at least, the worst military despotism the world has ever seen. How, with such a co-adjutor as the Russian government had for ages shown itself to be, was it possible for us to cherish the hope that victory would leave us in a position to vindicate the liberties of the nations? How was it possible for us to claim for our hopes the sympathy of the United States?

A league of nations to enforce peace, in which some, and those in certain senses the most powerful, of the participant members, would be nations governed by despotism such as existed before the war, and still exists in one or two remaining instances, is clearly an impossible dream. Agreeing perhaps in the abstract principles for which the league was founded, these despotic powers would be able to divide it

against itself over every concrete application of the principles that might come up for judgment. And this, unless their past record belies them, they would assuredly do. It is idle to talk of an international police which would restrain them. They themselves would be the chief members of the police, and as members of it they would seek to control it; they would pursue their ancient quest for power, employing for that end all the arts of intrigue by which tyranny has ever maintained itself in being.

It is not true that tyrants become innocuous when seated at a round table with the representatives of free nations. Truer were it to say that they are never more noxious than then. *Divide et impera* remains their rule. The power and influence of the tyrant are not sterilized by the fact that his fellows at the council board are the representatives of free nations. On the contrary, his art consists in taking advantage of this very fact to persuade some of them that they are free *to side with him.*

Thanks to the certain use of these arts the presence of a single tyrant in the councils of the league would inevitably ruin its efficacy either for order or for peace. He may talk of Liberty as William II so frequently does. He may even be sincere. But he does not mean by liberty what America means, what Great Britain means! He means the opposite, and works, by means of which he possesses the secret, to opposite ends.

How intolerable such an element would be in any league of free nations becomes plainer as we scrutinize more closely the face of the facts.

The advocates of the league of peace have shown a dangerous tendency to look upon the races and nations as so many static units whose boundaries might be easily defined and stereotyped, and in this respect they may justly be accused of much blindness. For example, they have discussed the position of the small nations on the assumption that all the small nations were content to remain small for ever and ever. They have announced their intention to protect the rights of small nations, but they have forgotten that the chief right of a small nation is the right to grow into a big one, and to occupy so much place in the sun as its growing vigor, intelligence, population, and efficiency entitle it to occupy. Worst of all, the big nations, who talk so benevolently of protecting the little ones, seem to have forgotten that they were once little themselves. Had the present Great Powers of the world been subject in their infancy to the authority of a league of nations, which decreed their boundaries and forbade their expansion at the cost of their neighbors, is it not obvious that not one of them would ever have become a great power? Has the course of history, then, which made them what they are, come to a stop? Is the process of their own aggrandizement to be closed against others who might imitate their example? Are small states to be forbidden to grow up? Are great states to be guaranteed forever in their present possessions, however unworthy they may become to hold them, however degenerate, however inferior to their neighbors in virility, in population, in intelligence?

What should we say if a group of successful men of business — of industrial 'great powers, so to speak' — were to form themselves into a league and lay down the rule that other men should be forbidden to seek success by the means themselves had employed? What should we say if these millionaires, having grown rich in the arts of industrial warfare, were to be suddenly converted to industrial peace, and to

set up a great organization to maintain it, on the principle that they themselves were to retain their fortunes while everybody else was to be content with his present possessions, even though they amounted to no more than five dollars a week? Needless to say, the proposal would be laughed out of court. Yet what else does the proposal amount to when a number of great states unite for the purpose, among others, of setting bounds to the ambitions of their younger and less powerful neighbors?

The truth is that, far from being static units, the races of mankind were never in such a state of rapid flux and change as they are at the present moment; and never has it been so manifestly impossible to stereotype their relative importance, proportions, and boundaries. In some quarters there is rapid decay; in others rapid growth. Side by side with the decay of the Turks there is the renascence of the Arabs. The Slav races of Southern Europe are full of promise. Asia is moving — 'waking from the sleep of ages!' America is working out the greatest racial problem in the history of the world. New racial births are impending, and the wisest prophet would be utterly unable to predict what race or people fifty years hence will have shown itself best entitled to a place in the sun.

Such are the shifting problems with which a league of nations would have to deal. The hands of the international police will be pretty full! Is it not obvious that a shifting scene of this nature, in which new ambitions are ever springing into being, provides despotism with the very opportunity it needs for the practice of its characteristic arts. To make himself the champion of rising hopes and then befool the people who have trusted him — such has been the history of every tyrant from the earliest to the latest specimen. Never were opportunities for such adventures greater than they will be in the years that are to come. Unless the world is to be given over to the intrigues of these men, unless it is to remain at their mercy, as it has been for ages, it is essential that the last of them shall be forthwith removed from the earth. No league of peace can protect us against them. On the contrary, there are abundant reasons for fearing that such a league, if formed, would simply become another instrument in their hands for the infliction of woe on the human race.

III

Such is the clearing of our aim which has come to many of us as a sequel to the Russian revolution, and collaterally from the approach of the United States to the brink of war. In all that has been said hitherto about the enforcement of public right by a league of the nations we have been looking too far ahead. The federation of the nations may come, will come when the time is ripe. But the time is not ripe so long as one despotic tyranny remains in power on the earth. Now that the Russian despotism has gone, only two remain — only two that count. They too must go, *and their departure now becomes our aim in the war.* The greater aim is not abolished — it remains in the background; but something more comprehensible, more easily defined, more immediately practicable, steps to the front. And this clearing of our aim solves the darkest and most perplexing problem which the war has raised — for the victory which it reveals is a victory in which friends and foes, and indeed the whole world, will share. It is the true substitute for 'peace without victory.'

The meaning of the present war will not be clear until it is seen that we are

fighting over again the battle of the French Revolution — fighting it, not on the scale of one nation or of several nations, but on the scale of all nations. It is the greatest struggle that mankind has ever undertaken, and I believe the final struggle, to rid the world from the curse which has blighted it for ages, the curse of despotism. The war was made by despots, and by the war despotism is to be finally undone. It is vain to trace its origin to 'ideas,' 'tendencies,' and other such philosophical abstractions. It sprang from a malignant and perfectly concrete institution, which has been the source of all the great wars and the great crimes of history, and which is now represented by the persons of a diminishing group of most unfortunate men, and by their criminal *entourage*. Russia has shown us the way. She has brought us nearer to our true aim than we should have been brought by a dozen victories in the field. One step more, and the goal is won. When that step is taken, the rest follows. The league to enforce peace will not be needed. For peace lives in the hearts of the peoples and, when the peoples rule, will require no man to enforce it.

There is here no question of vengeance as that term is commonly understood. For my own part, I am indeed convinced that vengeance is whetting her sword over Germany, and that so far as the German people are a party to the crimes of their rulers, crimes without example in history, they are doomed to endure punishment such as never yet has fallen to the lot of any people. Their punishment is so certain that there is no need to make it any part of our aim in the war. It will be brought about, inevitably, by greater powers than any which are lodged in the hands of men, and it needs but little effort of the imagination to forecast some of the forms it will take. The question of the fate of despotism is quite distinct from that of the punishment of the peoples who have lent themselves to the criminal enterprise of the despots. The existence of these is an anachronism in the modern world, and if suffered to continue will be an enormous crime for which all civilized nations will be jointly responsible.

Now more than ever the despot is the enemy of mankind. Even if it be true that he can no longer torture his own subjects as Nero did, or play the game of a Caligula, — and the history of the Russian despotism renders even that doubtful, — he has power to torture the subjects of other states to a degree which puts the crimes of Nero in the shade and might almost be said, by comparison, to whitewash the memory of Caligula. He has the power, and he has shown the will to use it. I care not whether attention be focused on the despot, or the despotism. The *thing* must go, and the manner of its going must plainly indicate the determination of mankind that it shall never return. So long as it stands nothing can be done. No peace worth having can be made.

A few months ago the language of President Wilson seemed to indicate his belief that peace could have been made there and then. Perhaps it could. Perhaps it could be made even now. But neither then, nor now, nor at a future time, could any peace be made *to which despots were a party* without a total surrender of the cause of liberty. Such a surrender can be forced upon us only by the miscarriage of the event of the war — which God forbid! Voluntarily entered into by the free nations on one side and despots on the other, it would amount to the betrayal of mankind.

At the present moment the press, the pulpit, the platform, are teeming with proposals for reconstructing society

after the war. I am the editor of a quarterly magazine, and every week programmes of reconstruction pour in upon me in shoals. In their totality they amaze and bewilder me. They certainly reveal, and one rejoices to see it, that in every direction men are resolved to make a new start after the war. But *can* they make it? They cannot, if we assume that the despots will be left in their places to direct the policy and to sway the destiny of mankind. With that evil unremoved these dreams are impracticable, whether we take them one by one, or whether we take them in the mass.

Moreover there is a real danger — it will have to be guarded against under any circumstances — that the very multitude and variety of these proposals will interfere with the process of carrying any of them into effect. They will jostle, and perhaps cancel, one another, as good schemes so often do when a multitude of counselors is at work. For the moment I think we should lay them all aside, not because they are worthless, but because they are, one and all, contingent upon something else. Let us concentrate on the one moral deed which is necessary, not only to clear the ground for the rest, but to assure civilization that it has the power to vindicate the distinction between right and wrong, by removing once and forever an institution whose work through the ages has been to flout that distinction and trample it under foot. This will put us in heart for the immense tasks of reconstruction that lie beyond. On the other hand, our failure at this end will discourage us from the outset and the new start will be made under auspices of the very worst.

There remains only the possibility that the event of the war may miscarry — a possibility which we in England never contemplate except for the purpose of enforcing our resolve and doubling our efforts to prevent the miscarriage. If that happens, we are undone. Good-bye then to all our dreams of a reconstructed world! It is not merely that the victors would make short work of our 'programmes' — though most assuredly they would. It is not merely that we should lack the material resources to carry them out — though that is serious enough. *We should have neither the hope, the confidence, the faith, nor the energy to enter upon any such enterprises.* All the free nations of the earth would be broken-hearted. By the waters of Babylon they would sit down and weep. Who then would sing them one of the songs of Zion?

PEACE AND SETTLEMENT

BY SIDNEY LOW

I

When men and nations begin to quarrel, they usually do so with limited and clearly seen aims. As the quarrel goes on, these aims expand, and each side demands larger results as the fruits of the victory it expects to obtain. This is the case in the present war, particularly with the Entente Allies, who, in spite of many disappointments and reverses, have never for a moment abandoned the belief (converted to certainty by the action of the United States) in their ultimate triumph. While their statesmen have always kept before them the primary objects for which they entered the conflict, their views have widened as time has gone on. The moral, as well as the strategical, field of operations has been extended, as they hold, and as they are justified in holding, much more by the proceedings of the enemy than by their own.

It was the prevailing opinion in England at the outset that the serious fighting would almost be confined to the eastern frontier of France, the western frontier of Russia, and the coastal waters of Germany and Great Britain. In the autumn of 1914 we should have laughed at those who predicted that by the spring of 1917 hostilities would be waged over all the seas of the world, and that the troops of the rival alliances would be engaged in battle in Lithuania and Macedonia, on the Tigris and on the road to Jerusalem, as well as in Flanders and Galicia. The political extension has been as great as the geographical. Who, in London or Paris, would have anticipated that American liners would put out from New York, armed fore and aft, to resist the armed vessels of one of the European belligerents, or that China would take even a passive part in the struggle? As well expect intervention from the planet Mars! And again, how many of us could have supposed that the discussion of peace terms would involve the rights and aspirations of Czecho-Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Jugo-Slavs — peoples whose very names were unknown to the majority of persons in Western Europe?

So, however, it is. The war has raised problems much larger, and much more intricate, than the difficult, but relatively simple, factors from which it originated. It is no rhetorical flourish to say that the whole future, not only of Europe, but of civilized and uncivilized humanity, is involved; and that the readjustment of international values is no less essential to the continued progress and well-being of the world than the termination of the present agony of slaughter and tribulation. The Allies contend that they are fighting, not merely for the military, but for the moral and political, success which would be the only adequate compensation to their peoples for the sacrifices and sufferings of the past three years, and the best means of securing them and all nations against a recurrence of the calamity.

We must recognize that the war, in the stage it has reached, is being waged

for two classes of objects — one class directly connected with its origin, the other more remote and less easy to define with precision, though not on that account less important. These primary and secondary objects are intermingled in the various official documents and statements which have been issued with reference to the tentative proposals for peace negotiations, such as the Allied Reply to the German Note of December 12, 1916, the Reply to President Wilson (January 10, 1917), and the British Foreign Secretary's Dispatch of January 17. It is necessary to distinguish them. President Wilson, in his Note of December 18, 1916, in his Address to the Senate on January 22, and in other documents and statements, has shown that he keeps them logically apart in his own mind. I am not sure that he has always been quite successful in the expression of his thoughts, owing to his preference for abstract and generalized terms; and it was perhaps for this reason that some of his earlier phrases, such as 'peace without victory,' were misunderstood, and in some degree resented, not only in the Entente countries, but also, so far as I can judge, in his own, till he dissipated all doubts and uncertainties by the magnificent directness and fervent lucidity of the memorable Address to Congress on the second day of April.

But the distinction on which Mr. Wilson dwelt in his December Note is fundamental and must be clearly apprehended. It is that between these primary and secondary issues of the war, or, as one may call them, the practical and moral problems which await solution in and after the settlement. And I think it may be taken for granted that the distinction is not ignored by the statesmen of the Allied governments, though it may not have suited them to emphasize the point in the controversial diplomacy which is really part of the ammunition of the campaign. The intelligent and disinterested onlooker may argue with more precision and more regard for general principles than is tactically wise for combatants whose energies are absorbed in the task of overcoming a still undefeated adversary.

II

The primary purposes for which the leading members of the Entente group engaged, or became engaged, in war can be briefly stated. France fought in sheer self-preservation, for she had no positive ground for quarrel with Germany, and only the flimsiest pretence was alleged by her assailant. Russia took up arms in the attempt to protect Serbia from forcible absorption by Austria; Great Britain went to war to secure the liberation of Belgium, and to assist France in repelling an entirely unprovoked attack upon her territory. The Italian case is more complicated; but whatever the underlying sentimental motives for her action in the spring of 1915, her astute Foreign Minister, Baron Sonnino, was careful in his correspondence with Vienna (see the Italian Green Book, *passim*) to base it exclusively on the violation of the Triple Alliance treaties by the Austrian aggression in the Balkans. The cession of the Trentino was demanded, not because that district is part of *Italia Irredenta*, but as 'compensation' which Italy had a right to claim for the breach of international conventions. Belgium and Serbia, of course, did not go to war and did not want war, and only struggled ineffectually to resist the armed violence of the invaders.

The righting of these wrongs is, and always has been, the 'irreducible minimum' on which the Allies must insist to the utmost limit of their strength. England must eat her boot-soles rather

than consent to make peace till Belgium is liberated; France must bleed white till the last German helmet is driven from her frontier; Russia will be disgraced and dishonored if she lays down her arms till every Austrian soldier has left Serbian as well as Russian soil; Italy will suffer intolerable humiliation if the 'unredeemed' territory does not pass into her hands. If the Allies do not exact these terms, it will be only because they cannot. Unless their power is completely broken, by sea and land, they will not even consider a peace which is not based upon these conditions as the *sine qua non*. This is accepted as outside discussion in the Entente countries. It is also, I presume, understood in Germany and Austria. The rulers of those empires must be aware that they cannot have peace without the withdrawal of their armies and officials from the occupied and invaded territories. They know this must be done, and it will be done. The open question is whether they will be forced to drop their booty through exhaustion and defeat, or whether their armies and U-boats may not still compel their enemies to bargain for the withdrawal.

Such, then, were the objects which the Allied states had before them at the outbreak of the war, and if hostilities had terminated in their favor within the first six months, it is conceivable that they might have been content with them. But as the war went on, the programme lengthened out, and the Allied claims have expanded. France wants the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, a share of the captured German colonies, and a Syrian protectorate; Great Britain, besides the German colonies she has occupied, will keep hold in some form of Mesopotamia and the Sinai peninsula; Russia has ear-marked Constantinople and the Straits, and will not let go of Armenia; Italy claims Trieste, Istria, the Dalmatian Islands and the eastern coast of the Adriatic, with some foothold in Asia Minor as well; Serbia expects to consolidate under one government all the ten or twelve millions of Jugo-Slavs; Roumania would like to take over the Wallachs and Roumans of Transylvania and Hungary.

There are other and bolder, or at least more novel projects, such as the reintegration of an autonomous Poland, the creation of a Czecho-Slovak state in Bohemia and Moravia, and the release of all the Arab people from Ottoman rule. Beyond and above all, the European Allies require, as America does, some guaranty for the peace and safety of nations, and security for 'the rights of mankind' against the excesses of militarism and autocracy. It is no longer a case of obtaining redress for specific wrongs. The Allies are out now for the reform of international relations and for the territorial reconstructions and redistributions which they regard as essential if this result is to be achieved.

The Central governments and their champions declare that in resisting the consummation of these plans they are fighting in self-defense, for they urge that the Allied scheme menaces their existence. But the Allies have no wish to imperil the existence, or to lessen the prosperity or the political and personal security of any individual German, Turk, Austrian, or Bulgar. They recognize — indeed they insist — that a people is entitled to work out its own destiny and mould its own constitution; but it must not do so at the expense of any other peoples, whether within its borders or without. But if by 'existence' the Central Powers understand the unaltered maintenance of the present administrative and territorial system of Europe, then they are warranted in asserting that this would be endangered by the victory of their

opponents; for here the Allies do certainly hope, and undoubtedly intend, if they can, to bring about extensive and deep-reaching changes.

III

That conviction was of slow growth in Britain. It was forced home by the events of the war, and by a closer study of its origin and causes. As the conflict developed, Englishmen began to discern more clearly its moral and political implications. We went into the fight cheerfully, confidently, only half awake to its meaning; and many weary and disheartening months elapsed before we grasped the full magnitude of our task and the fuller significance of what lay beyond it.

It was the extension of the military operations to the East, which touched the political instinct of Britain. When first Turkey, and then Bulgaria, joined the Central Powers, when one great stretch of eastern or southeastern territory fell under Teutonic occupation or control, when Germany was flaunting her possession of the Berlin–Bagdad route, Englishmen became conscious of the true nature and formidable possibilities of the Teutonic *Drang nach Osten* — the drive toward Asia and Africa. Their sentiment of Empire was roused: and they saw then that, not their oversea dominion alone, but their maritime and economic interests, and their insular security, were directly menaced by the German aims.

Those aims had been hinted at clearly enough by the Prussian publicists and political professors before the war; they have been avowed with unflinching candor since the autumn of 1914 by some of the most influential of them. The vague generalizations of such writers as Bernhardi, and the vaporing chauvinism of Reventlow, are supplemented by the considered statements of economists and statisticians like Rohrbach, Delbrück, Naumann, and List, who work out with logical precision the theory and practical results of the new Germanic imperialism.

If we are to believe them, Germany plunged into war, and impelled Austria to precipitate the conflict, primarily with an eye to the East. They tell us that the fixed goal of her policy, clearly perceived by her soldiers and diplomatists since the fall of Bismarck, and seen in glaring relief by the Kaiser from the outset of his reign, has been to find 'breathing-room,' and scope for politico-economic exploitation, by making herself the mistress of a great empire or confederacy lying across Central Europe, the Balkan region, and Asia Minor, and stretching from the shores of the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. Her secondary object is no doubt still larger, for it includes the idea of a more extensive Oriental dominion, with vast subject territories in Africa, the overthrow of the British power on sea and land, and the political hegemony of the Old, and perhaps also the New World.

But this further design was only indirectly involved in the present war, in which it was not expected that Great Britain would participate. The calculation was that rapid and crushing victories over France and Russia would weaken those powers so gravely that they would oppose no further obstacle to the Germanic projects; that Germany would then, with Austrian assistance, obtain the desired mastery in the Balkans and Western Asia; and the great united Central Empire, striding across two continents, with its strategic and political strongholds, at Berlin, Vienna, Belgrade, Constantinople, Damascus, Bagdad, and Ispahan, would become an accomplished fact. Rotterterdam, Antwerp, Cairo, and Tangier, and perhaps Shanghai, Delhi, and Bombay, could wait. The 'settlement' with

Britain, peaceful or not, would come later, after the military and economic resources of the new confederacy had been developed. It was, then, a war, not so much for territory, as for routes of communication and spheres of influence. To open and hold the Berlin–Bagdad line was the main purpose; the push to Calais, Paris, and Petrograd, the submarine campaign, and the seizure of Belgium, were subsidiary to this enterprise.

If the peace leaves her in a position to carry the Eastern scheme through, Germany, according to this school of thinkers, will be satisfied. She will have won the war: at least, the substantial fruits of success will remain with her; even though she may be driven by negotiation, or by the armies of General Pétain and Sir Douglas Haig, to relinquish all she has grasped at in the Western area. The strategists of Berlin and Potsdam are told that they may be well content if they are left with the opportunity to work out the plan of 'Middle Europe' and its implications, and thereby to prepare for that 'Second Punic War' which will crush the modern Carthage and rivet upon the world the *imperium* of the New Rome.

This thesis is maintained without disguise by the authors to whom I have referred. Paul Rohrbach, the clearest expositor of the 'Eastern' policy, who believes that 'Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey are by nature and by historical development the triple alliance of the Twentieth Century,' wrote in his *Deutsche Politik* last November to show that the English must be very foolish if they supposed they could rest content with a 'drawn war.' This, he said, from the English point of view, is 'a piece of lazy and confused thinking'; for 'if the Central Powers, with Bulgaria and the Turkish East, form a solid political block across the Balkans, then it is no longer possible for England in the future to conduct her world-policy on its traditional lines.' If, he adds, the English wish Egypt and India to remain unassailable they must 'defeat us to such an extent as to sever our connection with the East.' If England fails to do this, 'she will have lost the war.'

Rohrbach's co-editor, Ernest Jäckh, puts the case even more plainly: —

> The war comes from the East; the war is waged for the East . . . the road is clear — but not for Russia to Constantinople, nor for England and France to Sofia, but for the foundation and strengthening of *Mitteleuropa*. Until now we were connected by a single slender thread — the Hungaro–Serbo–Bulgarian railway line; from now on we have a wide network of communications to secure our connection. Besides Belgrade–Sofia there is Kronstadt–Bucharest, and between these parallel lines the whole breadth of Serbia and Roumania. Formerly Constantinople–Bagdad and Constantinople–Suez depended on the same slender thread; now a whole network of railways secures these further extensions also, alike in their economic, political, *and military* aspects. . . . This is already a war-gain, as also is the securing of the Danube route, which latter must remain a peace-gain whatever may be the eventual fate of Roumania. The Danube has become 'Central-European'; it belongs to the Quadruple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, who together have fought for it and won it.

Another of Rohrbach's disciples, Max Seber, stretches the boundaries of 'Middle Europe' a little wider, and takes it to the Red Sea and Northern Africa: —

> Only her Turkish possession [*ihr türkischer Besitz*] secures to Germany the freedom of movement which she needs in order to become a World-State. . . . If Germany wishes a colonial empire, with land connections, with *Mitteleuropa* and the Turkish federation, if she wishes a real guaranty for the freedom of the seas, *she must not leave Egypt or the Suez Canal in English hands.*

IV

Englishmen do not need to be told that the realization of this plan is inconsistent with their most vital interests. But critics in other countries may be less affected by this consideration, and may be inclined to judge the *Mitteleuropa* scheme on its merits. Why, they may be disposed to ask, should not the great industrial state of the European Continent give the benefit of its own superior organizing efficiency to the less advanced, but potentially rich, countries of the South and East? Why, without repressing their national life and local freedom, should it not enable them to develop their enormous latent resources and bring them into line with modern progress? Why should Asiatic Turkey stagnate in semi-barbarism, and the Balkan regions languish, when there are German engineers and capitalists ready to equip them with railways, roads, canals, river-steamboats, factories, and mining-plants, under the direction of German commissioners, and under the ægis of a German central government? Why should not the world be enriched by the creation of another great federation or confederacy of states that would cover some of the most famous and fertile regions of the earth, and redeem large populations from poverty and decay?

The answer is that a *Mitteleuropa* organized and controlled by the Prussian ruling group would be a grave danger, not merely to Britain but to the world. The German 'colonization' of Turkey was not seriously resented, so long as it could be supposed that 'pacific penetration' was the main object. This was the attitude even of English statesmen; and notwithstanding their nervousness about the Persian Gulf, they were willing to accept, and in the end even to facilitate, German action in Anatolia and Mesopotamia. In the summer of 1914, only a few weeks before the outbreak of the European war, a treaty between Great Britain and Germany was signed, with reference to the Asiatic enterprises of the latter power.

The text of this instrument has not been published; but its general purport has been made known by Rohrbach, who describes it as extremely indulgent to the pretensions of his country. 'We were,' he says, 'frankly astonished by the concessions made to us; especially,' he adds, 'in regard to the Bagdad Railway, Mesopotamia, and the navigation of the Tigris,which exceeded all expectations.' He infers that England was genuinely anxious to remain at peace with Germany, and was inclined to regard her as a friendly coadjutor in the development of Nearer Asia rather than as a jealous rival. The British Foreign Office had apparently convinced itself that Germany's aims in this quarter of the world were purely economic; it does not seem to have taken List and the other German imperialist writers (if it were acquainted with them — which is doubtful) at all seriously, and was blind to the vast political ambitions which lay be hind the transportation and financial projects.

But the war has opened men's eyes. We know now that *Mitteleuropa*, with its southeastern adjuncts and dependencies, would not be a peace-power but a war-power, the greatest war-power of all. Germany with her 70,000,000 of inhabitants, Austria with nearly 52,000,000, Turkey with 21,000,000, Bulgaria with 5,000,000, would be inside the ring-fence, and Roumania, Greece, Serbia, and perhaps Poland, though temporarily excluded, would be eventually forced in by irresistible economic and political pressure.

The new confederacy would start with an area of over a million square

miles, and a population of nearly 140 millions which might soon approach the two-hundred-million limit. Its military strength would be unrivaled. Modern warfare on the largest scale demands, as we have now learned, not only immense numbers of men trained and equipped as soldiers, but also a gigantic and varied industry mobilized to supply war-material in prodigious quantities; financial resources and credit assessed in billions of dollars, and capable of prompt realization; facilities of the best kind for the rapid movement of huge masses of men and stores; the means of provisioning, not the fighting forces only, but the civil population, with food, clothing, and raw materials; and, finally, a supreme executive authority to concentrate the energy of the entire organism, and direct it swiftly upon the point where its impact can be most effective.

No state, or combination of states, could come so near to fulfilling these conditions as Middle Europe with the mastery of the Nearer East. With its reservoir of Germans, Austrians, Magyars, Turks, Bulgars, Southern Slavs, Arabs, Kurds, and Syrians, the Potsdam General Staff could in a few years have an immense multitude of soldiers drilled, trained, and equipped to one model. At the outbreak of hostilities it could spring at the throat of its adversaries with seven or eight millions of mobilized troops and a dozen additional millions in reserve; all able to be turned east, west, or south at the will of a single High Command, and poured swiftly along a magnificent net-work of railways radiating from one centre along the inner lines of Europe and Asia. It would be self-supporting and self-contained; and when the mines and lands of its subject territories were developed to their full capacity, it could produce enough food, iron-ore, copper, tobacco, petroleum, wool, perhaps even cotton and rubber, to sustain its civil population, its armies, and its industries. It would be nearly independent of sea-borne supplies, and would suffer little from the most rigorous blockade. But the new power could hardly be blockaded. With its harbors and naval bases on the Baltic, the North Sea, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Ægean, and with its gigantic metaliferous and mechanical production, it could so multiply its U-boats and extend the range of their activity that hostile navies and mercantile shipping, belligerent or neutral, would be driven from the seas. Maritime commerce would be paralyzed, while the railway-borne trade of the great continuous land area under German domination would flourish more briskly than ever.

Such a power could render all Europe subservient to its will, and would be formidable, not only to Asia and Africa, but to both the Americas as well. Only the very greatest political associations could deal with it on anything like equal terms. This, indeed, is a prospect which Naumann faces calmly. Obsessed, like many of his countrymen, by the cult of bigness, of mere material size and numbers, he holds that the day of the small nation is past. He contemplates that the destinies of the world must be at the disposition of the real 'Great Powers,' the aggregate of states and nations which are large enough and strong enough, or could be strong enough if they pleased, to wage war under the modern conditions. These are the United States, the British Empire, Russia, and Germanized 'Middle Europe.' In the fullness of time China may be added unto them, if the countrymen of Confucius should assimilate the higher civilization sufficiently to institute conscription and manufacture 15-inch guns. The minor, that is the less extensive and less populous, countries will be swept into the

orbit of these more massive systems, which will be kept in some sort of harmonious relationship by a mutual respect for one another's armaments. A world balance of power, maintained by the four or five imperialisms, will supersede the balance of Europe, which will have disappeared, since there will be no effective make-weight on that Continent to the overwhelming might of the Teutonic partnership.

There is nothing in this picture which can appeal to American or British sentiment. The people of the United States and the United Kingdom have no desire to give a wider extension to the armed diplomacy of the European balance of power, which could not avert, and helped to produce, the existing cataclysm. A world kept in precarious peace and unstable equilibrium by four or five monarchical federations or imperialist republics, drilling troops, building battleships, and piling up munition works against one another, would not approach their ideal. They want to weaken, and if possible to eliminate, the element of militarism and competitive force in international relations, instead of giving it ampler scope. A world balance of power, with the menace of war as its ultimate sanction, will do nothing to promote that 'community of power' which President Wilson seeks to establish, founded on the recognition of equal rights among nations and an international code of ethics.

V

The German *Drang nach Osten* is therefore inconsistent with the general interest, European and extra-European, and it must be the aim of the Allied governments to see that it is checked. In this war it has already achieved a temporary success. The programme sketched by the German imperialist writers has been almost fulfilled. If peace had been made last autumn, by negotiation, on the *beati possidentes* basis, the Germanic-Turanian confederacy would have come into being. Poland, Austria, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey had been amalgamated or annexed. If she were allowed to keep her southern and eastern conquests, Germany, it was believed, would have been willing to quit Belgium and France, and surrender most of her colonies. It would have been a profitable transaction, for the reasons given above; so profitable for Germany and so disastrous to everybody else, that the Allies were bound to fight on till they could defeat it.

They have made a tangible step in this direction since the Kaiser's 'peace offer' of December 12 was rejected. The British successes in Mesopotamia have turned the *Drang nach Osten* from one of its goals. The Berlin–Bagdad line is blocked well in front of the terminus; Germany has no access now to the Euphrates estuary, and across her path will be thrown the stiff barrier of an independent Arab nation under English guardianship. On the west, a Syrian state, under Anglo-French protection, will fend off Turkey and Turkey's overlords from the Red Sea and the African isthmus; northward, an autonomous Armenia, supervised by Russia, will lie like a bastion on the road into Persia.

One large part of the Eastern scheme is nullified already; much of the remainder goes to wreck when the Allies refuse to make peace with the Central Powers unless they evacuate Serbia and Roumania. These two states lie astride the German and Austrian landline eastward, and unless they are subjugated or annexed they can prevent it from being used as an instrument of Teutonic political and military domination.

But it is not enough to defeat the

Prussian project of Empire in its present guise; it is necessary to provide that no similar or cognate scheme shall become realizable by the exercise of force, and that the factors which have offered an opportunity for militarist activity shall be eliminated. As the Allied governments point out in their Note of December 30, there can be no stability in the European states-system until the prime causes of unrest are removed. That unrest is the inheritance of an unhappy past. All Central and Southeastern Europe has for centuries been perturbed by the fact that political and national boundaries do not coincide, so that, in a large part of this area, populations with a keen racial, religious, or linguistic self-consciousness, find themselves under alien control. Frenchmen, Danes, Poles, Ruthenians, Czechs, Slovenes, Roumanians, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks, have been governed against their will by Germans, Magyars, Turks, and Russians. The *malaise* is felt most poignantly in Austria and the Balkans. It has been aggravated by the fact that an unscrupulous armed force was always lying in wait to take advantage of the confusion.

'The main condition,' says Mr. Balfour, 'which rendered possible the calamities from which the world is now suffering, was the existence of a Great Power, consumed with the lust of domination, in the midst of a community of nations ill prepared for defense, plentifully supplied, indeed, with international laws, but with no machinery for enforcing them, and weakened by the fact that neither the boundaries of the various states nor their internal constitution harmonized with the aspirations of their constituent races, or secured to them just and equal treatment.'

The Allied statesmen hold that this 'international unrest,' and the opportunities it offers for a resort to violence, can be remedied only by the reorganization of Europe 'guaranteed by a stable régime, and based at once on respect for nationalities and on the right to full security and liberty of economic development by all peoples, great and small, together with guaranties against unjust attack.' As means to this end they specify 'the restitution of provinces formerly torn from the Allies by force or against the will of their inhabitants'; the release from alien dominion of Italians, Roumanians, Serbo-Croats, and Czecho-Slovaks; and the liberation of the subject populations of the Ottoman Empire.

These clauses imply the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and of the Trentino and Gorizia province to Italy. They also suggest a very extensive reconstruction and redistribution of the territories now under Austrian and Turkish rule. It has indeed been pretty widely assumed that nothing less is meant than a complete disruption of the one Empire and the extinction of the other. In the belligerent countries it has been freely asserted that this is the definite intention of the Entente governments, and that they do not propose to lay down their arms until these ends have been attained. In this case the war would cease only when they were in a position to drive the Turks, as rulers and officials, into Asia, to incorporate the Serbo-Croats of Austria-Hungary with the Serbian kingdom, to detach Transylvania from Hungary and hand it over to Roumania, to annex Galicia to Poland, and to establish in the heart of Europe a new independent Bohemia for the nine or ten millions of Czechs, Moravians, and Slovaks who are now subjects of the Hapsburg Empire or the Magyar monarchy. Austria by this drastic process would not cease to exist as a political entity; but it would lose nearly two thirds of its inhabitants. It would be

left with its German provinces, which would probably in that case welcome annexation with the northern Teutonic Empire, and with its Magyar partners, who might imitate their Slav neighbors in setting up as a completely separate and independent kingdom.

But are all these startling changes in the map of Europe really to be deduced from the terms of the Allied Note? It is conceivable that its authors may contemplate securing justice and liberty for their clients of the depressed nationalities by methods less revolutionary than that of strewing Central Europe with new or newly compounded kingdoms and republics. And, even if that ultimate purpose lies before their minds, it may be doubted whether they are resolved to achieve it as a condition precedent to the conclusion of the present war. Do they mean to fight on till Austria-Hungary has agreed to evisceration and Turkey to exile and imprisonment in Anatolia? If they do, then a speedy termination of the war can scarcely be expected; for however weary and dispirited the Austrian, Hungarian, and Turkish governments may be, they will naturally fight to the last gasp to avert the sentence of political execution. Germany's allies may be chafing over the misfortunes that Germany has brought upon them; but they will be reluctant to abandon her if the only prospect before them is that of still heavier humiliation and loss.

Moreover, the plan of reorganizing Europe is one that cannot conveniently be drafted amid the heat and hurry of a campaign. It involves many complex problems which need to be solved with deliberation and forethought. Such a project, for example, as that of the revival of the mediæval Kingdom of Bohemia demands close examination. The new state would not be homogeneous, for it would include some two or three millions of Germans and Hungarians. It would be imbedded in the centre of Europe, with no natural frontier on the south and east, a busy industrial country cut off from the sea, and with no outlet except through the territories of powerful and jealous neighbors, able to stifle it by economic pressure, if not to subdue it by arms.

Again, the Greater Roumania would include a considerable Magyar and Saxon population, probably superior in wealth, energy and political capacity, to the Moldo-Wallachian majority.

Greater Serbia, too, impinging on one side on the plains of Hungary, and either cut off from the Dalmatian coast by Italy or brought down to that coast to create a new *Italia Irredenta*, would present difficulties; as would the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine: for though the Germans may be forced to yield unconditional assent to the cession of a district which includes their richest supply of iron ore, it is not quite certain that all the inhabitants of the two provinces would favor the transfer. A few years ago — the war may have produced a change — a good proportion of the Alsatians would have preferred autonomy within the German Empire to incorporation with France.

Nor is the extermination of the 'bloody tyranny of the Turks' [1] quite simple to accomplish. The Turk is a bloody tyrant when he rules subject peoples, and after the Armenian massacres there is little to be said for him. But nine millions of Turks will have to live somewhere, and it is not at first sight altogether obvious where they are to live without interfering with somebody.

[1] '*L'affranchissement des populations soumises à la sanglante tyrannie des turcs*' is the phrase in the French text of the Allied Note; which is translated in the official English version in the above elegant manner. — THE AUTHOR.

VI

These difficulties must be recognized. Problems so delicate and obscure cannot be satisfactorily solved by rough-and-ready disruptions, expulsions, and redistributions; nor does it seem probable that the Allied ministers will be anxious, without mature consideration, to destroy political aggregates which have at least cohesion and firmness of texture, in order to set afloat a group of loosely built experimental small states, swimming in the European whirlpool in dangerous proximity to the great sharp-toothed empires; at least until some effectual measures have been devised to render ravenous fangs and unruly claws incapable of mischief. Nor might they care to saddle themselves with the responsibility of prolonging hostilities until the enemy assents to conditions which nothing assuredly will extort from him but the direst extremity of failure and distress.

For these reasons one may conjecture that the Allied governments will divide their European settlement into two parts, and decline to complicate the immediate and urgent question of bringing the war to a successful close by associating it with these larger problems of reorganization. It may be that, for the former purpose, they will confine themselves to what I have called the 'irreducible minimum.' If the Central Powers sustain, and recognize that they have sustained, military defeat, the Entente may offer them peace on the basis of the 'restitutions and reparations,' which are, for the Allies, the primary objects of the war. They will insist on the evacuation of the invaded countries and provinces; on some compensation and indemnities for the injured parties; on the freedom and neutralization of the Turkish straits; on the cession of the Trentino to Italy; on the recognition of Arabian and Armenian independence; and on such guaranties as it may be possible or politic to exact against a renewal of militarist aggression. But they will also demand from the vanquished empires an agreement to submit the wider questions of national rights and territorial readjustment to a post-war conference, and a pledge to abide by its decisions.

If this procedure be adopted, there would be hope of concluding the war as soon as the Central Powers can be brought to recognize that they have lost the game, and are therefore ready to make the concessions without which it is impossible for the Allies to lay down their arms. It would not be necessary to protract the struggle until Germany and her chief partner are, not merely defeated, but so utterly exhausted and crushed to the earth that they will be compelled to surrender unconditionally. And the reorganization of Europe would not have to be conducted according to a plan drawn up in haste by belligerents flushed with victory, and imposed by them upon a vanquished, but sullen and resentful foe.

In this scheme the active concurrence and participation of the United States will be essential. The Allies cannot be expected to discuss the *post-bellum* settlement with their adversaries unless they are assured that the moral, and if it be required, the physical force of the American Union will be available to support the mandate of the Conference. America is engaged, without reserves, in the war; and when the war is over, she can hardly coöperate in the ultimate settlement with limited liability. She must be a working partner, not merely a benevolent onlooker, and must be prepared to bear her full share in the responsibility for creating and upholding international arrangements that will release Europe, and, by consequence, the world, from disturbance by organized violence.

If that course is taken, the ideals to which the President has given expression in his notes and addresses may become realities. The Conference, sitting after the war has been concluded, may be able 'to accomplish the greater things which lie beyond its conclusion.' It will endeavor to settle those questions of nationality and territory which promote European unrest. It will determine the status of Constantinople and its adjacent territories and waters, and that of the Turkish population in Europe and Asia; it will ascertain the best measures to secure the safety, freedom, and social and cultural development of the small states and subject peoples of Central and Eastern Europe; it will prescribe the limits and constituents of the new Poland; it will find a *modus vivendi*, both economically and politically just, for Italians, Austrians, Magyars, Serbs, Greeks, and Albanians, on the Adriatic littoral and hinterland.

But it may do much more than this. It may hope to make 'those ultimate arrangements for the peace of the world which all desire,' to institute a machinery of consultation and legislation for the adjustment of disputes between nations, to guarantee protection to the weaker units against aggression; and it may even take the first steps toward the substitution of an international police for the forces which are at the disposal of national ambition. If it cannot hope to extinguish war, or abolish armies and navies, it will seek means to render the future conflicts between hostile groups less perilous to the world at large, and less likely to impose their ravages and burdens upon others. It may find a fresh formula to cover the freedom of the seas, since both Britain and America have discovered that maritime warfare, waged with the new science and the new unscrupulousness, can become sheer anarchy and piracy, rendering all the waters of the globe unnavigable for neutrals and belligerents alike. It may develop the principle of the 'community of power,' and establish an International League to maintain (in the noble words of the President's historic address) 'the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.'

These are great and splendid objects, too comprehensive to be compassed in a peace settlement concocted amid the turmoil of conflict, in an atmosphere heated by passion, animosity, the sense of triumph, the smart of defeat. But some at least may be capable of attainment in a Congress of the Nations, assembling after the glare of the strife has died out of the horizon, with the United States throwing all its strength and influence into the council-chamber, and manifesting a clear resolve to render the decisions effective.

THE PLACE OF THE SKULL[1]

BY LIEUTENANT MILUTIN KRUNICH

I

DARKNESS came on rapidly. The old cemetery under the lindens was entirely dark, but around it was still twilight. In the valley the white mist was lying; from the valley rose a sullen confused noise. The boom of the artillery across the river had ceased. An icy wind began to blow. In the sky the first stars glimmered, and the moon rose beyond the hill across the river, big, murky, blood-colored.

'Cheda, take care that the soldiers are through soon, and I will go to the other trench to see how much they have done.'

When I got there the men were in the trenches. They had finished. The sergeant came to me.

'We are through, sir.'

'Deep enough? The loopholes strong enough? Very well. You will send two soldiers who will hold the connection between the trenches.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mirko, I have nothing to say to you. You alone know what is your duty. I think we will have a terrible battle to-morrow, but you are an old soldier and you will know how to hold your men. One thing is certain: we must stay here until the last moment.'

'I know it, sir. Where should we go from here? *This* is our place — the cemetery!' said the sergeant quietly, as if he were speaking of his fields.

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

'I know you are a brave man. We shall trust in God!'

Slowly I returned to the other position. The soldiers were in the trenches. They were quietly talking to each other, and one could see the glimmer of cigarettes. Bayonets protruded here and there from the deep trenches and glistened in the moonlight. Cheda was sitting near, his head sunk between his shoulders, his *shikatcha* drawn over his ears.

'The machine-guns have come?' I asked him.

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you put them as I said — two at the right side of the trenches, and one at the left?'

'Yes, sir. What do you think of to-morrow?'

'If they have enough artillery, it will be bad. But if they do not, then we will kill them as the hail kills field-mice!'

'I think so too, sir.'

'Where is Bora?' I asked him after a while.

'There he is in the trench, sitting on the coffin.'

'What?'

'Sitting on the coffin, dreaming as usual. The soldier was right in saying the coffin is a real chair.'

The wind began to blow more strongly. It was very cold.

'Let's go down, Cheda; it will be warmer there. To-morrow you will be at the left wing of the trench. Bora and I will stay at the right, but to-night we can be together.'

[1] An earlier episode of Lieutenant Krunich's narrative appeared in the June *Atlantic*, under the title, 'The Graveyard by the Morava.'

Then we went down into the trench, into the cold, wet, nauseating graves. Some of the soldiers were sitting in the trench; others were lying on the wet ground, sleeping; others were standing with their heads leaning against the wall of the trench, their guns between their feet and held against their breasts. Standing thus, they were sleeping with open mouths. Their only rest for the whole night! How terribly pale their faces, and how ghastly in the moonlight! How like the faces of the dead!

We found Bora sitting on the coffin, but he got up when we came.

'What! are you sitting on a corpse?' said Cheda grimly.

'I tell you it does not feel, and the heart in my breast does not feel,' answered Bora very seriously.

I sat down on the coffin, trying to be calm, but I felt a cold shudder run from my feet up my back and stiffen my neck. I tried to throw off my thoughts. I tried to calm myself. But my thoughts ran on. I was never wider awake. I thought: 'I am sitting in a grave upon a corpse! I do not remember that I ever read or heard of anything like this. Can it be true? Can it be reality? Perhaps I am sick and this whole day is only the hallucination of a fever.' But a gust swept in on us from the valley the distant sound of screams of pain, cries, and curses, which told me that it was all true.

Suddenly Bora clutched my hand. I turned round to him. The moonlight shone in his face, which was pale and haggard. His lips were quivering, his hand was outstretched, pointing to something beyond the trench. I saw that he wished to tell me something, but he could not; the words stuck in his throat.

'For Heaven's sake, what is the matter with you, Bora? Why are you so frightened? '

'What ails him again?' said Cheda, who was sitting beside me with his head between his knees.

'Do you believe in ghosts?' said Bora, whispering and shivering.

'What?'

'In ghosts, in spirits?'

'Certainly a soldier is passing through the cemetery,' said Cheda.

'No! no, I am not crazy. Please get up and look,' said Bora, pulling me to my feet.

At the same time the soldiers began to wake, to whisper, to get up. I looked out of the trench. A black shadow! It was moving round the old cemetery; from time to time it appeared in the moonlight which filtered through the lindens. It seemed to me to be very large. The soldiers became more restless.

'Be silent!' I cried to them.

Now the shadow emerged from the old cemetery. It was entirely in the moonlight. I saw it was a woman. She moved very quickly. She bent often, as though looking for something. Once in a while she would straighten herself, and we could hear her moan. As she came quite close to us we could hear her speaking to herself: 'There is the grave of Mara, — there of friend Para, — here of Caya, and here must be *his!*' All of a sudden she screamed (oh, a terrible scream!) and fell upon what was left of the new grave of the soldier.

'It is dug up, — it is broken down, destroyed!' exclaimed the poor creature, writhing with grief, stretching her arms over the mound. 'Why have you dug up his grave? He gave his young life for his country, but it is not yet enough; now he cannot have his rest. Why did you not find my heart to dig up rather than his grave? Why did you not first kill me? *Jaoj, jaoj!* All destroyed! Have you removed his coffin, have you taken him out, have you opened those terrible wounds on his dead body? Have you —?'

And not knowing what she was doing, she stumbled into the trench. We caught her and put her down near the coffin.

'Here is the coffin,' said Cheda, almost inaudibly.

She kneeled on the ground and quickly felt over the coffin with her hands, whispering many times, 'Here it is, here it is!' Then she shrieked again, fell on the coffin and began to embrace and kiss it, trembling in her whole body. Never in my life had I heard such cries. Soon they grew less and less and died away in a shuddering moan. Suddenly she weakened, her arms slipped to the ground, and she fell, her head striking on the coffin.

Bora drew in his breath with a sharp hissing sound. 'Dead!' he whispered.

Cheda ran to the woman first and raised her. Her shawl fell from her head and we could see her gray silvery hair. On her forehead was a great red bruise. Her eyes were closed.

'She breathes,' said Cheda; 'give her water.'

I took a canteen and bathed her forehead and temples.

The soldiers crowded round us. I could hear them whispering, 'That's a mother!' 'Poor woman!' 'Poor mothers — all of ours!'

Finally the woman moved, and opened her eyes. Oh, dear mother's eyes, how red and swollen they were! For a long time she looked round her; and then, as consciousness returned, she again put her arms around the coffin, placed her head upon it, and whispered in the faintest of voices, 'My son, my dear son, my tender child! Did they hurt you?'

'Is that your son?' asked Bora.

'Yes, my son, my only one. He was my hope, my happiness, my life. When I lost him I could not live myself. I did not love the sun, I had *his* eyes; I did not admire the flowers or smell them, I had his rosy cheeks and his hair; I did not love the sky, I had his forehead; I did not love the honey or sweetness of life, I listened to his voice; I did not care for the whole world, I had his gentle hands and his heart of gold! Oh, I had him, my only one, and that is all. He was my life. I loved him so much that now I cannot love sun, flowers, sky, world, life. All these were in him. I *cannot*, I *cannot!*' cried the poor mother in superhuman grief; and began to weep again.

It was more than terrible! It was inconceivable! The soldiers all left their places and gathered round us, round this poor mother. Cheda rose and motioned to them to go away. They went slowly back to their places. For a time I heard them talk and whisper, but soon they grew silent; only the mother still wept. Presently she rose, took my hand, and in a frightened voice, said, —

'Will you destroy his grave entirely? Will you really take him out that the dogs may eat him? Oh, no, no! I will not permit it. *I* am here. I am here to defend you, my dear little heart!' cried the poor woman, clasping the coffin as if she wanted to take it to her breast and carry it somewhere far away.

Bora knelt beside her, lifted her, embraced her gently, and said to her tenderly, nearly in tears, —

'No! good mother, we will not take out his coffin. On the contrary, we are here to defend it. We love your son too. He was a soldier, a warrior, a defender; he was our friend.'

The mother looked at Bora a few moments, astonished, with wide-open eyes, as if she did not understand him. Then she took his head in her hands and began to kiss him passionately, — on his hair, on his forehead, his cheeks, eyes, chin, — saying, —

'Oh, I know it. Yes, you are his friend, his comrade. You are a soldier

as he was. And you too have a mother, who is now weeping as I am. You are all my children. Yes, yes, you are the same as he was, only he is dead, and you, perhaps, will be to-morrow. Oh, my poor children! Have we borne you for this? Have we suffered, we mothers, so much, to lose you when we love you the most? Do not interrupt me. I know what you want to say. "Our native country is calling. We have to defend it, and defending it, we defend you, our mothers; thus we pay our debts." Oh, I know it. I too thought it was so. The day when I parted with him, I did not weep. He said to me, "Do not weep, mother; be proud that you have a soldier son. You have kept me and cared for me more than twenty years. Now the time has come when I can defend you, and I will defend you, my good mother. Be happy!"

'And he went with a song on his lips, happy in his strength and youth. I was proud.

'Right away after, I went to a hospital. I wanted to be truly worthy of my son. I took care of the wounded and kissed them, for in caressing them I thought that I caressed *my* boy. He wrote to me often. He was happy and content. He always begged me not to worry too much, for he felt that my love defended him.

'One day — O God, God! One day, when I came to the hospital, I found another wounded soldier. His head was bandaged and he was lying perfectly still. I went closer to the bed. Suddenly I screamed and fell on the floor; I recognized my son. Oh, I cannot tell you all! His face was black, his eyes closed, and around them it was all blue and red. I kissed him, I spoke to him, I called him, I shook him. Slowly he raised his swollen eyelids, and showed his beautiful eyes from which he would never see any more, and a low painful groan came from his lips. Oh, my poor child! He had lost his sight and speech. Oh, I cannot tell you all.

'One morning I went into the bandage-room when they dressed his wounds. He had no hair; his beautiful hair was shaved entirely off. Around his head was a wide-open gash from which the blood was running. O God, God! When the doctor pressed his head, his fingers sunk into the skin as if there was no bone beneath! *Jaoj!* He died after a few days. He was never conscious. Oh, how terrible it was! I was insane with grief. He died in my arms without knowing that these were the hands of his mother which he loved so much and kissed so often. O my children, can you not see how unhappy I am? I am not angry at my native country. I, too, love my country. But when my son has died for it, I too must die. It is not life for a mother without her children. We mothers are useless for this world without our children. Oh, if I were the only mother who is weeping now, it would be nothing; but there are a million mothers who are weeping to-day. We will flood the whole world with our tears, with our mourning garments we will darken the sun, and with our sorrows we will poison life. O God! I beg you to kill me! I *will not* live without him, without my son, my heart, my soul!'

The poor woman ceased speaking, and began to weep sadly. We were silent. The hush of death fell.

II

Who can tell how long we sat there, dumb and stiff? It was terribly cold, but we did not feel it. The icy wind had blown dirt and dead leaves into our trenches, but we did not pay any attention to this; the dreadful sounds from the valley we did not hear; we were sitting in graves, but did not real-

ize it; we were so near to death, yet no one was frightened! No one wished to think of the black present, or of the appalling future. It was impossible to think, for one would become insane. Every one, perhaps for the last time, was sunk in thoughts of the past. Every one had, perhaps for the last time, drawn from his sick heart dear and tender memories. Every one remembered beautiful past days, when everybody was so happy, when the sun always shone, and the world was full of love.

Suddenly, in the distance before us, beyond the valley, a terrible light flamed out, as if the world was burning. Immediately a tremendous detonation shook the ground. This brought us back to reality. The mother, startled, asked, —

'What's that?'

'Our troops have at last crossed the Morava and blown up the bridge,' said Bora. Then he added seriously, looking at me, 'Now, the anvil is to feel the hammer-strokes.'

The seriousness of the present moment came over me. I bent over the mother and said to her tenderly, —

'Now, mother, you have to go.'

She looked at me a moment and then she said with a bitter smile, —

'What! go from here? Where? For nothing on earth will I go. I cannot leave *him* alone.'

'But, good mother, you *have* to go from here. The battle will soon be on; soon there will be death here,' said Bora.

'That is what I want,' said the poor mother in a whisper.

I was frightened and anxious. 'If she really will not go from here!' I thought! 'A woman in the trench! If she were to die! Oh, no, no, it is impossible, unheard-of! It cannot be.' I took her hands and said firmly; 'Mother, I beg you to go. Go to your home.'

'Home? We mothers have no homes when our children are no longer there. Then, for us, a grave is our home. I am in it.'

'I beg you, mother, my dear mother, be reasonable. It is impossible. Come now, can't you see —' begged poor Bora, kissing her hands.

'How, impossible? It is very natural. I am not insane. I know very well what I am doing, and I do not ask that which is impossible. O my dear children! Can't you see that my son is again weak, frail, feeble, and little as when he was born? Can't you see that again he needs my help and my defense?'

'But *we* are here to defend him!'

'What do you know about little children? Nothing. Only a mother can help here. O my dear children, let me stay here.'

Suddenly she grasped my hands, fell on her knees and implored me, —

'O my son, my dear son, please understand me. I am a miserable woman. I have lost my only little one, but you can bring me happiness — yes, happiness — if you will let me die beside him.'

I stood confused. For the first time in my life I felt what it means when the mind ceases to act. Truly I knew nothing of myself; I felt only that the wild, quick, emotional throbs of my heart said, 'Let her stay, let her stay.'

Cheda, who stood waiting, now came up.

'Mother, you *must* go from here!'

'What? I must? I must? Never! What is the power that can send me from here? Who is the wretch who will take a mother from her only little one? Who is this cruel one? Who is this monster? We mothers are the kindest beings, but if somebody dares to hurt our little birds, then we strike, we bite, we scratch! Do you hear? We bite, we scratch!' cried the poor mother, with

changed voice and frightened eyes, with outstretched hands, showing her nails.

Cheda lost his temper.

'The woman is crazy,' he said. 'Two soldiers here!'

'What are you doing?' I asked him.

'I will order them to take this woman away.'

'Sergeant, go to your place!' I said to him sharply.

For the first time I was Cheda's commanding officer. He looked at me, astonished, then straightened up, gave me the regular salute, and said in a firm voice, —

'I understand, sir,' and went to the left wing of the trench.

The mother remained. I never can describe her happiness. To-day, I thought, a human life is as cheap as a rusty *parica*, and the smallest pleasure is so expensive. Now an opportunity was given to me to give the greatest pleasure, and I gave it. I gave it to a Serbian mother.

III

The night dragged its endless length along. The first streaks of dawn were appearing, when suddenly, over the river, somewhere in the blue mountains, there rang out a shot, then another, a third, a fourth. Then came faint whistles, and again four shots somewhere on the right. The soldiers jumped, leaned on the wall of the trench, and grasped their guns. It was beginning.

The worst moments come at the beginning of the battle. The soldiers are like drunken men in darkness. Nothing is known, and no one will show his position first. But to-day the fighting developed very quickly. The Bulgarians, proud of their victories, wished to be 'entirely quit with their brothers' at once, and they began to shoot from all points with their artillery, following the German tactics: 'wipe out first all before you and then march through the cleared place.'

At first I laughed at their wild shooting, for the shower of shells exploded far from us. But it grew serious. It seemed to me as if a muddy, turgid river, a raging flood, was rising up to swamp us. At first the Bulgarians had directed their fire only at the valley, wasting their ammunition. Or perhaps they wanted to clear their way through the valley by throwing aside the dead in it. Then they moved their fire to the pass, and then to the town. Nothing could be more appalling than to hear the hissing of the shells, which, as they flew through the pass like wild horses, lost their clear whistling sound, and became dull heavy thunder that shook the ground. Shortly after, behind us, over the hill back of the old cemetery, rose a thick black smoke.

'They have set the town on fire, the black devils!' said Bora.

'*We* are their sure victims, but the people in the town might fly, and so they want to finish them first,' I said, trembling with anger and rage.

'You see now that it is better that I remain here,' said the mother with a sad smile.

Suddenly, before we expected, they turned their fire on the hills at both sides of the pass. It seemed to me as if the mouths of many wild beasts had opened and snarled at the same time. And the sound came toward us like a shrill screech, as when the ocean wind blows through the rigging of a lonely ship. At the same moment, the shells exploded with dreadful rapidity everywhere around us. We were deafened by the detonations. Immediately after, the wind blew a thick stinging smoke into the trench, which bit our eyes and suffocated us. And from all directions fell earth and dry leaves.

At the same time a black line rose from the bed of the river. The Bulgarians had crossed the Morava. Perhaps they had crossed last night and were hidden somewhere along the shore of the river. The line seemed endless, and thin as a thread. It moved quickly through the valley. I grasped the telephone: —

'Hello! Fourth battery!'

It seemed as if a hundred men had spoken at the same time at the telephone.

I cried as loudly as I could, —

'Hello! Fourth battery!'

'Here!' answered a voice.

I continued in the same loud tone, —

'Direction river — forty-five hundred metres. Try with two cannon with a correction of two hundred metres.'

'Don't worry,' answered the same voice.

After a few moments something thundered terribly behind us and whistled over our heads — something which flew through space, rending the air. At the same time something, like a sack full of sand, struck us in our backs so powerfully that we staggered. Our artillery had begun to fire. I took my field-glasses and looked into the valley. Two little white puffs of smoke showed there — one of them just over the black line.

Again I took the telephone, —

'Fourth!'

'Yes.'

'Correction excellent! Now to the right and the left from this point!'

It looked as though the gate of hell had opened wide behind us. The white smoke wreaths appeared with great rapidity over the black line. The ranks swerved, wavered, and broke into many small parts. Some of these parts were lost in the smoke; some were leveled to the ground; all the others ran forward. From the right side of the pass our artillery opened up fire, working confusion in the Bulgar ranks; but the dark line quickly came into the dead angle for our artillery.

Another line rose from the river. It appeared to me that the Bulgarians had directed all their cannon toward our Peaceful Hill, trying to find our battery. The shells struck the old cemetery, working tremendous havoc. The lindens were torn out by the roots and hurled into the air, the large stones of the monuments were cracked in pieces, and reduced to dust. The air was filled with mingled leaves and earth, and everything shook and trembled in that awful destruction.

The second wave of the Bulgar attack met the same fate as the first, but though disordered, broken, and massed in small parts, it made its way across the valley. Suddenly the men of their first line rose from among the bushes, stones, and grass at the foot of our hill. When did they creep up?

Our outposts at the bottom of the hill retreated little by little up the slope.

'Quick firing! eight hundred metres!' I shouted.

Bora ran along the trench crying the same. An unspeakable booming and crashing began.

Just then the third black line rose from the river. 'Orderly!' I cried, as loudly as I could, turning toward the old cemetery. A soldier, who had been hidden behind a grave not far away, crept toward me like a serpent. He was black with earth and leaves, and streams of dirty sweat ran down his face.

'Go tell the men at the machine-guns that I cannot come to give the order to fire.'

The soldier crept away.

Presently the machine-guns began firing. The sound was like that of a hundred *kleplas* being struck at the same moment. The bullets began to fly

toward us. They came in millions, literally covering every foot of earth. The earth in front of the trench looked like a corn-popper. They flew all around our heads, close to our ears, like hissing, stinging serpents, striking with deadly venom.

Our fire and that of the machine-guns quickly forced the first line back, and held the second one stationary. A swarm of shells flew over our trench. It was like a whirlwind of fire; it was as if the air had become a fluid in which stones, earth, trees, leaves, clothes, guns, parts of bodies, human flesh and blood boiled and mingled, splashing from all sides those who were yet alive. We were as in a great kettle of surging horror. Our ears felt as if hot oil had been poured into them; our mouths were dry, open, and full of dirt. Our minds were stunned. Everywhere sounded a tumult of breaking bones, crashing, crackling, splitting — indescribable disorder and dreadful horror. Then, above the roar of bombs, rang out heartrending screams, shrieks of agony, calls for help, and the groans of the dying.

I ran through the trench encouraging the soldiers. Oh, the unspeakable scenes that I faced!

One of my men lay in the bottom of the trench. His head was a crushed and bloody mass mingled with the earth. The big black fellow who dug up the soldier's grave had stepped upon this dead body without knowing it in his excited shooting; with every movement of his great boots the dark red blood flowed afresh from the crushed body.

A little farther, a soldier raised his left hand from his gun. It was fearfully burned by the red-hot barrel. He looked at his black and swollen hand, smiled indifferently, grasped his gun again, and began to fire.

Still farther, a soldier was leaning against the wall of the trench, apparently sitting quietly there. When I looked closely, my hair rose, my breath stopped. His eyes were glazed, his mouth open and filled with earth; his breast did not move. Both legs had been entirely shot away and his body remained leaning against the wall like a doll.

Another man was lying on his arm against the trench. He looked as if he were asleep.

'Shoot!' I said and shook him.

He fell. He was dead.

The wounded were the most heartrending. There were so many, and they were everywhere! Some were sitting in the trench, whimpering and trying to bind their wounds, from which the blood ran and fell upon their uniforms. Those who were standing stepped on their bodies, but they were past feeling.

IV

Still the battle raged on and came to its culmination. The pure air of God had become close and dark as in a cave, through which ran a fiery river of melted iron in which terrible explosions boomed and thundered.

Those who lived were still firing. In the smoke and confusion they looked like large, black, bloody phantoms. Their faces were distorted, and streams of sweat ran down their cheeks. Their eyes were wide, glittering, and terrible. They were like stones. Did they breathe? I did not know, but they stood and fired.

Stepping over the dead and wounded, crying I know not what, I returned to the old place and looked for the mother. Why had I left her? The thought flashed through my head and I felt something clutch my throat. She had covered the coffin with her shawl and was leaning over it, her face hidden in her arms.

Bora was at the right wing of the trench. When he saw me coming through the smoke and dust he ran toward me. He was, as always in battle, smiling, singing, but very pale. He waved his hands to me, shouting something I could not hear.

Then, suddenly, between him and me something turned white, flashed like lightning, and exploded frightfully, as if the world had split in two. Something struck me heavily on my breast, threw me down, and flew above me. A dazzling light shone before my eyes for an instant, and then darkness —

'It is nothing, sir! A little bruise! Why, it's only a joke!' said the big soldier, lifting me. 'But Bora —' he added.

This brought me to my senses, as a dash of icy water.

'Bora!' I cried.

I leaped to my feet and ran down the trench. Through the smoke, dust, and ruin I saw him.

There are moments in our lives so horrible, so incomprehensible, so unspeakably terrible, that we have no feelings with which to understand or define them. And yet they are forever before our eyes.

Bora was lying in the arms of the poor mother. A soldier held his head, which was nearly severed from his body. A dreadful wound gaped upon his neck; his whole body seemed so crushed, so shattered, that only his clothing held it together. The mother was dumb, stiff and rigid as a stone. She scarcely breathed. She fixed a constant staring look upon the wound, as if she could stanch the blood with it. Her face was frightfully changed, all twisted and contorted with horror. Poor, poor mother! What did you think at this moment? What had your suffering mother's heart felt? Oh, if you could tell this to the world, perhaps the world would change, would be different; perhaps it would be beautiful!

Bora did not die at once. Oh, the unhappy boy! In him was so much life, virile youth, so much strength and force, that death itself stopped before him. His beautiful eyes were still open but forever dead. His hair was wet with blood. A thin stream of blood ran from his nostrils. His mouth opened to make a path for his beautiful soul.

I howled like a wounded tiger; I jumped, raging as if insane and not knowing what I did. I kicked with all my strength at the earth before the trench. There is no need for any shelter now. Something terrible surged within my breast! It is impossible that they were *men* who did this. Why then should I be a man?

'Shoot! Kill, kill!' I cried hysterically. Then I seized a gun, but it seemed so little, so small before my rage, pain, desperation, and horror that I threw it away. I wished at that moment that I might have the thunder of Jupiter, with which, in one stroke, I could destroy all the murderers of my friend.

The battle raged on. Truly there was no air! All was changed, destroyed, heated! Those who were alive hardly knew if they were alive. Suddenly, in the midst of this boom and thunder, rose a terrible shouting from the valley, which sounded above everything else for a moment. There are no words or power to describe that sound. One might say that the devils in hell were singing! It was the howl of man when he becomes wild, enraged — when he yearns to drink hot blood.

In the smoky valley, there were no more black lines, but an immense black mass, which ran toward us like a flood —

'*Oorah, ooraaa-h!*' the yells rang out everywhere. So cry men who flesh their bayonets.

A strange sound came to me. For a moment I stood like a stone, then turned quickly. In the same moment the mother let go of Bora and fell. I ran and lifted her. From two places on her head ran blood, red blood on the white hair!

'Mother, mother, are you wounded?'

A happy smile passed over her face. Then, in a weak voice, 'I am happy! I knew that I would not be separated from my son for long! Now we will be again together forever. Oh, forever to be with him! Here, I am coming, my little one!' And weakly she embraced the coffin and put her head on it. From her white hair the blood ran on to the coffin.

I leaned my head against the wall of the trench and was silent. I do not know if I breathed. I did not feel.

After a short time the mother lifted herself with great pain. Then slowly she unbuttoned her dress and put her hand in her bosom. Immediately she drew it out. The hand was covered with blood. Only then I saw that she was shot in the breast too. She lifted her hand and looked at the blood on it for a moment.

I felt my teeth chatter. The mother said, in a wonderfully clear voice, —

'I have given to this world my greatest sacrifice, my only one. But it was not enough. Now I give my blood, my life. Oh! I give them very freely, but only, I beg you, kill each other no more!'

She clasped her bloody hands and the tears fell from her eyes. Suddenly she grew weak. The mother's last task was accomplished! She was no longer useful to this world! With her last effort she raised herself and fell upon the coffin.

Then I did not understand her words. *Now* I understand them very, very well.

Then I saw a terrible picture. Bora was lying at the bottom of the trench, in darkness, in dust, in filth, mingling the blood of his wounds with vile earth, cut, crushed, terrible, and horrible. The mother died beside her dead son, killed by the enemy's bullet. It seemed to me that Serbia had died, too. It seemed to me that I looked on the death of Serbia and her children in the death of his mother and this son!

With one leap I was out of the trench. There is no more trench, no more shelter, no more world, no man, no humanity! Nothing but raging lions waiting, and beasts, who, growling, are ascending the hill.

What had been the new cemetery became very quickly an old one, for a third one, newer and much larger, had been created.

ITALY AND THE ADRIATIC

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

When, in May, 1915, Italy declared war against Austria, it was generally thought that the intervention of this new power in the conflict must swiftly disturb the equilibrium of forces and hasten the end of the war. Every one now expected important and decisive events. For some weeks the eyes of the whole world were turned toward the Tridentine peaks of the Alps and the rocky slopes of the Carso. Then, suddenly, the fighting here also settled down into trench warfare. The new army, after insignificant engagements, remained inactive behind its defenses.

The attention of the world turned elsewhere. Many there were — and these the most kindly disposed to us Italians — who almost forgot that an Italian army was taking part in the European struggle. Others, more cynical, began to wonder whether Italy was playing the game in earnest. Then, in May, 1916, came the Austrian offensive in the Trentino to remind the nations that Italy was really at war. To many it came as a welcome surprise that the Italian army, concerning which so little had been said in the preceding months, had proved its ability to hurl back the enemy's formidable offensive. Their wonder changed to delight when, in August, 1916, the Italian army, advancing irresistibly, crossed the Isonzo, took possession of Gorizia, and pressed forward on the way to Trieste. At last, then, the world was convinced that Italy's heart was in the war.

How are these fluctuations of world-opinion to be explained? All have their origin in an illusion which has been, and still is, general — an illusion which has prevented the spectators of this awful tragedy from understanding several of its most important aspects: the illusion concerning intervention. Wherein lies this illusion? In the belief that the powers which have entered the terrible conflict several months or several years after its beginning are in a better condition for fighting than those who have been involved from the start. The idea of a combatant who enters the arena with fresh forces against an adversary already spent by previous efforts has led astray the good judgment of most people. The truth of the matter, however, is quite different.

This war calls into action so many elements, and such great ones, that a nation cannot begin to make real preparation before the day hostilities are declared. All the powers involved in the struggle are expending from one to three billion *lire* each month; they have commandeered practically every form of industry and trade bearing in the remotest way on the war. Can one imagine a nation spending these fabulous sums while in a state of neutrality, and subjecting all its industries to military control? Such a thing is inconceivable. It is evident, then, that the powers which went to war at the beginning of August, 1914, necessarily held for a long time a great advantage over those entering later — the advan-

tage of possessing a military organization tirelessly perfected and strengthened during months of war.

This was what happened to Italy. From August, 1914, to May, 1915, the Italian government devoted vast sums to arming its troops; but it did not, and could not spend, in eight months, as much as it now spends every month since it has entered into war. Could any one picture the Premier, Signor Salandra, proposing to Parliament the expenditure of a billion *lire* a month while the country was still neutral? The head of the government would have been commended to the care of an alienist. Even supposing that a parliament had been found sufficiently daring to consent to such an appropriation, Austria would have given no time to carry it out. To devote disproportionate sums to armament during the term of our neutrality, would have amounted to crying from the housetops that we intended to go to war.

But while Italy sought to stock her arsenals as best she could, while remaining neutral, Austria, though locked in a death-struggle with Russia, was arming feverishly, spending more than a billion a month in the manufacture of ordnance and projectiles, calling every available man to the colors, and training soldiers of the oldest and youngest classes alike.

Italy, then, was forced, like Roumania, to enter the war inadequately prepared; no other choice was left open to her. Inevitably, in the case of those nations that come late into the struggle, the first months have been the most dangerous for the new belligerent, in which its action has been least efficacious. If, in the first months after her intervention, Italy did not meet the fate of Roumania, it is because she chose her moment more wisely. Austria's hands were full with Russia; she was powerless to throw great forces against Italy, who was therefore given some time to get ready. Her real preparation for war, however, began on the day of her ultimatum to Austria, and lasted for several months. In fact, Italy's actual entry into the European conflict came in May, 1916, a year after the declaration, when the government had at last provided itself with sufficient soldiers and munitions to measure its strength with the adversary.

II

If the real intervention of Italy began in the spring of 1916, it also became clear in the spring and summer of that year what were to be the character, the tendencies of the war so far as we Italians were concerned. Austria had tried to crush us by an offensive in the Trentino; we parried the blow by keeping to the defensive, and replied with an attack on the Isonzo. These efforts show the respective trends of the two states. Austria attempted to strike at the backbone of Italy, the Po Valley; Italy aimed at what may be called the heel of Austria — her Adriatic territories. Italy's efforts were directed, not merely at reclaiming Italian territory subject to Austro-Hungarian rule, but also at acquiring a foothold on the Adriatic, by means of which the future of this sea and of the various peoples which surround it would be profoundly modified. It is open to doubt whether the first of these purposes is in itself sufficiently important to justify the terrible sacrifices which Italy is making, for, all told, the Italians subject to Austrian rule do not number a million. The second object, though, is of the utmost weight for the future, as upon it depends a new era for the Balkan Peninsula — for Italy as well, and for the Adriatic Sea, which has been justly called the graveyard of the Mediterranean.

Italy's aspirations on the Adriatic are not over-ambitious: Trieste, with a modest *hinterland;* Istria; the islands; and some part of Dalmatia. Moreover, it is not altogether certain that a victory of the Allies would succeed in excluding Austria-Hungary from the Adriatic. Fiume must always be the seaport of such portions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as may be left after the war, or of Hungary, if that country becomes an independent state. In any case, it is not impossible that, when peace has come, there may be established on the shores of the Adriatic a Germanic-Magyar or a purely Magyar state. In proportion, however, to Serbia's success in expanding and attaining her long-desired outlet on the Adriatic, the political geography of this sea will surely undergo considerable change. Will this change be great enough to influence directly the future of this part of Europe? In what regions will it take place, to what degree, and under what conditions?

This transformation is contingent on the fulfillment and combination of three provisions, no one of which alone is sufficient to alter the future of the Adriatic: the spread of Italian domination in the Northern Adriatic, the aggrandizement of Serbia and its access to the sea, and the weakening of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a result of the combined effects of the European war. If these three eventualities are combined — and there is reason to hope they will be — the transverse partition of the Adriatic, as we may call it, will succeed what may be termed the longitudinal partition; and this change will radically alter the position and the importance of the peoples and states bordering on this sea.

These are obscure words, needing a political as well as an historical explanation. The Adriatic and the Balkan Peninsula have been, successively, the two great highroads for commerce, travel, and civilization between East and West, and North and South. The former direction prevailed under the Roman Empire. The Rhine and the Danube were then the northernmost boundaries of trade and civilization; the merchandise, customs, and ideas which passed beyond these two rivers, to be lost in the northern immensity of the European continent, with all its barbarity, were insignificant. The impulse of civilization from North to South stopped short at these barriers. All the greater, then, was the movement from East to West. For this reason Rome built, in the Balkan Peninsula, many highways which, crossing it, led toward the East and put Italy, lying beyond the Adriatic, in communication with Asia. The most famous of these great roads was the *Via Egnatia,* — built by the Romans in 168 B.C. — which led across Macedonia from Dyrrachium (Durazzo) — to Thessalonica (Salonika) and Amphipolis. These roads were the channels through which, under the Empire, the civilization, the laws, the language and the customs of Rome entered the Balkan Peninsula and permeated it. Along them are still to be found the ruins of the most flourishing centres of the ancient civilization. Through their agency Rome maintained these countries, gave life to them, governed and latinized them. The Adriatic, therefore, while serving as a means for the coastal countries to establish communications between North and South, fulfilled its chief function as a highway between Italy, the Balkan Peninsula, and the East.

Venice, in turn, made use of the Adriatic as a means for transporting to the most northerly extremity of this sea, where she had established herself, the rich trade which she gathered in from all the Mediterranean and the Orient.

It would seem that she had no ambition for other possessions in the Adriatic save the coasts and ports of call through which her vessels passed on their journeyings north and south; and that she did not seek to penetrate far into the interior, as Rome had done. It was not her purpose to reach a commanding position by developing vast reaches of *hinterland*, but to concentrate in her own hands and draw to the Northern Adriatic as much of the Mediterranean commerce as she was able.

With the passing of Venice, Austria, upon whom had fallen the mantle of Adriatic domination, adopted the Venetian scheme under a different form and gradually applied it to the Balkan Peninsula. Such, for a century, has been the policy of Austria — a policy which brought the European crisis to a head, which sought to block as far as possible the intercourse between the eastern and western coasts of the Adriatic, to cut off Serbia from the sea, to prevent the construction of railways leading from the Adriatic to the Orient, and to divert northward, toward Vienna and Budapest, as great a portion as possible of the commerce and the political and intellectual life of the Balkan Peninsula, as well as of the nations lying along the coast.

Austria, in a word, has attempted to become the intellectual mistress, the political guide, the industrial purveyor, and the capitalist of the Balkan and Eastern Adriatic peoples. She has attempted at the same time to erect between the eastern and western shores of the Adriatic an insurmountable barrier of customs duties, railway tariffs, national hatred, and political suspicion, and to prevent the Adriatic from ever becoming a crowded waterway between East and West; in other words, to isolate Italy from part of the Adriatic. This sea was to form for us a sort of frontier, far harder to transcend than the chain of the Alps itself.

This policy, and its consequences, is one of the causes which has brought Europe to the present crisis. The European war, however, will radically change this situation if Austria-Hungary is obliged, as we all hope, to recognize the rights of Italy and Serbia. Once more the policy of Rome will prevail in the Adriatic, transforming this sea into a line of communication between East and West, and *vice versa*. The ports of Dalmatia, of Montenegro, and of Albania will become terminals for railway lines which, like the Via Egnatia, will penetrate to the heart of the Balkan Peninsula and pass across it. The two shores of the Adriatic will be united by many lines of swift steamers. Ancona, Bari, and Brindisi will increase their intercourse with Spalato, Zara, Antivari, and Vallona. Serbia will seek to supply herself, as far as possible with the industrial products which she lacks and which Italy stands ready to supply to her. Italy, in her turn, will draw on the countries lying across the Adriatic for all those agricultural and mineral products of which she is in need — timber in particular. The Slavic population of these regions will look to Italy for those elements of superior culture which their own national traditions cannot furnish. Both shores of the Adriatic, impoverished and depopulated as they are, will flourish once more from these fresh contacts, these new relations. The cities will grow larger and more beautiful; they will wax prosperous. At Bari Italy will be enabled to found schools and institutions of higher learning whose renown will spread across the whole Adriatic. To Bari, to Rome, and to Naples will flock the young Slavs who before the war went to study at Berlin and Vienna.

III

The new era of the Adriatic will begin when Italy and the Slavs have put themselves in a position to grow great and prosperous by substituting for the Austro-Hungarian policy, which sought to divide them, a policy which will draw them together. But it is essential, in order that these legitimate hopes may be fulfilled, that Italians and Slavs proceed in harmony and find a way to adjust such dissensions as may come up between them in the Adriatic with a spirit of justice and political ability. Such dissensions already exist in germ: they arise from the fact that in many localities along the Adriatic coast the Slavic and Italian elements are mingled. As a rule the Italians are in the majority in the cities, the Slavs in country districts; hence disputes, problems, and struggles arise and grow heated, as to which of the two races is entitled to supremacy in this or that region. In no part of the Adriatic coast has the friction been so intense as in Dalmatia. It is plain that the two races cannot join hands across the Adriatic and set in motion those new reciprocal currents of civilization between East and West, if they do not first settle to each other's satisfaction their respective rights in those regions which, when freed from Hapsburg rule, will be contended for by both countries. Such harmony is not only an essential condition of the renewal of the great days of the Adriatic, of the prosperity of both peoples and the states to which they belong, but is also absolutely indispensable for the future peace of Europe.

If such cordial relations are to be established, how are we to plant the fruitful seed of such great and precious fruit? I can see only one way: the Italians must reduce annexation on the eastern coast to the minimum amount required by strategic considerations; the Slavs must give such pledges as will leave no openings for trickery or double-dealing, and respect as far as possible the national rights of those Italians living in parts of the Adriatic coast which are not annexed by Italy. On this mutual agreement depend the interests of both races and the peace of Europe in years to come.

It is, of course, evident that Italy has no advantage to gain from an undue expansion of her territorial holdings on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Here the Italian population lives only on the coast, or near it, and for this reason Italy cannot spread her dominion far into the interior without incurring the risk of coming into serious and severe conflict with the subject Slavic population, or with those Slavic states which will be in a position to intervene in their defense. Italian mastery of the eastern coast would therefore be limited to a thin littoral strip of land; and one need not be a great strategist to understand what a disadvantage it would be for Italy to have to defend a long line of frontier a few dozen kilometres from the coast, behind which would lie a vast hinterland occupied by people seething with discontent at being cut off from the sea. If Italy, then, does not wish to become involved in long and arduous wars for the conquest of this hinterland, her purposes will be best served by reducing to a minimum her territorial annexation on the further shore of the Adriatic.

But on this eastern coast Italy has moral, historic, intellectual, and economic interests which cannot be abandoned. Fiume is an Italian city. If destiny should allot it to another state, we cannot endure, after so long and costly a war, that its Italian citizens should continue to be treated as the Hungarians treated them during the

ten years preceding this present conflict. Zara is an Italian city; and if the Italian element in this or any other Dalmatian settlement is to undergo persecution and annoyance at the hands of the Slavs, armed conflict will become inevitable. A question of sentiment, involving grave political interests as well, is at stake; if the Slavs fail to take account of it, it may complicate the whole Adriatic problem to the point of rendering it insoluble. It is evident that each coast line of the Adriatic must naturally become one with its respective hinterland; this is a fact which the acute political sense of the Italians will, I feel sure, recognize without too much difficulty. Only too obvious are the political, economic, and military disadvantages which would arise from cutting off, on the opposite shore of the Adriatic, a narrow strip of land and isolating it by a political frontier and a chain of custom-houses from that great territory of the interior which is its natural support, especially in these days of a civilization whose railway-systems are its chief vital organ.

Economic, political, and military interests, however, do not count for everything, even in times like ours, against which the charge of materialism has been so often brought — and not without reason. The fact is that on the eastern shore of the Adriatic there is a historical element which — whatever may be the strategic, economic, and political exigencies of the modern world — exists and exerts influence on the ideas and feelings of men, forming an important factor in the problem of the Adriatic. Any one disregarding this in favor of purely strategic, political, and economic considerations, would commit the most serious and dangerous of errors. In one way only can this historic element be recognized and dealt with: those states with language differing from ours which, after the final reorganization of Europe, find themselves in possession of trans-Adriatic cities or colonies populated by Italians, must scrupulously respect all the national rights of these Italians — their language, schools, customs, traditions, and law. They must completely renounce every form of that compulsory and violent denationalization which was so popular during the thirty years preceeding the European conflagration, and which furnished one of its principal causes.

IV

Even while assenting to this necessity, many people will smile incredulously. They will reply that the spirit of young peoples is all-victorious; that the conflict between languages and nationalities is a sort of natural law, which cannot be evaded; that the stronger race and language has always oppressed, dispossessed, and exterminated the weaker; and that things must ever be thus. These are the arguments with which a whole political party is urging Italy to expand to its utmost limits her programme of future annexation across the Adriatic. The supporters of this party declare that the Italian race and speech will disappear, sooner or later, from those Adriatic countries which she does not now make her own; and, in truth, if one is to forecast the future from the experience of the past ten years, one must conclude that they are in a measure right. In nearly all the countries of Europe there has prevailed a policy of savage persecution of those nationalities which happen to be in the minority. Attempts have been made to denationalize whole peoples by violence.

Are we obliged, however, to conclude that such policies of relentless struggle are a biological necessity, a law

of life? The annals of mankind deny this. Denationalization is a constant and beneficent phenomenon of history. Even those countries which, like France, are most closely knit from a nationalistic point of view, are formed of different races, of populations which originally possessed widely divergent customs, speech, and traditions, and which little by little ended by being fused into one integral nation.

Now there are two kinds of denationalization — voluntary and compulsory. The voluntary method was followed by ancient Rome, who, far from attempting to coerce her subjects into changing their language, customs, and religion, left them complete liberty to be guided by what they considered their own best interests. By this policy, at once flexible and intelligent, Rome latinized in the space of a single century all Southern Europe, the Balkan Peninsula, and Northern Africa.

But there is also the compulsory method of denationalization, which, in great measure, is the invention of the Germanic peoples, forming part of that dominant and militaristic conception of the State which they stand for in the world. In Germany, this procedure was applied to the Danes, the Poles, the Alsatians and Lorrainers; in Austria, to the Italians and Slavs. The Germans also passed it on to the Russians (who in their turn applied it with little discrimination to their own vast empire), and to the Hungarians and Bulgarians, who made use of the greatest severity in dealing with the Roumanians and Serbs.

In spite of the fact that this programme of coercion enjoyed during the last thirty years that particular esteem which, up to August 1, 1914, had been the portion of all things Germanic, it is not unlikely that the policy of ancient Rome may once more come into favor. The European War, that terrible ordeal of the Old World, is bound to have some good results. Was not this conflict, to a large extent, the direct result of the Germanic policy of compulsory denationalization? Was it not this policy which brought about the internal crisis in Austria and forced her to embark on the fatal venture of a war with Serbia? Was it not this policy which kept open on the flanks of France the wound of Alsace-Lorraine? How could France forget 1870, and the violence she then suffered, while her two former provinces were undergoing torment before her very eyes at the hand of Prussia's bandits? What endless difficulties, too, this policy has created for the Allied Powers which are now at war with the Germanic empires! Because of the bitterness stirred up by Russian action in Finland, Sweden has been a partisan of Germany, and it was feared, for one moment, that she would take up arms on the side of the Teutons. The Poles should have been a mighty bulwark in the struggle against Germanism, for they know Germany to be their true enemy; but Russia as well has applied to Poland the coercive method of denationalization, without achieving any result. The Poles, therefore, maltreated by all the three powers which partitioned their country, have at best shown only a vacillating allegiance.

For all these reasons we must hope that a great change will come over the public spirit of Europe, and that her most powerful and liberal states, shaking themselves free from that fatal obsession of imitating the Germans which has led the world to the verge of ruin, will follow once more the lofty example of Roman policy. They must pledge themselves to observe scrupulously the national rights of such weaker races as may be under their dominion, and to renounce every form of forcible denationalization. The Adriatic will become one of the fields wherein this new

policy, inspired by ancient Rome, will find its happiest and most liberal application. On its shores — if the issue of this war should favor our arms — there will be Slavs under Italian rule and Italians under Slavic domination. Italy is a nation which, in spite of the extensive Germanization she has undergone since 1870, has preserved the liberal and democratic tendencies of her policy. The future Slavic state which will rise from the restored and reunited fragments of Serbia cannot fail to have these liberal tendencies as well. This state, which will have come into being through the efforts of a coalition in which France, England, and Italy have played so vital a part, after a fearful struggle against Germanism and its autocratic, oppressive tendencies, will be drawn irresistibly to liberalism. The essential nature of both states, therefore, will lead them to adopt, in questions of nationality, a policy of freedom, tolerance, and respect for the rights of men.

To these political inclinations will be added the consideration of Italian and Slavic interests. The Adriatic is an Italo-Slavic sea. All its coasts are peopled by Italians and Slavs. The Germans, as well as the Magyars, are intruders on its shores; they forced their way in and took possession by violence, profiting by the weakness and discord of the two peoples who, by every right of race, are the lawful lords of the Adriatic. A new epoch in the history of this sea can begin only through an alliance of Slavs and Italians which will exclude the Germans and put an end to the 'longitudinal' policy by means of which they have always tried to draw northward the vital forces of the Balkans and the Eastern countries of the Adriatic.

If such an alliance is to endure, however, it is essential that each of the two nations respect scrupulously the rights of the other, leaving its subjects of different race free to preserve their own nationality or to change it. In this way, a double, spontaneous process of denationalization will be in progress on both shores of the Adriatic during the term of several generations, working out a simplification of the present complex ethnological situation. Slavs will become Italianized and Italians will undergo Slavic influence, spontaneously and without resistance, without revulsions of hatred and bitterness, increasing the harmony and power of the two races whose destiny it is to divide the mastery of the Adriatic. If, on the other hand, these two races should become involved in a policy of forcible denationalization, following the *ignis fatuus* of becoming sole ruler of the Adriatic, this sea would be once more the theatre of fresh conflict between Slavs and Italians, from which profit would accrue to one element alone — the Germanic element.

JUNGLE NIGHT

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITHIN gun-reach in front of me trudged my little Akawai Indian hunter. He turned his head suddenly, his ears catching some sound which mine had missed, and I saw that his profile was rather like that of Dante. Instantly the thought spread and the simile deepened. Were we two not all alone? and this unearthly hour and light — Then I chuckled softly, but the silence that the chuckle shattered shrank away and made it a loud, coarse sound, so that I involuntarily drew in my breath. But it was really amusing, the thought of Dante setting out on a hunt for kinkajous and giant armadillos. Jeremiah looked at me wonderingly, and we went on in silence. And for the next mile Dante vanished from my thoughts and I mused upon the sturdy little red man. Jeremiah was his civilized name; he would never tell me his real one. It seemed so unsuited to him that I thought up one still less appropriate and called him Nupee — which is the three-toed sloth; and in his quiet way he saw the humor of it, for a more agile human being never lived.

Nupee's face was unclouded, but his position as hunter to our expedition had brought decisions and responsibilities which he had not known before. The simple life, — the unruffled existence in the little open *benab*, with hammock, cassava field, and an occasional hunt, — this was of the past. A wife had come, slipping quietly into his life, Indian-fashion; and now, before the baby arrived, decisions had to be made. Nupee longed for some store shoes and a suit of black clothes. He had owned a big *benab* which he himself had built; but a godmother, like the cowbird in a warbler's nest, had gradually but firmly ousted him and had filled it with diseased relatives, so that it was unpleasant to visit. He now, to my knowledge, owned a single shirt and a pair of short trousers.

The shoes were achieved. I detected in him qualities which I knew that I should find in some one, as I do on every expedition, and I made him perform some unnecessary labor and gave him the shoes. But the clothes would cost five dollars, a month's wages, and he had promised to get married — white-fashion — in another month, and that would consume several times five dollars. I did not offer to help him decide. His Akawai marriage ceremony seemed not without honor, and as for its sincerity — I had seen the two together. But my lips were sealed. I could not tell him that a recementing of the ritual of his own tribe did not seem quite the equal of a five-dollar suit of clothes. That was a matter for individual decision.

But to-night I think that we both had put all our worries and sorrows far away, and I memory as well; and I felt sympathy in the quiet, pliant gait which carried him so swiftly over the sandy trail. I knew Nupee now for what he was — the one for whom I am always on the lookout, the exceptional one, the super-servant, worthy of

friendship as an equal. I had seen his uncle and his cousins. They were Indians, nothing more. Nupee had slipped into the place left vacant for a time by Aladdin, and by Satán and Shimosaka, by Drojak and Trujillo — all exceptional, all faithful, all servants first and then friends. I say 'for a time,' for all hoped, and I think still hope with me, that we shall meet and travel and camp together again, whether in the Cinghalese thornbush, or Himalayan dâks, in Dyak canoes or among the camphor groves of Sakarajama.

Nupee and I had not been thrown together closely. This had proved a static expedition, settled in one place, with no dangers to speak of, no real roughing it, and we met only after each hunting trip. But the magic of a full moon had lured me from my laboratory table, and here we were, we two, plodding junglewards, becoming better acquainted in silence than I have often achieved with much talk.

It was nearly midnight. We traversed a broad trail of white sand, between lines of saplings of pale-barked rubber trees, flooded, saturated, with milky-gray light. Not a star appeared in the cloudless sky, which, in contrast to the great silver moon-plaque, was blue-black. These open sandy stretches, so recently etched into what had been primitive jungle, were too glowing with light for most of the nocturnal creatures who, in darkness, flew and ran and hunted about in them. And the lovers of twilight were already come and gone. The stage was vacant save for one actor — the nighthawk of the silvery collar, whose eerie *wheeeo!* or more leisurely and articulate *who-are-you?* was queried from stump and log. There was in it the same liquid tang, the virile ringing of skates on ice, which enriches the cry of the whip-poor-will in our country lanes.

Where the open trail skirted a hillside we came suddenly upon a great gathering of these goatsuckers, engaged in some strange midnight revel. Usually they roost and hunt and call in solitude, but here at least forty were collected on the white sand within an area of a few yards. We stopped and watched. They were dancing — or, rather, popping, as corn pops in a hopper. One after another, or a half dozen at a time, they bounced up a foot or two from the ground and flopped back, at the instant of leaving and returning uttering a sudden, explosive *wop!* This they kept up unceasingly for the five minutes we gave to them, and our passage interrupted them for only a moment. Later we passed single birds which popped and wopped in solitary state; whether practicing, or snobbishly refusing to perform in public, only they could tell. It was a scene not soon forgotten.

Suddenly before us rose the jungle, raw-edged, with border zone of bleached, ashamed trunks and lofty branches white as chalk, of dead and dying trees. For no jungle tree, however hardy, can withstand the blasting of violent sun after the veiling of emerald foliage is torn away. As the diver plunges beneath the waves, so, after one glance backward over the silvered landscape, I passed at a single stride into what seemed by contrast inky blackness, relieved by the trail ahead, which showed as does a ray of light through closed eyelids. As the chirruping rails climbed among the roots of the tall cat-tails out yonder, so we now crept far beneath the level of the moonlit foliage. The silvery landscape had been shifted one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth. We had become lords of creation in name alone, threading our way humbly among the fungi and toad-stools, able only to look aloft and wonder what it was like. And for a long time no voice answered to tell us

whether any creature lived and moved in the tree-tops.

The tropical jungle by day is the most wonderful place in the world. At night I am sure it is the most weirdly beautiful of all places outside the world. For it is primarily unearthly, unreal; and at last I came to know why. In the light of the full moon it was rejuvenated. The simile of theatrical scenery was always present to the mind, the illusion lying especially in the completeness of transformation from the jungle by daylight. The theatrical effect was heightened by the sense of being in some vast building. This was because of the complete absence of any breath of air. Not a leaf moved; even the pendulous air-roots reaching down their seventy-foot plummets for the touch of soil did not sway a hair's breadth. The throb of the pulse set the rhythm for one's steps. The silence, for a time, was as perfect as the breathlessness. It was a wonderfully ventilated amphitheatre; the air was as free from any feeling of tropical heat, as it lacked all crispness of the north. It was exactly the temperature of one's skin. Heat and cold were for the moment as unthinkable as wind.

One's body seemed wholly negligible. In soft padding moccasins and easy swinging gait close behind my Indian hunter, and in such khaki browns that my body was almost invisible to my own downward glance, I was conscious only of the play of my senses — of two at first, sight and smell; later, of hearing. The others did not exist. We two were unattached, impersonal, moving without effort or exertion. It was magic, and I was glad that I had only my Akawai for companion, for it was magic that a word would have shattered. Yet there was this wonderfully satisfying thing about it, that most magic lacks: it exists at present, to-day, perhaps, at least once a month, and I know that I shall experience it again. When I go to the window and look out upon the city night, I find all extraneous light emaciated and shattered by the blare of gas and electricity, but from one upreaching tower I can see reflected a sheen which is not generated in any power-house of earth. Then I know that within the twenty-four hours the *terai* jungles of Garhwal, the tree-ferns of Pahang, and the mighty *moras* which now surround us, were standing in silvery silence and in the peace which only the wilderness knows.

I soon took the lead and slackened the pace to a slow walk. Every few minutes we stood motionless, listening with mouth as well as ears. For no one who has not listened in such silence can realize how important the mouth is. Like the gill of old which gave it origin, our ear has still an entrance inward as well as outward, and the sweep of breath and throb of the blood are louder than we ever suspect. When at an opera or concert I see some one sitting rapt, listening with open mouth, I do not think of it as ill-bred. I know it for unconscious and sincere absorption based on an excellent physical reason.

It was early spring in the tropics; insect life was still in the gourmand stage, or that of pupal sleep. The final period of pipe and fiddle had not yet arrived, so that there was no hum from the underworld. The flow of sap and the spread of petals were no less silent than the myriad creatures which, I knew, slumbered or hunted on every side. It was as if I had slipped back one dimension in space and walked in a shadow world. But these shadows were not all colorless. Although the light was strained almost barren by the moon mountains, yet the glow from the distant lava and craters still kept something of color, and the green of the leaves, great and small, showed as a rich dark olive. The afternoon's rain

had left each one filmed with clear water, and this struck back the light as polished silver. There was no tempered illumination. The trail ahead was either black, or a solid sheet of light. Here and there in the jungle on each side, where a tree had fallen, or a flue of clear space led moonwards, the effect was of cold electric light seen through trees in city parks. When such a shaft struck down upon us, it surpassed simile. I have seen old paintings in Belgian cathedrals of celestial light which now seems less imaginary.

At last the silence was broken, and like the first breath of the trade-wind which clouds the Mazaruni surface, the mirror of silence was never quite clear again — or so it seemed. My northern mind, stored with sounds of memory, never instinctively accepted a new voice of the jungle for what it was. Each had to go through a reference clearing-house of sorts. It was like the psychological reaction to words or phrases. Any strange wail or scream striking suddenly upon my ear instantly crystallized some vision of the past — some circumstance or adventure fraught with similar sound. Then, appreciably as a second thought, came the keen concentration of every sense to identify this new sound, to hear it again, to fix it in mind with its character and its meaning. Perhaps at some distant place and time, in utterly incongruous surroundings, it may in turn flash into consciousness — a memory-simile stimulated by some sound of the future.

II

I stood in a patch of moonlight listening to the baying of a hound, or so I thought: that musical ululation which links man's companion wolfwards. Then I thought of the packs of wild hunting dogs, the dreaded 'warracabra tigers,' and I turned to the Indian at my elbow, full of hopeful expectation. With his quiet smile he whispered, 'Kunama,' and I knew I had heard the giant tree-frog of Guiana — a frog of size and voice well in keeping with these mighty jungles. I knew these were powerful *beenas* with the Indians, tokens of good hunting, and every fortunate *benab* would have its dried mummy frog hung up with the tail of the giant armadillo and other charms. Well might these batrachians arouse profound emotions among the Indians, familiar as they are with the strange beings of the forest. I could imagine the great goggle-eyed fellow sprawled high near the roof of the jungle, clutching the leaves with his vacuum-cupped toes. The moonlight would make him ghostly — a pastel frog; but in the day he flaunted splashes of azure and green on his scarlet body.

At a turn in the trail we squatted and waited for what the jungle might send of sight or sound. And in whispers Nupee told me of the big frog *kunama*, and its ways. It never came to the ground, or even descended part way down the trees; and by some unknown method of distillation it made little pools of its own in deep hollows and there lived. And this water was thick like honey and white like milk, and when stirred became reddish. Besides which, it was very bitter. If a man drank of it, forever after he hopped each night and clasped all the trees which he encountered, endlessly endeavoring to ascend them and always failing. And yet, if he could once manage to reach a pool of *kunama* water in an uncut tree and drink, his manhood would return and his mind be healed.

When the Indians desired this *beena*, they marked a tree whence a frog called at night, and in the daytime cut it down. Forming a big circle, they searched and found the frog, and forthwith smoked it and rubbed it on arrows

and bow before they went out. I listened gravely and found that it all fitted in with the magic of the night. If an Indian had appeared down the trail, hopping endlessly and gripping the trunks, gazing upward with staring eyes, I should not have thought it more strange than the next thing that really happened.

We had settled on our toes in another squatting-place — a dark aisle with only scattered flecks of light. The silence and breathlessness of the mooncraters could have been no more complete than that which enveloped us. My eye wandered from spot to spot, when suddenly I began to think of that great owl-like goatsucker, the 'poor-me-one.' We had shot one at Kalacoon a month before and no others had called since, and I had not thought of the species again. Quite without reason I began to think of the bird, of its wonderful markings, of the eyes which years ago in Trinidad I had made to glow like iridescent globes in the light of a flash — and then a poor-me-one called behind us, not fifty feet away. Even this did not seem strange among these surroundings. It was an interesting happening, one which I have experienced many times in my life. It may have been just another coincidence. I am quite certain it was not. In any event it was a Dantesque touch, emphasized by the character of the call — the wail of a lost soul being as good a simile as any other. It started as a high, trembling wail, the final cry being lost in the depths of whispered woe: —

Oo————ooh!
oh!
oh!
oh!
oh!
oh!

Nupee never moved; only his lips formed the name by which he knew it — *halawoe.* Whatever else characterized the sounds of the jungle at night, none became monotonous or common. Five minutes later the great bird called to us from far, far away, as if from another round of purgatory — an eerie lure to enter still deeper into the jungle depths. We never heard it again.

Nature seems to have apportioned the voices of many of her creatures with sensitive regard for their environment. Sombre voices seem fittingly to be associated with subdued light, and joyous notes with the blaze of sunlit twigs and open meadows. A bobolink's bubbling carol is unthinkable in a jungle, and the strain of a wood pewee on a sunny hillside would be like an organ playing dance-music. This is even more pronounced in the tropics, where, quite aside from any mental association on my part, the voices and calls of the jungle reflect the qualities of that twilight world. The poor-me-one proves too much. He is the very essence of night, his wings edged with velvet silence, his plumage the mingled concentration of moss and lichens and dead wood.

I was about to rise and lead Nupee farther into the gloom when the jungle showed another mood — a silent whimsy, the humor of which I could not share with the little red man. Close to my face, so near that it startled me for a moment, over the curved length of a long, narrow caladium leaf, there came suddenly two brilliant lights. Steadily they moved onward, coming up into view for all the world like two tiny headlights of a motor-car. They passed, and the broadside view of this great elater was still absurdly like the profile of a miniature tonneau with the top down. I laughingly thought to myself how perfect the illusion would be if a red tail-light should be shown, when to my amazement a rosy red light flashed out behind, and my bewildered eyes all but distin-

guished a number! Naught but a tropical forest could present such contrasts in such rapid succession as the poor-me-one and this parody of man's invention.

I captured the big beetle and slid him into a vial, where in his disgust he clicked sharply against the glass. The vial went into my pocket and we picked up our guns and crept on. As we traversed a dark patch, dull gleams like heat lightning flashed over the leaves, and, looking down, I saw that my khaki was aglow from the illuminated insect within. This betrayed every motion, so I wrapped the vial in several sheets of paper and rolled it up in my handkerchief. The glow was duller but almost as penetrating. At one time or another I have had to make use of all my garments, from topee to moccasins, in order to confine captives armed with stings, beaks, teeth, or fangs, but now I was at a complete loss. I tried a gun-barrel with a handkerchief stopper, and found I now carried an excellent, long-handled flashlight. Besides, I might have sudden use for the normal function of the gun. I had nothing sufficiently opaque to quench those flaring headlights, and I had to own myself beaten and release him. He spread his wings and flew swiftly away, his red light glowing derisively; and even in the flood of pure moonlight he moved within an aura which carried far through the jungle. I knew that killing him was of no use, for a week after death from chloroform I have seen the entire interior of a large insect box brilliantly lighted by the glow of these wonderful candles, still burning on the dead shoulders of the same kind of insect.

Twice, deeper in the jungle, we squatted and listened, and twice the silence remained unbroken and the air unmoved. Happening to look up through a lofty, narrow canyon of dark foliage, I was startled as by some sudden sound by seeing a pure white cloud, moon-lit, low down, pass rapidly across. It was first astounding, then unreal: a bit of exceedingly poor work on the part of the property man, who had mixed the hurricane scenery with that of the dog-days. Even the elements seemed to have been laved with magic. The zone of high wind with its swift flying clouds must have been flowing like a river just above the motionless foliage of the tree-tops.

This piece of ultra-unnaturalism seemed to break part of the spell and the magic silence was lifted. Two frogs boomed again, close at hand, and now all the hound similitude was gone, and in its place another, still more strange, when we think of the goggle-eyed author far up in the trees. The sound now was identical with the short cough or growl of a hungry lion, and though I have heard the frogs many times since that night, this resemblance never changed or weakened. It seemed as if the volume, the roaring outburst, could come only from the throat of some large, full-lunged mammal.

A sudden tearing rush from the trail-side, and ripping of vines and shrubs, was mingled with deep, hoarse snorts, and we knew that we had disturbed one of the big red deer — big only in comparison with the common tiny brown brockets. A few yards farther the leaves rustled high overhead, although no breath of wind had as yet touched the jungle. I began a slow, careful search with my flashlight, and, mingled with the splotches and specks of moonlight high overhead, I seemed to see scores of little eyes peering down. But at last my faint electric beam found its mark and evolved the first bit of real color which the jungle had shown — always excepting the ruby tail-light. Two tiny red globes gleamed down at us, and as they gleamed,

moved without a sound, apparently unattached, slowly through the foliage. Then came a voice, as wandering, as impersonal as the eyes — a sharp, incisive *wheeeeeat!* with a cat-like timbre; and from the eyes and voice I reconstructed a night monkey — a kinkajou.

Then another notch was slipped and the jungle for a time showed something of the exuberance of its life. A paca leaped from its meal of nuts and bounced away with quick, repeated pats; a beetle with wings tuned to the bass clef droned by; some giant tree-cricket tore the remaining intervals of silence to shreds with unmuted wing-fiddles, *cricks* so shrill and high that they well-nigh passed beyond the upper register of my ear out into silence again. The roar of another frog was comforting to my ear-drum.

Then silence descended again, and hours passed in our search for sound or smell of the animal we wished chiefest to find — the giant armadillo. These rare beings have a distinct odor. Months of work in the open had sharpened my nostrils so that on such a tramp as this they were not much inferior to those of Nupee. This sense gave me as keen pleasure as eye or ear, and furnished quite as much information. The odors of city and civilization seemed very far away: gasolene, paint, smoke, perfumery, leather — all these could hardly be recalled. And how absurd seemed society's unwritten taboo on discussion of this admirable, but pitifully degenerate sense! Why may you look at your friend's books, touch his collection of *netsukés*, listen to his music, yet dare sniff at naught but his blossoms!

In the open spaces of the earth, and more than anywhere in this conservatory of unblown odors, we come more and more to appreciate and to envy a dog's sensitive muzzle. Here we sniffed as naturally as we turned ear, and were able to recognize many of our nasal impressions, and even to follow a particularly strong scent to its source. Few yards of trail but had their distinguishable scent, whether violent, acrid smell or delectable fragrance. Long after a crab-jackal had passed, we noted the stinging, bitter taint in the air, and now and then the pungent wake of some big jungle-bug struck us like a tangible barrier.

The most tantalizing odors were the wonderfully delicate and penetrating ones from some great burst of blossoms, odors heavy with sweetness, which seeped down from vine or tree high overhead, wholly invisible from below even in broad daylight. These odors remained longest in memory, perhaps because they were so completely the product of a single sense. There were others too, which were unforgettable, because, like the voice of the frog, they stirred the memory a fraction before they excited curiosity. Such I found the powerful musk from the bed of leaves which a fawn had just left. For some reason this brought vividly to mind the fearful compound of smells arising from the decks of Chinese junks.

III

Along the moonlit trail there came wavering whiffs of orchids, ranging from attar of roses and carnations to the pungence of carrion, the latter doubtless distilled from as delicate and as beautiful blossoms as the former. There were, besides, the myriad and bewildering smells of sap, crushed leaves, and decaying wood; acrid, sweet, spicy and suffocating, some like musty books, others recalling the paint on the Noah's Ark of one's nursery.

But the scent of the giant armadillo eluded us. When we waded through some new, strange odor I looked back

at Nupee, hoping for some sign that it was the one we sought. But that night the great armored creatures went their way and we ours, and the two did not cross. Nupee showed me a track at the trail-side made long ago, as wide and deep as the spoor of a dinosaur, and I fingered it reverently as I would have touched the imprint of a recently alighted pterodactyl, taking care not to spoil the outlines of the huge claw-marks. All my search for him had been in vain thus far, though I had been so close upon his trail as to have seen fresh blood. I had made up my mind not to give up, but it seemed as if success must wait for another year.

We watched and called the ghostly kinkajous and held them fascinated with our stream of light; we roused unnamable creatures which squawked companionably at us and rustled the tree-top leaves; we listened to the whispered rush of passing vampires skimming our faces and were soothed by the hypnotic droning hum which beetles left in their swift wake. Finally we turned and circled through side trails so narrow and so dark that we walked with outstretched arms, feeling for the trunks and lianas, choosing a sloth's gait and the hope of new adventures rather than the glare of my flash on our path.

When we entered Kalacoon trail, we headed toward home. Within sight of the first turn a great black limb of a tree had recently fallen across the trail in a patch of moonlight. Before we reached it, the branch had done something it should not have done — it had straightened slightly. We strained our eyes to the utmost but could not, in this eerie light, tell head from tail end of this great serpent. It moved very slowly, and with a motion which perfectly confounded our perception. Its progress seemed no faster than the hour hand of a watch, but we knew that it moved, yet so close to the white sand that the whole trail seemed to move with it. The eye refused to admit any motion except in sudden shifts, like widely separated films of a motion-picture. For minute after minute it seemed quiescent; then we would blink and realize that it was two feet higher up the bank. One thing we could see — a great thickening near the centre of the snake: it had fed recently and to repletion, and slowly it was making its way to some hidden lair, perhaps to lie motionless until another moon should silver the jungle. Was there any stranger life in the world?

Whether it was a giant bushmaster or a constrictor, we could not tell in the diffused light. I allowed it to go unharmed, for the spell of silence and the jungle night was too strongly woven to be shattered again by the crash of gun or rifle. Nupee had been quite willing to remain behind, and now, as so often with my savage friends, he looked at me wonderingly. He did not understand and I could not explain. We were at one in the enjoyment of direct phenomena; we could have passed months of intimate companionship in the wilds as I had done with his predecessors; but at the touch of abstract things, of letting a deadly creature live for any reason except for lack of a gun — then they looked at me always with that puzzled look, that straining to grasp the something which they knew must be there. And at once always followed instant acceptance, unquestioning, without protest. The transition was smooth, direct, complete: the sahib had had opportunity to shoot; he had not done so; what did the sahib wish to do now — to squat longer or to go on?

We waited for many minutes at the edge of a small glade, and the event which seemed most significant to me was in actual spectacle one of the last of the night's happenings. I sat with

chin on knees, coolie-fashion — a position which, when once mastered, and with muscles trained to withstand the unusual flexion for hour after hour, is one of the most valuable assets of the wilderness lover and the watcher of wild things. It enables one to spend long periods of time in the lowest of umbrella tents, or to rest on wet ground or sharp stones where actual sitting down would be impossible. Thus is one insulated from *bêtes rouges* and enthusiastic ants whose sole motto is eternal preparedness. Thus too one slips as it were, under the visual guard of human-shy creatures, whose eyes are on the lookout for their enemy at human height. From such a position, a single upward leap prepares one instantly for advance or retreat, either of which manœuvres is well within instant necessity at times. Then there were always the two positions to which one could change if occasion required — flat-footed, with arm-pits on knees, or on the balls of the feet with elbows on knees. Thus is every muscle shifted and relaxed.

Squatting is one of the many things which a white man may learn from watching his *shikarees* and guides, and which, in the wilderness, he may adopt without losing caste. We are a chair-ridden people, and dare hardly even cross our knees in public. Yet how many of us enjoy sitting Buddha-fashion, or as near to it as we can attain, when the ban of society is lifted! A chairless people, however, does not necessarily mean a more simple, primitive type. The Japanese method of sitting is infinitely more difficult and complex than ours. The characters of our weak-thighed, neolithic forbears are as yet too pronounced in our own bodies for us to keep an upright position for long. Witness the admirable admittance of this anthropological fact by the architects of our subway cars, who know that only a tithe of their patrons will be fortunate enough to find room on the cane-barked seats which have come to take the place of the stumps and fallen logs of a hundred thousand years ago. So they have thoughtfully strung the upper reaches of the cars with imitation branches and swaying lianas, to which the last-comers cling jealously, and swing with more or less of the grace of their distant forbears. Their fur, to be sure, is rubbed thinner; nuts and fruits have given place to newspapers and novels, and the roar and odors are not those of the wind among the leaves and blossoms. But the simile is amusing enough to end abruptly, and permit individual imagination to complete it.

When I see an overtired waiter or clerk swaying from foot to foot like a rocking elephant, I sometimes place the blame further back than immediate impatience for the striking of the closing hour. It were more true to blame the gentlemen whose habits were formed before caste, whose activities preceded speech.

We may be certain that chairs will never go out of fashion. We are at the end of bodily evolution in that direction. But to see a white-draped, lanky Hindu, or a red-cloaked lama of the hills, quietly fold up, no matter where he may be, is to witness the perfection of chairless rest. One can read or write or doze comfortably, swaying slightly with a bird's unconscious balance, or, as in my case at present, wholly disarm suspicion on the part of the wild creatures by sinking from the height of a man to that of a jungle deer. And still I had lost nothing of the insulation which my moccasins provided from all the inconveniences of the forest floor. Looking at Nupee after this rush of chaotic thoughts which came between jungle happenings, I chuckled as I hugged my knees, for I knew

that Nupee had noticed and silently considered my little accomplishment, and that he approved, and I knew that I had acquired merit in his sight. Thus may we revel in the approval of our super-servants, but they must never know it.

From this eulogy of squatting, my mind returned to the white light of the glade. I watched the motionless leaves about me, many of them drooping and rich maroon by daylight, for they were just unbudded. Reaching far into the dark mystery of the upper jungle stretched the air-roots, held so straight by gravity, so unheeding of the whirling of the planet through space. Only one mighty liana — a monkey-ladder — had revolted against this dominance of the earth's pull and writhed and looped upon itself in fantastic whorls, while along its length rippled ever the undulations which mark this uneasy growth, this crystallized Saint Vitus plant.

A momentary shiver of leaves drew our eyes to the left, and we began to destroy the optical images evolved by the moon-shadows and to seek for the small reality which we knew lived and breathed somewhere on that branch. Then a sharp crack like a rifle lost whatever it was to us forever, and we half leaped to our feet as something swept downward through the air and crashed length after length among the plants and fallen logs. The branches overhead rocked to and fro, and for many minutes, like the aftermath of a volcanic eruption, came a shower, first of twigs and swirling leaves, then of finer particles, and lastly of motes which gleamed like silver dust as they sifted down to the trail. When the air cleared I saw that the monkey-ladder had vanished and I knew that its yards upon yards of length lay coiled and crushed among the ferns and sprouting palms of the jungle floor. It seemed most fitting that the vegetable kingdom, whose silence and majesty gave to the jungle night its magic qualities, should have contributed this memorable climax.

Long before the first Spaniard sailed up the neighboring river, the monkey ladder had thrown its spirals aloft, and through all the centuries, all the years, it had seen no change wrought beneath it. The animal trail was trod now and then by Indian hunters, and lately we had passed several times. The sound of our guns was less than the crashing fall of an occasional forest tree. Now, with not a leaf moved by the air, with only the two of us squatting in the moonlight for audience, the last cell had given way. The sap could no longer fight the decay which had entered its heart; and at the appointed moment, the moment set by the culmination of a greater nexus of forces than our human mind could ever hope to grasp, the last fibre parted and the massive growth fell.

In the last few minutes, as it hung suspended, gracefully spiraled in the moonlight it had seemed as perfect as the new-sprouted *moras* at my feet. As I slowly walked out of the jungle I saw in this the explanation of the simile of artificial scenery, of all the strange magic which had come to me as I entered. The alchemy of moonlight turned all the jungle to perfect growth, growth at rest. In the silvery light was no trace of gnawing worm, of ravening ant, or corroding fungus. The jungle was rejuvenated and made a place more wonderful than any fairyland of which I have read or which I have conceived. The jungle by day, as I have said — that, too, is wonderful. We may have two friends, quite unlike in character, whom we love each for his own personality, and yet it would be a hideous, an unthinkable thing to see one transformed into the other.

So, with the mist settling down and tarnishing the great plaque of silver, I left the jungle, glad that I could be far away before the first hint of dawn came to mar the magic. Thus in memory I can keep the dawn away until I return.

And sometime in the future, when the lure of the full moon comes, and I answer, I shall be certain of finding the same silence, the same wonderful light, and the waiting trees and the magic. But Nupee may not be there. He will perhaps have slipped into memory, with Drojak and Aladdin. And if I find no one as silently friendly as Nupee, I shall have to watch alone through my jungle night.

SHALL THE BREWING OF GRAIN BE PROHIBITED?

BY EUGENE DAVENPORT

SHALL the Federal government now prevent the use of grains in the manufacture of spirituous liquors?

This question is fairly before the country, and two classes of people are actively interested: first, those who would seize upon present conditions as favorable for the advancement of prohibition; second, those who, independently of moral considerations, think of such a measure as a war necessity for conserving the food-supply under circumstances which have produced a shortage and which are none too favorable for increased production. It is wholly from the point of view of the latter that the present article has been prepared.

Because figures are such treacherous factors in all discussion, and because statements so conflicting have been published, it may be well to remark in advance that all estimates of the grain-supply are based upon the latest reports of the International Agricultural Society of Rome, the highest existing authority on world-production. As the yields given are for cleaned wheat or for flour in terms of wheat, they are five to ten per cent lower for that particular grain than are other figures frequently published.

The figures giving the amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of liquors are taken from an unsigned article on 'Agriculture and the Liquor Industry' appearing in the *Year Book* of the United States Brewers' Association for 1914. Inasmuch as the purpose of the article in question was to show how important to farmers is this form of consumption, the figures may be assumed to be authentic, while the source of information cannot be questioned. It is but fair to say, however, that the article deals with the year 1913, when the production of fermented liquors amounted to 65,250,000 barrels, since which time it has declined to something less than 60,000,000 for each of the last two years. The writer knows of no sources of information that are safer or fairer for all the interests concerned than these two standard publications.

The world's wheat-supply outside

the territory controlled by the Central Powers, which no longer report crop yields, is, by any method of calculation, entirely unsatisfactory, although the exact condition of affairs is extremely difficult to set forth in figures. The year 1915 produced bumper grain crops all over the world. Measured against that year, the wheat crop of last season is some 400,000,000 bushels short, and an actual shortage exists in every country in the world. The falling off of production in Argentina from 172,000,000 bushels to 77,000,000 fully accounts for the embargo which that country has placed on the export of the great bread grain. Canada's wheat crop of last season, as measured against the year before, shows a falling off of nearly one half, and the wheat crop of the United States drops from over 1,000,000,000 bushels to only a little over 600,000,000.

This bad showing is largely the result of comparing extremes, for while the yield of 1915 was decidedly high, that of last year was abnormally low. When last season's crop is compared with the average for the five years before the war, it is found to be fully 200,000,000 bushels short — an illustration of the fact that variations as high as twenty-five per cent may be due to season alone. In France, however, the yield dropped off over twenty-nine per cent for the high year 1915, and over thirty-two per cent for last year.

These declines may well cause alarm, for they cannot easily be recovered in countries engaged actively in war, with a large proportion of the population withdrawn from industry, especially where the usual supply of fertilizers is unobtainable, either because of lack of transportation or because of shortage in materials. The world's wheat-supply, therefore, must be written down as permanently unsatisfactory during and for a considerable period after the war, except as America may be able notably to increase her production. However, that such increase is extremely doubtful is evident when we remember that Canada, with a population not greater than that of our largest state, has sent nearly 400,000 soldiers across the water, and that the supply of farm-hands in the States was estimated as being 2,000,000 below the normal even before the outbreak of the war.

Over ninety per cent of all the corn of the world is produced in the United States. The normal yield is about 2,750,000,000 bushels; and although last season's crop was something like 200,000,000 bushels short, the shortage was greatly eased off by the exceptional crop of the year before, but not sufficiently to prevent eighty-cent corn early in the season. Beside amounts such as these for the two great cereals, the yield of all other grain crops is insignificant and for the present purpose may be neglected, it being sufficient to point out that the total grain crop of the world, not including oats or rice, is about 8,000,000,000 bushels, of which nearly one half is produced in the United States; and if Canada be included, a full half of the grain of the world is grown in America.

How much, now, of our grain crop is consumed in the manufacture of liquors, and therefore wasted from the standpoint of food, either for man or beast, except for the slight amount of stock-food produced as a by-product of brewing?

The *Year Book* cited gives the consumption in the form of dollars, based upon the average farm-values as determined by the United States Department of Agriculture. Computing backward from these prices for the period in question, the consumption in bushels is as follows: —

	Fermented	Distilled	Total
Barley	96,803,882	6,057,646	102,861,528
Corn	22,655,260	22,087,756	44,743,016
Rye		7,262,580	7,262,580
Wheat	1,046,557	2,837	1,049,394

Here are nearly 156,000,000 bushels of grain removed from the food-supply. Prodigious as these figures are, and while they cover fifty-eight per cent of all the barley raised in the United States and over seventeen per cent of all the rye produced, they account for less than two per cent of the corn crop and only one eighth of one per cent of the wheat. Does the use of this amount of grain for brewing, therefore, mean a consumption sufficiently serious to attract attention from an economic point of view?

Measured against the tremendous total of the grain crops of the United States, this amount seems insignificant. But in cases of this kind it is not totals but margins that must be considered. In the budget of a big business, for example, any single item seems negligible when compared with the total; but that total is made up of many items, most of which are fixed charges against the business, leaving but little free money for open use. Just so with food-products. The millions of mouths that must be fed and the millions more that are coming on constitute a fixed charge against our food-supply that will leave at any one time only a small free margin that may be devoted to other purposes with any degree of safety. Let us, therefore, consider that margin.

Mr. Lubin, the American representative in the International Institute of Agriculture already mentioned, estimates that the world is short about 130,000,000 bushels of grain, again exclusive of the supply of the Central Powers. Now it is this small shortage that raises the price and makes all the trouble, for it is this that constitutes the difference between abundance and scarcity, between comfort and distress, between safety and danger. This margin, therefore, needs attention.

We of the United States have the acres, but it is doubtful if we have the labor, to overcome this shortage and at the same time to provide the excess necessary to meet the toll of the submarines, remembering that when one of our projected 3000-ton ships loaded with grain goes down, it takes with it 100,000 bushels. There would seem to be a better way out of the difficulty.

Reference to the table will show that this world-shortage of 120,000,000 bushels of grain is more than covered by the amounts consumed in the manufacture of liquors in the United States alone. Does not this afford the most ready means of recovering that shortage with both speed and certainty? Is it wise, is it statesmanlike, to continue to consume grain in this way, in the face of a real shortage of food, when even slight margins may constitute all the difference between success and failure in the great struggle that is upon us? The war will turn, not upon the fact that some 39,000,000 men are under arms, but upon some slight advantage that one side may gain over the other; and no advantage is more important than a safe margin of food.

Another reference to the table will serve to show that it is the fermented rather than the distilled liquors that call for the greatest consumption of grain in the liquor business. That is to say, about 120,000,000 bushels — or approximately the world-shortage — are used for fermented liquors, against some 35,000,000 bushels, practically none of which is wheat, used for distillation.

Distilled liquors are needed in the industries, and corn is their cheapest

source. Under the pinch of necessity this need could be supplied by potatoes, but their use would involve new distilleries in new locations, besides raising ugly problems of transportation. Corn is the cheapest of all sources of alcohol so long as corn-lands can meet the demand. When they can no longer do it, we can turn to potatoes. Till then, or till some new emergency arises, the use of grain for distilled liquors probably need not be disturbed, although regulations governing consumption might easily become necessary.

But it is a different matter when we consider fermented liquors. Here are 120,000,000 bushels of grain, partly wheat, all destroyed so far as food-values go, except for minor by-products for the feed lot. This is approximately the amount of the world's shortage, and in that sense it is large and exceedingly significant.

To transport the grain now used for fermented liquor in the United States alone would require the entire fleet of a thousand wooden ships such as are now contemplated for the war-trade. This 120,000,000 bushels of grain is the equivalent of over half the wheat crop of France or of Canada, and it is twice that of England. It represents the entire grain food of over 15,000,000 people, and that is no negligible amount. It represents in the form of meat no less than 750,000,000 pounds, or the carcasses of more than a million of the heaviest beeves. With people starving abroad, with large sections of Europe desolate, and with food-riots beginning in this country as a result of high prices, there can be but one answer to the question whether this wastage shall continue.

There is an incidental phase of the same question. One of our greatest needs, present and prospective, is labor — men to work the land; men to fill the ranks of the non-productive armies; men to equip the manufacturing industries; men to extend and operate the railroads suddenly called upon to carry unaccustomed burdens; men to keep the mines running as they never ran before; men to do all the thousand and one necessary things involved in war — the successful prosecution of hostilities, the preservation of society while war endures, and the mighty labor of restoration afterward.

Now it so happens that the same number of the Brewers' *Year Book* contains an article on 'The Economic Importance of the Liquor Business,' in which it is shown that this business affords direct employment to some 500,000 men, and indirectly to as many more. To quote the final sentence, 'Thus we may reckon on a total of considerably over a million who are dependent for wages upon the manufacture and sale of liquor. If their dependents are considered, a grand total of about four million persons is involved.'

Here it is frankly stated, as an economic asset, that practically one person out of every twenty-five in the United States is devoted to the liquor business and dependent upon it for support. Can we afford at any time, much less now, so heavy a draft from an unproductive industry, particularly one that subsists by the destruction of necessary food?

Here again the count is chiefly against the fermented liquors, which consume the bulk, not only of the grain, but also of the labor involved both in manufacture and in trade. Clearly it is the fermented liquor that economic necessity will first attack.

A principal point made in the article first cited from the Brewers' *Year Book* is that the liquor business consumes grain equal in value to the total crops grown in the states of Maine, Con-

necticut, Delaware, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming combined. Rhode Island might have been added, still leaving a balance of some seven or eight millions of dollars to be accounted for. Under present conditions this is surely no sustaining argument. Here is the entire crop output of eight states, great and little, consumed in ways other than for food. More than four fifths of this consumption serves no useful purpose in the arts or sciences, and at the best caters to an appetite that takes bread from children and support from wives and mothers by the thousands.

Wholly aside from all considerations of morals, the weakening effect of liquor upon thousands of its users, or the economic wreckage resulting from its use, the fact is that there is a world-shortage in grain approximately equal to the amount used for brewing. If possible, this shortage must be made good at once as a matter of safety, either by increased production or by the saving of waste. Whether we can do this by production is uncertain. The control of submarines is problematical. The one ready and certain means of practical restoration is the prohibiting of the use of grain for purposes not contributing to the food-supply or necessary in the industries. No other course is wise. To follow any other is to gamble with one of the few margins of safety, and it is an old adage that he who gambles with Death loses.

The United States can undertake no more statesmanlike policy at this time than deliberately to set about the task of accumulating 1,000,000,000 bushels of grain reserve against a possible succession of bad seasons. In this connection it must be remembered that the harvests of the year before last were exceptional in all the countries of the earth; had it been otherwise, the world would be hungry now, as all western Europe is coming to be. And if, in the providence of God or the shortage of labor, we should have two lean years in succession, we all, even in America, may come very near the hunger point, near enough to lead to dangerous riots on the part of those who first feel the pinch — riots of a kind that have destroyed more governments than one. Let us, therefore, with the least possible delay, convert a shortage into a surplus, and until this is done, let all forms of grain wastage be stopped as soon and as completely as possible.

Vegetables and fruits are perishable, and difficult and costly of transportation. Meats are expensive at best. It is the grains that are cheap, that keep indefinitely, and that are easily transported by land or sea. Under the conditions that now confront the United States, the grain-foods have a peculiar value; they may even turn the tide of war. Their use for fermented liquors is the one great waste that can be prevented without the disturbance of any essential public interest. Not to prevent it is to pursue a course little short of criminal negligence.

IN A CLOVER FIELD

BY AMORY HARE

Scent of the hillside clover-field
Bestrewn with daisies tossing in the breeze,
Where rosy tops, articulate with bees,
Lift their warm brows to meet the silken yield

Of butterflies, like primroses aflight
In some far land where flowers have earned frail wings, —
Why do you scatter dreams of wondrous things,
And care not where their beauty may alight?

'Mid all the little voices of the ground
I stood, a moment since, in mute content,
Till, woven in the clover's wandering scent,
A thread of wraith-like loneliness I found.

It was as though the youth of many lives,
Long finished, pressed me close and trembled near,
Claiming a sign that some one held it dear
In that bright realm where memory survives.

Scent of the clover's sun-fermented wine,
What is this wistful thing which you possess,
This passing sense of loss, this tenderness?
Is it *your* youth, or June's? Or is it mine?

MARKED 'SHOP'

BY WILLIAM A. STARRETT

I

'It was my fault, and it was n't; it was his fault, and it was n't; it was the fault of the big contractin' company, and it was n't. Everybody's fault, nobody's fault. That's the way things go nowadays. And through it all the workin' men see kind o' blindly that somehow the big fellows is to blame and yet you can't put it on 'em, 'cause they slam it right back on us poor devils that does the dirty work, and, what with their "fellow-servants" acts and their "contributory-negligence" acts, and all the damned tangle o' laws that was ever got up to befuddle a workin' man, the very men that gets the worst of it are the ones that are blamed. Do you wonder the workin' men feel like they was fightin' a devil in the dark? Whenever they try to cover up, they get a blow from some other quarter and —'

Lind broke off and glowered at the astonished Harris.

'Your fault?' Harris shouted. 'Your fault that Fenway is dead from an old wound that he got in the B. & O. smash-up, two years ago? Say, you're bughouse!'

'I'm a lot more sane and sensible than you are, Ben,' retorted the station-agent. 'When are you goin' to settle down and quit tryin' to be the smart young reporter that you ain't, and be content to remain the tol'ably good A. P. telegrapher that you are?'

Ben Harris smiled good-naturedly. 'And be a cross-roads baggage-master and utility man at sixty per for the rest o' my life, like you, after the opportunity of your life with a big contracting company? Nix; I want to see the big end of the game, and may be there's somethin' in this Fenway business to get me started. Everybody in town knew him and they are n't through talkin' about the buildin' of that terminal yet. If I get the whole story, I'll write it up and the city editor 'll run it in a jiffy. That is, if I can get all the local color and the facts about that accident he was in.'

Lind shivered, and turned up his coat-collar. His moody eyes gazed vacantly at the toes of his boots, cocked up on the desk before him.

'Poor Mr. Fenway,' he mused. 'Who made and spent the few dirty dollars that cost him his life? Well, they can have it that want it. I've had my fling as a little duck in a big game, and I've seen how it's played. Big men, big things, big risks — an' hell all through it, with human life the littlest chip on the table. No; runnin' this here 5.9, with a sure sixty per month is good enough for me — leastwise safest; and here at this little old telegraph-key I'm content to stay. It's goin' on now just as it did when they were buildin' down here, only worse, 'cause there's more of 'em in the game, and men are workin' under bigger strains.' He turned his eyes to the reporter's bewildered face. 'You can write it up or not, Ben; and the city editor can take it or not, just as he likes. But it's been hauntin' my sleep for two years now. I guess I'll get it off my chest.'

'Just as you say,' agreed Harris uneasily; but he settled down to listen.

'The first I ever heard of Mr. Fenway' — Lind always spoke of him in the most respectful terms — 'was when I was one of the bill clerks in the B. & O. freight-office where they had the old terminal yards. Shortly after the contract for the new terminal was let, a letter comes sayin' that a lot of contractors' outfit was billed down, and would we notify the home office when it arrived; would the "B. & O. tell the writer who to deal with in the office, for the contractor would be havin' a lot of freight," and so on. It was signed "Fenway," and somethin' about the letter, for it was turned over to me, made me like the man. I pictured him to be a big husky with a jaw like a gorilla, and somehow I took a shine to the job of lookin' after the whole outfit; so I goes to the boss and asks to be specially assigned to the work, and I gets the assignment. So the outfit comes down, and right on the heel of it, just the right number of trucks and men to handle it off nice and easy in about six hours; no fuss — just business.

'"You and I are goin' to get along fine, Mr. Fenway, if that's the way you do things," says I to myself. For every one around a freight office knows the mess it gets us in to have the unloadin' badly handled. And as time went on we never had a word o' complaint about the unloadin' or releasin' of cars for Mr. Fenway's concern.

'A little later on, big derricks commenced to get stood up, and a tipple and sidin' was built in short order. Now and again I see a party of their engineers squintin' around through surveyin' instruments, and everything seemed to be movin' like clockwork over at that hundred acres o' disorder they called the "site," and it used to be a wonder to me where the feller Fenway kept himself. Freight commenced comin' faster, and every day more and more cars kept comin' bringing this, that, and the other thing, till I was hard put to it to keep up with my billin', and what with the other freight comin' into the yard and the disturbance of traffic, due to the changing of the yard to suit the new terminal, we had a busy season of it. But as far as I knew then, I never saw Mr. Fenway, although nearly every day letters from him came in, and the monthly checks we got for freight, signed by him, would 'a' paid the dividends on our division.

'In the followin' spring, when everything ought to have been runnin' the best, we commenced to have our first trouble with the freight consigned to the contractors, and it was n't long before I had my first look at a *chaser*, which is nothin' more than a young cub sent out by the contractor to look up cars that go astray. He comes in to where I'm workin' my head off over the bills, and looks me over like I was the office-boy.

'"Say, Lind," says he, — an' I never laid eyes on him before, — "I want you to get cars so-and-so and so-and-so released at Baltimore quick — we need 'em now," says he.

'"Get to hell out of this office," says I; and then I looks down where his hand was on my desk, and there was a couple o' mean-lookin' cigars.

'"Take your dirty weed out o' here and tell your boss he'll git his cars when they come — Git!"

'"But I'm from Fenway," says he; and with that some o' the boys in the office takes it up and starts yellin', "An' we're from Missouri!"

'The cub was mad and so was I, but he got no satisfaction from me.

'Next day, as I was pausin' over my work, another young chap comes up. He takes off his hat, asks if I'm Mr. Lind, and then says he is from the con-

tractors. His voice was that soft you'd 'a' thought he was askin' for a dance, but his eye looked right through you, and he never wasted a word except to be that polite that you had to give him your attention.

'I was for handin' it to him, 'cause I figured he was another of them cub "chasers" and I'd already had too much of 'em, but I hesitated, and says, "And who are you?"

'"I'm Mr. Fenway," says he; "I know what happened yesterday and I know you're workin' hard keepin' your end up. It's only in the last month we've been havin' trouble with cars and it's taken me a week to locate the trouble. I want you to help us, Mr. Lind, although it's goin' to add to your work. I've written Mr. Murray that you need assistance, but meanwhile, we've got to keep our freight movin'. Work with us and we'll appreciate it."

'You could a floored me with a feather. "So you're the guy that's been squintin' around with the surveyors, are you — an' how do *you* get time to do anything else?" says I. "An'," says I, "how do *you* know just what's the matter with the freight when the whole office here is breakin' their bally necks to locate the trouble? You're not the only one. The whole division is by the ears, and if the yardmasters and dispatchers don't loosen up on the Baltimore and Wilmington yards, we'll be bughouse," says I.

'"Part of the trouble goes further than that," says he, "but I know you're busy now. Please come into the office this afternoon," says he, "and I'll show you what I think is the trouble and how we ought to try to get over it."

'An' sure enough, he did. He had every car spotted from Burlington to Pittsburg, and more inside information than I thought there was, but all the time talking like I knew as much as he did.

'"Say," I says, "I'm in the wrong place. I ought to be workin' for you. I can't help you 'cause I get the trouble after it's happened. You put me in touch with how you get all this information and I'll follow it through." An' right then and there we made a deal.

'"What's the name o' my job goin' to be?" says I.

'"Chaser, Mr. Lind," says he.

'Shades o' the devil! I thinks o' that little skunk that tried to bluff me the day before.

'"What's to become o' him?" I asks.

'"He's resigned," says Mr. Fenway smilin'. "We want people around who can do constructive things."

'And that's about the worst I ever heard him say about anybody.

'So back I goes to tell the boss that I was for travelin' in faster company, and somehow, I felt like I'd made the move of my life. I had n't known the man more 'n about six hours and yet I knew him and me was goin' to hit it up like I'd known him all my life.'

II

Evening was closing in. Lind got up and lit the semaphore light and fell to musing again. Harris sat in silence watching him.

'Well, I took to my new job like a duck to water,' he went on presently. 'Mr. Fenway had figured the thing out right. The whole trouble lay with the car inspectors along the line and not altogether in the Baltimore and Wilmington yards. To begin with, they were over-particular. They had a way of walkin' along a train and markin' "Shop" on every car that did n't just suit their finicky eyes. Now "Shop" means that the car has got to go to the shop for repairs before it can go on to its destination, and if anything plays hell with shipments o' freight it's these

blasted "shopped" cars. No freight-train conductor 'll touch one of 'em if he knows it, for love or money; and when they "shop" 'em it's good-bye. Sometimes they transfer the cargo to other cars, and *they* go astray quick 'cause the original way-bills don't record 'em; and altogether it's about the most troublesome thing in railroadin'.

'Well, sir, those inspectors did have the "shop" habit. I went out and spent about a month livin' round the yards and I come away with the answer. In plain English, it was graft, — plain, simple, dirty graft, — and we buildin' a big terminal for their very bosses that they was graftin' off of.

'By that time I knew every crew on every division of the road from New York to Baltimore; on our end I knew 'em all from old days, when I was bill-clerk; and what with ridin' in the cabooses and ridin' on the engines and passin' out cigars here and there and generally followin' the policy of bein' decent, that Mr. Fenway was such a good one at, I soon got to know the road better 'n the General Superintendent himself. Sometimes I'd be out for a couple of weeks at a time, ridin' cars in and runnin' back, pickin' up lame ducks and tendin' to cars that was shopped. But the graft game o' the inspectors, that was the limit; so I says to myself, "I'll do a little inspectin' o' my own."

'I'd go to the yards and get chummy with these inspectors, and pretty soon I found out that they had a way o' their own in markin' "Shop." If it was done like that,' — and here Lind made an imaginary diagonal mark, — 'it was meant the car must be "shopped"; but if it was done *so*,' — and here the angle of the imaginary mark changed, — 'it meant that for a piece of money the car could be released. If some consignee down the line who was in a hurrry for the car did n't pay up, the car went to the shop anyway, 'cause they could always find some little tinkerin' to do; but there was ways o' gettin' 'em released; and, believe me, some of the chasers, with unlimited expense account, shelled out handsomely; for the rule of the big consignee was to "get 'em no matter what it costs; get 'em — no excuses or alibis, and no questions asked." They got so bad with their little game that they did n't take the trouble to keep any record o' what they was shoppin', and every once in a while through their carelessness a car marked "Shop" would n't be cut out o' the train, but would be pulled on out o' the yard, and as soon as some o' the train crew 'd discover it the train-conductor 'd go and rub the mark off to save his skin, 'cause it was against the rules to haul a shopped car.

'Well, it did n't take me long to find out that I could rub off the chalk, same as a train-conductor; and what with knowin' a dangerous car when I saw it and knowin' this secret markin', I ran the summer through, bein' my own car inspector, conductor, and everything else, as a matter of fact; so that by fall our freight was movin' as pretty as anything you ever seen. And all the time I was gettin' more and more to do as I pleased.

'A train 'd roll into the yard, and while it was bein' broke up and drilled,[1] these bally inspectors 'd go through, markin' "Shop" the cars they thought was badly needed, billed for points along the line, till I thought the roads 'd suspend business for want o' sound cars to haul. I'd follow right along, and just on my own hook, I'd look 'em over, and if any o' mine were shopped I'd say to myself, "All O.K., old fellow, — guess you're good enough to run another hundred miles"; and I'd just rub my coat-sleeve over them marks, and

[1] Shifted from one train to another. — The Author.

right off the car'd be as good as new. I always figured I was savin' the road money, which I surely was, so my conscience was easy.'

The lights twinkled in the distant farmhouses. A freight train rumbled and clanked on its lumbering way. Word came that Lind's supper was ready, but he sent back word that he would not be home.

'I'm telling you all this, Ben,' he said, ''cause you've got to know it to understand the rest I'm goin' to tell you, and to show you the deviltry that lies in an innocent little breakin' of the rules, and the hell that lies in that terrible silent pressure that comes on a man workin' for a big corporation.

'By winter I not only knew all the train-crews, but I knew every yard-master and every dispatcher and every switchman east of Pittsburg. I hob-nobbed with 'em and went to their homes of a Sunday, although I don't know how I found time to do it, for it seemed like I was goin' it twenty hours a day, week in an' week out. It was nothin' for me to go into a dispatcher's office and make up my own train-orders, takin' the yellow press-copy with me and handin' it to the conductor myself. Cars I needed in a hurry I'd get hooked on to fast freights, and more'n once I tacked a "perishable" label on a car o' brick just to get her on a fast express freight. Finally I got to carryin' blank orders myself and makin' 'em out as I went, but always givin' strict account o' what I did, so that no trouble ever came of 'em; and without knowin' it, I commenced to think our stuff was the only thing of importance on the line, and I was about the only man runnin' the road.

'I'll never forget the circumstances that led up to the accident. It was mid-winter and I was workin' along the Pennsylvania between Pittsburg and Pencoyd and back to the terminal, hurryin' through the steel, for we were well into the structure by that time and the job was goin' full blast. Occasionally I'd skip across into Vermont or New Hampshire to hustle through a shipment of granite; but no matter what I was doin', the orders was always "hurry, hurry, — rush and hurry everything, so's no money be lost."

'I'd been out on such work for about ten days and was pullin' into town hopin' to have a Sunday home and also to have a few pleasant words with Mr. Fenway, for it was like bein' with your own folks to be around where he was, with his quiet, polite ways that spelled more progress than all the hell-raisin' that was done in the whole terminal. When I went to the office the lights o' early evenin' were lit an' the whole office force of engineers and timekeepers and the like was there, waitin' to have a word with the boss.

'"Where's Mr. Fenway?" I asks.

'"Gone to the home office to get your promotion," says the assistant superintendent, invitin' me into the private office. "He's on the limited which just ran through the yard now, and he telegraphed for you to meet him here. He says you're promoted, but before taking up your new duties, the home office wants you to undertake to get through a shipment that's badly needed. Here's Mr. Fenway now," says he. And at that the boss comes in, stampin' the snow off and unbuttonin' his coat.

'"Hello, Lind," says he, "congratulations to you. You've earned your raise, and what's more, to-day I made them give it to you. But it means a hard job, 'cause some one must undertake bringin' in a western shipment that's badly needed in New York. I know you're tired, but I'd like it if you'd start right out. I've got to go south myself to-night, but I'm goin' on north Monday night, so please do me the favor, for I've told 'em in at

the office that you were the only man we had who could be relied on to do it."

'Nobody would have refused him anything, but least of all myself, and my pride went up. "Thank you, Mr. Fenway," I says. "I know you've taken three trips to get me my raise and I'm half sure the directors would rather have had a recommendation of a cut in my pay than what you asked 'em for."

'He smiled a tired smile as he hung up his coat. If I was doin' fifteen hours a day, it was plain he was doin' twenty, and it was commencin' to tell on him. "Take these papers," he says; "pick up these cars somewhere east o' Harrisburg, and see that they're in the Greenville yard by Tuesday mornin' — thank you, Lind." And with that he sits down to his desk piled a foot high with papers.

'I went out with a light heart and a feelin' that I'd bring those cars through if I had to carry 'em on my back. There was nothin' cheerful in the chill in the air that night, and the fine snow that came siftin' down with the cruel north wind. "You're in for a blizzard," says I to myself, "but it's Harrisburg this night and that's all there is to it."

III

'Three cars was in the shipment, — all fabricated stuff, — and, as I expected, they'd got separated. All day Sunday I worked eastward from Harrisburg on way trains, stoppin' at every little station and lookin' over cars on sidin's, for the storm had disorganized the whole road, and there was n't a freight office could give you a clue of anything that had moved in the past three days. Sunday night I located 'em — that is, two of 'em — on a sidin' in the Philadelphia yard, — but the third had disappeared. All night long I searched along with a lantern through all the great tangle o' tracks, with the snow and wind ragin' about me like the devil turned loose, but never a clue did I get; and when I turned in at a cheap railroad boardin'-house near the yards at five in the mornin', frozen and chapped, I could 'a cried for the disappointment of it all. I slept till three — three o'clock Monday afternoon — and woke with a jump. One lost car, a blizzard ragin' outside, and Mr. Fenway's promise to have all three cars at Greenville barely fifteen hours to come! Do you wonder I was down-hearted?

'I dressed in a hurry and hustled over to North Philadelphia to see if by any chance my missing car could be there. Night came and I was still at it, lantern in hand, trudgin' along in the snow, beside the freight-trains in the yards, lookin' and despairin'.

'In some ways luck was with me and in some ways it pressed hard against me. I'd hoped to get the cars on No. 6 that went through at eight in the evenin' and when I saw that train pull out without my pets, I could 'a cried. Not ten minutes after, I stumbled on the lost car, way back on a sidin' well out towards the main line to New York; but it was a sad satisfaction, though, for my No. 6 had gone. And not three car-lengths away on another track, I found the other two, drilled up there from the other yard in the daytime while I was sleepin'. I took my lantern close up, to be sure that it was really our lost car, and sure enough it was; but my heart sank again. There she stood all right and by the flickerin' lantern light I could see that across the end of her was written in chalk the word "Shop."

'In that ragin' blizzard at that time o' night, what under heaven could a man do? I set down my lantern. It was dark as pitch and nobody anywhere around. A few semaphore lights twinkled in the howlin' storm at the

yard-limit not twenty yards above me. There was nothin' else to do; I raised my coat-sleeve and rubbed that cursed mark off the car. Then I looked round for help. Through the swirl of the snow I could see the lights of a switch-tower by the track about fifty yards down the track. In I went, and there sat Jim Driscoll and another fella huddled round a stove.

'"What's the next freight train to New York?" says I.

'They grinned. "None," says Jim, "and perhaps there won't be any. The Southern Fruit Express is due here about now, but she'll have to go some to get through. Anyhow, she's on passenger schedule and don't stop for no one."

'"Oh," says I, "we'll see."

'My hands were numb and wet from the meltin' snow, but the devil was in my heart. After rubbin' "shop" off that car without examinin' it, I could 'a' committed murder. I reaches into my side-pocket and strips off a tissue-paper order-blank an' makes out like I was goin' to show it to 'em.

'"I've got somethin' here 'at'll stop any of 'em," says I, "and you better be on the lookout to throw a few switches if you hear of any one wantin' any drillin'." And with that I slips the paper back in my pocket, grabs my lantern, and rushes out into the storm.

'How I made my way down that track I never knew. The snow was comin' down so that you could n't see a semaphore ten yards away, and I knew any engine that was runnin' would be runnin' blind. On I stumbled, pitchin' and fallin' along the ties, for the snow was quite deep. I must 'a' traveled half the length of the yard when right ahead o' me I heard a roar and I knew it was the Southern. She was puffin' along pretty strong, just gettin' ready to make speed as soon as she passed the yard-limit. I swung my lantern like a racin' windmill, but in that storm no lantern could 'a' been seen — 'specially when it was n't looked for. There I stood whirlin' the lantern till the engine was almost on me, and just as I figured she'd bowl me over, I jumps clear on the engineer's side, and as I did I strikes the slopin' edge of the ballast an' goes sprawlin', an' my lantern goes out. Well, I was frantic seein' my last chance go, but with my last ounce of strength, I righted myself and slung the lantern full into the engine cab just as she was goin' by. In doin' so I fell again, but I had the satisfaction o' hearin' the engine stop puffin' an' the air-brakes go on with a rattle, and I knew I'd won up to them.

'As soon as I could scramble to my feet, I ran along with the train and managed to grab the caboose-rail and swing aboard, and as I slips in the back door I sees Con Grayley, the conductor, startin' through the front door to run over the top o' the train to find out what 's up, for the way those brakes went on would 'a' jarred anybody into thinkin' that somethin' bad had happened.

'I knew if I let Con examine in the caboose the paper I intended to show him, it'd be all up with me, so I lays low a few seconds and then follows after him.

'Just as he climbs down over the coal into the cab o' the engine, the train comes to a full stop right along side o' where I knew my three pets was standin' — easy to drill out and easy to hook on.

'"What the hell!" he was saying to Dad Sawyer, the engineer.

'Dad and the fireman was examinin' the battered remains o' my lantern.

'"Dunno," says Dad. "This thing came flyin' through the cab-window and I figured somethin' must be up."

'"You're right," says I, buttin' in just like I belonged there. "Here's

what's up. Them three cars o' steel has got to be taken to the Greenville yards P.D.Q."

'Con could n't contain himself, he was that mad. "Don't you know," he yells, "that this is the Fruit Express, and don't carry anything from way points?"

'"Hold on, Con," says I; "people higher up can do anything."

'We were standin' under the gauge-light, which at best gave no light fit to read by; but with the swirlin' of the storm outside and the vibration o' the safety-valve that was roarin' just ahead, it flickered so that the chances was all in my favor.

'"Here's orders," says I; and I reaches down and pulls out one o' the yellow tissues.

'If it had been day it might 'a been possible to read it, but with my wet dirty gloves on that yellow tissue paper under that light I knew I was safe. Con gave one look, grumbled something, started to take the fake order out of my hand and turned to Dad.

'"All right," he grumbled; "thank God, we're nearly on time! Where's the drill engine?" says he to me.

'"Right where we're standin'," says I. "The little chaps is tucked away in bed on a night like this, but just you unhook behind the tender," says I, "an' Dad an' I'll drill those three beauties in line and hook 'em up here in no time."

'By that time the brakeman had come up, and all hands turned to drillin'. We picked the two up first, pulled out, and shoved in the one I'd rubbed the "Shop" mark off. Then we stuck all three on the front o' the train and were on our way.

'I never knew why we were n't killed by a train from the rear, 'cause with that storm ragin' the block and signal lights were about as good as nothin' at all; but we got through somehow, and when we puffed out under the semaphore that marked the yard-limit, I felt like hell and heaven were closin' in on me with an even chance either way.

'I stayed in the engine cab 'cause I wanted to dry out; and besides I did n't want to talk with Con and have him question me too much about that forged order.

'We got up pretty good speed, and through Brunswick I commenced to think my troubles was over, and I must 'a' dozed off sittin' on the back of a shovel with the fire-door openin' every five minutes not two feet from my face. I remember wakin' with a start to notice that Dad was actin' mighty uneasy at the throttle. He kept lookin' back and lookin' back, and every few minutes leanin' way out o' the window, peerin' out into the storm over the roar o' the swayin' tender.

'"Somethin' the matter back there," he yells to me over the roarin' noise o' the train; "this thing ain't pullin' right."

'My heart sank. "I'll go back an' look 'em over," I yells back.

My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and my knees knocked together. Here we were plungin' along at a terrible pace through that storm with somethin' wrong with the train, and I knew down in my heart that that somethin' was the third car back.

'"I'll go," I says again weakly; but Dad did n't hear me.

'I crawled up over the coal to the first car and groped my way over the two gondolas loaded with steel, but I could n't get on the third. Somethin' terrible had happened. I could barely see through the swirlin' snow that the front end of it was way off to one side so that the draw-bar must 'a' been runnin' under the corner of the car, and the whole front end seemed to be off the trucks. And there she careened and pitched as that train tore through

the night. Every second I expected to hear the crash of the cars tumblin' over and the roar of the wreck. We ahead might be saved, but there was poor Con and the brakeman behind. They'd be killed, I was sure. I knew the weight of the heavy speedin' cars behind the disabled one, and all I could think of was the booming and crashing they would make as they piled up in the confusion the second that teeterin' car o' steel stuck her nose in the ground.

'Sick, and with scarcely enough strength to hold on, I crawled back toward the engine. My only idea was to get back and get Dad to stop the train. I'd hardly started when I realized that our greatest danger was from other trains. The damaged car hung out over the north-bound track in the same direction we were goin', and hardly had my thoughts turned to this, when the accident happened. The Limited, runnin' past us in the same direction, came thunderin' up through the storm, and before I jumped I see her crash into the projectin' car, and then everything faded from my sight.

'The next thing I remember was that I was groping round in the wreckage of the Limited. Every one that was able seemed to be runnin' about, and a dozen lanterns twinkled up and down the track. Some one had given me a lantern, and as I worked and tugged, helpin' to get the passengers free, I came upon a face that I recognized even in the lantern light in that terrible blizzard. It was Mr. Fenway. He was pinched down like a rat in a trap, with something heavy crushing into his side. God! had n't I had enough? Here he was on his way to meet me, to be there when the shipment got there, to say that I had done it.

'I worked and worked, and at last I managed to free him and drag him from the wreck. As I helped stretch him out I saw that somehow the thing that had pinned him down had left a great cut in his side. My overcoat came off in a jiffy, and I cried like a baby as I spread it over him, propped up in the lee of an overturned car.

'And what do you think he said?

'"Oh, is that you, Lind?" says he, smilin' that wistful smile. "Did you get 'em?" says he; and before I could say a word, he says, "I knew you would. The directors 'll now be satisfied with your promotion. Where are they?" says he.

'"Right here, piled up all around you and scattered along the track, curse 'em!" says I.

'"Where are we?" His voice was gettin' kind o' husky.

'"We're about five miles out," says I.

'"That's good." He smiled again, as he turned his head under the cover of the fur collar of my coat. "Only a few miles from the Greenville yard. The wrecking crane can easily handle 'em in, thank you, Mr. Lind."'

Ben Harris had caught the nine o'clock back to the city. He sat clutching a handful of notes hastily scribbled on telegraph-blanks. Now and again he would unroll them slowly, reading one sheet after another.

'How would the city editor like me to handle this?' he thought to himself. 'I wonder if it would n't be better to play it up as Sunday space on a story about handlin' freight. May be the one-inch stick about Fenway 'd better not be mentioned.'

Again he wavered. 'May be, if I write it up like that, Lind'll get into trouble. No, — can't do that even if he wants me to. He's had trouble enough, poor devil. May be —'

He fell into a long silence.

'May be I'd better stick to my key. Train wrecks are not the only kind.'

THE ASSAULT ON HUMANISM. II

BY PAUL SHOREY

I

SOME humanistic readers may be disappointed by the space given to these dialectics of controversy. But it is no longer worth while to play this game according to the conventional rules. What is expected in a plea for classical studies is gentle deprecation of the utilitarian and commercial spirit of the age, and wistful emotional appeals to an idealism that soars beyond all practical reference to actual educational conditions and all narrow scrutiny of the adversary's logic. There is thus no meeting of minds. The rhetoric of idealism makes no impression on advocates who have prejudged the case which they refuse to study. And the general reader, even if pleasantly and irresponsibly titillated for the moment, turns away in the mood of Tennyson's Northern Farmer after the sermon, —

> 'An' I thowt a said whot a owt to a said, an I coom'd awaäy.'

I do not know whether Mr. Leacock intended seriously his skit on 'Homer and Humbug,' and the stone which he wished to hurl into the academic garden wrapped in the rune, 'Homer and the Classics are just primitive literature.' But to the Spencers and the Le Bons who take it seriously, we could only reply, —

> Deafer . . . blinder unto holy things,
> Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,
> Being too blind to have desire to see.

If we are to count opinions, Professor Leacock's opinion that the art of Homer belongs 'in the same class as primitive music and . . . primitive medicine' will count as one. And so will the opinion of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch that 'Homer stands first, if not unmatched, among poets in the technical triumph over the capital disability of annihilating flat passages.' And Professor Leacock's emotion of conviction is more than matched by that of this successful writer of twentieth-century novels and Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, who declares that if the university should limit him to three texts on which to preach English Literature, he would choose the Bible, Shakespeare, and Homer — and Homer first. There is ample choice in opinions.

The fact that, after twenty years or so of high-school teaching, a gentleman who has presented no public evidence of specialized and scientific competency beyond administrative ability and the mastery of a ready journalistic pen, experiences a distaste for Milton and Burke and opines that Latin and algebra are not significant studies, is in itself of no more significance than the fact that an elderly teacher of Greek is of the contrary opinion. What makes it a timely topic of discussion is the consideration that the reformer is widely believed to speak as an expert or for experts in a supposed science of education.

'Abraham Flexner is another new name that appeals to us,' writes the San Francisco *Chronicle* of August 19, 1916.

'He . . . says "mental discipline is not a genuine or valid purpose — it's a make-believe." ' Our plain speech is a part of the price that Mr. Flexner must pay for this continental fame.

There can be no question of personality so long as the appeal is solely to the unmisrepresented printed word. And no skepticism that we may express about the validity of his science can offend his sense of propriety more than the language of his disciples about the Classics of England, Greece, and Rome shocks those to whom the Classics are a personal religion.

One of the tests for vocational fitness approved by the experts to whose scientific evaluations we are asked to submit the destiny of humanistic studies is to cross out a given word or letter in an assigned text. Testing myself by this method on the text of Mr. Flexner's article, I drew my pencil through 81 occurrences of 'discipline' and 'disciplinary.' Doubtless, if my perceptions had not been blunted by thirty years' teaching of Greek and Latin, I might have observed more. But even from these inadequate statistics my unscientific mind inferred an obsession. And, in truth, through twenty columns of the *Atlantic* Mr. Flexner tilts at windmills of his own hallucination and belabors men of straw. Whatever some foolish advocates of the Classics may have sometimes said, the systematic exaggeration of the value of merely disciplinary or gymnastic study is no essential element in our unwillingness to have American education regulated out of hand by experts who hate *Lycidas* and think *Comus* a bore.

The systematic antithesis between a supposed disciplinary theory of education and a content system is fallacious in logic and has no basis in fact. There is no such sharply antithetic absolute '*entweder–oder*' as the argument postulates. The alleged incompatibility between the culture argument and the disciplinary theory rests upon the unwarranted assumption that each is to be taken exclusively. But it is apparent to common sense that the reasons for the place in the curriculum assigned to any given study may be and usually are cumulative — the sum of our estimates of its disciplinary, cultural, utilitarian, vocational, æsthetic, social, or other values. The matter cannot be disposed of by this high *a priori* road. It is not true that the schools of to-day are dominated by the ideal of formal discipline. It is not true, unless the modernists belong to the class from which Emerson prayed to be delivered — of those who think themselves persecuted when they are contradicted. It is not true, unless Mr. Flexner, like a recent anonymous satirist of faculty meetings, regards any survival of an idea that he desires to extirpate as equivalent to its superstitious worship.

As an expert in secondary education, Mr. Flexner must be aware that the actual curricula of the schools and the statistics of election are grossly at variance with his exaggerations. It is perhaps an uneasy suspicion of this that constrains him to buttress his main thesis with two subsidiary arguments. The infection of the hateful disciplines, Latin and algebra, communicates itself to all other studies and causes them to be taught in a dull, mechanical, lifeless, formal fashion. The sole support of this generalization is that comprehensive indictment of human fallibility and inefficiency which has always gained the reformer his hearing. Independently of all preconceived purposes and systems, languid, mechanical, and in that sense 'formal' teaching is easier for the teacher than the exhausting outpour of inspiration, life, and originality. Half-vitalized teaching will remain with us until the modernist Utopia provides and pays for a quarter

of a million of the 'original or heroic school-teachers' missed by Mr. H. G. Wells — teachers exempt from frailty and love of ease, and intensely vital, alert, and intelligent throughout the long and weary day. Every new and 'practical' or 'inspirational' reform has lapsed into mechanism, formalism, and verbalism in the goose-step-drilled masses of its teachers. Even the agricultural colleges out West, I am told, find it easier and pleasanter to lecture on agricultural pedagogy than to teach real farming in the sweat of the brow.

The other indirect argument is that the influence of the preparatory school technically so-called, and the presence of college requirements, impose the disciplinary ideal upon all secondary schools. There is nothing to confirm this assertion except its *Zwecknotwendigkeit* for the purposes of Mr. Flexner's argument. It suggests, however, a problem which Mr. Flexner does not here discuss and at which I can only glance. It is not true that in large American high schools the organization of college preparatory classes is prohibitive in cost, or presents difficulties of administration that a little goodwill could not easily overcome. But the good-will is often lacking, and principals who hate the Classics or are irrationally jealous of the colleges avail themselves of these pretexts to suppress Greek altogether, while waiting for the day of reckoning with Latin. Some time it will be needful to argue this question to a conclusion, and to appeal to thoughtful secondary teachers to repudiate the demagogues who do not blush to tell them that the very term college requirements is an offense, because 'it is the student who has requirements, not the college.'

Equally brief must be my examination of Mr. Flexner's main contention that psychological and educational science does not recognize any such thing as mental discipline. The general tendency to the spread of power and facility to connected functions and processes, and the technical testimony of science in respect of this irradiation of acquired faculty in the more elementary processes of the mind, are still under debate, with a strong presumption that there exists such a tendency. To the practical purpose of estimating the disciplinary value of high-school and collegiate studies, this kind of science has nothing to contribute. The essential consideration is obviously the number of elements which the compared processes have in common — the elements, that is to say, which the entire educational process involved in the linguistic analyses of Latin grammar, the mastery of Latin vocabulary, the critical translation and appreciation of Latin writers has in common with other desirable kinds of knowledge or forms of mental activity and faculty.

In other words, science leaves this question where it was — to the adjudication of common sense, observation, and relevant argument on the specific facts by those who know the facts well enough to discuss them intelligently. This is familiar ground. It is perfectly well known to competent psychologists. And the abuse of the appeal to 'science' in this connection has been discreditable to the professors of pedagogy and an imposition on the public as well.

I have said this before, and heard in reply that, as an amateur, I had misunderstood the statements of the pedagogical psychologists. They were aware that science had not pronounced a definitive verdict. But the question is, not what individual controversialists may know, but what the majority of them seek to make the public believe. Pedagogical psychology cannot

escape this collective responsibility by hedging in this manner. Mr. Flexner himself may never have so hedged or evaded. I dare say he has always charged headlong whenever he fancied that he saw the red rag of mental discipline. But if he is acquainted with the literature of the question, he ought not to tell the public that science recognizes no such thing.

The dead set against 'mental discipline' is polemics, not science. It is forgotten as soon as it has served to discredit Latin and algebra. There are authentic anecdotes of the allegation of mental discipline in justification of high-school courses in typewriting. Professor O'Shea argues that 'hewing to the line in manual training will make the student realize the necessity of hewing to the moral line in all his conduct,' and that 'the experience thus gained with natural things insensibly affects all one's relationships.'

Similarly, Mr. Flexner's digression and diatribe on the so-called faculty psychology is merely a red herring across the trail. For the purposes of secondary and collegiate education it does not matter two straws whether the so-called faculties of the mind do or do not 'exist in separate form.' The reduction of all questions to their ultimate metaphysical terms is a favorite fallacy of the sciolist. The protest against the 'faculty psychology' has become one of the most intolerable of twentieth-century commonplaces. Everybody suspects everybody else of overlooking the ultimate unity and interdependence of the so-called parts or functions of the mind. From Matthew Arnold's sonnet on Butler's sermons back to Plato's *Republic*, a long series of poets and metaphysicians illustrates this antinomy. We are no nearer a final metaphysical solution than in Plato's day. And common sense will continue to discuss education in terms of mental faculties as the eminent psychologist Lloyd-Morgan does, without commitment to any absolute metaphysical hypothesis about the one and the many in mind and their relation to matter.

II

It is comparatively easy to parry these or any other particular thrusts of the experts in the new pedagogical science. But how shall we meet the vague predisposition in the twentieth-century mind to admit that there is, there must be, there is soon destined to be, a true science of education taking its principles from a scientific and definitive psychology. For it is to this popular faith that the chief and final fallacy of the militant modernists, the insinuation of pseudo-science under cover of real science, makes its appeal.

This indeterminate claim can be met only by an equally broad challenge to produce the evidence, to exhibit some tangible results fairly proportionate to the expenditure of money, time, labor, and investigation on these subjects in the past fifty years. Pseudo-science is not an invidious question-begging epithet. It is merely a convenient watchword for that policy of carrying the war into Africa to which the humanist is driven, and in which he is justified by the present conduct of the debate.

The conflict of science and Classics is a dead issue. Science has won an overwhelming victory. And its real competitor in education to-day is, not classical humanism, but pseudo-science. There is ample time for both science and Latin in a rationally constructed curriculum. There is not time for both and for the *dementia præcox* of premature preoccupation with pseudo-science.

But real science is hard work — almost as hard as Latin; while the science

of the talking delegates of science is a soft snap. And the representatives of real science will some time awaken to this fact and cease to waste their energies in blockading the last starveling remnants of the Greeks, and hindering high-school students from getting enough linguistic analysis to teach them to think and talk straight, and enough Latin vocabulary to render first aid to their spelling and qualify them to consult an English dictionary with some glimmer of intelligence.

The seemingly invidious term 'pseudo-science,' then, is intended only as a fair characterization of the monstrous disproportion between the pretensions of pedagogical psychology, or the science of education, and its verifiable achievements. It would be ungenerous and illiberal to press this point, if the adepts of this science frankly admitted that they are pioneers on the frontiers of physiology and psychology, tentatively working in graduate laboratories and seminars toward a possible science of the future. But they fall back to that bombproof only when hard pressed in the open. They make very different claims when they appear before legislatures, parents' meetings, and teachers' associations, or in the compilation of the textbooks which they compel all teachers to study.

An Ohio colleague, Professor Lord, writes that 'any graduate of an Ohio college who wishes to teach Latin can present as a professional qualification for such a position courses in the Hegelian logic, abnormal psychology, and the birthrate of immigrants. He cannot present as part of his professional equipment courses in Latin literature or Roman history.'

The exploiters of such tests as these will themselves be tried by tests which they cannot endure — not of course in this inadequate paper, but in the debates of the coming decade. As experts they would perhaps deny the competency of the amateur critic. But our contention is precisely that, in range of classroom experience, observation, reflection, and pertinent reading, they are no more experts than we are. As the Autocrat says, the layman has sometimes actually heard more sermons than the professional preacher and theologian. I can see no evidence that they have ever studied or understood, either the literature that we wish to teach, or the literature that we ourselves produce for purposes of 'promotion,' in either sense of the word. But I for one have read, not a dozen, or a score, but many more of their authorities and their productions. I read many of these treatises with a pencil and a purpose to note anything worth noting. I found less that was new, true, significant, and relevant to the purpose than in any other literature of like extent that I ever sampled. A clever man and ready writer can doubtless compile readable jumble-books full of unrelated facts and anecdotes, drawn from heterogeneous fields of knowledge, placed in incongruous juxtaposition, and unified only by the schematism of artificial and arbitrary system. But the definite contributions of this literature to the understanding of the present human mind and to the rational conduct of education are in ludicrous disproportion to its extent and its pretensions. My present object is not to prove this, but to induce a few readers to test it for themselves. It is not so hard as it looks. It is a little harder for most people than for a teacher of Greek, because he does not have to look up the etymologies of the mostly superfluous technical terms which are the chief stock in trade.

This literature is like Hesiod's hill of virtue — it may be a little rough and steep at the beginning, but grows easier as we mount; or, rather, *facilis descen-*

sus is the apter classical allusion here. The first book you read may seem hard or may impose upon you by its variety of irrelevant information. But read on, and you will find that they all say about the same kind of thing and that they all say amazingly little — practically nothing to edify a reader who is able in any reasonable measure to draw upon the world's inherited stores of experience and common sense. There is plenty of truism, paradox, tabulation of statistics, questionnaires, that lead to nothing, and descriptions of the technic of experiments that prove nothing to the purpose. But the challenge to produce definite results evokes only assertion and prophecy.

The programme that postulates the application of rigid scientific methods to the mind and history of man was not first formulated by Spencer, Comte, Vico, Spinoza, or Descartes. But recent progress in physical science has immensely strengthened the plausibility of prophecy that the extension and refinement of its methods must soon subdue and annex the adjacent domains of 'superorganic' evolution.

No one would desire to dash these generous aspirations. But living in the future is, as Mr. Chesterton says, a soft job. And one of the most imperative tasks of present-day criticism is to keep the highways of common sense and rational thought clear of the rubbish shot down upon them from pseudo-scientific towers of Babel. The naïveté which admits without verification the authentic mission of any writer who comes prophesying in the name of science, is natural and pardonable in eminent professors of physical science, intoxicated by the progress which, as they sometimes put it, has recently transpired in their own domain. But in the more sophisticated representatives of the inchoate sciences, the resort to prophecy is a part of the recognized tactics of debate. It is with this that they meet the challenge to exhibit *their* results, which grows more and more embarrassing as the decades lengthen out since the foundation of their laboratories and the establishment of their predominance in education.

Anybody can verify this provisionally by reading the papers in the fifth volume of the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences, and then going on to the study of Professor Titchener's *Experimental Psychology of the Thought Processes*, and a select half-dozen of recent textbooks on educational psychology. I am not speaking of possible contributions to physiology, brain-anatomy, pathology, school-administration, the elaboration of laboratory technic, and the like. These I neither affirm nor deny. I am speaking of results fairly describable as new and significant, and applicable to the understanding of the normal human mind and the rational guidance of high-school and college education. What for these purposes have all the Ebbinghauses to tell us of memory, association, judgment, and the relation of language to thought, that was not known to Mill, Taine, Schopenhauer, and Emerson, or for that matter to Quintilian, Cicero, and Plato? The attentive reader will find that at the critical moment they evade this test with denunciations of the insufficiency of Mill's association psychology, appeals to the blessed equivocation 'apperception,' and prophecies of greater things to come.

Space fails for exhaustive citation, and it is difficult to single out individual names, not because fair quotation is offensive personality, but because there is no agreement about the scientific standing of many of these writers. When I say that Professor Münsterberg's page about the contribution of experimental psychology to the philology of the epic, or his account of the

experiments on the æsthetic appreciation of the vowel-music of Keats and Byron, is pure, definite, and highly finished nonsense, I am sometimes told that Professor Münsterberg was not authorized to speak for psychological science. And there are doubtless iconoclasts who would oppose the same demurrer to a citation of typical utterances of President Stanley Hall or Mr. Flexner himself.

Let us turn then to the widely commended and compulsorily studied huge volume of Professor Thorndike on educational psychology. He begins by laying down in such a solemn way a long list of propositions such as these: 'When any conductive unit is in readiness to conduct, for it to do so is satisfying; when any conductive unit is not in readiness to conduct, for it to conduct is annoying.'—'A man's intellect and will is the sum of his tendencies to respond to situations and elements of situations.'

The secondarily automatic reiteration of this sort of thing appeals to the eternal instinct for scholasticism in the human mind. In the words of James Russell Lowell, it 'cheaply gratifies that universal desire of the human mind to have everything accounted for.' It was this remark of Lowell's, perhaps, that led an adept of the new science of criticism to animadvert more in sorrow than in anger on Lowell's unaccountable weakness for 'stopping short of the ultimate.' When Professor Thorndike has posited his absolute and ultimate principles of education and descends to particulars, what has he to tell us? Well, he tells us among other things that educational theorists 'violate these principles when they explain learning in terms of general faculties such as attention, interest, memory, or judgment, instead of,' and so forth.

It would require a chapter to expose the fallacies of that sentence. We have already seen that the eternal metaphysical antinomy of the one and the many, as transferred from ontology to psychology, is totally irrelevant to any profitable or practicable present-day discussion of the process of learning. One of the best modern psychologies for teachers, the little volume of the eminent English psychologist Lloyd-Morgan, dismisses in a brief paragraph the central nervous system, 'the multitude of connections' and all their afferents and efferents, and goes on to speak of the faculties of attention, memory, and so forth, as unaffectedly as you or I would do. Like Lowell, he has enough common sense to stop short of purely hypothetical ultimates.

Particularizing still further, Professor Thorndike continues: 'School practice neglects them [these principles] . . . when it gives elaborate drills in *bonus–a–um* and in conjugating *amo*.' As soon as he says anything specific, he betrays himself. The statement is neither scientific nor true. There is no psychological principle that determines unconditionally the proportion of systematic formal memorizing of paradigms that is most helpful in the acquisition of an inflected language. It probably varies with the idiosyncrasy of different minds. Mere memorizing *en bloc* will not avail unless reinforced by exercises in the recognition and the use of the separate forms in phrases and sentences. And there is no salvation in educational psychology for a teacher too stupid to perceive or too lazy to practice this. But the majority of those who have really learned Latin have always memorized the forms. The majority of experienced teachers, from Quintilian down, have always believed that this is in the main the best way. Professor Thorndike's confident assertion, then, is not science: it is like Mr. Flexner's heavy satire on

the procedure of the Latin classroom, and his assumption that nothing said or done there is made intelligible to the student — a mere ebullition of partisan rancor against the study of Latin.

But I cannot summarize the entire literature of this new scholasticism. It contains much else, of course: some sensible unsystematic observations of experienced teachers; some contributions, it may be, to physiological psychology; incongruous odds and ends of what I know to be *mis*information drawn from the history of philosophy, and of what in my ignorance I will charitably assume to be information taken from textbooks of biology and anatomy; tabulations of answers to questionnaires; the curves of progress in learning to telegraph or typewrite; the statistics of epilepsy, measurements of the force of the knee-jerk, and exercises in self-control — of the muscles that move the ears.

An adult who has reference standards of real knowledge in his specialty, and is ballasted by the accumulated common sense of years of reading and experience, may dabble in this literature with no greater injury than loss of his time. Its disintegrating and deliquating effect on the logical functions of young minds compelled to attack it without the protection of a gas-mask is a thing imagination boggles at. It will surely strain 'apperception' to the limit to assimilate the statements within a few pages that 'Socrates discovered concepts,' that 'the formula of cholestrin is $C_{26}H_{44}OH_2O_4$,' and that 'Key declares that intense mental activity among the upper classes of Sweden has resulted in a marked increase in the tendency to nose-bleed.'

III

The latest response to these challenges is a disclaimer of all pretensions to finality. What the pedagogical psychologists profess for themselves and commend to us is the scientific and experimental attitude toward education as toward all large social and human interests. They are merely collecting statistics and trying experiments, to prove which of two competing methods of teaching is preferable. This position is in the abstract unassailable. But the inferences which the public is expected to draw from its application in practice are matters of grave concern.

'There is danger,' says the Platonic Socrates, 'that you may be trying an experiment, not on the *vile corpus* of a Carian slave, but on your own sons or the sons of your friends, and, as the proverb says, breaking the large vessel in learning to make pots.'

America is very large. It is that mart or world's fair of institutions and types which Plato says a great democracy must be. We could cordially welcome the human experience which Mr. Flexner proposes to contribute to the exhibits, were it not for the misapprehensions to which his designation of it as an experiment will give rise. This is not a verbal cavil. The modernist school will not be an experiment but an experience, standing in the same relation to all possible future sciences of character and education as that occupied by what Mill calls 'the general remarks afforded by common experience respecting human nature in our own age and by history respecting times gone by.' It will be one more increment of fact or group of facts. To call it an experiment in any scientific sense of the word is to mislead public opinion and prejudge the entire question.

This popular exploitation of the false analogy between experiments in the laboratory and experiments on man and society is not a new thing. There is a clarifying literature of the

subject which the modernists characteristically disregard. One source of this literature is the discussion by Brunetière, Faguet, Doumic, and other thoughtful French critics, of Zola's naïve notion of the experimental novel. The more technical examination of the idea derives from John Stuart Mill's chapters on the logic of the moral sciences. In the physical sciences the experimental method isolates and discovers the true cause by systematic elimination. The plurality of causes and the intermixture of effects preclude this procedure in the infinitely complex social sciences of ethnology and education. 'The instances requisite for the prosecution of a directly experimental inquiry into the formation of character would be a number of human beings to bring up and educate from infancy to mature age. . . . It is not only impossible to do this completely, but even to do so much of it as should constitute a tolerable approximation. An apparently trivial circumstance which eluded our vigilance might let in a train of impressions and associations sufficient to vitiate the experiment. . . . No one who has sufficiently reflected on education is ignorant of this truth.'

Mr. Flexner's disciples owed it to themselves and to the public to point out what they deemed the errors and limitations of Mill's doctrines here. Instead, they are content to applaud in general terms the advent of the experimental ideal in education.

Professor Dewey welcomes the 'endeavor to incarnate an experimental attitude in the conduct of a school, because it will substitute specific inquiries for temperamental conviction and small facts for opinions.' Here, as in the introductory essay of *Creative Intelligence*, his deprecation of vagueness is couched in language singularly abstract and vague. There is no reference to any specific argument or fact, experiment, or formulation of the experimental method on which issue might be joined. The *New Republic* itself is equally confident that 'no one who knows the temper of men like Mr. Flexner will for an instant question the utter disinterestedness, the exact and catholic spirit with which they will make the experiment.'

Mr. Flexner, in advance of his experiment, holds conviction about the psychology of mental discipline and the teachers who 'treat with convincing gravity . . . things called voices, moods, and gerunds,' which are nothing if not temperamental. And the intellectual disinterestedness of an experimenter who proposes to test Latin by suppressing it altogether, inspires as little confidence as his logic. The fallacy of one cause dominates his thinking. He conceives experiment as the direct transfer of the method of Pasteur to society and education. Latin is a microbe by whose presence or absence in a crucial instance the cause of disease or health may be ascertained.

Life and education are infinitely complex. Those of us who most deplore Mr. Flexner's theories may also cordially welcome the new school as a concrete entity. Any school that secures wholesome physical and moral conditions for the early years of a select group of children may accomplish for *them* a good that outweighs the probable consequences of the intellectual errors of its founders. We wish the new school all success, and we believe in the entire sincerity of Mr. Flexner's enthusiasm for the betterment of American education. But it would be the height of naïveté to join in the congratulations on the presumable scientific disinterestedness with which he will conduct the experiment. To do that is to overlook elementary human motive and the very nature of

the problem. A school founded in large part to verify the assumption that Latin is neither a necessary nor a significant ingredient in a well-mixed course of study is not likely to disappoint expectation. And in the plurality of causes there is no scientific method by which the advocates of Latin will be able to disprove this foregone conclusion. This we foresee because, in spite of their perfunctory protests and caveats, the writings of the modernists plainly manifest an unreasoning and violent antipathy, not merely to the study of Latin, but to the Classics and all that the Classics represent.

IV

I have left myself only a few words to sum up and define the main issue raised by the so-called modernist reform of education. It is not the place of physical science in our civilization and in our universities: that is secure. It is not the opportunity of industrial or vocational training for the masses: we all welcome that. It is not the conversion of the American high school into the old Latin-verse-writing English public school: nobody ever proposed that. It is not the prescription of a universal requirement of Greek or the maintenance of a disproportionate predominance of Latin in our high schools and colleges: there is not the slightest danger of that. It is the survival or the total suppression, in the comparatively small class of educated leaders who graduate from high schools and colleges, of the very conception of linguistic, literary, and critical discipline; of culture, taste, and standards; of the historic sense itself; of some trained faculty of appreciation and enjoyment of our rich heritage from the civilized past; of some counterbalancing familiarity with the actual evolution of the human man, to soften the rigidities of physical science, and to check and control by the touchstones of humor and common sense the *a priori* deductions of pseudo-science from conjectural reconstructions of the evolution of the physical and animal man.

It is in vain that they rejoin that they too care for these things, and merely repudiate our exclusive definitions of them. That is, in the main, only oratorical precaution and the tactics of debate, as, if space permitted, I could show by hundreds of citations from their books. The things which, for lack of better names, we try to suggest by culture, discipline, taste, standards, criticism, and the historic sense, they hate. Or, if you prefer, they are completely insensitive to them and wish to impose their own insensibility upon the coming generation. They are genuinely skeptical of intellectual discriminations which they do not perceive, and æsthetic values which they do not feel. They are fiercely resentful of what they deem the supercilious arrogance of those who possess or strive for some far-off touch or faint tincture of the culture and discipline which they denounce as shibboleths, taboos, and the arbitrary conventions of pedants.

From their own point of view it is natural that they should deprecate with sullen jealousy the inoculation of the adolescent mind with standards and tastes that would render it immune to what one of them has commended in print as the 'science' of Elsie Clews Parsons. The purpose, or, at any rate, the tendency of their policies is to stamp out and eradicate these things and inculcate exclusively their own tastes and ideals by controlling American education with the political efficiency of Prussian autocracy and in the fanatical intolerance of the French anticlericalists. Greek and Latin have become mere symbols

and pretexts. They are as contemptuous of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Racine, Burke, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, Alexander Hamilton, or Lowell, as of Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, or Horace. They will wipe the slate clean of everything that antedates Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Mr. Wells's *Research Magnificent*, and the familiar pathos of James Whitcomb Riley's vernacular verse.

These are the policies that mask as compassion for the child bored by literature which, they say, it cannot be expected to appreciate and understand, or behind the postulate that we should develop æsthetic and literary sensibilities only by means of the literature that expresses the spirit of modern science, not that which preserves in amber the husks of the dead past.

'Purpose' is, after 'situation,' the favorite catchword of this propaganda. Truly — they will 'answer to the purpose easy things to understand.' Easy things to understand, — the things of immediate appeal to the relaxed self and the natural taste for bathos, — these only would they stamp upon the plastic memory of childhood. They do not wish the child's mind, even in the strenuous morning hours of school, to be tuned to the pitch, to be keyed up to the appreciation of the things that are more excellent — the things that even in imperfect apprehension may abide in the memory as possessions, touchstones, standards, ideals for life.

> Much lost I; something stayed behind.
> A snatch maybe of classic song,
> Some breathing of a deathless mind,
> Some love of truth, some hate of wrong.

'The literature that embodies the scientific and progressive thought of the present age.' On this only would they form the collegian's taste and judgment, and his sense of historical, social, and human values. They do not wish the undergraduate's automatic response to the stimulus and the all-absorbing fashion of the contemporary environment to be confused by comparisons with fashions of thought that have passed away. They instinctively distrust that spirit of critical humanism which, from Plato to Pater and Arnold and Lowell and Anatole France, has always refused to take quite seriously the systems and the system-builders of the hour. These half-conscious motives are clothed with the glow of conscious sincerity by their genuine incapacity to conceive that writers who never heard of submarines and Zeppelins can contribute anything to the spiritual and intellectual life of a civilization that culminates in the War of 1914.

Homer was a primitive tribal bard. Æschylus represents the obsolete sociology of the city state. The cosmic philosophy of Herbert Spencer has only contempt for the petty personal theme of the imperialistic and militaristic Virgil — 'Arms and the man.' What message can he, the singer of imperial Rome, have for the modern spirit?—

> Now his Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Cæsar's dome.

The theology of Dante and Milton lacks the breadth of the Lincoln social settlement and the congress of religions — and their cosmogony is incompatible with the planetesimal theory.

Shakespeare is feudal; Pope, Queen-Anneish; Burke, eighteenth-century; Tennyson and Mill, Victorian. Neither irony, nor rhetoric, nor argument will make any dent in the carapace of minds case-hardened in the formulas of an *a priori* evolutionary philosophy of progress against all direct, immediate, and peremptory perception of absolute beauties and finer shades of truth. The certainties of their fixed and fanatical assurance are unclouded by any such self-questioning as that

which gives pause to the great liberal, radical, and modernist poet Carducci, in his wonderful sonnet to Dante.

Dante, how is it that *my* vows I bear,[1]
Submitted at thy shrine to bend and pray,
To Night alone relinquishing thy lay,
And with returning sun returning there?
Never for me hath Lucy breathed a prayer,
Matilde with lustral fount washed sin away,
Or Beatrice on celestial way
Led up her mortal love by starry stair.
Thy Holy Empire I abhor, the head
Of thy great Frederick, in Olona's vale
Most joyfully had cloven, crown and brains.
Empire and Church in crumbling ruin fail:
Above, thy ringing song from heaven is sped:
The Gods depart, the poet's hymn remains.

[1] Translation by Richard Garnett.

'Our little systems have their day,' said another obsolete nineteenth-century poet and thinker. Our little systems have their day; but the human spirit that creates and dissolves all systems, abides. And the study of the human spirit is not planetary or biological evolution, or the anthropology of the pre-human man. It is neither the psychology of the laboratory nor the metaphysics of the schools: it is neither science nor pseudo-science — it is humanism.

THE EIDOLON

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
'Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle.'
PIERRE RONSARD.

DUSK quietly entered the room and spread her gray and filmy shadows ever deeper and deeper over all the old, dear, and familiar things; even the figure of the Gentleman in Gray melted slowly into the darkness that hovered around him, and he soon seemed little more than a shadow himself, only somewhat deeper and darker than those in the other corners, ere the Lady in Blue returned from her visit and at once flooded the room with the light of electric lamps. She had been gone quite a long time, — longer than she expected when she asked her friend to wait for her return, — and now her face wore an expression in which amusement and disappointment were strangely mingled. The Gentleman in Gray, as he helped her out of her furs, said with a quizzical smile, 'Did you enjoy your visit? Have you seen her?'

'Yes, I have seen her; but enjoy — well, I shall tell you all about it. Let us sit here, please, at the fire, and do turn those glaring lights off. Just leave the lamps on the wall burning, — yes, that's right, — and now come here and listen.'

The Gentleman in Gray did as he was bidden, and soon was seated beside the Lady in Blue, who gave him a quick and questioning look before she began her tale.

'You know,' she said, 'I was eager to see her — who would n't have been? The mistress of a poet, and such a poet! His verses possessed, not only my heart and my soul, but my very blood;

there are certain lines of his which I have always felt like a physical caress, and others that made me blush and tremble, they are of a shamelessness so royal, so proud, so insolent, and yet of so surpassing a loveliness that even Swinburne is pale and tame compared with this wild and fiery genius. Swinburne sins more with his intellect, but in *his* poems there is the dark red light of a supremely sensuous emotion, an emotion that makes you recoil and yet magically charms and draws you as a snake charms the shy, fluttering bird.

'And she is the woman who has inspired all this passionate splendor! All these verses, thrown to the crowd, were in reality intimate confessions whispered into her ear in hours when other mortals have only the gift of silence. Could I expect her to be less of a wonder than the poems that spoke but of her? What a life she must have lived, this woman! How she must have loved! How he must have loved her! What strange delights must have been hers! Yes, I was eager to see her, doubly eager because she is so very old now. Soon she will be gone, and then nobody can tell me more than his books. And yet I somehow felt that there was something more, that some "wandering air of the unsaid" sang through all his verses, that there was a last revelation he had not made. I wanted to see her, and I dreamed of an hour, as Ronsard pictures in his most beautiful lines, — you know them, "*Quand vous serez bien vieille,*" — and I expected to hear from her, with the accents of a defiant bliss that neither time, nor sorrow, nor the judgment of the world could dim, "*Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle.*" And at last I obtained an introduction to her.'

'I brought about this introduction,' said the Gentleman in Gray.

'Yes, and small thanks are due you,' the Lady in Blue gave back.

'But why? Was she not amiable? I was told that she is the most companionable old lady in existence. What has disappointed you so very keenly?'

'Everything. The house first of all — but then one cannot always choose one's house according to one's fate, so I did not let this influence me; but her room! Would you believe it? There was not a single book in that room! Nothing to remind one of him, only a few unfeeling tables and chairs. And at one of these tables she was sitting, and tea was laid, and she welcomed me very graciously, and I had tea with her. First she spoke of the weather, and then she asked me about the marketing-prices in my neighborhood and compared them with the sums her housekeeper spends; and at last, after I had given up every hope, she spoke of him. And that was the worst. She told me how much she paid for a pint of her really excellent cream, because "dear Artie" was most particular so far as cream was concerned, and she had frightful trouble with him when she tried to serve him an inferior sort.

'It was not quite the opening I had anticipated, and "dear Artie" was not just the way I should have wished her to talk of him; nevertheless, I took my cue and stammered, "You must have been greatly happy with such a man." And she nodded her head and said complacently, "Well, dear child, I can't complain. He wasn't a bad man. Of course I had my hands full with him, and it took time till I got him out of his irregular habits; but altogether I have been quite satisfied. Dear Artie was given to colds in the head, and I always had to make him wear his flannels until May. If I had not taken such good care of him he would not have lived half as long as he did; but his family never appreciated it. I had enough trouble with them, and Artie himself was sometimes as headstrong

as a mule; but he was n't the worst, by any means, and I won't blame him. I did my duty by him and he knew it, — I told him so every day of my life, — but I had my cross, my dear." And then she sighed again, and asked where I thought black satin could be got cheapest and best.'

'Well, I call that quite confidential and companionable,' said the Gentleman in Gray.

'Don't joke, please,' commanded the Lady in Blue. 'Explain to me rather this enigma. I am quite bewildered. Is *that* the woman he wrote about in words of fire and lines of flame? Was it possible that he did not see how commonplace, how uninteresting, how utterly impossible she is? Why, she has not even the charm of age or the wistful wisdom of experience. There is nothing in her, absolutely nothing. How can you account for such blindness? Was "dear Artie" as silly as all this? Oh, I could cry! I think I can never read his songs again; they are utterly spoiled for me. I shall always have to think of his flannels and the cold in his head. Or,' she added with sudden inspiration, 'is it all a mistake? Was this not his real love? Did he give his heart to quite another woman? Was she whom I saw not the real bride, but only one of the step-sisters who wanted to take the place of the beloved one? Tell me!'

The Gentleman in Gray smiled sadly and indulgently.

'The lady whom you saw and who gave you all the information of which she was capable was verily the famous mistress of our famous poet, but I do not think that she was the woman he loved.'

'Is that a riddle?'

'Worse, it is the truth. A truth sad and eternal as the vain longings of our lonely hearts; and, with your leave, I will expound this truth to you. You remember, of course, Helen of Troy, her of the fair hands, "white-bosomed, azure-eyed, to whom men forgave all things for her beauty's sake." She was not less famous than the lady you have just seen, and her loveliness lives in our memory as fresh and fragrant as on the day when Paris gave her the first forbidden kiss. Forever and a day this sweet wraith haunts our imagination, and all the perfume of femininity is crystallized into the one name, Helen of Troy. Now there was an early lyric poet, Stesichorus, who contended that she who went to Troy and wrought all the havoc in the house of Priam was not Helen at all, but an *eidolon*, a woman fashioned in her likeness by Zeus, out of mist and light. The real Helen remained safely and with honor in Egypt, and Menelaus had really never the slightest cause for conjugal complaint.

'Here you have the story of all human love. It is not the real woman we adore, but an eidolon, a phantasm that the god in us fashions out of the mist of our desires and the light of our fancy, and the woman who is, is but a symbol for the cloud-bride, for the woman who is not and never will be. It was an eidolon, a phantasm in the likeness of the woman you have seen, that inspired your poet, and it was of the eidolon he spoke in his often too daring, too violent verses. The eidolon he took with him on his perilous journey to all the heights and depths of passion, whereas the real woman lived safely and unsuspectingly in quite another spiritual latitude, in Philistia, and flannels were the matter of her concern. And wherever you find *une grande passion*, a love and a passion that seem more than human, be sure that they were given merely to a dream, a dream seen as in a mirror in the form of the loved one. She who lived in his house and whom you think unworthy of your poet, she

was to him as much a stranger as she is to you. The one he pressed to his heart, the one into whose ear he whispered his songs, the one who gave him all that love could give to love, that was the eidolon, and the eidolon died with him. In vain you will go and search for it.'

'And does one never, never,' said the Lady in Blue, 'does one really never love the real woman? Is the real woman never cherished for just what she is? Is there always an eidolon to whom the best gifts of the heart are given? Tell me the truth — are there no exceptions to your rule?'

Her voice was soft and full of temptations, and masculine instinct and dogmatic pride fought in the heart of the Gentleman in Gray, so that he was slow to answer, but dogmatic pride conquered at last.

'No,' he said, 'there are no exceptions. "Shadows we are and shadows we pursue."'

And then he held his hands quickly over the glow of the fire, as if a sudden chill had struck him to the heart.

ON AN OLD ARMY POST

BY JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

For some time I had not had a 'striker' who suited me. I am silent enough, and they had liked to talk, so that, in their anxiety for me to open a conversation, they seemed to make a little more noise while cleaning my quarters and setting out my simple meals — carried over from the company kitchen — than the business at all warranted.

When Dhoonif came to me in the Philippines I hired him with considerable satisfaction. In the company he had the name of a surly fellow, perhaps, but one who did his work. He was a Turk, new to the service, but had had a brother in the battalion, who became a devout, almost fanatical Christian. While we were in Mexico he turned melancholy, and, one night, shot himself in his bunk, after all the lights were out. Although he was little known, his mode of death was somehow a deep shock to every one in the command.

Returning to this country, the regiment spent two years on the Border; years of such monotony that, as one became reminiscent, the time between the few events was blank, and they seemed to be crowded into one feverish month. Then my company was ordered to Fort Ledger, away from the Army, away from the world.

This fort had many odd legends. It was something very old in a very new country. In the days when one rode from Texas to Kansas without seeing another habitation, the trail led within a few miles of the Post, whose low, yellow-stone buildings, loopholed for musketry, stood on the bluffs of a creek, which wound across the bleak, rolling prairie. The thick, one-story quarters, built by Indian-fighting soldiers, are massive with vines and rank grasses; and, although for miles about there are only a few wind-worn trees along the

bottoms, the officers' line of the fort is a gloomy green with shade; for the creek is like some selfish spinster who has lavished her exuberance in but one spot; and, though the course of her life is changed thereby, proceeds again, as meagre as ever.

I have said that Dhoonif brought over my meals. There was no mess in the Post, for the two or three other officers lived at the opposite end of the line, and we took little interest in each other at best. The first sergeant of the company was an old soldier, so that my duties were few and my intercourse was small. Altogether I lived a life of such contented loneliness as only one other army post — and no other place — in this country would allow.

One very hot evening I was late to my supper. There had been a great deal of business to finish at the Post Exchange, of which I was detailed in charge — a sort of coöperative, general store for the soldiers, the profits of which go to augment their mess funds. I had begun eating, with the ledger propped up in front of my plate, when I was aware of Dhoonif behind me: he was so lightfooted that I seldom heard him. He usually went to the other end of the house and sat on the step during meals.

'What is it, Dhoonif?' I said.

'Sir, who is the other captain who comes sometimes and sits at the captain's desk while he is out?'

'I have no idea. Probably some other officer of the garrison.'

I went on eating and conning my accounts, and presently became aware that Dhoonif had retired.

The next morning his remark occurred to me. It was the first time he had ever questioned me, I think. With some vague curiosity I asked one or two of the other officers, after drill next morning, if they had dropped in on me and found me away. We did not call much. They all denied it, and rather rallied me about missing some of my cigars, so I let the matter drop. As we were separating, the major, an elderly officer then commanding the Post, turned to me quietly.

'By the way,' he inquired, 'you live in quarters number thirty-six, don't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'At home much?'

'Quite a bit, sir.'

'Very trying weather we've been having lately.'

And he mounted his horse.

The weather was indeed oppressive. The sun shriveled the grass on the unkempt parade (we had not enough of a garrison to keep up the place), and the dimness of the houses was most grateful.

Coming in, I lay down and tried to get a nap. But it was too hot to sleep, so I got up and began to prowl about. As I have said, the houses were of only one story, but the stairs in the front hall led up to an attic, dimly lit by a vine-covered window in the dormer end. I had been up there only once before, when I first came into the quarters a week or more ago; and now, looking idly about, I noticed, under the eaves, the doors of what was evidently a low cupboard. The wood was warped and the doors stuck. I was almost balked of opening them until I got out my knife, when they gave outward with a great creaking. A quantity of rust flaked off the hinges and fell on the dusty floor.

The light of a match caused the scurrying of unseen rats, but discovered nothing save a big, calf-bound folio volume in the far right-hand corner. I remember noticing vaguely, as I crawled back with it, that my left hand, which had supported me on the floor of the cupboard, was black with dust, while my right, with which I had

dragged out the book, was barely soiled. The doors closed with a further scaling of rust from the hinges, and I carried the book downstairs to my desk.

Curiously enough, it happened to contain the proceedings of a previous exchange on the Post. The minutes of meetings of the council, or board of officer-directors, had been kept by the exchange officer in a delicate, precise hand, with little weaknesses in the ending of words, which faded into the yellow page. The dates were of the year 1871.

As I intently turned over the leaves, Dhoonif startled me. He had come out of the bedroom with my revolver in one hand and an oil-flask in the other, and stood in front of the desk.

'Sir, captain.'

'Well, Dhoonif?'

'Your blue uniform — it fastens with hooks down the front of the blouse.'

'Yes?'

It was the first time he had ever broken the military rule of addressing an officer in the third person.

'Sir, do any officers wear a blue blouse that buttons with brass buttons instead, like the enlisted men?'

'That was the uniform at one period, I believe,' I answered, rather annoyed at the trivial interruption — his first. 'You had better ask the sergeant; he has been in the service longer than I.'

When he went out, I noticed that he went straight to barracks. I continued reading.

It was a record of very much the usual sort of business, only that the merchandise was brought in quantity by wagon-train from the North, and there were consignments of rum and whiskey, which we no longer may keep.

Suddenly I came to the last entry in the book. It was in a different, more brutal hand. Here it is: —

July 7, 1871.

'The Council met at 8 A.M., this date, pursuant to the call of the president, Colonel Halcomb.

'*Present:* All members.

'It is voted that the affairs of this Exchange be wound up and settled, and that each company belonging to it shall equally bear the loss due to the shortage in the funds of the Exchange Officer, Captain Farloe, now deceased by his own hand.'

I carried the book back to its place in the attic. It was an uncanny thing to come upon after all these years.

I remember that the next week was a singularly busy one. A prisoner, whom I had had tried for a serious breach of morals, both military and social, and who had no cause to like me, had escaped from the guard-house. It was thought that he was still in hiding about the Post, for the trains were few enough, and the poor devil would have had to flag one at the station, which, of course, was closely watched.

Then, too, the accounts that month were especially intricate, and I encountered a lot of small, vexing troubles in getting them ready for the monthly meeting and audit.

The council met after we had all come in tired from a fruitless searching party. The little exchange office was very hot, and I stood over by the window, talking with the major, while the captain, who was the auditor for that month, counted the cash. Presently I heard him say something in a low tone to another officer, and they began to count together.

Then he turned his head toward us and said, —

'Are you sure the figures in your cash-book are satisfactory to you?'

'Why, yes,' I answered. 'Why?'

'And you should have five hundred in indorsed checks?'

'Yes. They were all ready to be mailed to the bank for deposit.'

There was a slight pause.

'Well the indorsed checks are about three hundred dollars short.'

I started forward. The expressions on all their faces looked as set as if the scene were a photograph, and not of living persons.

Finally the major said quietly, —

'Can you think of any one who might have taken the checks?'

'No, sir, unless — unless it could have been the prisoner. But I don't see — how he could have got at them.'

I could not have felt more dread if I had been guilty.

'Yes; that would have been difficult,' remarked the auditing officer coldly. After all, we were not friends.

They gave me until the next morning to 'locate the mistake,' and I carried the books to my quarters with a sick heart. I checked back every item, and added again and again. Really I only did it to keep my mind in a groove, for I remembered each one of the missing checks.

Dhoonif came over with my dinner, carried it back intact, and returned to do little odd jobs of his own making. Somehow he seemed more apprehensive than sympathetic.

The evening wore on. I tried to read. It must have been after eleven o'clock. Suddenly, close behind the house, a rifle cracked twice; the bullets spatted on something and whined off into the night. Then running feet and cries, —

'Corp'ral of the Guard! Corp'ral of the Guard! There he goes! This way! Number two! This way!'

Three more shots.

I ran into the hall, revolver in hand, and met Dhoonif there.

Then, right above us, in the attic, came the smothered roar of a pistol, fired indoors.

I can hardly describe its effect. The sound of the shots from the rifles outside was natural, like the singing of the locusts in the grass; this, in the house, was as dreadful, as unearthly as the snapping chord of a great violin out of dead of night.

I turned toward the stairs, my revolver grasped limply. Dhoonif reached quickly and took it from me.

'Not that: this!' he said, and put into my hand a little, wooden crucifix.

I felt it press in as my fingers closed on it. I had dreaded some weak evil thing: suddenly that dread was gone, and instead a great, exorcising anger drove burning tears into my eyes, and I rushed up the thunderously creaking stairs in a crusading ecstasy, into the attic, expecting sights no man should see.

There was nothing.

Dhoonif holding a lighted match, we went over every board of the groaning floor. There was only dust on it. We pulled open the doors of the cupboard: still nothing, except the big, worn volume. Suddenly, as the match flared up, the book caught my eye again. Between the leaves protruded some crisp slips of paper. I jerked them out. They were the missing checks.

The major was standing under the hall light at the foot of the stairs.

'Major,' I cried, 'I've found them! I have them!'

'And we have the prisoner. My dear fellow,' — He put his hand on my shoulder, for I must have been shaking, — 'my dear fellow, your explanation was the logical one after all!'

Dhoonif slipped out of the door.

I tried to stop a horrible laugh.

'Sir,' I said, 'there are three *logical* explanations.'

Some time afterwards I was ranked out of those quarters by a married captain. His three children career all over the house, and his wife has a notable recipe for fig-preserve.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY AND PUBLIC CONTROL

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

SOCIETY cannot exist without law and order, and cannot advance except through the initiative of vigorous innovators. Yet law and order are always hostile to innovations, and innovators are almost always to some extent anarchists. Those whose minds are dominated by fear of a relapse toward barbarism will emphasize the importance of law and order, while those who are inspired by the hope of an advance toward civilization will usually be more conscious of the need of individual initiative. Both temperaments are necessary, and wisdom lies in allowing each to operate freely where it is beneficent. But those who are on the side of law and order, since they are reinforced by custom and the instinct for upholding the *status quo*, have no need of a reasoned defense. It is the innovators who have difficulty in being allowed to exist and work. Each generation believes that this difficulty is a thing of the past, but each generation is tolerant only of *past* innovations. Those of its own day are met with the same persecution as if the principle of toleration had never been heard of.

'In early society,' says Westermarck, 'customs are not only moral rules, but the only moral rules ever thought of. The savage strictly complies with the Hegelian command that no man must have a private conscience. The following statement, which refers to the Tinnevelly Shanars, may be quoted as a typical example: "Solitary individuals amongst them rarely adopt any new opinions, or any new course of procedure. They follow the multitude to do evil, and they follow the multitude to do good. They think in herds."' [1]

Those among us who have never thought a thought or done a deed in the slightest degree different from the thoughts and deeds of our neighbors will congratulate themselves on the difference between us and the savage. But those who have ever attempted any real innovation cannot help feeling that the people they know are not so very unlike the Tinnevelly Shanars.

Under the influence of Socialism, even progressive opinion, in recent years, has been hostile to individual liberty. Liberty is associated, in the minds of reformers, with *laissez-faire*, the Manchester School, and the exploitation of women and children which resulted from what was euphemistically called 'free competition.' All these things were evil, and required state interference; in fact, there is need of an immense increase of state action in regard to cognate evils which still exist. In everything that concerns the economic life of the community, as regards both distribution and conditions of production, what is required is more public control, not less; how much more, I do not profess to know.

Another direction in which there is urgent need of the substitution of law and order for anarchy is international relations. At present, each sovereign

[1] *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, 2d edition, vol. 1, p. 119.

state has complete individual freedom, subject only to the sanction of war. This individual freedom will have to be curtailed in regard to external relations if wars are ever to cease. But when we pass outside the sphere of material possessions, we find that the arguments in favor of public control almost entirely disappear. Religion, to begin with, is recognized as a matter in which the state ought not to interfere. Whether a man is Christian, Mohammedan, or Jew, is a question of no public concern, so long as he obeys the laws; and the laws ought to be such as men of all religions can obey. Yet even here there are limits. No civilized state would tolerate a religion demanding human sacrifice. The English in India put an end to suttee, in spite of a fixed principle of non-interference with native religious customs. Perhaps they were wrong to prevent suttee, yet almost every European would have done the same. We cannot *effectively* doubt that such practices ought to be stopped, however we may theorize in favor of religious liberty.

In such cases, the interference with liberty is imposed from without by a higher civilization. But the more common case, and the more interesting, is when an independent state interferes on behalf of custom against individuals who are feeling their way toward more civilized beliefs and institutions.

'In New South Wales,' says Westermarck, 'the first-born of every *lubra* used to be eaten by the tribe "as part of a religious ceremony." In the realm of Khai-muk, in China, according to a native account, it was customary to kill and devour the eldest son alive. Among certain tribes in British Columbia the first child is often sacrificed to the sun. The Indians of Florida, according to Le Moyne de Morgues, sacrificed the first-born son to the chief.' There are pages and pages of such instances.

There is nothing analogous to these practices among ourselves. When the first-born in Florida was told that his king and country needed him, this was a mere mistake, and with us mistakes of this kind do not occur. But it is interesting to inquire how these superstitions died out, in such cases, for example, as that of Khai-muk, where foreign compulsion is improbable. We may surmise that some parents, under the selfish influence of parental affection, were led to doubt whether the Sun would really be angry if the eldest child were allowed to live. Such rationalism would be regarded as very dangerous, since it was calculated to damage the harvest. For generations the opinion would be cherished in secret by a handful of cranks, who would not be able to act upon it. At last, by concealment or flight, a few parents would save their children from the sacrifice. Such parents would be regarded as lacking all public spirit, and as willing to endanger the community for their private pleasure. But gradually it would appear that the state remained intact, and the crops were no worse than in former years. Then, by a fiction, a child would be deemed to have been sacrificed if it was solemnly dedicated to agriculture or some other work of national importance chosen by the chief. It would be many generations before the child would be allowed to choose its own occupation after it had grown old enough to know its own tastes and capacities. And during all those generations children would be reminded that only an act of grace had allowed them to live at all, and would exist under the shadow of a purely imaginary duty to the state.

The position of those parents who first disbelieved in the utility of infant sacrifice illustrates all the difficulties which arise in connection with the adjustment of individual freedom to pub-

lic control. The authorities, believing the sacrifice necessary for the good of the community, were bound to insist upon it; the parents, believing it useless, were equally bound to do everything in their power toward saving the child. How ought both parties to act in such a case?

The duty of the skeptical parent is plain: to save the child by any possible means, to preach the uselessness of the sacrifice in season and out of season, and to endure patiently whatever penalty the law may inflict for evasion. But the duty of the authorities is far less clear. So long as they remain firmly persuaded that the universal sacrifice of the first-born is indispensable, they are bound to persecute those who seek to undermine this belief. But they will, if they are conscientious, very carefully examine the arguments of opponents, and be willing in advance to admit that these arguments *may* be sound. They will carefully search their own hearts, to see whether hatred of children or pleasure in cruelty has anything to do with their belief. They will remember that in the past history of Khai-muk there are innumerable instances of beliefs, now known to be false, on account of which those who disagreed with the prevalent view were put to death. Finally they will reflect that, though errors which are traditional are often widespread, new beliefs seldom win acceptance unless they are nearer to the truth than what they replace; and they will conclude that a new belief is probably either an advance, or so unlikely to become common as to be innocuous. All these considerations will make them hesitate before they resort to punishment.

II

The study of past times and uncivilized races makes it clear beyond question that the customary beliefs of tribes or nations are almost invariably false. It is difficult to divest ourselves completely of the customary beliefs of our own age and nation, but it is not very difficult to achieve a certain degree of doubt in regard to them. The Inquisitor who burned men at the stake was acting with true humanity if all his beliefs were correct; but if they were in error at any point, he was inflicting a wholly unnecessary cruelty. A good working maxim in such matters is this: Do not trust customary beliefs so far as to perform actions which must be disastrous unless the beliefs in question are wholly true. The world would be utterly bad, in the opinion of the average Englishman, unless he could say, 'Britannia rules the waves'; and in the opinion of the average German, unless he could say, 'Deutschland über Alles.' For the sake of these beliefs, they are willing to destroy European civilization. If the beliefs should happen to be false, their action is regrettable.

One fact which emerges from these considerations is, that no obstacle should be placed in the way of thought and its expression, nor yet in the way of statements of fact. This was formerly common ground among literal thinkers, though it was never quite realized in the practice of civilized countries. But it has recently become, throughout Europe, a dangerous paradox, on account of which men suffer imprisonment or starvation. For this reason, it has again become worth stating. The grounds for it are so evident that I should be ashamed to repeat them if they were not universally ignored. But in the actual world it is very necessary to repeat them. To attain complete truth is not given to mortals, but to advance toward it by successive steps is not impossible. On any matter of general interest, there is usually in any

given community, at any given time, a received opinion, which is accepted as a matter of course by all who give no special thought to the matter. Any questioning of the received opinion arouses hostility, for a number of reasons.

The most important of these is the instinct of conventionality, which exists in all gregarious animals, and often leads them to put to death any markedly peculiar member of the herd. The next most important is the feeling of insecurity aroused by doubt as to the beliefs by which we are in the habit of regulating our lives. Whoever has tried to explain the philosophy of Berkeley to a plain man will have seen in its unadulterated form the anger aroused by this feeling. What the plain man derives from Berkeley's philosophy at a first hearing is an uncomfortable suspicion that nothing is solid, so that it is rash to sit on a chair or to expect the floor to sustain us. Because this suspicion is uncomfortable it is irritating, except to those who regard the whole argument as merely nonsense. And in a more or less analogous way any questioning of what has been taken for granted destroys the feeling of standing on solid ground, and produces a condition of bewildered fear.

A third reason which makes men dislike novel opinions is, that vested interests are bound up with old beliefs. The long fight of the Church against science, from Giordano Bruno to Darwin, is attributable to this motive, among others. The horror of socialism which existed in the remote past was entirely attributable to this cause. But it would be a mistake to assume, as is done by those who seek economic motives everywhere, that vested interests are the principal source of anger against novelties in thought. If this were the case, intellectual progress would be much more rapid than it is. The instinct of conventionality, horror of uncertainty, and vested interests, all militate against the acceptance of a new idea. And it is even harder to think of a new idea than to get it accepted: most people might spend a lifetime in reflection without ever making a genuinely original discovery.

In view of all these obstacles, it is not likely that any society at any time will suffer from a plethora of heretical opinions. Least of all is this likely in a modern civilized society, where the conditions of life are in constant rapid change, and demand, for successful adaptation, an equally rapid change in intellectual outlook. There should, therefore, be an attempt to encourage rather than discourage the expression of new beliefs and the dissemination of knowledge tending to support them. But the very opposite is in fact the case. From childhood upwards, everything is done to make the minds of men and women conventional and sterile. And if, by misadventure, some spark of imagination remains, its unfortunate possessor is considered unsound and dangerous, worthy only of contempt in time of peace and of prison or a traitor's death in time of war. Yet such men are known to have been in the past the chief benefactors of mankind, and are the very men who receive most honor as soon as they are safely dead.

The whole realm of thought and opinion is utterly unsuited to public control: it ought to be as free, and as spontaneous, as is possible to those who know what others have believed. The state is justified in insisting that children shall be educated, but it is not justified in forcing their education to proceed on a uniform plan and to be directed to the production of a dead level of glib uniformity. Education, and the life of the mind generally, is a matter in which individual initiative is the chief thing needed; the function of

the state should begin and end with insistence on *some* kind of education, and, if possible, a kind which promotes mental individualism, not a kind which happens to conform to the prejudices of government officials.

III

Questions of practical morals raise more difficult problems than questions of mere opinion. The Thugs of India honestly believe it their duty to commit murders, but the government does not acquiesce. Conscientious objectors honestly hold the opposite opinion, and again the government does not acquiesce. Killing is a state prerogative: it is equally criminal to do it unbidden and not to do it when bidden. The same applies to theft, unless it is on a large scale or by one who is already rich. Thugs and thieves are men who use force in their dealings with their neighbors; and we may lay it down broadly that the private use of force should be prohibited except in rare cases, however conscientious may be its motive. But this principle will not justify compelling men to use force at the bidding of the state, when they do not believe it justified by the occasion. The punishment of conscientious objectors seems clearly a violation of individual liberty within its legitimate sphere.

It is generally assumed without question that the state has a right to punish certain kinds of sexual irregularity. No one doubts that the Mormons sincerely believed polygamy to be a desirable practice, yet the United States required them to abandon its legal recognition, and probably any other Christian country would have done likewise. Nevertheless, I do not think this prohibition was wise. Polygamy is legally permitted in many parts of the world, but is not much practiced except by chiefs and potentates. If, as Europeans generally believe, it is an undesirable custom, it is probable that the Mormons would have soon abandoned it, except perhaps for a few men of exceptional position. If, on the other hand, it had proved a successful experiment, the world would have acquired a piece of knowledge which it is now unable to possess. I think that in all such cases the law should intervene only when there is some injury inflicted without the consent of the injured person.

It is obvious that men and women would not tolerate having their wives or husbands selected by the state, whatever eugenists might have to say in favor of such a plan. In this, it seems clear that ordinary public opinion is in the right, not because people choose wisely, but because any choice of their own is better than a forced marriage. What applies to marriage ought also to apply to the choice of a trade or profession: although some men have no marked preferences, most men greatly prefer some occupations to others, and are far more likely to be useful citizens if they follow their preferences than if they are thwarted by a public authority.

The case of the man who has an intense conviction that he ought to do a certain kind of work is peculiar, and perhaps not very common; but it is important because it includes some very important individuals. Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale defied convention in obedience to a feeling of this sort; reformers and agitators in unpopular causes, such as Mazzini, have belonged to this class; so have many men of science. In cases of this kind, the individual conviction deserves the greatest respect, even if there seems no obvious justification for it. Obedience to the impulse is very unlikely to do much harm, and may well do great

good. The practical difficulty is to distinguish such impulses from desires which produce similar manifestations. Many young people wish to be authors, without having an impulse to write any particular book, or wish to be painters without having an impulse to create any particular picture. But a little experience will usually show the difference between a genuine and a spurious impulse; and there is less harm in indulging the spurious impulse for a time than in thwarting the impulse which is genuine. Nevertheless, the plain man almost always has a tendency to thwart the genuine impulse, because it seems anarchic and unreasonable, and is seldom able to give a good account of itself in advance.

What is markedly true of some notable personalities is true, in a lesser degree, of almost every individual who has much vigor or force of life: there is an impulse toward activity of some kind — as a rule not very definite in youth, but growing gradually more sharply outlined under the influence of education and opportunity. The direct impulse toward a kind of activity for its own sake must be distinguished from the desire for the expected effects of the activity. A young man may desire the rewards of great achievement, without having any spontaneous impulse toward the activities which lead to achievement. But those who actually achieve much, although they may desire the rewards, have also something in their nature which inclines them to choose a certain kind of work as the road which they must travel if their ambition is to be satisfied.

This artist's impulse, as it may be called, is a thing of infinite value to the individual, and often to the world: to respect it, in one's self and in others, makes up nine tenths of the good life. In most human beings, it is rather frail, rather easily destroyed or disturbed; parents and teachers are too often hostile to it, and our economic system crushes out its last remnants in young men and young women. The result is that human beings cease to be individual, or to retain the native pride that is their birthright: they become machine-made, tame, convenient for the bureaucrat and the drill-sergeant, capable of being tabulated in statistics without anything being omitted. This is the fundamental evil resulting from lack of liberty; and it is an evil which is being continually intensified as population grows more dense and the machinery of organization grows more efficient.

The things that men desire are many and various: admiration, affection, power, security, ease, outlets for energy, are among the commonest of motives. But such abstractions do not touch what makes the difference between one man and another. Whenever I go to the Zoölogical Gardens, I am impressed by the fact that all the movements of, say, a stork have some common quality, differing from the movements of a parrot or an ostrich. It is impossible to say in words just what the common quality is, and yet we feel that each thing that an animal does is the sort of thing we might expect that animal to do. This indefinable quality constitutes the individuality of the animal, and gives rise to the pleasure we feel in watching the animal's actions. In a human being, provided he has not been crushed by an economic or governmental machine, there is the same kind of individuality, a something distinctive without which no man or woman can achieve much of importance, or retain the full dignity which is native to human beings. It is this distinctive individuality that is loved by the artist, whether painter or writer. The artist himself, and the man who is creative in no matter what direction, has more of

it than the average man. Any society which crushes this quality, whether intentionally or by accident, must soon become utterly lifeless and traditional, without hope of progress and without any purpose in its being. To preserve and strengthen the impulse that makes individuality should be the foremost object of all political institutions.

IV

We may now arrive at certain general principles in regard to individual liberty and public control.

The greater part of human impulses may be divided into two classes, those which are possessive and those which are constructive or creative. Social institutions are the garments or embodiments of impulses, and may be classified roughly according to the impulses which they embody. Property is the direct expression of possessiveness; science and art are among the most direct expressions of creativeness. Possessiveness is either defensive or aggressive: it seeks either to retain something against a robber, or to acquire something from a present holder. In either case, an attitude of hostility to others is of its essence.

It would be a mistake to suppose that defensive possessiveness is always justifiable, while the aggressive kind is always blameworthy: where there is great injustice in the *status quo*, the exact opposite may be the case, and ordinarily neither is justifiable.

State interference with the actions of individuals is necessitated by possessiveness. Some goods can be acquired or retained by force, while others cannot. A wife can be acquired by force, as the Romans acquired the Sabine women; but a wife's affection cannot be acquired in this way. There is no record that the Romans desired the affection of the Sabine women; and those in whom possessive impulses are strong tend to care chiefly for the goods that force can secure. All material goods belong to this class. Liberty in regard to such goods, if it were unrestricted, would make the strong rich and the weak poor. In a capitalistic society, owing to the partial restraints imposed by law, it makes cunning men rich and honest men poor, because the force of the state is put at men's disposal, not according to any just or rational principle, but according to a set of traditional maxims of which the explanation is purely historical.

In all that concerns possession and the use of force, unrestrained liberty involves anarchy and injustice. Freedom to kill, freedom to rob, freedom to defraud, no longer belong to individuals, though they still belong to great states, and are exercised by them in the name of patriotism. Neither individuals nor states ought to be free to exert force on their own initiative, except in such sudden emergencies as will subsequently be admitted in justification by a court of law. The reason of this is that the exertion of force by one individual against another is always an evil on both sides, and can be tolerated only when it is compensated by some overwhelming resultant good.

In order to minimize the amount of force actually exerted in the world, it is necessary that there should be a public authority, a repository of practically irresistible force, whose function should be primarily to repress the private use of force. A use of force is *private* when it is exerted by one of the interested parties, or by his friends or accomplices, not by a public neutral authority according to some rule which is intended to be in the public interest.

The régime of private property, under which we live, does much too little to restrain the private use of force.

When a man owns a piece of land, for example, he may use force against trespassers, though they must not use force against him. It is clear that some restriction of the liberty of trespass is necessary for the cultivation of the land. But if such powers are to be given to an individual, the state ought to satisfy itself that he occupies no more land than he is warranted in occupying in the public interest, and that the share of the produce of the land that comes to him is no more than a just reward for his labors. Probably the only way in which such ends can be achieved is state ownership of land. The possessors of land and capital are able, at present, by economic pressure, to use force against those who have no possessions. This force is sanctioned by law, while force exercised by the poor against the rich is illegal. Such a state of things is unjust, and does not diminish the use of private force so much as it might be diminished.

The whole realm of the possessive impulses, and of the use of force to which they give rise, stands in need of control by a public neutral authority, in the interests of liberty no less than of justice. Within a nation, this public authority will naturally be the state; in relations between nations, if the present anarchy is to cease, it will have to be some international parliament. But the motive underlying the public control of men's possessive impulses should always be the increase of liberty, both by the prevention of private tyranny, and by the liberation of creative impulses. If public control is not to do more harm than good, it must be so exercised as to leave the utmost freedom of private initiative in all ways that do not involve the private use of force. In this respect, all governments have always failed egregiously, and there is no evidence that they are improving.

The creative impulses, unlike those that are possessive, are directed to ends in which one man's gain is not another man's loss. The man who maks a scientific discovery or writes a poem is enriching others at the same time as himself. Any increase in knowledge or good-will is a gain to all who are affected by it, not only to the actual possessor. Those who feel the joy of life are a happiness to others as well as to themselves. Force cannot create such things, though it can destroy them; no principle of distributive justice applies to them, since the gain of each is the gain of all. For these reasons, the creative part of a man's activity ought to be as free as possible from all public control, in order that it may remain spontaneous and full of vigor. The only function of the state in regard to this part of the individual life should be to do everything possible toward providing outlets and opportunities.

In every life, a part is governed by the community, and a part by private initiative. The part governed by private initiative is greatest in the most important individuals, such as men of genius and creative thinkers. This part ought to be restricted only when it is predatory; otherwise, everything ought to be done to make it as great and as vigorous as possible. The object of education ought not to be to make all men think alike, but to make each think in the way which is the fullest expression of his own personality. In the choice of a means of livelihood, all young men and young women ought, so far as possible, to be able to choose what is attractive to them; if no money-making occupation is attractive, they ought to be free to do little work for little pay, and spend their leisure as they choose. Any kind of censure on freedom of thought or on the dissemination of knowledge is, of course, to be condemned utterly.

Huge organizations, both political

and economic, are one of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern world. These organizations have immense power, and often use their power to discourage originality in thought and action. They ought, on the contrary, to give the freest scope that is possible without producing anarchy or violent conflict. They ought not to take cognizance of any part of a man's life except what is concerned with the legitimate objects of public control, namely, possessions and the use of force. And they ought, by devolution, to leave as large a share of control as possible in the hands of individuals and small groups. If this is not done, the men at the head of these vast organizations will infallibly become tyrannous through the habit of excessive power, and will in time interfere in ways that crush out individual initiative.

The problem which faces the modern world is the combination of individual initiative with the increase in the scope and size of organizations. Unless it is solved, individuals will grow less and less full of life and vigor, more and more passively submissive to conditions imposed upon them. A society composed of such individuals cannot be progressive, or add much to the world's stock of mental and spiritual possessions.

Only personal liberty and the encouragement of initiative can secure these things. Those who resist authority when it encroaches upon the legitimate sphere of the individual are performing a service to society, however little society may value it. In regard to the past, this is universally acknowledged; but it is no less true in regard to the present and the future.

ON A SUN-DIAL

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

FOLLOW the Sun as I : His favour keep :
Nor fear the night that cometh : Sweet is sleep.

THE WEST'S NEW VISION

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

Only the other day, it seems, we heard from the Middle West murmurings that told of storm and stress. Financial sufferings afflicted the settler; political and social upheavals upset established legislation; the atmosphere was charged with criticism of vested rights and of moneyed centres. To the older commonwealths the spectacle was in a degree amusing, yet it had its serious side. It was fashionable to depict the Western legislator as a modern Don Quixote, charging at fancied ills and exhausting himself by his efforts; and to describe the settler as an iconoclast, wasting his precious time in vague attempts to regulate the universe.

Only the other day — yet nearly a quarter century has passed and the West has been making new history. For a decade there was readjustment, the establishment in tangible form of some of the ideas born of the tempest; another decade of abounding prosperity, when the agitator became in a modest way a capitalist and began to think of his own vested rights; then the new era of Established Things, and the acceptance of the responsibilities that come with wealth and power.

Foremost in the influences that have changed the mental attitude of the Westerner has been his recognition of the oneness of the nation. So long as it was necessary to obtain from the savings accounts of the older states the funds with which to develop new lands, it was natural that there should be a feeling of dependence — galling to the enthusiastic pioneer whose dreams outran his accomplishments. In the reaction he visited upon those whose money he had used, and was using, accusations of self-interest. The result was the creation of an imaginary Capitalist, whose heel ground down the borrower and who sought his own welfare at the expense of the debtor.

But with the advance of prosperity came a new point of view. The Westerner, being released from his exacting toil and becoming familiar with other parts of the country, gained new knowledge. He noticed as he journeyed to New York or Boston that, after he had crossed the Mississippi, he passed through town after town where factories employing thousands of men lined the streets. He did some thinking. Those men and their families must consume the products of the agricultural states; their prosperity meant his own. After all, not fearsome Wall Street, but the workers who were making things for men to use, constituted the principal part of the East. He awoke to a realization that his prosperity, his ability to obtain good prices for his products, depended on something more than the number of bushels per acre he could raise, and that part of his future success depended also on becoming a manufacturer himself. The psychology of this realization expressed itself in mutual interest; it expanded into every line of endeavor. It was no longer popular to oppose instinctively anything the East favored. The broadening view brought a new conception of the

province of financial operations, and obliterated largely the old idea of isolation. Provincialism passed away, and in its place came a fuller understanding of the nation at large.

Another thing: the Westerner has become better acquainted with national thought. Not only has he traveled himself, but frequent visits to the prairie states of men and women prominent in finance, education, journalism, and philanthropy have brought him in touch with the broader life of older commonwealths. The East is no more a land sufficient unto itself, but is regarded as a section that has many of the same interests as the West. The importance of such a changed point of view is evident in the moderation of language in newspapers and in the public utterances of platform orators. It is no longer the custom to rail against 'capital' as a synonym of all that is included in the thrift of generations of dwellers beyond the Mississippi. Here and there is a politician who considers it advantageous, but his public life is short. As the West grows older itself, and sees more plainly the advantages of permanency, it appreciates the settled condition of states that have passed the pioneering period.

Perhaps there is, too, some element of satisfaction that there has come a certain measure of financial and social sufficiency, lessening the dependency characteristic of the days of settlerhood. The equality in ability to do large things and to meet conditions of business is responsible for some of this revised sentiment; it is bringing interrelation where before was an underlying resentment because older states were better equipped. This factor is certain to become more marked as the years go on and the newness passes away from the prairie. With even the smaller towns showing all modern conveniences, — electric lights, paved streets, telephones, handsome public buildings, and parks, — the difference, always felt more keenly than it should have been, vanishes, and there is more contentment with things that the West possesses instead of mere longing for things that it has not.

The average Western community has three principal divisions. There are the 'first families,' those who took up the claims or laid out the towns back in the sixties and seventies and who have seen the ups and downs of financial development. The men have lines in their faces; on their cheeks is the sunburn of long days afield; they are yet conscious of the teaching of early days of thrift. They have money in the bank, perhaps mortgages on other farms; they are content for the most part with moderate ways of living. This class, generally speaking, has not acquired great wealth through speculation in land — the most profitable endeavor of the past two decades. It was too timid to plunge, remembering the sad experiences of the settler days.

Then there is the younger generation of the settler families. Many of its members early grew weary of farm-life and developed the towns and cities. Usually they did not obtain college educations; if they did, they will be found in the East, out on the Pacific coast, anywhere on earth where there is business or artistic opportunity.

Last are the later immigrants. These arrived during the past two decades, coming to the interior from the older settled states where land was high. Here land seemed to them cheap, and they invested against the judgment of those who, because of what they had experienced, were afraid to venture. They reaped much of the increase in the prices of real estate, which has more than doubled in value in a decade. A survey of one township three years ago

showed that 70 per cent of its residents had come there in the preceding ten years. The early Westerner was restless — he always saw fair fields afar off.

This cosmopolitan population, gathered from many climes and with varying ideas of what is the meaning of life, has been working out its social and economic salvation with nervous energy. Few are poor — in scores of counties there are no almshouses; few are wealthy, but all are eager to accomplish real results in development. Probably it is true that in some directions too much emphasis has been laid on wealth. The newspapers find a better story in swelling bank deposits and in 'a motor-car for every three families,' than in reports of community service. But the needs of the newer neighborhoods are not less than in those of older establishment, and these needs can be better met with a plastic population than with one fixed in its habits.

So the inoculation of the West with new ideas for community betterment prospered amazingly. Forward-looking men and women were willing to join in movements that promised results. As an outgrowth of this longing, the average Western town is organized beyond reason. Churches, their number far in excess of the community demand, give earnest pastors a spare living; lodges keep the halls alight six nights a week; commercial clubs discuss iridescent visions of coming factories and industrial opulence; clubs for everything, from bridge to the improvement of the banking system and the promulgation of the rotation of farm crops, flourish. The Westerner is naturally a 'jiner,' and his coat-lapel is adorned with the insignia of his fealty to chapter, brotherhood, and clan.

The weakness has been in the failure to finish things. Schemes and plans have been put on paper and allowed to stay there. The newspapers have printed innumerable columns detailing the promises of hopeful promoters and the speeches before the chamber of commerce. Always there was a firm faith that some day prosperity would reign. It was the same spirit that made the settler ever certain that 'times will be better in the spring.'

In the working out of his vision the Westerner experimented with legislation, producing weird effects at times, but on the whole tending toward better things. Boards of varied nature, inspectors of everything from the length of hotel bed-sheets to the specific gravity of kerosene, have been appointed. In one little prairie town there were one day last autumn six inspectors, all drawing state salaries and checking up various industries and business houses.

The methods of obtaining legislation are inadequate to modern needs, and legislatures struggle with their mass of suggestions through feverish weeks, resulting in more or less haphazard effects — but the West is not alone in this. On the one side are those who desire, above all else, to keep down taxes; on the other, those who believe that expansion in development calls for liberality in the equipment of its larger factors.

Particularly striking has been the impetuous rush of legislation enacted by Western states dealing with social problems. Going directly to the needs of the everyday citizen, there has been a sincere effort to make society responsible, so far as is feasible, for the conduct of the individual. To be sure, there has been the criticism of interference with 'personal liberty,' but the results speak for themselves. The dwellers in the Middle West have a standard of conduct not to be likened to that of the large eastern cities or even to that of the seaboard commonwealths. They have demanded laws that attempt to

keep from the public those things which make for evil in thought and deed. The political machinery has been changed to include direct primaries; inquiries into social conditions are being conducted under the control of the state; the supervision of public utilities has gone far; the parole system and indeterminate sentence, with humane treatment of criminals and the abolition of capital punishment, have been factors in an effort to cure wickedness rather than merely to punish. 'Blue-sky' laws seek to protect the investor; mothers' pensions and aid for the unfortunate have received attention. In short, there has been in the legislation of these later years a recognition of the brotherhood of man to a degree undreamed of in the period of formative history. Just what the effect of these statutes is to be in lifting the next generation to a higher plane time alone can tell; but whatever the criticism of the outside world, the West believes that it is proceeding in the right direction and that it will gain through its undertakings.

This spirit has been reflected in the changing ideals of education growing out of the larger fields of the universities, where the study of industrial and social service has become a portion of the curriculum. The Western university is not merely a place for the scholar: it is a workshop for the student. Reaching into the intimate life of the community, it is called on to advise regarding the community's health, to develop natural resources, to be in a large sense a co-laborer in everything that affects complete advancement. Along with the development has gone a readjustment of the high school to meet the demands of the pupil who desires to enter industrial or business life. With the preparation for college go manual training, domestic science, book-keeping, stenography, normal training, agriculture, and sane athletics. As a result, the high-school attendance in some states has doubled in a half-decade, and the most serious problem of many a town is to furnish facilities for the increasing number of young people who welcome the opportunity offered. The coming of the supervised playground, of schoolhouses in use twelve months in the year, of night-schools, and of the larger use of the teaching force, has had its effect in making education a more complete equipment for life, and its effect should be manifest in the next generation. What the people of earlier days missed they are trying to make up to their children.

The democratization of education has been a material factor in the broader outlook on life of the rising generation, and has made it easier for the state to engage in legislation tending toward a greater service to the individual. To be sure, not every new idea has proved sound in practice, and it has been necessary to readjust plans to fit modern needs. Enthusiasts have sometimes attempted too much and have forgotten the individual in the desire for accomplishment; the ultimate effect, however, has been to bring a clearer understanding of the relations of society and to open wider the doors of usefulness.

The towns have made the first step toward simplicity of management, and commission government is coming to be the rule rather than the exception. Even that quickly accepted innovation has not proved all that was desired, and now city managers are succeeding the commissions — slowly, but with gaining popularity. The revision of county and state government will be the next step. Just what form will succeed the present is uncertain, as sentiment has not crystallized; but the eager search for betterment is cer-

tain to bring results. That it will be in the direction of centred responsibility, the elimination of useless jobs, and simpler methods in law-making and judicial procedure, is evident. Neither constitutions nor precedent can long restrain action.

This readjustment is indicative of the serious struggle toward a larger democracy, evident in every community, and finding its advocates regardless of partisan politics or social relations. That the West has lost its ideals, is not true. The ideals are not the same as in the pioneer days when problems were broad and their solution depended more on exuberant patriotism than on detailed effort. The problems of to-day are intimate and enter into the life of the neighborhood. What the West is trying to do is to raise the plane of right living and to develop a healthier and saner generation.

Larger, however, in its importance is the development of community spirit. Where formerly a movement for some measure of helpfulness was supported mostly by the ministers and the school-teachers, with few personal followers, now it includes the men and women of affairs, united in a sincere effort to accomplish things worth while. Community houses are being erected, some pretentious and fulfilling the needs of the day, others moderate, but giving promise of greater things later. Money and time are forthcoming for these, and the problem of the neglected boy and girl is receiving the attention of busy men and earnest women in city, town, and country.

This tendency is marked in the women's clubs, now stronger than ever in their history. Where their programmes once were devoted to poetry, literature, and art, they are to-day made up of discussions of matters relating to health, sanitation, government, and community betterment. Some of this change is due to the growth of equal suffrage in the Western states; unquestionably the fact that women in many commonwealths are taking part in the election of every officer is having a definite influence on their interest in government and in the work of public officials. It has, for one thing, called for a higher standard of personal character on the part of public officials. It has been productive of legislation for the child and the overburdened mother. The end is by no means reached in either direction, but the beginning has been made in legislation for reformatory and charitable purposes, and the coming years will see notable progress.

Building a state is no easy task. No matter how patriotic or devoted the leaders, errors and compromises will creep in. This is particularly true of states whose population is composed of former dwellers in forty different commonwealths. The interior states are melting-pots into which enter varied elements and varied inheritances. Grown to independence, the population forms a sturdy force with which to work out the ideals to which it is devoted. In politics the West has always been quick to resent dictation, and frequent upheavals indicate how thorough is the sentiment that the people must be consulted. The enactment of primary laws, limited recall provisions in cities, and other legislation that is believed by the average man and woman to give a greater power to the individual, have brought a changed political atmosphere. But with the reaching of maturity there is no disposition to run amuck or to further laws that are merely the vaporings of uninformed enthusiasts. Extravagances are speedily corrected, and on the whole there is sane and intelligent effort toward sound methods.

No indication is seen to-day that

there could be a duplication of that political uprising which swept the West in the nineties. That experience was unique; it was fostered by financial troubles which do not now exist, and, with the outlook for agriculture, are not likely to be repeated. Yet that period was not after all an unmixed evil: it awoke the people to the study of government, and in the end many of the proposals then advocated became matters of course. The evolution of the West has been toward sanity, and with this has gone an acceptance of its real relation to older sections; its more or less volatile public has settled down to the steady progress of existence.

Just how far this reaches into the civic spirit is evidenced in the willingness of town and country to draw on the future for education and public improvement. Millions of dollars in bonds are issued annually, not for the speculative enterprises of early days, but for the establishment of substantial institutions that shall be a heritage for the next generation. The West is in debt, but its debts are incurred for the things that remain. Its farmers — many of them — owe on their farms, but they are using their income for improvements that are changing the landscape from barrenness to a vista of happy homes. The foreclosure of a mortgage is so rare as to attract attention; it is usually for the quieting of title or the settling of an estate. These things, operating for years, have their effect in giving a stronger hold on the individual who is no more a sojourner waiting a chance to 'cash in' on his speculation, but an integral part of the community. Because of this, he is a factor of more importance in developing the commonwealth along helpful lines. There is in his life to-day a new idea of what his state means to him, and he is fitted thereby for a larger citizenship.

The element of permanency is entering into the ideals of the Westerner. When real estate was advancing in value, when fortune beckoned in every new territory, when cheap lands promised quick riches, the temptation to move on was strong. But land-values are now stationary, or practically so; the frontier exists only in fiction; homesteading is a lost art. The family has decided that the future years will probably be spent in the locality where beginnings have been made, and has planned to make the surroundings as comfortable as possible. So we see farms improved, bath-tubs in the houses, furnaces and electric lights scattered through rural districts, thousands of farm homes transformed from waiting places to settled domiciles.

The rural population of the West does not increase. In some sections it is actually decreasing, and in nearly all decreasing in comparison with the urban population. Retired farmers are building modest homes in town. If the children will stay on the farm, they keep up the old home; if not, tenants care for the land. It is a growing danger to the rich agricultural states of the interior that this is so. It argues for a tenant class that lessens the high standard of production, for no tenant has the same interest as the owner in the maintenance of the productivity of the land. The man living on his income is usually a conservative, and only as he is awakened to the needs of the community, will he join in expansive plans for betterment. The saving grace is that the Western capitalist is the easiest of all money-owners to convince. He has seen the development of the prairies and is eager for the coming of all the advantages that seem to him good for mankind.

These new ideals, in a broad way, are an attempt to get at the very foundations of life and to build aright there-

on. They not only include the community idea, but are concerned with world-affairs. The European war has brought this home. It was not the munition-maker alone who reaped a benefit from the foreign demand for supplies produced here. The farmer sold his wheat, corn, and horses and mules at top figures; the entire price level for his productions advanced, and he came suddenly into a season of rich profits. Yet there was not in the West any change of sympathy with the conflict because of this; and amid a people gaining directly from a continuance of the struggle the peace movements secured a following reached nowhere else in the nation. However, it opened the eyes of the West to its place in the world; the effect was to broaden its view and to impress the essential need of what the soil produces as a factor in the progress of nations. Suddenly it was realized that the Interior exists, not as an appurtenance of the Eastern states, but as an integral factor of the world's business. The tradesman in the country town felt it; the professional man and the farmer realized it; the banker looked beyond the list of customers on his books and saw his relation to world-finances. It sobered the somewhat self-conscious, extravagantly boasting West of a few years ago and brought maturer views, a more intelligent understanding of itself.

The West has passed the experimental stage. It knows what crops will grow, what trees will thrive, and can estimate what limit is to be placed on its people's willingness to adopt new ideas. The early settlers gave quick acceptance to every promised panacea, and the promulgator of *isms* and fads was received as a prophet. Prophets are at a discount to-day. Leaders with sense and integrity are demanded — men and women who temper their theories with hard facts and have a real message. A sort of 'blue-sky' law exists in social and political affairs, as in economics. The leader faces a saner and clearer-headed constituency, one less inclined than of old to lose its self-control over the mere sounding of mellifluous phrases. Results are called for, and earnest effort must be backed by sound argument. The demagogue flourished when states were new; he is not extinct yet, but it is becom-increasingly difficult for him to obtain a hearing from those who make up the substantial portion of the community.

Money never exerted so little influence on legislation and position as it does to-day. This is not because there is a high level of per-capita wealth and a minimum of poverty, but because the people have a changed outlook on life and on business. The West knows that it can succeed in material things; it believes that it can succeed as well in other directions. It is feeling its way — with some mistakes and some wanderings, but all the time reaching a higher plane.

When the country readjusts itself after the end of the European war, — granted that we escape other complications in our diplomatic affairs, — there will come the real test of the West's plans for its own development. It is putting off the vanities of youth and entering on an era of maturity. Its people have enthusiasm, a high standard of courage, and the financial ability to care for their own. They look to a social readjustment that shall lift the entire community to higher levels, to legislative programmes that shall carry with them helpfulness and economic independence. In this are united the everyday men and women of the towns and country districts who are joining hands for the goodness of life.

In two brief decades the West has come to its own. The accomplishment

of a century has been crowded into the nervous years. Conscious of hard-won victories by the fathers and mothers who came before, the generation of to-day takes just pride in a basic wealth that enables it to face the world serene and unafraid. The problems of soil-mastery are being solved; the ability to finance its enterprises in a large measure is recognized — but comparative independence is accepted without over-confidence. It realizes as never before the inter-relation of material progress, yet is sure of its position as an equal, and positive in its belief in its own future.

No more the hysterical West of the nineties, no more the offensively boastful West of the early years of this century, it is self-respecting, serious-minded, hopeful, looking to constructive efforts in legislation, in educational advancement, in community welfare. The West of to-day repudiates the charge that it is a worshiper only of the things of the flesh; its outlook is upon the things of the spirit as well — an outlook rich in the inspiration of bright skies and cheery sunshine. The West has emerged, strong-sinewed, from the struggle of settlerhood and the adjustment to modern conditions; it has come face to face with a marvelous vista of possibilities in social and economic development, a new vision of its people's destiny.

WANTED: A MOTIVE

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

THERE exist men of scientific acumen who can deal with human nature by laboratory methods, reducing emotions, incentives and volitions to the familiar formulæ of the text-books — x, y, z; $y + 3^2 = x$, and so forth. And there are others, statistically predestined, who can chart and diagram the rise and fall, the expansion and contraction, of human dynamics, making, for instance, the line of volition reach its peak in Bismarck and run down through Napoleon III and Micawber to a very submerged base in Rip Van Winkle. At various times I have fallen under the spell of such experts; but my faith, jolted more than once, has broken down entirely in the presence of William Demarest Mason, a friend of school and college days, and not by any means the least welcome of the many who honor my hearth with an occasional visit.

Quite recently Billy Mason dropped in, with his old casual, frank, cordial, and debonair manner, as if we had parted only yesterday, asking almost before greetings were exchanged for the source of a quotation I had used as a text in opening a debate at 'The Grill' (our college debating society) ten years ago, beginning, 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world.' He said he had often recalled it, and always when he did so he had a keen desire to know the

authorship; but on such occasions he was invariably far away from all authorities, and, curiously enough, he had never remembered the passage when he might have traced its origin. He then went to the piano, played Tschaikovsky's Andante Cantabile in B flat with exquisite spirit, and at its close wheeled suddenly and said emphatically, 'I hate Wagner and I hate epics.'

Thus closed the first quarter of an hour of a visit that lasted for two delightful weeks.

While we watched the sunset in the late afternoon, Billy toyed with a succession of cigarettes, flinging each one into the fireplace after two or three whiffs, and spoke sadly about Paris during the early days of the war. How he came to be there, or why, he did not mention. But he was at the corner of the Avenue du Trocadéro and the Rue de Freycinet when a bomb fell from a German aeroplane in September, and several pedestrians were injured. He was partly responsible, at least by giving advice and encouragement to the writer of an article, for the suspension of *L'Homme Libre*. Earlier, during the battles of the Aisne, he had been in the rear of General Maunoury's lines in the Compiègne district, and had worked with the ambulance corps around Vic, Morsain, and Nouvron. Of the dashing heroism of the French soldiers he spoke with undisguised admiration, but with a kind of reverence for the patience and sustained courage of the women of Paris: 'a kind of religion made up of national confidence and personal pride,' he called it. Evidently he had seen the worst there was to see all the way along the crescent of carnage from Ypres to St. Mihiel, and he knew every mood of Paris, from the early terrors following the breaking of the Belgian border until the lines became rigid in December.

Throughout the commentary — for what he said was little more than that — his air was as detached and unconcerned as if he were picking out the salient features of a football game between two colleges in which he had no personal interest. He seemed like one whose only concern it was to annotate life or supply footnotes to the chronicle of events.

In college I came to know Billy Mason quite intimately. His scholarship was of a high order, both in the routine classwork and in the contributions he made beyond the curriculum, in the magazines and in the debates. But no one knew whether his accomplishments were incidental or deliberate; the ease with which he did everything well seemed a half-disguised mockery of learning. Yet there was never even a hint of insincerity, neither was there the slightest tinge of the mental or moral pharisee. He admitted candidly that the life we led was not furnishing him with what he needed most, but he never defined that need. On the whole he bore himself with a cheerful resignation, was never cynical, and accepted whatever guidance the traditions of the place or the interest of the professors might offer. He was thoroughly well liked without being popular, was admired without winning praise, and we all accepted his opinions with deference; but no one ever sought his advice.

One evening during his visit Billy spoke of his life as if he were almost detached from it. If there had not been the subtlest accent of questioning in his tone, I should have concluded that he was engaged in a recital given entirely to interest or amuse me. The manner in which he disclosed himself was unromantic in spite of a background and accessories gathered from the most romantic spots on earth — a record of voyages without adventures and expeditions without exploits. He was as pitiably prosaic as the lecturer in

conventional black and white standing before the screen and monotonously describing the pictures of a gorgeous panorama. Even now I am not sure that Billy did not deliberately and artistically plan the effect; it was certainly too striking to have been entirely unpremeditated; and yet a lingering cadence of contrition throughout the tale made it convincing and touching at the time.

II

He admitted that his life so far had been a miscarriage of purpose; ineffective, he preferred to call it. He inherited a temper of inconclusiveness which he sought to compensate in a series of rapid and conspicuous decisions. He never thought in propositions, but in terms; he never wrote in chapters, but in paragraphs; he never painted, but only sketched. During college he joined every society and club and clique for which he was eligible, but he never rose to the dignity of an office, from matriculation to graduation. He stated the fact; curiously, although I had known him intimately, I had not noticed it. His life did not flow forward as a slowly deepening and widening river, but was more like a chain of little pools connected by shallow rapids or plunging waterfalls; he would rest for a while in a backwater, swing into the current and be hurried to the next, only to repeat the experience with an excitement which itself soon grew to be monotonous.

When he was graduated, he adopted literature as a profession, on the ground that it offered more liberty and fewer compulsions than any other occupation, and because he dreaded the prospect of consistent loafing. It was not necessary that he should work at all, for, although he had never balanced his share of his father's estate, he knew that it was ample, and that if he drew upon it in moderation, it would last indefinitely.

He referred to several attempts to overcome the disposition. At one time he translated two thirds of the 'Purgatorio,' preserving the original metre in the English; he left the MS. with an artist in Siena until his return to Italy; but when he went back, his trustee had disappeared. He completed the analytical half of a philosophical treatise on 'The Primary Concepts,' but had never resumed the work. After writing eight or ten short stories which had a certain resemblance of mood, he had laid them aside in the hope of finding a dominating *motif*, when he would weave them into an ambitious novel. Two or three other projects had similarly disappointed him.

Fully conscious of his fatal inability to pursue a course to its issue, he determined upon drastic measures. 'Then I made a monumental ass of myself,' he said with a smile.

I was just wondering whether Billy had been spoiled by inherited wealth, when he read my thoughts and assured me that it was not so; he had absolutely no fear of poverty. Never in any year had he used more than one half of his income, not because he wanted to accumulate, but because he had no desire to spend. He attributed his failure to the lack of sufficient stimuli in modern civilization. 'Conditions to-day,' he said, 'absorb motives, but do not create them.' Society had been refined into sterility and had become incapable of giving either the inspiration or momentum for protracted or consistent effort. Thinking only in terms again, he decided to seek some phenomenal experience where the elemental forces play unhampered and with naked naturalness, and where he might find incentives so fresh that they would not be spent before a decent bit of work could be accomplished. He would un-

derstand and describe what he saw and felt. The experience that he gave dated back several years, but he told his story as though the last chapter were just closing.

So, girding himself with a handsome air of resolution, Billy scanned the most distant horizons. At that moment Russia promised enough sensation to generate a frenzy of zeal for an indefinite period. The barricades, the charging Cossacks, the bursting bombs, the reek of blood, and through it all frenzied voices inarticulately shouting for Freedom! The French Revolution would be a bagatelle beside it; the throne must fall; the Duma must rise; the peasantry would be enfranchised; the aristocracy perish in the fumes of lyddite and amid the hurrahs of liberty; each day would shriek with the birth-pains of a new era. Billy started for St. Petersburg, *via* Bremen. But on the ship he met a member of the Hungarian Reichstag, who told him marvelous things about the twin Empire — how the sky was ominously black and the spirit of Kossuth was again stirring in the breasts of the Magyars. The Emperor must give heed at once to the petition of his fierce subjects, the intolerable anomaly of language must be immediately corrected, or again white plumed bands would take the field, and this time it would be Armageddon! The legislator had little hope of peace. Could any member of the House of Hapsburg ever understand the Magyar? The clash was inevitable; it might occur immediately; perhaps it had already begun.

Billy listened, and before the liner buried herself in the North Sea fog, he had changed the labels on his baggage and looked up hotels in Vienna and Budapest. Correspondents of marked ability were swarming in St. Petersburg and Moscow; so far as he knew, Hungary was an open field.

In Paris Billy found the American Embassy quite unconcerned about the state of Europe, but alarmed for Northern Africa. Morocco was seriously disturbed and the Sudan in a ferment. A brand-new Mahdi had lifted his green turban as a standard, and the tribesmen were massing with unusual fanaticism. The Sirdar had intercepted an inbound British transport and dropped a seasoned regiment at Suakim; Khartum was alive with troops.

Billy felt the glamour of a desert war steal over his imagination — camel corps, fuzzy-wuzzies, the moonlight dash for the oasis, the hollow square against which the waves of black madmen would break only to throw up a spray of blood and roll back decimated and spent. He could not resist the spell, but rushed to Brindisi, caught the P. and O. mail, and found himself in squat and squalid Port Said within a week. Cairo was uncommunicative; the most that he could discover from an official close to Lord Cromer was to the effect that an effort was being made to detach certain tribes from the revolt, and five or six months might elapse before the results of such diplomacy could be known. In the meantime hostilities were to be avoided; Lord Cromer believed that peace alone could redeem the Sudan.

His ardor somewhat dashed, Billy was on the point of returning to Europe to take up one of his dropped cues, when he met a shipping agent who told him a bizarre story of the pearl-fishery on the northwest coast of Ceylon. The industry is controlled by the British authorities, who watch the precious beds scientifically and announce the hour at which the submarine harvest may be gathered. Such a proclamation, in half a dozen languages, had just been issued, and the lure of the pearl was fast filling the Gulf of Manar with the floating adventurers of the

East. Eighty-three million bivalves were ready to be gathered, perhaps to yield ten million pearls. The rendezvous was Marichchikkaddi, a matter of one hundred and twenty miles from Colombo. There is really no permanent place of that unpronounceable name; it is a fleeting city which springs like a rash upon the white skin of the shore, remains at fever heat for a few weeks, and disappears when the last oyster has been opened, leaving only an itching reminiscence of itself, until the agent of the Colonial Secretary shall proclaim another fishery. Nowhere else in the East, and at no other time, can one see such a sight: a hundred languages and dialects assault the ear; the finest samples of Oriental manhood gather for the adventure — Arabs, Cingalese, Tamils, Bengali, Malays, and nameless others; the divers and their sturdy boatmen are most in evidence, but there are also men in British uniform, money-lenders, gamblers, speculators, gem-collectors, agents of mighty pearl-loving rajahs, buyers from London and Paris and New York jewelers, all the bunco-steerers and sharpers from the lands without police, and God only knows what other varieties of uncatalogued humanity.

Billy must go, of course, and he booked at once for Colombo. The voyage down was tedious, the passengers conventional, and the vessel slow, too slow — the fishery had just closed. He sat down in the Galle Face Hotel and flagellated himself for nearly an hour, took a plunge in the swimming tank, called twice for whiskey and soda, and meditated.

What should he do next? Billy vacillated and gyrated, but finally took the hint of a fellow guest and decided upon Tibet. It seems that a company of Japanese Buddhists were visiting the sacred places of their faith. 'Make for Kashmir,' advised the officer, who professed to have shot in every inaccessible place throughout the Himalayas. 'Peshawar, near the Afghan frontier, will be your starting-point. The party intends to follow the route of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese priest who visited and described the Buddhist shrines of Central Asia in the seventh century. You are likely to meet them anywhere — at Shabatzgari, or at Dahl Lake, or on the Jhelum River, or at Srinagar; but probably at Srinagar, where the Emperor Asoka built more than five hundred monasteries. Of course, there is the chance that you may have to go to Bablit, or the Hunza Valley.'

Why Billy went to Tuticorin and thence by rail through the whole length of India, instead of going to Karachi by sea, he never knew; neither did he know much about the next two or three weeks, in Lahore, which he spent in bed, in a dark inner room with preposterous windows close to an incredibly high ceiling in the 'Charing Cross Hotel,' — a name which considerably aggravated his ailment. When able to crawl around again, he took a *gharry* to the New Museum and learned to his chagrin that the Japanese pilgrimage was already a matter of history. But the great Mala was soon to be held at Allahabad! Probably a million fanatics would gather at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna — a sight worth crossing continents to see. There would be an unbelievable number of holy men exhibiting such grotesque and gross forms of holiness that one would pray to be sinful.

Billy proceeded by slow stages and found at Delhi that he might go to Calcutta, replenish his kit, call upon a friend, and return to Allahabad in time for the Mala. In the meanwhile he studied a wretched translation of the *Mahabharata* until he had the hundred sons of Dhritarashtea and the five Pandara princes so hopelessly mixed

that he would never know who won the famous eighteen battles on the plain of Kurushetra, or whether men sacrificed to gods or gods to men; but he had a faint suspicion that they sacrificed each other.

Billy never went back to Allahabad. The Calcutta papers reported trouble in British North Borneo. It was the fault of the Company of course, but a fault for which England might pay dearly. The blunders of the South African Chartered Company were diplomacy itself compared with those of the B. N. B. Co., which issued its own currency, commanded a miniature army, and allowed its sub-clerks, mere boys fresh from the sixth form of an English public school, to act as magistrates. For years it had all been the butt of the East, but now it was intolerable, and at any moment there might be a repetition of the ghastliest phases of the great Mutiny. Still, Englishmen are always game and hold life as lightly as a Dyak.

All of which Billy learned in Singapore, where he landed from a B. I. coaster with as incoherent a mind as a man might carry on his shoulders. For two days he reconstructed geography, for two more he investigated a local currency reform; and, challenged by Chinese mansions and Chinese equipages on the Bund, he devoted several other days to ruminating upon the folly of our exclusion laws. He admitted that they mixed drinks incomparably in the Straits, and he believed they mixed everything else.

I forget why he never reached Borneo, but when he left Singapore it was for Hong Kong. There had been a massacre of American missionaries at Lien Chou, about three hundred miles up the river from Canton. It was promising — perhaps the premonition of another Boxer uprising. But at Hong Kong the way was barred; the American consul could not arrange with the commander of the gunboat for Billy to accompany the investigating commission; and the trouble was over and the Viceroy would meet the bill, whatever it might be.

Billy was furious: he swore; he grew cynical toward people who could not possibly understand his epigrams; he felt homesick and self-sick. He went up to the Peak and looked down on the crowded harbor: it was night, and the myriad lights twinkling from junks and tramps and liners and battleships, and craft of every kind, seemed like sunken stars, as if the world had toppled upside down and the heavens were beneath his feet. He laughed at the conceit. The next day he booked for home.

III

Such are the outstanding features of Billy Mason's story. He told it with just a touch of chagrin, particularly toward the close, but without bitterness. The period between his grand tour in search of a motive and the visit to my home was filled with a continuation of the quest but with gradually diminishing hope and ardor. Apparently he ransacked the universe to find some incentive or impulse or inspiration that would put a compulsion upon his will that he could not disallow. For years, indeed for his entire conscious life, he has lived with all the doors and windows of his being wide open, inviting the entrance of any force that might coördinate and direct his energies and faculties, always willing, and in a way anxious, that they should become less variant and vagrant and more determinative and effective.

His reading has been surprisingly systematic, particularly in philosophy, history, sociology, and psychology; twice or thrice he has returned to music and studied under some of the great

masters; he has written for the magazines, and both in essays and short fiction has met with an appreciation that many a practiced author would have felt to be gratifying.

Bent upon discovering whether he had exhausted the various resources that suggested themselves to my mind, I deliberately but delicately stimulated conversation such as might lead to further self-disclosures. I spoke of journalism — practical, everyday newspaper work, in which the world and all its ways must be surveyed and evalued each morning; of the pleasure to be derived from the consciousness that one is not only chronicling the life of one's age but is actually helping to turn the current of contemporaneous thought and action into safer or happier channels.

But I found that Billy knew more about it than I did. In 1912 he had taken hold of a daily paper — a part of his father's estate — in a city of Pennsylvania, and had run it for more than a year in the interest of the Progressive party. There was something so positive and masterful in the Roosevelt revolt that it gave vivid promise of becoming a permanently cohesive force in his own life and in the development of the nation. He threw himself into the movement with unsimulated ardor, wrenched the party machinery out of the old Republican hands, elected a complete ticket, and drove a stream of new, clean, and vital thought into the local mind. Then there came the ebb of enthusiasm; one by one the converts harked back to their former allegiance; the idealism either faded away or hardened into habits that were indistinguishable from those recently abandoned; and, within nine months, the newly elected officials practically harnessed their power and mortgaged their freedom to the very party they had so recently rebuked and defeated. As Billy persisted editorially in following the gleam that had promised so much, subscribers fell away, advertisers withdrew, and 'the gang' started a rival paper. He was left without readers and with a monthly balance-sheet that mocked and humiliated him.

We were standing together looking across the estuary while a tug was straining to pull a barge off the mudflats. Our talk had been of mutual friends, their homes and happiness, and their easy satisfactions with life as expressed through conventionalities. He thought that the ethics of domesticity were largely a surrender, a case of the line of least resistance. There was just the slightest stringency in his tone. He said that a man should love so utterly that he would feel like an irredeemable cad if he offered the woman only his body in exchange for all she had to give; that honor compelled him to contribute some distinctive moral achievement to balance the partnership; that marriage must be more than a physical union or a social pooling of immediate interests: it must be an act of spiritual dedication, the bringing of the first-fruits to the altar. I confess that I hardly gathered the full implication of the doctrine, but I had the distinct impression that Billy must have loved and that he had practiced a renunciation on excessively lofty grounds. The manner in which he spoke of Browning's *Andrea Del Sarto* later in the day tended to confirm my inference.

The last day of Billy's visit fell on a Sunday, and we went together to church. During our homeward walk Billy spoke quite freely of religion, as if it had a pronounced place in his scheme of things and as if it were a fixed and valued element in his life. In setting down what he said I will leave the personal pronouns exactly as he used them: —

'Many a time I have come out of church carrying a weight I did not take in. The restrained or passionate music of the organ put me in a mood to worship, the "Venite" exalted and purified my faith, the confession subdued me to humility, the lesson made me reverently expectant, the hymns gave a more or less adequate expression to my emotions; then, if the choir had chanted the "Nunc dimittis" and the clergyman had pronounced a gentle benediction, I could have gone home with a restful or a resolute spirit. But too often the sermon has nullified or even degraded the service; it has been so trivial as to seem an impertinence, so narrow and captious that it savored of impudence.

'But two years ago I saw a beautiful sermon in St. John Lateran. I say I saw it, because the crowd was too great for a late comer to get within hearing of the preacher's words. He was a monk, not a day older than thirty-five years; his face was bathed in light that streamed through an ancient and richly colored window, and his voice, as it reached the edge of the standing congregation, was mellow and joyous. I knew it was truly a message of God, full of tender emotion and chiding love and invigorating hope, because it awoke a visible response in that typical Roman audience. Once a smile of gratification rippled over all the faces as if a door had been flung wide open unexpectedly and they were bidden to enter a long-closed palace. And once, when his finger pointed to the streaming window, all eyes followed as if they saw a revelation written in the light. Occasionally neighbor would turn to neighbor and nod, as if a cherished but unuttered hope had been confirmed. A woman with a gorgeous silk scarf about her head held a child upon her shoulder, and when the man standing by her side relieved her of the burden, she looked surprised and grateful and turned eagerly again to the preacher. When he finished there seemed to be scarcely a shadow on any face, and the people trooped out with a buoyancy that was unmistakable. I spent the remainder of the day rereading *Le Recit d'une Sœur*, and it was the happiest Christmas I have spent since childhood.'

When Billy left me I thought about him anxiously. Here was a man wooed by all the gods, terrestrial and celestial, but whom none had won. Can it be possible that in a universe packed with powers there is not one sufficiently strong to grip and direct this errant man? He is far too good to be allowed to go to waste; too fine in sensibility, too vigorous and versatile in mentality, too spontaneously true in instinct and impulse. Thus far ambition, war, love, religion, and the call of the common weal have been in vain; to each in turn he has responded languidly, but not one has gripped him with any degree of lasting passion. He wanders to and fro upon the face of the earth, always graceful and gracious, always welcomed by his friends and respected by his acquaintances; but always recognized as a man of unrealized possibilities, unused capacities. Is there no one, no cause, no faith, no enterprise, in these days and in this land of dynamics, that can lay an imperious claim upon him? He, not less than I, wishes it might be so.

DISLOYALTY OF THE GERMAN-AMERICAN PRESS

BY FRANK PERRY OLDS

NEWSPAPERS printed in this country in the German language have said that they are loyal to the United States. Other editors have read their statements and believed them. Americans in general have been led to suppose that our pro-German press, once so emphatic in defense of Germany, is now supporting the United States in the prosecution of its war against the German Empire. But nothing could be further from the truth. The pro-German press of the country has merely revised its propaganda to fit its present needs.

Carefully avoiding anything which would lay them open to the charge of treason according to the letter of the law, German-American newspapers are daily violating its spirit by spreading a fabric of anti-government lies, anti-Ally calumnies, and anti-war agitations. It is their aim to bring defeat to the cause we have espoused by discrediting our motives, by preventing assistance to the Allies, and by causing discontent and opposition in our own country. Confidently expecting a German victory, they wish to hasten that desirable event by withholding our weight from the Allied offense.

In so brief a paper, it is impossible to do more than touch the main points of this new propaganda. That it exists is beyond question. The pro-German press has discovered a way to help Germany while keeping within the law. It is a new propaganda, apparently safe in showy cloak of lip-patriotism. The American people will do well, I believe, to give it their serious attention.

Since the beginning of the world-war, the German press of the United States has consistently praised and defended every move of the Imperial German government. Every step of the American government in maintenance of its neutrality which did not redound to the credit and advantage of Germany, every step in resistance to German aggression, has been condemned. German-American newspapers went into paroxysms of joy over the sinking of the Lusitania, and their sharpest criticism of the Zimmermann note to Mexico was that it was 'unwise.' They deemed our neutrality 'scurvy' and 'one-sided.' The German Emperor has been praised by them as mild, God-fearing, and faithful to the interests of his people; the President of the United States has been characterized as hypocritical, selfish, and unworthy of his high office. Count Zeppelin's services have been exaggerated; Admiral Dewey's services, in view of his defiance of Germany,[1] have been minimized. Von Bernstorff has been called a true diplomat; Ambassador Gerard has been referred to as a 'thing calling itself a diplomat.' Before we entered the war, the German-American press existed, apparently, for the glorification of Germany and abuse of the United States. Then our war came.

When the President's message sounded through the halls of Congress, there were some men among us sanguine enough to hope for a complete change

[1] The Diederichs episode in Manila Bay during the Spanish War.—THE AUTHOR.

of heart in the German-American editorial bosom. Though we knew that German-Americans had steadfastly opposed a war between Germany and America, we thought that the actuality might convert them to a semblance of Americanism. It did not, but it made them more circumspect. They began to realize that opinions would no longer be viewed as 'pro-German' or 'un-American,' but would be labeled 'patriotic' or 'treasonable.' For obvious reasons, their first 'patriotic' effusions were of undivided loyalty to the United States. Under cloak of that loyalty, they launched their new propaganda.

Long before the sixth day of April, 1917, the German-American press had characterized our national leaders as dishonest and unfair. The foundations were all laid when war came, and it was necessary only to continue along the old lines — to undermine, so far as possible, the faith of German-American readers in the justice of the American cause, to discount our declared principles, and to represent as tawdry and ignoble our real motives. But, first of all, Germany must be freed from all blame. 'Germany did everything in her power to adjust herself to our one-sided neutrality,' said the Cincinnati *Volksblatt;* and concluded by throwing the whole blame for the war on the President.

With never a word to show that we might be right, the hyphenated press devoted all its energies to showing that we must be wrong. 'World-history is a world-court,' said the Baltimore *Deutsche Correspondent.* 'Its iron stylus will engrave the facts and make it difficult for America's present generation to stand with honor before coming generations.'

It was our duty, in the opinion of these papers, to declare war on both sides or on neither. We have allowed England to delay our boats and open our mails, and we 'owed it to our sense of justice to exercise forbearance to the other side after having accorded it to the one.'

Feeling in advance that war was inevitable, German editors had considered what to say as to its causes. On April 2, the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger* thus presented its case: —

'Since Germany with her allies is rather sure of victory and of indemnification by the Allies, the only way in which the millions lent the Allies can be secured is by their modification into American bonds. To do that, of course, the American people must be brought to a state of war.'

German-American editors agree that our war is really a last effort to save the money lent the Allies. We have financed the Allies and now we realize that Germany will win. We must convert Allied bonds into American bonds and prolong the war 'in order to put off the day of peace, so that American business can adjust itself to the peace-conditions as they will be after this most awful war is ended.'

The real causes being thus disposed of, the 'alleged' principles were discussed. The President had said that we were determined to overthrow Prussian imperialism to the end that democracy might be safe. Overlooking the main point, the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* says, 'We have just as much reason to continue the war for the dethronement of the Hohenzollerns as for that of the houses of Saxe-Coburg on the British and Belgian thrones, or against the Roumanian branch of the Hohenzollern family.'

In fact, German editors as a whole believe we have much less reason. The German people, they say, do not want to be free, and, even if they did, our allies and ourselves are hardly the ones to free them. When Germans speak of a 'democratic German Empire,' they

mean 'true democracy and not pseudo-democracy as in England, France, and the United States,' says the Baltimore *Correspondent;* and adds, 'The German Empire of to-day is indeed already nearer a true democracy than England, where money power rules, *as it does with us.*'

It is 'a falsehood that Great Britain is a democracy,' and the United States, which would presume to 'elevate' Germany, is inferior by several 'nose-lengths' to Germany in democratic institutions. In fact, now that the Czar is out, 'it would not be surprising if we ourselves should yet become Russian,' for 'many Russian methods already enjoy great favor in our country.'

Thus the German press dilates on our war principles, real and fancied. Our war is unjust and is recognized as such by the people, as is shown by the small number of recruits. Our principles are mercenary and mean. If we fight against Germany, we shall in all likelihood be defeated, but it will be best for us to stay at home.

'America first!'

That is to-day one of the German editor's pet slogans. Under that banner he has concealed the second and most important unit of his revised propaganda — the creation of distrust in our Allies. He is afraid that the Allies will impose upon us. He points to their selfishness, their greed; and he advises us to have nothing to do with them. His aim is clear. If he can prevent all aid from this country to the Allies, the Allies will be defeated and Germany, 'our true friend,' will be triumphant. No opportunity is lost to point out the perfidy of Albion, who 'has already seen to the foundation of the United States of Great Britain and America, and appointed a colonial governor to step into the White House at the opportune moment. We must have nothing to do with such schemers.' The Chicago *Abendpost* expresses the prevalent idea thus: —

'It would be a grievous wrong, a crime against the people and the country, if the United States should now put at the disposal of the Entente Powers its money and what it has of war supplies and soldiers. For they would probably be only fruitless victims for a foreign cause and one fundamentally hostile to America. If the improbable should happen and the Entente, thanks to American aid, should gain victory over Germany and her allies, we would only ourselves put the British yoke about our neck and make ourselves dependent for all time on the British Empire.'

To avoid conquest by the British, we must adhere to a policy of 'America first.'

Just what do German-American editors mean by 'America first'?

In the first place, we must not let the Allies, 'that band of robbers,' have any of our money. The Allies have given money to Imperial Russia, they reason. Through the revolution, they have lost that money, and they will be unable to pay back what the United States has already lent them. Any money we give the Allies, especially Russia and England, will be thrown away.

In the second place, we must not send the Allies any food; we need it all ourselves. I imagine no one will dispute the fact that our food situation is a difficult one, but it is not true that we have need for everything which we produce. England certainly needs every bit we can send, but the German press realizes that a hungry England will not fight a winning war. Editorials and inciting news-items calculated to arouse the laboring classes are being printed daily in pro-German sheets. Their obvious purpose is so to inflame public opinion that food-riots will break out

in all parts of the country. Often these editorials are only three or four lines long, but frequently several are printed the same day. It is asserted that the poor man may consider himself lucky to-day, since he will soon be unable to buy any provisions at all. A picture of Americans starving, while the English gorge themselves with American food, is certainly neither true nor patriotic, and must, when repeated daily, have behind it a sinister purpose.

In the third place, we must not send the Allies any men. It has been emphasized that all German-language newspapers favor conscription. It is true that they favor it as a principle, but they are not enthusiastic about it for the present war. The Chicago *Abendpost*, which does not believe that active participation is at all necessary, suggests that we let volunteers go to Europe and keep the drafted army at home. The German press is sure that 'at least six months are necessary to train a soldier.' It is equally sure that Germany will have won the war by then. Conscription is an excellent thing, 'but the new army will not have to fight,' since it 'will not be sufficiently trained to be sent into battle.'

After having made these three suggestions, the German-language editor makes a fourth: We must not make any entangling alliances. Admitting that we are unaccountably coöperating with the Allies, he insists, in the words of the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, that 'There can be no coalition of the United States with the Entente group, since the latter bow to the same gods of Autocracy and of suppression of the will of the people which America is seeking to destroy. The United States is seeking to dethrone the autocracies of Central Europe; but, as soon as it aligns itself with the Allies, it permits the autocracies of Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania to revive.'

'America first' and the Allies not at all! There is only one thing that can be made of such a programme. If all American aid — money, food, supplies, men — were denied the Allies, the Allies would be defeated. It is not 'America first' that is meant. The real words, unprinted, gradually take shape in the reader's mind: 'Germany first!'

Since the sixth day of April, the German-language press of the United States has been pursuing the new propaganda. It has done its best to help Germany by throwing stumbling-blocks in the way of an effective prosecution of the war by the United States. It has gloated in six-column heads over German victories and allied defeats.[1] It has consistently refused to believe Allied and American reports when such conflicted with those emanating from Berlin. Since the sixth day of April it has done all these things, and many of them it has been doing since the beginning of the war. The cumulative effect of such propaganda can hardly be overestimated. If it is also remembered that the dozen largest papers are read by more than a million people, it will be seen that we have here a force worthy of notice — a force that congratulates La Follette and his like for their 'courage,' and denounces anti-governmental agitations in Germany as conspiracies.

Not one of these papers has expressed an iota of sympathy with the purposes announced by the President

[1] A few examples of such heads may not be amiss. I take these submarine delights from the *New Yorker Herold:* 'A Few More Sunk; 35 Ships Sunk in One Week; 1,100,000 Tons Sunk in April.' 'Submarine War Threatens England's Existence.' The following head from the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* brings tidings of American governmental deceit: 'Washington Falsely Interprets Capelle's Words.' Capelle is the German Secretary of Marine. — The Author.

as those for which we are fighting. Before the declaration of war they supported every aim of the most extreme chauvinists in Germany, and by no word has any German-American paper indicated a change of belief. As the Milwaukee *Germania* says, —

'Our friends know what we think and feel. This paper has courageously and consistently expressed its conviction in this matter. The fact that war has now been declared through the expediency of recognizing the existence of a state of war does not at all change our opinion and our convictions. But it forces us to keep silent from now on.'

They do not dare to-day to attack directly the declared purpose of the United States, but they still can and do attack every statement of the purposes of our allies, which are now in their main outline those of the United States.

Their campaign of racial division has continued unabated. In every line is apparent the attempt to make the American citizen of German birth or descent feel that he is a man apart from the common herd of Americans: that he is of better stuff; that his ideals are different; that he is a much higher creation than the ordinary dollar-chaser of Dollarika. Almost daily admonitions are printed: 'Be careful to whom you talk.' 'Don't express your views about the war' — the implication being that the German-American is not loyal, does not believe in the justice of the country's cause, and that, if he should speak his mind, he would be exposed to the charge of treason.

At least one million men, women, and children living in the United States are being misinformed and misguided. Many of them are, no doubt, being converted to the propagandist's ways of thinking. The Constitution allows free speech. The Constitution does not allow comfort to the enemy. The case of the German-American press is between the two. What are we going to do about it? What *can* we do about it?

[There are several things we can do about it, and it seems well to consider them.

By temper and tradition, the people of the United States are easy-going and tolerant. We believe in that temper and we respect that tradition. And, likewise, we believe in and respect the great body of American citizens of German inheritance. But, in the matter before us, we confront a situation where tolerance is defeating its own ends. Here in America we bear with the publication of newspapers in the enemy language, though in Europe such forbearance is unknown and almost inconceivable. But now, these papers, unmindful of their privilege, trade upon our patience. As Mr. Olds shows, the bulk of the German-American press in this country consists frankly of enemy papers. Enemy papers, printed in the enemy language, protected by our laws and admitted to the privileges of the mails! That is coddling sedition with a vengeance.

The remedy is a sane war-time censorship upon enemy propaganda, and a substantial war-time tax on the printed use of the enemy language. Statements which would not be tolerated in American newspapers must not find immunity in the thin disguise of German type, and the publication of newspapers in the German language is a privilege which should be paid for. We have singled out the German press as the subject for Mr. Olds's article and for these remarks, because here, as in Europe, it is German thinking which is the chief offender, and fortunately because it is with Germany alone that we are at war. — THE EDITORS.]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ASKING FOR A RAISE

HAVE you ever asked for a raise in salary? If you have not, there is something coming to you in the way of a brand-new feeling: I mean the sensation you experience while approaching the boss on this quest. It is not just like sea-sickness; it is not exactly the same as dropping ten stories in an elevator; yet there are points of similarity to it in each of these. Walking into the dentist's office with a tooth aching to be pulled approximates it as nearly as anything else, although in this case the pain is reversed: the boss is the one who has the pain, and you are the one to do the pulling.

As much depends on your approach to the boss as does on your approach to the green, to use an expression of golf. You must not shoot too far; neither should you foozle and have to make an extra attempt. But go right in as if you belonged there. Never mind speaking about the weather as a self-starting device; say what is on your mind. He can find out about the atmospheric conditions by looking out of the window.

When you go in on the green carpet the boss is very busy. He is frowning and looks decidedly squally. The thought comes over you that you will not say what you meant to; that this is not the time anyway, and besides, he probably won't give it to you and you will feel chagrined and that you are an ass for coming in there at all. These are not separate thoughts but one sickening, panic-stricken lurch of your brain. It is lucky that the boss does not look up and see the expression on your face, because he would think that you had either lost your reason or had been taken violently ill. As it turns out, he leads.

'Well, Percival?'

He manages to put a fatherly tone into these two words. He also contrives to inject into them a something which tells you that he is about to refuse your request, if you have courage enough left to make it, and that he is going to feel hurt about the whole thing. You could feel sorry for him if you were not so busy feeling sorry for yourself. How he manages to do this is a mystery and a subject on which only a boss could write.

The panic-stricken feeling abates just enough for you to see a mental picture of General Putnam going down the long flight of stone steps after something very fierce (you cannot remember just what), Nathan Hale making his famous wish, Horatius at the bridge, or Washington crossing the Delaware. With these examples of heroic endeavor prodding you on, you say the words. They are not the words that you have rehearsed; no, indeed. They are very extemporaneous. They are simple Anglo-Saxon words, not grammatically put together and totally different from any that you had planned to say. However they are out and you do not feel like Atlas any longer.

A fleeting pain seems to pass through the boss, as if he had been secretly and suddenly stabbed. This wears away, to be succeeded by a long, thoughtful look, suggesting that he has been not only hurt, but surprised. (The old rascal knew what you wanted when you came in.)

'Well, you know, Percival, times are not what they should be. We're under a big expense and the way things are — I don't know. Let's see, how long have you been with us?'

You tell him, and he swings in the swivel-chair the employees gave him last Christmas and looks out of the window. He seems to be pondering over the terrific expense the firm is laboring under. You had entertained an idea that the concern was highly prosperous. But all your brains have been left outside and you gravely accept the thought that the business is tottering on the brink of failure. There is something the matter with your heart, you find. Too much smoking probably. If you have sense enough to keep quiet, he will make the next move.

'Well, I guess it's all right. You can tell Barker on the way out that I said you could have four dollars more after this.'

You beam. Words of thanks come in a jumble, and perhaps a mist steals over your eyes.

The boss deprecatingly raises his hand, growling, 'Not at all, not at all.' Then he turns to the burden he bears, which he somehow makes you feel has become four dollars more of a burden. You steal softly out, leaving him to the figures on the pad in front of him. They are the comparison of his golf-score with that of Colonel Bogey, though you do not know that.

The door closes and you take a couple of steps which no Russian dancer could ever equal. You tell Barker, trying to keep your voice down where it belongs. Barker smiles. You do not know what that smile means, but you will know some day, when you are a Barker.

That evening you tell her. A thing like this must be told at just the right moment. The telling must not be delayed; neither should it be an abrupt overture to a pleasant evening. One thing is certain: you will tell it casually. Should you be smoking, you will flick the ash from your cigarette as a period to the sentence. If you are not smoking, you will brush an imaginary speck from your knee. These are the only two gestures possible. She will say, 'No, *really?*' And you answer, 'Uh-huh.' And what does it matter then whether you are going to be a Barker or a Boss?

THE LADY I SHALL NEVER KNOW

I WONDER so often what she is really like — this lady I shall never know. How would she appear if I could achieve an unexpected detached view of her? Suppose, for instance, I met her to-day for the first time. Suppose friends brought her to call, and, glancing up even now, I should see her coming across the veranda, entering the front door. Should I like her? Should I recognize her, I wonder? There would, of course, be something familiar about her, so that while friends were introducing us, I should be wondering where I had known her before; but I think on the whole I should find so much that was unexpected, so many little unguessed tricks of manner and peculiarities of speech, that I should be completely puzzled, unless indeed I recognized her by her dress.

But this is all, of course, an impossibility. I shall never meet the lady thus. I shall never see her as a detached whole, as I see other people. It is only fragmentary glimpses that I get of her, only bits of her that I see at a time. For me — though others seem to know her so well — she seems like a scattered picture-puzzle, which I try in vain to put together. Even with her physical appearance as a whole I am unfamiliar. Here, also, I usually see only bits of her at a time. I see her hands at

work, or the color of her frock, or her hair when it is being brushed; but how she looks coming through a door, sitting, talking, or reading, or at work in her garden, I do not know. Sometimes, indeed, I see her unexpectedly when she is shopping, or in some public place, and fail to recognize her.

Last spring I caught an unexpected glimpse of her buying Easter cards. With a shock I recognized her by the ribbon in her hat. 'Goodness!' I whispered to myself, 'is *that* the way she looks?' It was her expression which was so unexpected. From that I gathered that her attitude toward life was wholly different from what I had supposed it to be. And how does she speak? I hear her talking more often than any one else in the world; and yet if her voice were to come suddenly out of a gramophone, in all probability I should not know that it was hers. Her dreams also — I can *never* know what the lady is going to dream about. When she shuts her eyes to the commonplace of every day and gives herself up to the magic of sleep, what wholly unexpected adventures come sailing up out of the dark to bear her away!

Patience, dear reader; my difficulty with this strange lady is yours also — a universal perplexity!

It is not the lady's physical appearance that interests me. It is the real lady that I would know — her heart, her mind, her spirit. But here again I see her only in fragments. I know what she wishes to be, but what she really is, I have no idea. Other people tell me that they know her well. They tell me that such and such characteristics are special attributes of hers, and I am always surprised. Sometimes I try to understand the lady by listening to what other people tell me about her. But here I am perpetually bewildered because she seems to appear so differently to different people. There are times when I fear she is an indefinite, fluid kind of creature, pouring herself into the mould of any strong personality that offers. I fear that she is cursed with the curse of Reuben and is as unstable as water. She dresses herself in so many parts that it is well-nigh impossible to say which is the real lady.

Over and over again I catch her imitating the heroine of the latest novel she has read — or the hero, for that matter. She seems, like Ulysses, to have 'become a part of all that she has met.' Indeed, such a patch-work quilt of other human beings does she seem to be, that, if she were to die to-night, I should not know which of her personalities she would pack up to take with her into the next world, and which she would have to leave behind because she had only borrowed it from other people.

O strange lady, do not baffle me forever! Let me hold you off at arm's length and really look at you, really know you as I know other people! No, you will not do it, you *cannot* do it. Strange lady, myself, I shall never know you! Any more than you, poor patient reader, will ever know yourself. You may know me and I know you, but ourselves we shall never know, unless, indeed, when we pass into the next world we find awaiting us — perhaps the greatest surprise in store for us — ourselves as we really are.

SPRING TERM, 1917

Mostly, yesterday was rotten. I progressed from gloom to gloom. My hours of work have been reduced to four a week, the least possible number, unless indeed all the undergraduates go. For still they go. On my way to lunch I was stopped near the railway station by a breathless boy. It was one

Scotty, a senior, who had been cherubic as a freshman such a short time ago.

'Will you give me a recommendation? Please, sir! Mr. So-and-so said he would, but I can't find him, and I'm going on this train in ten minutes!'

The train was puffing mildly, preliminary to departure.

'Ambulance?' I asked, 'or mosquito-fleet, or —'

'Training-camp,' he broke in. 'Here's pen and paper.'

So I went over to the news-stand and wrote, the manager of it contributing a blotter.

'It gives me pleasure to recommend,' I wrote to some unknown captain or colonel or knight-at-arms —

'Scotty, are you a man of good moral character?'

'Well, — I guess you might say so.'

'But,' I objected, 'what about that little game I caught you up in — that little game of bridge not altogether for fun? Does a man of good character gamble?'

'It was such a little game,' he said, 'and only once in a long while!'

'And what about the time I met you in Holder Court, when —?'

'Oh, that — that was pure accident! You see —'

But I was writing. 'Of high moral character,' I wrote.

'Scotty,' I asked, 'what kind of an academic record have you?'

'Well,' he said, with more confidence, 'I never flunked out!'

So I wrote, 'faithful in the performance of his duties, and of more than average ability.'

'What do you know of the profession of arms?'

'Well,' — and here the newsdealer grinned, — 'I can do the close formations, as a rear-ranker; and I can get that damn old Krag around pretty well, with the Manual.'

'Has already had some military training,' I wrote.

Then I said, 'Scotty, look me in the eye!'

He looked me in the eye.

'And I am sure,' I wrote on, 'that for courage, for the power of inspiring the men under him, you will find him equal to the best.'

'Now, Scotty, who am I?'

He was puzzled. 'Why — why — you're a professor.' There was a note of question in the declaration.

'No,' I had to assure him, 'only an assistant professor. I shall have to tag my name with the title so that the colonel will know by what authority I write.'

I wrote my name and betrayed my insignificance.

'Will that do?'

In a minute he looked up at me, eyes wet. He saluted. 'I'll try to live up to it, sir,' he said.

I lingered a few minutes in the crowd. He stood a little distance away from me, forgetting me, looking wistfully back at youth — the gray walls and green walks he was leaving. Then he whistled, — of all things! — 'Aloha oe,' — a bar or two, — and picking up his bag walked down the platform to the train.

I went on through the rain to my lunch. Mostly, yesterday was rotten.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1917

HEADQUARTERS NIGHTS

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

We do not hear much now from the German intellectuals. Some of the professors are writing for the German newspapers, but most of them are keeping silent in public. The famous Ninety-three are not issuing any more proclamations. When your armies are moving swiftly and gloriously forward under the banners of sweetness and light, to carry the proper civilization to an improperly educated and improperly thinking world, it is easier to make declarations of what is going to happen, and why it is, than when your armies are struggling for life with their backs to the wall — of a French village they have shot and burned to ruin for a reason that does not seem so good a reason now.

But some of the intellectuals still speak in the old strain in private. It has been my peculiar privilege to talk through long evening hours with a few of these men at Headquarters. Not exactly the place, one would think, for meeting these men, but let us say this for them: some of them fight as well as talk. And they fight, not simply because they are forced to, but because, curiously enough, they believe much of their talk. That is one of the dangers from the Germans to which the world is exposed: they really believe much of what they say.

A word of explanation about the Headquarters, and how I happened to be there. It was — it is no longer, and that is why I can speak more freely about it — not only Headquarters but the Great Headquarters — *Grosses Hauptquartier* — of all the German Armies of the West. Here were big Von Schoeler, *General-Intendant*, and the scholarly-looking Von Freytag, *General-Quartiermeister*, with his unscholarly looking, burly chief of staff, Von Zoellner. Here also were Von Falkenhayn, the Kaiser's Chief of Staff, and sometimes even the All-Highest himself, who never missed the Sunday morning service in the long low corrugated-iron shed which looked all too little like a royal chapel ever to interest a flitting French bomber.

But not only was this small gray town on the Meuse, just where the water pours out of its beautiful cañon course through the Ardennes, the headquarters of the German General Staff — it was also the station, by arrangement with the staff, of the American Relief Commission's humble ununiformed chief representative for the North of France (occupied French territory). For several months I held this position, living with the German officer

detached from the General Quartermaster's staff to protect me — and watch me. Later, too, as director of the Commission at Brussels, I had frequent occasion to visit Headquarters for conferences with officers of the General Staff. It was thus that I had opportunity for these Headquarters Nights.

Among the officers and officials of Headquarters there were many strong and keen German militaristic brains, — that goes without saying, — but there were also a few of the professed intellectuals — men who had exchanged, for the moment, the academic robes of the *Aula* for the field-gray uniforms of the army. The second commandant of the Headquarters town was a professor of jurisprudence at the University of Marburg; and an infantry captain, who lived in the house with my guardian officer and me, is the professor of zoölogy in one of the larger German universities, and one of the most brilliant of present-day biologists. I do not wish to indicate his person more particularly, for I shall say some hard things about him, —or about him as representative of many, — and we are friends. Indeed, he was *Privat-docent* in charge of the laboratory in which I worked years ago at the University of Leipzig, and we have been correspondents and friends ever since. How he came to be at Headquarters, and at precisely the same time that I was there, is a story which has its interest, but cannot be told at present.

Our house was rather a favored centre, for 'my officer,' Graf W., — he always called me 'my American,' but he could no more get away from me than I from him, — is a generous entertainer, and our dinners were rarely without guests from other headquarters houses. Officers, from veteran generals down to pink-cheeked lieutenants, came to us and asked us to them. The discussions, begun at dinner, lasted long into the night. They sat late, these German officers, over their abundant wine — French vintages conveniently arranged for. And always we talked and tried to understand one another; to get the other man's point of view, his *Weltanschauung*.

Well, I say it dispassionately but with conviction: if I understand theirs, it is a point of view that will never allow any land or people controlled by it to exist peacefully by the side of a people governed by our point of view. For their point of view does not permit of a live-and-let-live kind of carrying on. It is a point of view that justifies itself by a whole-hearted acceptance of the worst of Neo-Darwinism, the *Allmacht* of natural selection applied rigorously to human life and society and *Kultur*.

Professor von Flussen — that is not his name — is a biologist. So am I. So we talked out the biological argument for war, and especially for this war. The captain-professor has a logically constructed argument why, for the good of the world, there should be this war, and why, for the good of the world, the Germans should win it, win it completely and terribly. Perhaps I can state his argument clearly enough, so that others may see and accept his reasons, too. Unfortunately for the peace of our evenings, I was never convinced. That is, never convinced that for the good of the world the Germans should win this war, completely and terribly. I was convinced, however, that this war once begun must be fought to a finish of decision — a finish that will determine whether or not Germany's point of view is to rule the world. And this conviction, thus gained, meant the conversion of a pacifist to an ardent supporter, not of War, but of *this* war; of fighting this war to a definitive end — that end to be Germany's conversion to be a good Germany, or not much of any Germany

at all. My ' Headquarters Nights ' are the confessions of a converted pacifist.

In talking it out biologically, we agreed that the human race is subject to the influence of the fundamental biologic laws of variation, heredity, selection, and so forth, just as are all other animal — and plant — kinds. The factors of organic evolution, generally, are factors in human natural evolution. Man has risen from his primitive bestial stage of glacial time, a hundred or several hundred thousand years ago, when he was animal among animals, to the stage of to-day, always under the influence of these great evolutionary factors, and partly by virtue of them. But he does not owe all of his progress to these factors, or, least of all, to any one of them, as natural selection, a thesis Professor von Flussen seemed ready to maintain.

Natural selection depends for its working on a rigorous and ruthless struggle for existence. Yet this struggle has its ameliorations, even as regards the lower animals, let alone man.

There are three general phases of this struggle: —

1. An inter-specific struggle, or the lethal competition among different animal kinds for food, space, and opportunity to increase;

2. An intra-specific struggle, or lethal competition among the individuals of a single species resultant on the over-production due to natural multiplication by geometric progression; and,

3. The constant struggle of individuals and species against the rigors of climate, the danger of storm, flood, drought, cold, and heat.

Now any animal kind and its individuals may be continually exposed to all of these phases of the struggle for existence, or, on the other hand, any one or more of these phases may be largely ameliorated or even abolished for a given species and its individuals. This amelioration may come about through a happy accident of time or place, or because of the adoption by the species of a habit or mode of life that continually protects it from a certain phase of the struggle.

For example, the voluntary or involuntary migration of representatives of a species hard pressed to exist in its native habitat, may release it from the too severe rigors of a destructive climate, or take it beyond the habitat of its most dangerous enemies, or give it the needed space and food for the support of a numerous progeny. Thus, such a single phenomenon as migration might ameliorate any one or more of the several phases of the struggle for existence.

Again, the adoption by two widely distinct and perhaps antagonistic species of a commensal or symbiotic life, based on the mutual-aid principle, — thousands of such cases are familiar to naturalists, — would ameliorate or abolish the inter-specific struggle between these two species. Even more effective in the modification of the influence due to a bitter struggle for existence, is the adoption by a species of an altruistic or communistic mode of existence so far as its own individuals are concerned. This, of course, would largely ameliorate for that species the intra-specific phase of its struggle for life. Such animal altruism, and the biological success of the species exhibiting it, is familiarly exemplified by the social insects (ants, bees, and wasps).

As a matter of fact, this reliance by animal kinds for success in the world upon a more or less extreme adoption of the mutual-aid principle, as contrasted with the mutual-fight principle, is much more widely spread among the lower animals than familiarly recognized, while in the case of man, it has been the greatest single factor in the

achievement of his proud biological position as king of living creatures.

Altruism — or mutual aid, as the biologists prefer to call it, to escape the implication of assuming too much consciousness in it — is just as truly a fundamental biologic factor of evolution as is the cruel, strictly self-regarding, exterminating kind of struggle for existence with which the Neo-Darwinists try to fill our eyes and ears, to the exclusion of the recognition of all other factors.

Professor von Flussen is Neo-Darwinian, as are most German biologists and natural philosophers. The creed of the *Allmacht* of a natural selection based on violent and fatal competitive struggle is the gospel of the German intellectuals; all else is illusion and anathema. The mutual-aid principle is recognized only as restricted to its application within limited groups. For instance, it may and does exist, and to positive biological benefit, within single ant communities, but the different ant kinds fight desperately with each other, the stronger destroying or enslaving the weaker. Similarly, it may exist to advantage within the limits of organized human groups — as those which are ethnographically, nationally, or otherwise variously delimited. But as with the different ant species, struggle — bitter, ruthless struggle — is the rule among the different human groups.

This struggle not only must go on, for that is the natural law, but it should go on, so that this natural law may work out in its cruel, inevitable way the salvation of the human species. By its salvation is meant its desirable natural evolution. That human group which is in the most advanced evolutionary stage as regards internal organization and form of social relationship is best, and should, for the sake of the species, be preserved at the expense of the less advanced, the less effective. It should win in the struggle for existence, and this struggle should occur precisely that the various types may be tested, and the best not only preserved, but put in position to impose its kind of social organization — its *Kultur* — on the others, or, alternatively to destroy and replace them.

This is the disheartening kind of argument that I faced at Headquarters; argument logically constructed on premises chosen by the other fellow. Add to these assumed premises of the *Allmacht* of struggle and selection based on it, and the contemplation of mankind as a congeries of different, mutually irreconcilable kinds, like the different ant species, the additional assumption that the Germans are the chosen race, and German social and political organization the chosen type of human community life, and you have a wall of logic and conviction that you can break your head against but can never shatter — by headwork. You long for the muscles of Samson.

II

The danger from Germany is, I have said, that the Germans believe what they say. And they act on this belief. Professor von Flussen says that this war is necessary as a test of the German position and claim. If Germany is beaten, it will prove that she has moved along the wrong evolutionary line, and should be beaten. If she wins, it will prove that she is on the right way, and that the rest of the world, at least that part which we and the Allies represent, is on the wrong way and should, for the sake of the right evolution of the human race, be stopped, and put on the right way — or else be destroyed, as unfit.

Professor von Flussen is sure that Germany's way is the right way, and that the biologic evolutionary factors

are so all-controlling in determining human destiny, that this being biologically right is certain to insure German victory. If the wrong and unnatural alternative of an Allied victory should obtain, then he would prefer to die in the catastrophe and not have to live in a world perversely resistant to natural law. He means it all. He will act on this belief. He does act on it, indeed. He opposes all mercy, all compromise with human soft-heartedness. Apart from his horrible academic casuistry and his conviction that the individual is nothing, the State all, he is a reasoning and a warm-hearted man. So are some other Germans. But for him and them the test of right in this struggle is success in it. So let every means to victory be used. The only intelligence Germans should follow in these days is the intelligence of the General Staff; the only things to believe and to repeat are the statements of the official bureau of publicity.

There is no reasoning with this sort of thing, no finding of any heart or soul in it. There is only one kind of answer: resistance by brutal force; war to a decision. It is the only argument in rebuttal understandable of these men at Headquarters into whose hands the German people have put their destiny.

One evening we had a larger and more distinguished dinner group than usual. The Duke of ——, a veteran of 1870 and very close to the Kaiser, altogether a personage, had come by motor with a small staff from his headquarters near the Champagne front. My officer was all of a flutter with the importance and excitement of the event. He coached all of us — orderlies, myself, and resident guests — as to our proper behavior during the visit. This was to consist chiefly of much stiff standing up, repeated formal bows, and respectful silence. No one was to start anything on his own initiative. We were to take the conversational cue from His Highness. The *Commandant-professor* of jurisprudence was there, and a casual baron or two, and various headquarters officers.

The duke entered, to find us a fixed row of effigies, hands on trouser-seams, eyes front, chins up, in the receiving-room. His Highness was a small bewhiskered gentleman, very abrupt and disconcerting in manner, but not at all stupid, and very ready to express his opinions on all subjects of war and church history, his hobby.

As he surveyed the row of effigies his keen eye spotted the ununiformed American, and he directed a questioning look toward Graf W., the host. My officer made a concise explanation of the situation, which the duke acknowledged with a grunt of understanding and the sharp question, —

'But does he speak German?'

Graf W. hastened to declare, '*Wie ein Eingeborener*'—like a native, — which is far from true. Another grunt of satisfaction, a critical stare of examination, and finally a direct phrase of formal recognition. I reserved any exhibition of my fluent German, and merely bowed. My officer gave me an expressive look of approval and found a later chance to congratulate me on my 'success.' I suppose not being ordered out of the room may be called success, under the circumstances.

After giving the whole row a final looking-over, His Highness mumbled something, whereupon an aide-de-camp stepped briskly up, clicked heels, and held out to him a small box containing several medals on yellow ribbons. They were the insignia of some minor order in his duchy. He presented one to one of the barons, one to the commandant-professor of jurisprudence, and one to — my officer's chief

orderly, who acted as house barber and head waiter! The baron and professor had done their best and deepest bowing, but when Müller's turn came, it was like morning gymnastics in the bedroom. 'Touch toes ten times with finger-tips, legs remaining unbent.' I fancied that the baron and professor became less satisfied with their honor, the more Müller waxed enthusiastic. In fact, they did not put on their orders immediately; Müller did. Finally, my officer got our barber to stop bowing,—the duke was n't even seeing him,—and we went into the dining-room.

At dinner the personally conducted conversation leaped suddenly from church history to Zeppelining. It was just after one of those earlier London raids, when the great city was practically defenseless, and the German newspapers had been full for several days of accounts of the enormous damage and losses of life achieved by the raid. As a matter of fact there were some horrors — not extensive but intensive horrors: women and babies in several houses, and an omnibusful of passengers in a by-street, sickeningly mangled and murdered.

The duke declared that Zeppelining was stupid and the men who ordered it fools. The table was struck silent. A duke close to the Kaiser might say such a thing, but no less a personage. Zeppelining had been declared wise and good by the General Staff and the Berlin official publicity bureau. It was therefore wise and good. So one of the barons ventured to remonstrate. It was the one who had received his order along with Müller, and in whom the champagne had perhaps let some obscure natural feeling of resentment get the better of the well-learned feeling of proper gratitude for his dubious distinction.

'But His Highness will recall,' said the baron, 'the military advantage of Zeppelining: the value of holding guns and gunners in England which might otherwise be sent to the battle-line, and the blowing up of munition factories, and the — ah — the terror and the — well, the military advantage generally. One must not consider the — ah — other side of the matter. A few — ah — non-combatants, perhaps, but the military advantage, that is the sole criterion.'

His Highness snorted audibly and visibly.

'That is, of course, all that one does take into consideration. It is precisely and only because there is no military advantage in Zeppelining that it is stupid and the men who order it are stupid pigs. We don't blow up any munition factories, and for every miserable woman killed, hundreds, aye, thousands of Englishmen rush into the army to come over to the front and fight us. We are doing their recruiting for them.' He fixed the squirming recipient of his yellow ribbon with a cold gray eye. 'We are all only thinking of the military advantage. What are a few — oh, pouf, why talk of it? My dear baron, I am perhaps as much a military man as you' (this was withering scorn: the baron was the Headquarters reader of foreign newspapers!), 'and I repeat: Zeppelining is bad, and it is bad simply and entirely because it has no military advantage.'

That ended Zeppelining for the moment, until unlucky I — Well, the very next subject introduced was the attitude of the neutral world, America in particular, toward Germany. The newspaper-reading baron suddenly turned to me.

'Why is this universal hate of Germany? Why do you Americans hate us?'

It was too soon after what I had just heard. I blurted out,—

'For things like the military advantage of Zeppelining.'

My officer gave a scrape and a lurch; something tipped over. Then he stared — all of us stared — at the duke. His Highness did not order me to the firing squad or even to the cells. He did nothing, said nothing, to show any displeasure. He looked steadily and thoughtfully at me, and then gruffly indicated his pleasure that the company should rise from the table. My officer recovered his color and his equanimity.

I believe that His Highness knew that answer all the time. But the rest did not, and they do not understand it now. 'Military advantage,' 'military expediency' — how often have these phrases blocked us of the Relief Commission in our efforts in Belgium and North France! No mercy, no 'women-and-children' appeals; no hesitation to use the torch and the firing squad, deportation, and enslavement. And it is all a part of Professor von Flussen's philosophy; the pale ascetic intellectual and the burly, red-faced butcher meet on common ground here. And then they wonder why the world comes together to resist this philosophy — and this butchery — to the death!

III

Late one afternoon we left Headquarters to dine with General von R. down near the Champagne front. Mr. Hoover, Chairman of the Commission, and Mr. White, of its London office, had come over to Brussels and on to Headquarters for a conference in connection with our work in Northern France; and so we were all to go with my officer and two or three other men of the General Staff to receive this special attention from a commanding general at the front.

We made an imposing procession in three big gray military cars running swiftly to the south. As the general's chief of staff, who had come to Headquarters to escort us personally, spoke no English and did not like to hear English spoken, he took me alone with him in his car. He was a taciturn crusty major, with a thin, stern face and tight lips.

His first remarks were certain direct questions about conditions in London and England. I could reply only that, if such questions were asked me in England about Germany or German-occupied territory, I would not answer them. He did not like it, but after a little bullying settled into moody silence, occasionally broken by curt remarks to me, and brutally put instructions to his soldier chauffeur. It was evident that he did not like the idea of his general's showing this high courtesy to the intruding Yankees. It was not a pleasant excursion for any of us, and yet it was a beautiful two hours' ride over smooth tree-lined roads, — the trees are mostly gone now, — through picturesque country of wide outlooks.

Just at dusk we climbed slowly up a gentle hill-slope. As we reached the flat summit and sped along over it, one could see the road stretching far ahead, a gently irregular white line dipping out of sight into a valley in front, but reappearing on the farther up-slope and running there straight away into invisibility. Just at the horizon, where the hilltop met the heavens and the road disappeared, the tower of a little church silhouetted itself against the darkening blue of the evening sky.

'That is the road to Rheims,' muttered my companion. 'You can see it from that church.'

I thrilled. The road to Rheims! Rheims just there in front, and a shell bursting over it — over the Cathedral, say — could be seen from that little church. I wanted to go right on along that white line to that hilltop.

Later I really did go there, and beyond it even to the very verge of the sad city itself. There is an extraordinary little village of cellars — the houses above are mere stone-heaps — just behind the German trenches in front of Rheims. These cellars are occupied by two hundred and thirty-three women and girls, sixty-seven children, and four tottering old men, the total remaining population of a once picturesque and crowded village. We wanted them to come away, and be housed farther back from the line. But they prefer to live 'at home.' And so we have fed these women and children there two years. They live in their cellars, with the shells moaning back and forth over them whenever there is 'desultory artillery firing before Rheims.'

As we were running swiftly over the flat hill-summit with the long view in front of us, our driver, without being instructed — and cursed — by the major, suddenly slowed the car, and I noted the major staring hard at a soldier's grave by the roadside. There had been hard fighting all about here and the graves were numerous along the way. My companion turned abruptly to me, with a thumb-jerk toward the grave.

'He was my best friend,' he said gruffly; and with another jerk to the front, he added, 'And my brother lies under the shadows of that church-tower there on the hill.'

I forgave him his gruffness.

Arrived at the general's headquarters in a French industrial town now half in ruins, we walked by a stiff row of orderlies into a spacious house, and were shown by other orderlies and a young lieutenant to an upstairs room to brush off the white chalk-dust of the Champagne road. My officer had remained below. Suddenly he came into our room, excited and with a face of much concern. He told us swiftly that a translation of President Wilson's latest note, a short and sharp one, had just been telephoned to the general from Berlin. And the general and everybody downstairs were violently incensed. He wondered whether one of us had not better get suddenly ill, so that we should have to go back at once without staying for dinner.

This seemed absurd. We said that the general could get ill and call off the dinner if he wanted to, but we should not. Poor Graf W.! He had been trained to abuse his subordinates and cringe before his superiors, and it was really a horrible position for him; he felt, in a way, responsible for his Yankees, and he wanted the occasion to go off pleasantly. However, we had not written the note, or done anything except come, with no anticipations of pleasure, to eat dinner with the general! And so we insisted on going down.

It was a strenuous meal, not because of an overabundance of things to eat, — it is a long time now since there has been too much to eat in Germany, even among generals, — but because of the situation. The general and his staff were always polite, but never more than that. They were perfectly correct and perfectly reserved. We talked much and said little. The general declared an interest in 'caring for the people.' He was trying to reëstablish the industries of the region, he said. I had noted the stacks of two factories smoking as we entered the town. Such sights in Belgium and North France have been unusual for two years, and attract attention. I said we were very glad to learn of his interest, and asked what the factories were. He turned to the gentleman on his other side. But a less discerning young officer across the table said they were making corrugated iron. This is an article much used in and behind the trenches.

There is also much cutting of trees — French trees — and sawing of lumber going on in occupied France. Wood is also much used in the trenches. And large herds of cattle are being pastured in French pastures. They are German cattle for the soldiers. The French cattle have long ago been eaten by them.

I suppose all this is just war. But when such things are given the color before the world of 'restoring the industries of the people,' the specific object of this restoration should be told. The bald truth is that Governor von Bissing's repeated declarations of rehabilitating industries in Belgium, and the similar statements of the General Staff for Northern France, are equivocations. What has been strongly attempted has been a forced exploitation of the people for German military advantage. It has been resisted by the simple but brave and patriotic workingmen of the occupied territories with a success that seems incredible in the face of the guns and deporting trains all too familiar to them. It is true, as has been said in criticism of them, that the Belgians do not work. They have little work of their own they can do, and they will not work for the Germans. That is one of the reasons for the deportations, which have been, by the way, one of the greatest of German blunders — and brutalities — in this war. But I must not write of Belgium now; Headquarters was in Northern France.

It was not all sticking at Headquarters. I traveled — always with my officer, of course — up and down and across and back over all of occupied France; from Lille to Longwy, from Coucy-le-Château to Charleville. For the purposes of our *ravitaillement* the occupied French territory is divided into six districts. These corresponded with no political subdivisions of the country, as *départements* and *arrondissements*, but were determined chiefly by the original disposition of the German armies, each of which, having a certain degree of autonomy as regards the region occupied by it, objected to any movement of French feeding committees and our own American Commission representatives across the borders of its own region. We had therefore six district *ravitaillement* centres, or headquarters, at each of which were stationed one or two of our representatives, who moved about more or less freely in his district, each with a specially detailed German officer of his own — 'nurses,' we called them. It was my privilege and duty as chief representative, and my officer's as chief of the officer group, to visit occasionally each of the districts.

We traveled by military motor, my officer and I in the tonneau, and a soldier chauffeur and an orderly in the driver's seat, each of them with a loaded Mauser held erect in clamps by his side. In each side-flap pocket of the tonneau was a loaded Browning. We were never shot at, nor did we ever shoot at anybody, but the armament gave the proper military tone to our equipage. We ran frightfully fast, and I always had the uneasy feeling that I should find my finish in North France, not in a dramatic erasure by a stray shell or casual bomb from overhead, but in a commonplace motor smash-up. As it came out, the only casualties attending our 5000 or more kilometres of mad running were among the few remaining half-fed chickens of the French villagers. We did once rather narrowly miss being run over by the Crown Prince, who sat on the front seat with an orderly, and drove his own car like a hurricane. As he swerved slightly to miss us, he intrusted his life — and ours — to one of his hands,

while with the other he gave us a débonnaire salute.

This extraordinary touring of North France came finally to get strongly on my nerves. It is such a sad land; such a wreck of half-destroyed villages and crumbled farm-houses; of stripped woodland and neglected fields. And the people: all women and children and old and infirm men! And the meagreness of the food-supply, despite the best we could do! We meant much to these people, we eight or ten Americans moving about among them; at least, they gave us unmistakably to understand that we did. We represented the sympathy and endeavor of a great nation far away. Cut off as these imprisoned French are from all communication with their fighting men across the terrible trench-lines; cut off even from communication with each other, if only a few miles apart, we exemplified the freedom that still existed somewhere, and the hope of the freedom to come to them again. And we meant, too, for them, the holding back of the spectre of actual starvation.

The sights and the incidents of those trips are too harrowing to exploit. They are untellable intimate memories for us, but they went far in making us convinced and bitter believers that the only comprehensible answer to the German philosophy of '*raison d'État*,' and 'military exigency,' to these ravages of non-combatant countryside and village, is an answer of force. Not that we wish to do to them what they have done to others, but to prevent them by force from ever doing that again.

I could understand why the villages along the Meuse were shot to pieces; there was real fighting there — at least in some of them. And there were some more whose names I recalled as associated with the desperate retreating struggles of the overwhelmed French and British. But there are many, many others in which there was no fighting, but just destroying. They have not been enumerated as have the Belgian towns; they have no sad fame in the ears of the world: they are just nameless scores of illustrations and results of the German conception of the struggle for existence as a contributory factor in the evolution of human kind.

There is, I suppose, a slight military advantage in so maltreating and terrifying a conquered land that only a few elderly Landsturmers, scattered here and there over it, are sufficient as an army of occupation. The rest of the Landsturmers can be used in the trenches. But it is a terrible price — of something — to pay for this alleged military advantage.

I used to ask my officer about these wrecked villages as we ran through them, or stopped to inspect a local distributing centre, or watch a soup-line, or get a report, and always a piteous request, from a feeding committee. He had a stereotyped reply: 'Punishment.'

'Punishment for what?'

'For a civilian's shooting at a soldier; or the village's harboring a spy; or a failure to meet a requisition; or something or other.'

He never knew exactly: nobody ever knew exactly; and I do not know exactly. Not even with all the explanation from the captain-professor, who explained it on a basis of biological philosophy. Nor with the explanation of the non-philosophizing fighters, who simply said that it was necessary as a military advantage. Nor with the explanation of my officer, who, when I continued to press him, would make an ugly screwing gesture with closed fist, which seemed to mean, 'Just do it to them!'

I went into Northern France and Belgium to act as a neutral, and I did act as a neutral all the time I was there. If

I learned there anything of military value which could be used against the Germans I shall not reveal it. But I came out no neutral. Also I went in an ardent hater of war and I came out a more ardent one. I have seen that side of the horror and waste and outrage of war which is worse than the side revealed on the battlefield. How I hope for the end of all war!

But I have come out believing that that cannot come until any people which has dedicated itself to the philosophy and practice of war as a means of human advancement is put into a position of impotence to indulge its belief at will. My conviction is that Germany is such a people, and that it can be put into this position only by the result of war itself. It knows no other argument and it will accept no other decision.

HIGH ADVENTURE. I

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It was a cool, starlit evening, early in September, 1916, that I first met Drew of Massachusetts, and actually began my adventures as a prospective member of the Escadrille Américaine. We had sailed from New York by the same boat, had made our applications for enlistment in the Foreign Legion on the same day, without being aware of each other's existence; and in Paris, while waiting for our papers, we had gone, every evening, for dinner, to the same large and gloomy-looking restaurant in the neighborhood of the Seine.

As for the restaurant, assuredly we were not drawn to it by the quality of the food. We might have dined better and more cheaply elsewhere. But there was an air of vanished splendor, of faded magnificence, about the place, which, in the capital of a warring nation, appealed to both of us. Every evening the tables were laid with spotless linen and shining silver. The wineglasses caught the light from the tarnished chandeliers in little points of color. At the dinner-hour, a half-dozen ancient serving-men silently took their places about the room. There was not a sound to be heard except the occasional far-off honk of a motor or the subdued clatter of dishes from the kitchens. The serving-men, even the tables and the empty chairs, seemed to be listening, to be waiting for the guests who never came. Rarely were there more than a dozen diners-out during the course of an evening. There was something mysterious in these elaborate preparations, and something rather fine about them as well; but one thought, not without a touch of sadness, of the old days when there had been laughter and lights and music, sparkling wines and brilliant talk, and how those merry-makers had gone, many of them, long ago to the wars.

As it happened on this evening, Drew and I were sitting at adjoining tables. Our common citizenship was our intro-

duction, and after five minutes of talk, we learned of our common purpose in coming to France. I suppose that we must have eaten after making this latter discovery. I vaguely remember seeing our old waiter hobbling slowly down a long vista of empty tables on his way to and from the kitchens. But if we thought of our food at all, it must have been in a purely mechanical way.

Drew can talk — by Jove, how the man can talk! — and he has the faculty of throwing the glamour of romance over the most trivial and commonplace adventures. In truth, the difficulty which I am going to have in writing this narrative is largely due to this romantic influence of his. I might have succeeded in writing a plain tale, for I have kept my diary faithfully, from day to day, and can set down our adventures, such as they are, pretty much as they occurred. But Drew has bewitched me. He does not realize it, but he is a weaver of spells, and I am so deeply enmeshed in his moonshine that I doubt if I shall be able to write of our experiences as they must appear to those of our comrades in the Franco-American Corps who remember them only through the medium of the revealing light of day.

Not one of these men, I am sure, would confess to so strange an immediate cause for joining the aviation service as that related to me by Drew, as we sat over our coffee and cigarettes, on the evening of our first meeting. He had come to France, he said, with the intention of joining the *Légion Étrangère* as an infantryman. But he changed his mind, a few days after his arrival in Paris, upon meeting Jackson of the American Aviation Squadron, who was on leave after a service of six months at the front. It was all because of the manner in which Jackson looked at a Turkish rug. He told him of his adventures in the most matter-of-fact way. No heroics, nothing of that sort. He had not a glimmer of imagination, he said. But he had a way of looking at the floor which was 'irresistible,' which 'fascinated him with the sense of height.' He saw towns, villages, a network of trenches, columns of toy troops moving up ribbons of road — all in the patterns of a Turkish rug. And the next day, he was at the headquarters of the Franco-American Corps, in the Champs Élysées, making application for membership.

Now it is strange that we should both have come to France with so little of accurate knowledge of the corps, of the possibilities for enlistment, and of the nature of the requirements for the service. Our knowledge of it, up to the time of sailing, had been confined to a few brief, scattered references in the press. It was perhaps necessary that its existence should not be officially recognized in America, or its furtherance encouraged. But it seemed to us at that time that there must have been actual discouragement on the part of the government at Washington. However that may be, we wondered if others had followed clues so vague or a call so dimly heard.

This led to a discussion of our individual aptitudes for the service, and we made many comforting discoveries about each other. It is permissible to reveal them now that we are at the point of becoming breveted *pilotes*, for the encouragement of others who, like ourselves at that time, may be conscious of deficiencies, and who may think that they have none of the qualities essential to the successful aviator. Drew had never been farther from the ground than the top of the Woolworth building. I had once taken a trip in a captive balloon. Drew knew nothing of motors, and had no more knowledge of mechanics than would enable him to wind a watch without breaking the

mainspring. My ignorance in this respect was a fair match for his.

We were further handicapped for the French service by our lack of the language. Indeed, this seemed to be the most serious obstacle in the way to success. With a good general knowledge of the language it seemed probable that we might be able to overcome our other deficiencies. Without it, we could see no way to mastering the essential mechanical knowledge which we supposed must be required as a foundation for the training of a military *pilote*. In this connection, it may be well to say that we have both been tremendously handicapped from the beginning. We have had to learn, through actual experience in the air, and at considerable risk to life and limb, what many of our comrades, both French and American, knew before they had ever climbed into an aeroplane. But it is equally true that scores of men become very excellent *pilotes*, with little or no knowledge of the mechanics of the business.

In so far as Drew and I were concerned, these were matters for the future to decide. It was enough for us at the moment that our applications had been approved, our papers signed, and that to-morrow we were leaving for the *École d'Aviation Militaire* to begin our training. And so, after a long evening of pleasant talk and pleasanter anticipation of coming events, we left our restaurant and walked together through the silent streets to the Place de la Concorde. The great windy square was almost deserted. The monuments to the lost provinces bulked large in the dim lamplight. Two disabled soldiers hobbled painfully across the bridge and disappeared in the deep shade of the avenue. Their service had been rendered, their sacrifices made, months ago. They could look about them now with a peculiar sense of isolation, and with, perhaps, a feeling of the futility of the effort they had made. Our adventures were all before us. Our hearts were light and our hopes high. As we stood by the obelisk, talking over plans for the morrow, we heard, high overhead, the faint hum of motors, and saw two lights, one green, one red, moving rapidly across the sky. A moment later the long, slender finger of a searchlight probed questioningly among the little heaps of cloud, then, sweeping in a wide arc, it revealed in striking outline the shape of a huge biplane circling over the sleeping city. It was one of the night-guard of Paris.

II

On the following morning we were at the Gare des Invalides with our luggage a long half-hour before train-time. The luggage was absurdly bulky. Drew had two enormous suit-cases and a bag, and I a steamer trunk and a family-size portmanteau. We looked so much the typical American tourists that we felt ashamed of ourselves, not because of our nationality, but because we revealed so plainly, to all the world military, our non-military antecedents. We bore the hallmark of fifty years of neutral aloofness, of fifty years of indifference to the business of national defense. What makes the situation most amusing in retrospect is the fact that we were traveling on third-class military passes, as befitted our rank as *élèves-pilotes* and soldiers of the *deuxième classe*.

To our great discomfiture, a couple of *poilus* volunteered their services in putting our belongings aboard the train. Then we crowded into a third-class carriage filled with soldiers — *permissionnaires, blessés, réformés*, men from all corners of France and her colonies. Their uniforms were faded and weatherstained with long service. The

stocks of their rifles were worn smooth and bright with constant usage, and their packs fairly stowed themselves upon their backs.

Drew and I felt wretchedly uncomfortable in our smart civilian clothing. We looked too soft, too clean, too spick-and-span. We did not feel that we belonged there. But in a whispered conversation we comforted ourselves with the assurance that if ever the United States took her rightful stand with the Allies, in six months hundreds of thousands of American boys would be lugging packs and rifles with the same familiarity of use as these French *poilus*. They would become equally good soldiers, and soon would have the same community of experience, of dangers and hardships shared in common, which make men comrades and brothers in fact as well as in theory.

By the time we had reached our destination we had persuaded ourselves into a much more comfortable frame of mind. There we piled into a cab, and soon we were rattling over the cobblestones, down a long, sunlit avenue in the direction of B——. It was late of a fine, mild afternoon when we reached the summit of a high plateau and saw before us the barracks and hangars of the *École d'Aviation*. There was not a breath of air stirring. The sun was just sinking behind a bank of crimson cloud. The earth was already in shadow, but high overhead the light was caught and reflected from the wings of scores of planes which shone like polished bronze and silver. We saw the long graceful lines of Blériot monoplanes, like huge dragon-flies, and as pretty a sight in the air as heart could wish. Farther to the left, we recognized Farman biplanes, winged battleships in comparison with the Blériots, and twin-motor Caudrons, much more graceful and alert of movement.

But, most wonderful of all to us then, we saw a strange, new *avion*—a biplane, small, trim, with a body like a fish. To see it in flight was to be convinced for all time that man has mastered the air, and has outdone the birds in their own element. Never was swallow more consciously joyous in swift flight, never eagle so bold to take the heights or so quick to reach them. Drew and I gazed in silent, awestruck wonder, our bodies jammed tightly into the cab-window, and our heads craned upward. We did not come back to earth until our ancient, earth-creeping conveyance brought up with a jerk, and we found ourselves in front of a gate marked 'École d'Aviation Militaire de B——.'

After we had paid the cabman, we stood in the road, with our mountain of luggage heaped about us, waiting for something to happen. A moment later a window in the administration building was thrown open and we were greeted with a loud and not overly musical chorus of

'Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—'

It all came from one throat, belonging to a chap in leathers, who came down the drive to give us welcome.

'Spotted you *toute suite*,' he said. 'You can tell Americans at six hundred yards by their hats. How's things in the States? Do you think we're coming in?'

We gave him the latest budget of home news, whereupon he offered to take us over to the barracks. When he saw our luggage he grinned.

'Some equipment, believe me! *Attendez un peu* while I commandeer a battalion of Annamites to help us carry it, and we'll be on our way.'

The Annamites, from Indo-China, who are quartered at the camp for guard and fatigue duty, came back with him about twenty strong, and we started in a long procession to the bar-

racks. Later, we took a vindictive pleasure in witnessing the beluggaged arrival of other Americans, for in nine cases out of ten they came as absurdly over-equipped as did we.

Our barracks, one of many built on the same pattern, was a long, low wooden building, weatherstained without and whitewashed within. It had accommodation for about forty beds. One end of the room was very manifestly American. There was a phonograph on the table, baseball equipment piled in one corner, and the walls were covered with cartoons and pictures clipped from American periodicals. The other end was as evidently French, in the frugality and the neatness of its furnishings. The American end of the room looked more homelike, but the French end more military. Near the centre, where the two nations joined, there was a very harmonious blending of these characteristics.

Drew and I were delighted with all this. We were glad that we were not to live in an exclusively American barracks, for we wanted to learn French; but more than this, we wanted to live with Frenchmen on terms of barrack-room familiarity.

By the time we had given in our papers at the captain's office and had passed the hasty preliminary examination of the medical officer, it was quite dark. Flying for the day was over, and lights gleamed cheerily from the barrack-room windows. As we came down the principal street of the camp, we heard the strains of 'Waiting for the Robert E. Lee,' to a gramophone accompaniment, issuing from the *chambre des Américains*.

> 'See them shuffle along,
> Oh, ma honey babe,
> Hear that music and song.'

It gave us the home feeling at once. Frenchmen and Americans were singing together, the Frenchmen in very quaint English, but hitting off the syncopated time as if they had been born and brought up to it as we Americans have.

Over in one corner, a very informal class in French-English pronunciation was at work. Apparently, this was tongue-twisters' night. '*Heureux*' was the challenge from the French side, and '*Hooroo*' the nearest approach to a pronunciation on the part of the Americans, with many more or less remote variations on this theme. An American, realizing how difficult it is for a Frenchman to get his tongue between his teeth, counter-challenged with 'Father, you are withered with age.' The result, as might have been expected, was a series of hissing sounds of *z*, whereon there was an answering howl of derision from all the Americans. Up and down the length of the room there were little groups of two and three, chatting together in combinations of Franco-American which must have caused all deceased professors of modern languages to spin like midges in their graves. And throughout all this before-supper merriment, one could catch the feeling of good-comradeship which, so far as my experience goes, is always prevalent whenever Frenchmen and Americans are gathered together.

At the *ordinaire*, at supper-time, we saw all the *élèves-pilotes* of the school, with the exception of the non-commissioned officers, who have their own mess. To Drew and me, but newly come from remote America, it was a most interesting gathering. There were about one hundred and twenty-five in all, including eighteen Americans. The large majority of the Frenchmen had already been at the front in other branches of army service. There were artillerymen, infantrymen, marines, — in training for the naval air-service, — cavalrymen, all wearing the uniforms of the arm to which they had originally

belonged. No one was dressed in a uniform which distinguished him as an aviator; and upon making inquiry, I found that there is no official dress for this branch of the serivce. During his period of training in aviation, and even after receiving his military brevet, a *pilote* continues to wear the dress of his former service, plus the wings on the collar and the star-and-wings insignia on his right breast. This custom does not make for the fine uniform appearance of the men of the British Royal Flying Corps, but it gives a picturesqueness of effect which is, perhaps, ample recompense. As for the Americans, they follow individual tastes, as we learned later. Some of them, with an eye to color, salute the sun in the red trousers and black tunic of the artilleryman. Others choose more sober shades — various French blues, with the thin orange aviation stripe running down the seams of the trousers. All this in reference to the dress uniform. At the camp most of the men wear leathers, or else a combination of leathers and the gray-blue uniform of the French *poilu*, which is issued to all Americans at the time of their enlistment.

We had a very excellent supper of soup, followed by a savory roast of meat, with mashed potatoes and lentils. Afterward, cheese and beer. I was slightly disconcerted physically on learning that the beef was horse-meat, but Drew convinced me that it was absurd to let old scruples militate against a healthy appetite. In 1870 the citizens of France ate *ragoût de chat* with relish. Furthermore, the roast was of so delicious a flavor and so closely resembled the finest cuts of beef, that it was easy to persuade one's self that it was beef, after all.

After the meal, to our great surprise, every one cleaned his dishes with huge pieces of bread. Such waste seemed criminal in a country beleaguered by submarines, in its third year of war, and largely dependent for its food-supply on the farm labor of women and children. We should not have been surprised if it had been only the Americans who indulged in this wasteful dish-cleansing process; but the Frenchmen did it, too. When I remarked upon this to one of my American comrades, a Frenchman, sitting opposite, said, —

'Pardon, *monsieur*, but I must tell you what we Frenchmen are. We are very economical when it is for ourselves, for our own families and purses that we are saving. But when it is the government which pays the bill, we do not care. We do not have to pay directly and so we waste, we throw away. We are so careful at home, all of our lives, that this is a little pleasure for us.'

I have had this same observation made to me by so many Frenchmen since that time, that I believe there must be a good deal of truth in it.

After supper, all of the Americans adjourned for coffee to Ciret's, a little café in the village which nestles among the hills not far from the camp. The café itself was like any one of thousands of French provincial restaurants. There was a great dingy common room, with a sanded brick floor, and faded streamers of tricolor paper festooned in curious patterns from the smoking ceiling. The kitchen was marvelously clean, and filled with the appetizing odor of good cooking. Beyond it was another, inner room — '*toujours réservée à mes Américains*,' as M. Ciret, the fat, genial *patron* continually asserted. Here we gathered around a large circular table, pipes and cigarettes were lighted, and, while the others talked, Drew and I listened and gathered impressions.

For a time the conversation did not become general, and we gathered up

odds and ends of it from all sides. Then it turned to the reasons which had prompted various members of the group to come to France, the topic, above all others, which Drew and I most wanted to hear discussed. It seemed to me, as I listened, that we Americans closely resemble the British in our sensitive fear of any display of fine personal feeling. We shall never learn to examine our emotions with anything but suspicion. If we are prompted to a course of action by generous impulses, we are almost morbidly anxious that others shall not be let into the secret. And so it was that, of all the reasons given for offering their services to France, the first and most important was the last to be acknowledged, and even then it was admitted by some with a reluctance nearly akin to shame. There was no man there who was not ready and willing to give his life, if necessary, for the Allied cause, because he believed in it; but the admission could hardly have been dragged from them by wild horses.

But the adventure of the life, the peculiar fascination of it — that was a thing which might be discussed without reserve, and the men talked of it with a willingness which was most gratifying to Drew and me, curious as we were about the life we were entering. They were all in the flush of their first enthusiasms. They were daily enlarging their conceptions of distance and height and speed. They talked a new language and were developing a new cast of mind. They were like children who had grown up over night, whose horizons had been immeasurably broadened in the twinkling of an eye. They were still keenly conscious of the change which was upon them, for they were but fledgling aviators. They were just finding their wings. But as I listened, I thought of the time which must come soon, when the air, as the sea, will be filled with stately ships, and how the air-service will develop its own peculiar type of men, and build up about them its own laws and its own traditions.

As we walked through the straggling village street back to the camp, I tried to convey to Drew something of the new vision which had come to me during the evening. I was aglow with enthusiasm and hoped to strike an answering spark from him. But all that I was thinking and feeling then he had thought and felt long before. I am sure that he had already experienced, in imagination, every thrill, every keen joy, and every sudden sickening fear which the life might have in store for him. For this reason I forgave him for his rather bored manner of answering to my mood, and the more willingly because he was full of talk about a strange illusion which he had had at the restaurant. During a moment of silence, he had heard a clatter of hoof-beats in the village street. (I had heard them too. Some one rode by furiously.) Well, Drew said that he almost jumped from his seat, expecting M. Ciret to throw open the door and shout, 'The British are coming!' He actually believed for a second or two that it was the year 1775 and that he was sitting in one of the old roadside inns of Massachusetts. The illusion was perfect, he said.

Now why — etc., etc. At another time I should have been much interested; but in the presence of new and splendid realities I could not summon any enthusiasm for illusions. Nevertheless, I should have had to listen to him indefinitely, had it not been for an event which put a sudden end to all conversation, and ended our first day at the *École d'Aviation* in a truly spectacular manner.

Suddenly we heard the roar of motors just over the barracks, and at the

same time, the siren sounded the alarm in a series of prolonged, wailing shrieks. Some belated *pilote* was still in the air. We rushed out to the field just as the flares were being lighted and placed on the ground in the shape of an immense T, with the cross-bar facing in the direction from which the wind was coming. By this time the hum of motors was heard at a great distance, but gradually it increased in volume and soon the light of the flares revealed the machine circling rapidly over the *piste*. I was so much absorbed in watching it manœuvre for a landing that I did not see the crowd scattering to safe distances. I heard many voices shouting frantic warnings, and so ran for it, but, in my excitement, directly within the line of descent of the machine. I heard the wind screaming through the wires, a terrifying sound to the novice, and glancing hurriedly over my shoulder, I saw what appeared to be a monster of gigantic proportions, almost upon me. It passed within three metres of my head and landed just beyond.

When at last I got to sleep, after a day filled with interesting incidents, Paul Revere pursued me relentlessly through the mazes of a weird and horrible dream. I was on foot, and shod with lead-soled boots. He was in a huge, twin-motor Caudron and flying at a terrific pace, only a few metres from the ground. I can see him now, as he leaned far out over the hood of his machine, an aviator's helmet set atilt over his powdered wig, and his eyes glowing like coals through his goggles. He was waving two lighted torches and shouting, 'The British are coming! The British are coming!' in a voice strangely like Drew's.

(*To be continued*)

BRITISH EXPERIENCE FOR AMERICANS. II

BY SIDNEY WEBB

Military Service and the Conscientious Objectors

THE stress of a world-war has brought Great Britain to compulsory military service; but this was not adopted until voluntary enlistment had produced the quite unprecedented total of five million offers to serve, being the free volunteering of more than ten per cent of the census population of all ages and both sexes. There are some who still doubt whether it was either necessary or wise to abandon the voluntary principle; or whether the million or so recruits who have been obtained since the passing of the Military Service Act — at the cost of enormous trouble and waste of officers' time, great heartburning, not a little personal hardship, and the prosecution of some 4000 'conscientious objectors' — have increased the strength of the Army, all deductions reckoned, appreciably beyond what voluntary enlistment continued for two more years, notably among

the 300,000 young men annually coming of military age, would have freely yielded. What is certain is that only by the demonstration of what voluntary enlistment could and could not accomplish were the British people brought to consent to conscription — taking first the unmarried men between eighteen and forty-one, then the married men between these ages, then revising and reducing all the exemptions, and finally requiring all those who have been medically rejected once to present themselves again for examination.

What it concerns America to learn from British experience, if it comes to enforcing compulsion, is, first of all, how to deal with Quakers and other conscientious objectors. Parliament intended them to be exempted; and it set up civil tribunals in each locality, chosen from the leading public-spirited citizens, to ascertain who were really conscientious objectors. Unfortunately, under the growing passion of 'war-fever,' and the increasing stringency of the War Office demands, these tribunals have failed to recognize or to admit the conscientiousness of some 4000 men, many of them lifelong members of the Society of Friends, over one thousand of whom have already proved the uncontestable genuineness of their convictions by undergoing, not only a great deal of brutal treatment in the regiments to which they were assigned, but also successive terms of rigorous imprisonment with hard labor, for refusing even to put on khaki, or obey any military order. This is an unprofitable use of these men and of the warders whom they necessitate. The government is accordingly now extremely perplexed as to how to get them out of prison. They cannot be turned into soldiers; and they refuse, no matter how harshly they are treated, to make any compromise with what they hold to be 'the accursed thing.'

The British government, which remembered how the endurance of the Quakers had beaten it in years gone by, tried to devise schemes of 'alternative service' — ambulance work, ministering to war distress, restoring devastated villages in France, roadmaking, and finally the much-needed increase of labor in food-production. Unfortunately the blunder was made — let America take warning — of putting these forms of 'alternative service' (in which many who became 'conscientious objectors' had actually been engaged) under the control of the military authorities, or of offering them in the form of explicit bargains or compromises. Any one with any acquaintance with Quaker psychology or history could have saved the government from this blunder, which it will be vital for the American government to avoid. What happened, of course, was that some 'conscientious objectors' accepted one or other form of alternative service; but that, as might have been foreseen, a large number (including many of the most sincere, the most religious, and the most notable) refused to accept anything from the military, refused even to continue their existing philanthropic work under War Office orders, refused to come to any terms with what they regarded as a sinful 'militarism.' It is these 'absolutists' — including men of the most saintly lives, honored members of the Society of Friends and leaders of ethical thought — who are certainly very trying to the military mind, whom the British government, in spite of all sorts of good intentions, now finds itself in the dilemma of having to keep in prison at hard labor, to the national loss, and at the peril of growing public scandal.

If compulsory military service is enforced, America will have some difficulty in avoiding a similar dilemma, perhaps on a much larger scale. What

British experience teaches is that the grounds for exemption on 'conscientious objection' should be made, in the wording of the law itself, absolutely definite and demonstrable for as large as possible a part of the field, even if other parts of the field have to be left to general terms and judicial discretion. Thus, the tribunal — or, better still, the administration itself in the first instance — should be absolutely required to exclude from the operation of the law any objector who proved actual membership, prior to America's entry into the war, of any religious denomination, or other society, in which abstention from participation in war is a definite tenet. Others might be allowed to submit such evidence of their conscientious conviction as they could produce, for the judgment of the tribunal; but British experience shows the necessity of taking as many cases as possible out of the sphere of judicial discretion. It is no use trying to utilize such men for warfare; and where no loophole is opened for new adherents to pacifism to escape, the conscientious objectors of old standing should be automatically excluded from the operation of the law. Their exemption must not even be made to depend on their applying for it. The government needs to be on the alert not to allow any person voluntarily to make himself a martyr.

The second lesson from British experience is that it is fatal to let the War Department have even the slightest connection with any dealings with the conscientious objectors, and especially not with projects of 'alternative service.' This only provokes resistance, and thus simply plays into the hands of those sincere fanatics who desire to make their own martyrdom the means of 'breaking down militarism.' Once the government accepts the position of exempting from actual military service the genuine 'conscientious objectors,' it had better give up all attempts to exact from them, by compulsion, any alternative service. It is not worth enforcing by compulsion; and it only leads the government to more and more trouble. What would be wise would be for the government to lay the nation's needs before the governing assemblies or committees of the various denominations or societies to which the conscientious objectors mostly belong; and then request these authorities to organize all practicable 'national service' among their own members in whatever branches they can conscientiously engage in. The matter had better be then left to their honor. There need be no fear, for instance, of the Society of Friends not undertaking and performing the most devoted service of the community, to a vastly greater amount than the equivalent of the military service that its members of military age would escape; and the government would be relieved of the costly necessity of putting them into prison. Any other person whose conscientious objection was admitted by the tribunal might be requested to join, for the duration of the war, the alternative service organization of one or other of the denominations or societies thus corporately dealt with. If he refused to do even this much, it might be needful to put the penalties of the law in force. But the cases would be very few; and there might even be some governmental discretion in pursuing them to the end.

This expedient does not solve all the problems that will come up, if compulsory military training in time of peace should have to be accepted. But in peace-time the provision of a suitable alternative to military training is not so difficult; and America has already shown us, in William James's suggestion of alternative industrial service, how the peace problem may be solved.

Problems of Labor

In a modern industrial community engaged in a great war — as the United Kingdom had to learn from experience — the skilled manual workers, like the skilled generals, suddenly find themselves in a position of absolute indispensability. The skilled craftsmen in the factories turning out our guns and munitions, in the mines producing coal and the metallic ores and in the furnaces in which the metals are smelted, in the shipyards building all sorts of vessels, and in the workshops in which automobiles and air-craft are made, together with the operating staffs of the railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, and gas and electric plants, must be, by one expedient or other, universally held to duty in the service of the State, just as much as the soldiers and sailors. The nation can no more afford in the one case than in the other any interruption of service, any limitation of output, or any resistance to the imperative prompt increase of staff. The British trade unions at once agreed to suspend industrial war, and Mr. Gompers has been prompt in his declaration that the American Federation of Labor would do the same. In Great Britain it was soon found necessary to ask the trade unions to lay aside, for the duration of the war, whatever trade-union rules or customs, and whatever workshop practices, were found to obstruct the utmost possible increase of production. This sacrifice was made by the British trade unions without demur, on the assurance of the government that it undertook to see that reinstatement of all the rules, customs, and practices was made after the war, the employers being individually put under obligation to undo every change in their factories, and to revert to the 'pre-war conditions' and the 'pre-war practice.' A second condition was that the employers should be prevented from deriving any increase of profit from the workmen's sacrifice, a condition which the trade unions regard as scarcely fulfilled by the limitation imposed on the profits of the 5000 'controlled establishments.'

The United States will probably find it necessary, in the same way, to secure suspension of industrial warfare and of all rules, customs, and practices standing in the way of continuous maximum production on a vastly increased scale. But this will place upon the government, as it did in Great Britain quite new responsibilities with regard to the treatment of workmen in capitalist employment. If the workmen must not strike, must not leave their employment, and must not enforce their trade-union rules, they are delivered over to the employers in a helpless state. This will be, in spite of the American Constitution, a condition of 'involuntary servitude.' The government must, therefore, — merely in order to secure peace, even if equity be disregarded, — not only guarantee, but also actually insure (*a*) that there shall be no reduction of standard rates, or other 'nibbling' at wages; and (*b*) that there shall be no tyranny or capricious disciplining or discharge of workmen. These conditions are not easy to secure in capitalist establishments without an amount of inspection and control for which neither the government nor the employers will at first be prepared. But in every case in which they are not, in fact, secured, whatever may be the good intentions with which the parties start, there will be the seeds of industrial revolt; and wherever the employers or their foremen repeat their aggression, or what the workmen consider to be aggression, there will be — in spite of all the good wishes and efforts of the leaders — industrial strife. Moreover, prices will certainly continue to rise;

and the American government will find, as the British government has found, that employers cannot be trusted spontaneously to raise wage-rates in anything like the same proportion. The government is therefore compelled to intervene, if only to prevent interruption of work, and peremptorily to require and enforce the concession of such advances of wages or 'war-bonuses' as it considers to be necessary. All this has become, in Great Britain, for the duration of the war, simply 'common form'; and the Federal government will find itself, willy-nilly, and quite regardless of the Constitution, in the same position. Where smooth running is from the outset imperative, or where difficulties become acute, — as in Great Britain in the cases of the railways and of the coal mines, — it is found simpler to 'nationalize' the whole industry summarily; and to require the existing directors and managers to carry it on for the account of the government.

What has caused most of the 'labor discontents' which, notwithstanding the tremendous patriotism shown by the manual workers, the United Kingdom has not escaped, has been the inability of the employers — largely of the managers and foremen — to realize that it was essential, under war conditions, to give up 'taking advantage' of the workmen in ways which are, in peace-time, customary and condoned. Thus, no injunction of the government has availed to stop the constant tendency to 'cut rates' on piece-work jobs (largely on the occasion of fixing new rates for jobs of slightly different magnitude or character), whenever the workmen were thought to be 'making too much.' This has led to repeated strikes and enormous national loss. The only suggested remedy is that the fixing of piece-work rates or premium bonus times should be taken altogether out of the hands of the management, just as in well-organized trades the standard rate for time-work is removed entirely from the arbitrary rule of any one employer or any one operative, and is formulated collectively for all the establishments of the district. The translation of the standard time-rate into the piece-work rate or premium bonus time for a particular job, should, it is suggested, be always done by a pair of independent 'rate-fixers,' — one representing the trade union and the other the Employers' Association, — these two referring to an umpire chosen by them in any case in which they cannot agree upon this issue of fact. But to this curtailment of their autocracy British employers in the engineering industry — unlike those in the brass-working trade and in the Northumberland coal-mines, where the system has long prevailed — cannot yet be made to agree.

It remains to be seen whether the American 'captains of industry' will accept this method of avoiding industrial strife, or devise some other. What is certain is that the absolute necessity of securing unbroken continuity of production in modern war compels not only a great deal of 'involuntary servitude' in industry, but also, if the gravest discontents and revolts are to be avoided, some entirely novel expedients of workshop management, about which the British Ministry of Munitions is presumably advising the United States government.

THE DIARY OF A COWARD

[These records, which came to light after the death of a Dutch volunteer in the French service, were never intended to see the light of day. The name of the author is, therefore, withheld; but the *Atlantic* has reason to believe the documents to be genuine. The translation has been made for the *Atlantic* from the original Dutch. — THE EDITORS.]

PARIS, *August* 14, 1914.

DOES every one experience such enormous difficulty in reaching a decision in matters of importance, or is this peculiarity limited to inferior people like myself? I know well enough how readily one assumes an air of serene certainty toward one's friends and acquaintances, a tone of 'Of course I will do this or that'; and how one then does this or that because one has said so. I am not concerned with such external, apparent certainty, however, but rather with inner certainty, or, better still, with lack of certainty. And I at least have always had this paralyzing hesitancy, whenever in my life I have stood before an important choice.

And so it is now. I cannot order my thoughts. Like a troop of madmen they run to and fro, and into one another. What seems irrefutably right at one moment, appears as stupid and overzealous the next. I shall, therefore, at least temporarily, keep a record, in the hope that after some time I may be able to discover the position toward which I seem to tend. For, above everything else, I want to act in accordance with my inner self, provided such a thing reveals its existence.

Since the declaration of war I have felt nervously excited. Frequently I have felt a vague fear; but I have also been full of an irritating, unwholesome curiosity. It is going to be an entirely *new* war — a struggle with flying machines, airships, submarines (not to mention the improved guns that must differ enormously from the cannon of 1870). How can any one have dared to begin such a war?

Paris feels secure in its great confidence in the French army, a confidence which to me seems entirely justified. There is also a quite general contempt, not for the German soldier, but for German tactics and for the German officer. Is this also justified? Who knows? But in a month or two, *we shall know*.

In connection with the events of the last two weeks, I am constantly asking myself, What am I to do?

The answer to the question is fraught with no importance for France; for me personally it is of the utmost consequence. Shall I enlist as a volunteer or shall I stay at home?

For a fortnight now I have been struggling with this question; and I have not reached a decision. To ask advice is not possible in this case. For whom could I ask? I have acquaintances, of course; but friends? One perhaps, who lives in the Dutch East Indies. I became estranged from my relatives long ago. Therefore I shall have to stand entirely by myself.

It is nearly five years now since Jeanne died, and it will soon be four and a half years since I moved into bachelor's quarters. Mine has been an uneventful existence, with but little variety. It is true, I see my colleagues, and I have other acquaintances whom I meet in the evening in the Café de la Paix on the Boulevard du Temple. But the greater part of my leisure is spent in my room, reading, working a little, doing a great many trifles. The

loneliness of this existence does not oppress me very much; for a long time I have been living as in a dream — vegetating. I have performed the duties of my profession without much enthusiasm, and without much aversion. But now I have suddenly been shocked out of my dull equilibrium.

When I look down into the street from my window, I notice an unaccustomed stir. A confused noise of muttering voices rises up to me — now and then shouts break through. It is clear to me that in these days all men in France stand shoulder to shoulder: one in thought, one in hope, one in determination. But I remain on the outside! Again and again the question arises: Shall I join? Or shall I stay out, being a foreigner? It is possible — and, after all, is it not most natural?

I am not such a furious hater of everything German as my colleagues, Pichaud and Marcel, who look upon the *sales Boches* as a lot of intriguers and scoundrels. Although I can see a lack of harmony in their civilization, and although many of their prominent people impress me as petty tyrants and upstarts, as being often too submissive and too slavish, still I must recognize that there are, even among the Germans, many enterprising, able, and energetic people; and 'good' men as well.

But notwithstanding all these impartial intellectual reflections, I feel indignation over the invasion of Belgium. That was an infamous act. How can they even attempt to justify such burglary? Yet they surely will. In the eyes of a German, every other German, and, above all, the German government, is always right.

The most divergent feelings have forced themselves upon me these last days. Sometimes I experience agreeable excitement when I foresee the stupendous events that are about to take place near me, under my eyes; and when I think that I shall be one of the few privileged to feel the exaltations of the tremendous experience, *without being myself exposed to danger.*

Even after I had examined this by no means noble sentiment more closely and when I had understood its origin, the pleasant sparkling feeling did not pass away. The baseness of my character was revealed all too clearly!

And yet I cannot bring myself to the decision to remain at a safe distance from danger. I hesitate and I continue to hesitate. My acquaintances are curious to know what I am going to do.

'Will you not have to enlist?' I am asked.

'I am not a Frenchman,' is my reply. 'I come from Holland.'

Most of them look at me then, not with much kindness; they shrug their shoulders and mutter something like, 'Cela n'empêche pas —'

My landlady, Madame Cabuchon, with whom I have rarely conversed more than once a month, inquired yesterday whether or not I was going to leave. She has her troubles, the poor woman. Three of her lodgers have already left — perhaps for good! I replied that I could not tell for certain, and that I would inform her as soon as I had decided what to do.

Practically all my younger acquaintances, and those of my own age as well, are serving. I cannot delude myself by pretending that I would not be accepted. I am thirty-six years old, without any disability so far as I am aware, and in fairly good health. I have never served in the army. It is true that I was a faithful member of the Volunteer Corps during my student days in Utrecht. That does not mean very much; but it helps a little. And I am inclined to think that I am not below the majority of the volunteers in fitness. But *I do not have to go*, and

when arguing calmly, it seems as if I ought not to.

Yet I cannot be entirely satisfied with this conclusion. I owe much to France. With Jeanne I have passed here my happiest — at any rate, my best years. And now that my life no longer has much value, why should I spare it? And then I ask again: is it not quixotic to join the fight when one can stay out of it? At any rate, before I decide I must consider the pros and the cons very carefully.

PARIS, *August* 16, 1914.

I have got no further, and I foresee that I shall not get any further. I have gazed at Jeanne's portrait on my desk and tried to convince myself that she is still alive and can tell me what to do. — In what superstitions does one seek refuge! Of course, it was of no use. I know it too well: I should be able to hear her answer only if I could give it myself. Now I am thinking again how good it would be if only Fred were here, so that I could consult him. But Fred is in the East Indies. If I write him now, months will be gone before I get his reply.

The stir and excitement in the city are increasing. It makes me restless. The bulletins in front of which people are crowding, the incessant hawking of newspapers and extras, the shouting, the singing, the troops which march past with their bands and the rattling of drums, the artillery with the guns thundering over the pavement, the splendid dragoons wildly applauded — all this causes fresh excitement each time, putting to flight my wise arguments. Then I get lost in romantic imaginings about the war, and I want to be in it. But scarcely half an hour later my enthusiasm has disappeared and the war stands out as something so horrible, so beastly, that I am astounded at all these soldiers who go by smiling and singing, joking and shouting *bons mots* to the bystanders. They seem to be satisfied and happy. Do they not feel the shuddering horror of it all? Have they a different view of life? Or perhaps a sort of courage different from that of people like myself?

PARIS, *August* 19, 1914.

I have been thinking for days now, and for nights as well. How I have lain awake, for hours and hours! And all this reflecting is useless. It does not bring me one step further, and I wish that some one else could decide for me. The only thing that I am sure of is this: if I do go, I shall bitterly reproach myself afterwards. I see myself at the front, fuming: stupid fool, it was not necessary! And if I do not go, I shall be carrying about with me the oppressive certainty of being a coward.

I never considered myself very important, neither in my student days, nor later. And, frankly, I have never understood very well why Jeanne cared so much for me. I know that I am a mediocrity in nearly everything. But that I am so far below the average in personal courage as now appears to be the case — that is a sad revelation.

PARIS, *August* 20, 1914.

I have thought of going back to Holland and enlisting there. The Dutch army has been mobilized, there is fear of the country's being drawn into the war. But in returning to Holland I run the risk of becoming involved in petty difficulties. Besides, I am no longer a Hollander. For Jeanne's sake, too, it were better if I did not go back. It is a pity in a way. The memories of my youth draw me thither. Sometimes I dream of the old days, wandering through B. and talking with people I used to know twenty-five and thirty years ago, when I was a child. Most of them must be dead now. And then I

walk through the streets of Utrecht, a student. And when I wake from such dreams, I feel very tenderly toward Holland. I am homesick. Fortunately this feeling never lasts very long. I know only too well how much better these fantastic memories are than reality used to be; and how disappointed I should be if I were once more to see the old things.

PARIS, *August* 23, 1914.

To-day a boy in school said to me, 'Do you not have to serve, sir?'

'Don't you know that I am a Hollander?'

'But the Foreign Legion?'

I did not reply, but I started the work of the day. No, the Foreign Legion does not attract me. I know that there are countrymen of mine there; also Poles, Swiss, Greeks, Swedes, Roumanians, South Americans — a mixed lot. These people talk a dozen different languages. Between some of them there is an instinctive antipathy. I have heard some fine stories about that! Besides, I fear that the officers cannot have much faith in their men.

PARIS, *August* 28, 1914.

I do not get any further. Reports and newspaper accounts sometimes make me wish that I were there! To take part, to have romantic adventures, to see for myself, to act! But at bottom, there is the certain knowledge: the farther from it, the better.

The Germans appear to be much stronger than we anticipated. They are advancing in Belgium, and in France and in Russia. I fear that things will go wrong. And then? And then?

PARIS, *August* 31, 1914.

How small and mean everything in me is! It is regrettable that cowardice and love of ease bind me to this empty existence. If only I had some one to live for! While hundreds of thousands who love, who are of use and who are needed, offer their lives without questioning, I continue to vegetate, wasting my days in an unmanly hesitation, a smarting, fruitless worry.

PARIS, *September* 2, 1914.

The knot has been cut. Or rather — it will be cut for me. I will not join the Foreign Legion. But I have asked for my naturalization papers. If I am allowed to become a Frenchman, then I must serve. If not, the matter is settled, and I shall have done what I could. At last some decision is on the way — which turn I am hoping for, I do not myself know.

V——, *November* 15, 1914.

For four weeks now I have been here in V——, where we are being trained, nearly a thousand of us.

When after weeks of waiting the decision finally came, I at first intended not to continue these notes. But the question whether I was really entirely devoid of courage continued to occupy me. In a month or two, when I shall know, I may find it not uninteresting to have a picture of what I felt and thought during these days of hesitation. For this reason I shall continue to write down what is going on within me as honestly as I can.

Before the reply to my request came, I waited for days and days. I had periods of the greatest anxiety. Then there were hours of indifference. Sometimes I reproached myself for not having been strong enough to make my own decision in one way or another, but soon it appeared again to be best to allow the decision to be made for me. Throughout the period my mood was depressed; I had no desire to make any notes in this diary. When the news finally came, I had at first a feeling of relief. The enervating uncertainty was past, and the feeling that I had done

my duty, or rather that I was going to do it, was a pleasant one. At just about that time the news of the victory of the Marne came. What a glorious clearing! I immediately informed my principal, my colleagues, my landlady, and my acquaintances, of my intention to take service. They did not receive the announcement as anything so very remarkable, and their indifference caused me some disappointment, even though I could fully understand their attitude.

In the mean time my self-satisfaction began to disintegrate. I remember vividly how some mornings I awoke with the oppressive feeling that something horrible was about to enter into my existence. And then at once I knew it, and I felt a pang in my breast. I should have to take part in the fighting. There was no escape.

The self-confidence would return somewhat after rising, and especially after going out. But a shifting fear remained lurking in my heart, disappearing and again returning, a fear which I could sometimes suppress but never drive out. Early in the morning in bed that stealthy feeling of an approaching calamity was strongest.

After a few days I seemed to grow accustomed to the new condition. However, when I received the call to go to V—— and report there, it came back very strongly. I cursed my stupidity. I read again what I had written in this diary in August, and it suddenly made surer the conviction that I was a genuine coward. It seemed to be proved, not only by my long hesitation, but equally by my half-hearted, quasi-courageous resolve to ask for naturalization papers. I realized that I was as much afraid of joining as of being looked upon as a coward. It was evident that I lacked even the small amount of firmness necessary to act differently from the great mass! And consequently I should now have to go with the rest on the leaking ship.

Doubtless it was again the lack of courage to act differently from others which made things go fairly well in V——, among so many others sharing the same fate. In this group of people willing, thinking, and feeling all the same way, I began very quickly to feel at home and safe. During the daytime at least; the first nights in V—— were frightful: thirty-six of us in one room. I could not sleep; all night long I heard heavy breathing, snoring, whispering, muttering, cursing. Eating together I did not mind, working together still less. But *sleeping!* Dead tired, with a headache, and irritable from over-fatigue, I stretched myself out upon my straw sack. Sleep would not come. I did not have a good bed; I was too cold; snoring, snorting, groaning kept me awake. I was restless, turned from one side to the other, and made myself miserable by all sorts of horrible imaginings. I was thinking continually of what the future would bring. I hoped that it might be painless death, sudden death.

Now I am entirely accustomed to my surroundings.

V——, *November* 17, 1914.

I met a former pupil, Étienne S. He has changed a great deal during the five years since I saw him last and I did not recognize him. But he did recognize me.

'You here, sir?'

'Why not?'

Quite involuntarily, I assumed the tone of the self-assured man who knows exactly why he acts thus and so.

We are making good progress with our training. But most of the men are muttering that it should go faster. It is taking too long to please them. Are they honest about this? I believe they are, most of them, at least. There are

of course some who merely repeat what they hear others say. Yesterday I caught myself saying, 'It is getting time for us to have a turn at things.' I was not conscious at the moment of having bragged.

The crowds are cheering us. It brings to my mind the first days of August in Paris. How remote the marching troops seemed then! I did not understand how they could go so cheerfully to meet the danger. They all seemed heroes. And I still think that these soldiers were quite different from what I am now.

Last week, on our return from target practice, we passed a group of young women and girls who threw flowers at us, shyly at first, and with serious faces, but then with laughter and jokes and shouting. I caught one, a brownish yellow chrysanthemum. I was as happy with it as a boy. And at the same time I felt ashamed.

V——, *November* 20, 1914.

I am fairly well adjusted to my present life. Not merely externally, — that I was from the beginning, — but also spiritually. This war is a terrible thing; but for us at least it is a necessity. I am fully convinced that, unless we triumph over them, the Germans will forever remain a threatening danger for us. Germany does not recognize in other states the same rights that she claims for herself. She wants to be in supreme control. If this is allowed, Holland will be one of the first victims: first a vassal state, then a part of the Empire!

I am reconciled to the idea that I may fall. When I consider how many of my comrades have others dependent upon them, my life appears without value. How exaggerated an importance one attaches to one's life in times of peace! In this respect at least war teaches a valuable lesson.

V——, *December* 28, 1914.

The time has finally come. We shall get seven days' leave to-morrow and then we shall be distributed among active units.

To F. van B., Esq., President of the Rural Council at B——, Java.

Paris, *January* 2, 1915.

Dear F——,

You will be surprised when you receive these papers: a diary, or something of that nature, at least, of the undersigned. It is much easier to reveal our most intimate feelings to people who are far from us and whom there is not the slightest chance of meeting again, than to others. As you will notice, I am disclosing in these papers what one usually keeps hidden very carefully. But if only you will keep it to yourself, read what I have written. Do not expect anything extraordinary, anything exciting or exalting. I send this package chiefly because I want it kept safely. In a few days I shall leave for the front and there I should run the risk of having these papers fall into the hands of people whom they do not concern. Besides, I do not want to carry unnecessary luggage. Should I come out alive, I should like to get the papers back, to read them again after the war, to gain a fuller knowledge of myself, you know! If I should feel any desire to continue my diary after I get in the trenches, I shall do it in the form of letters to you. Put them with what I am sending you now. You will not receive any war correspondence from me — more than enough of that is to be found in the newspapers and in the periodicals. What I have written, and what I may still write, has to do with introspection only. My chief problem is to find out how I shall behave in the face of danger. It will be far from fine — I fear. But I am interested in the

truth, the bare truth, be it ever so ugly. I am not going to embellish matters therefore. Toward others, you will be silent, will you not? At least, as long as I live! After I am dead tear the stuff up or do with it as you like.

S——, *January* 22, 1915.

DEAR F——,

We are still a few hours' journey behind the front.

Taking it all in all, I am not dissatisfied. As a rule, I feel calm. Now and then a faint feeling arises vaguely. But in the course of ordinary conversation it readily disappears. At times, I even get flickerings of a desire to fight. Not the real thing, however, I presume; more in the nature of artistic imagination. The knowledge that I am carrying practically no responsibility contributes more than anything else to creating a mood of quiet resignation. I am a soldier and I have to obey. That is all.

Rather a mean point of view, this, you will say. True, but under the circumstances it appears to me the only proper one. I have not the remotest approach to an opinion as to what ought to be done. Neither has any one else in my vicinity. But we have faith in our generals. We do not worry and we wait — others think, judge, and decide for us. Also, habit helps to make our lives bearable. Last, but not least, there is the natural inclination to seek accord with surroundings that are harmonious. Even those who hesitate are influenced by the spirit of unity of the whole. This does not mean that there are never any differences of opinion. One hears discussions and debates on all sides. But in nearly all cases these are based upon playing with words, or attaching different meanings to the same expression. As to the abstract, wordless thought, we are nearly always in accord.

S——, *January* 24, 1915.

In the distance we hear continually the rumble and the dull thud of heavy gunfire. Each time I feel a strange respect and admiration, mingled with fear, for the men in the first line of trenches.

Sometimes we meet them when they are relieved. Then they look like ordinary people, who do not see anything unusual in what they are doing. When we talk to them, it seems that we also look upon it as the ordinary thing; that we are only a little curious. But as far as I am concerned, I know that I *feel* it all very differently.

S——, *January* 29, 1915.

We are relatively safe here. Recently a few grenades got lost in our vicinity. Yesterday a German flyer was overhead, dropping bombs near enough to be troublesome. But as for the real, big danger I do not know what it means.

Before long our turn for the trenches will come. Most of the fellows are wishing for the time to come. At least, that is what they say. I am fearing it. I am in earnest when I say to myself, that my life is of little value, even to myself. Yet I fear the trenches.

S——, *January* 30, 1915.

I had to stop yesterday. In front of us a fight was developing; the order to move forward was expected at any moment. We were ordered to fall in, were allowed to sit or to lie down, and then we had to wait for five endless hours.

The German fire seemed to be coming nearer. The incessant explosions made us excited and nervous. We were impatient to be allowed to participate in some way or other. But we had to wait, wait endlessly. The idleness irritated me to such an extent that I feared I was going mad. I wanted to get shot,

to get relief from this enervating suspense and from my bursting headache. After some time, a reaction set in. I became indifferent, only half conscious. It is all over now, thank God!

Yesterday evening transports of wounded soldiers came past us repeatedly. Hearing the wailing and the groaning, seeing all the bloodiness, made me sick. I had better not write about this. While in the midst of the danger I had not been afraid; then, however, the fear of the front suddenly overtook me again. I violently reproached myself for having been so stupid as to enlist. There I was in the midst of this insane murder! And by my own free will!

Free will? At least, that is what we call it.

D——, *February* 21, 1915.

DEAR F——,

And now we are at the front. I have already spent more than two weeks in the trenches. Yesterday we were given eight days' leave. I went with a comrade whose parents live here in D——. The dear boy has become very much attached to me. He believes that I am a strong support for him! Must I weep at this, or laugh? Gaston has told me in great confidence that he gets occasional attacks of cowardice. And he asked me whether I did not despise him. He is terribly afraid that the fellows will notice it, but he did not mind confiding in me. Why in me? He says it is because he admires my imperturbable calmness so much. What could I reply? It seemed best not to tell him how things stood with me. Apart from the difficulties such a confession would cause me, I concluded that it would also be better for him to believe in my courage.

A little while ago I suddenly remembered the awe and admiration with which, in Paris and in V——, and even after that, I thought of the troops who were fighting in the trenches. Now I am there myself. And so I myself have probably become a hero in the eyes of others.

A hero! But there are real heroes and make-believe heroes; and they are not always easily distinguishable. I do not hide from myself that I belong to the make-believes. And yet, it is remarkable that I did not find the second week at the front as terrible as the first. It is not as bad there as it seems. When once you get accustomed to the idea that you may be dead in a day, or in an hour, or in a minute, and when you are clear as to your future, your mood is relieved from constant depression. Involuntarily you become kind and helpful to those about you, you do not get vexed over trifles, you are ready to make all sorts of sacrifices. Of course, if, in the midst of such a condition, a grenade suddenly drops into your trench, if you see three or four of your comrades getting killed, your misery returns, no matter how good an outward appearance you may keep up. At least, for a while. But then again the thought comes that getting wounded means rest and safety, and good care. And death? that is still less terrible. One boasts of reaching one's destination along the shortest road! Is not death every one's final destination?

S——, *March* 1, 1915.

DEAR F——,

We are back in the trenches. It was a little strange at first, but we soon got readjusted. It makes a big difference whether one is in the front line or in the second or third. In the first, one is with few companions. And although one lies behind broad wire entanglements, one has to keep a steady watch. For there are openings in these entanglements, through which we pass to make an attack.

In the other lines it is safer — and

also pleasanter. We crowd together, usually in threes or fours. In the hiding-places there is the loudest talking, of course. The debate usually runs on the question as to how it will be after the war. How strange it seems to one sitting here, to imagine *peace*, and to think of sleeping on a bed night after night — on a real bed, in a room all to one's self! And of breakfast with a newspaper by your side! Or of a walk in the Bois de Boulogne! And of hearing nicely dressed boys and girls sing and play in the streets! And of being able to wash as often as you like, and to feel the freshness of clean linen on your body!

Of course there are other wishes and luxuries.

In the end every one is lost in his dreams. And then the thought comes sometimes: formerly, when we had the enjoyment of all these things, it seemed quite common, they made no one particularly happy. How long will it take after we get them back before we shall take them again as a matter of course? There is so little in life that has real enduring value. One looks for it here, another there; no one finds it. Who knows whether there are not some among us who, after many years, will think back to this time with a sense of regret and desire, who will feel that this was their most beautiful year, a time when they lived most fully and genuinely?

March 3, 1915.

It is peculiar that one can get so accustomed to danger.

I have tried to account for it, and it appears to be like this: at first our thoughts are almost incessantly occupied with the frightful things that are about to happen. Then moments come — only a single one at first — in which our thoughts wander away, involuntarily, and dwell on something else. Suddenly fear returns. But the periods of repose become more frequent and of longer duration. And when they are disturbed by fear, the painful shock becomes gradually less violent. Neither does fear itself ache so hard. And then the time approaches when one is conscious of fear only on occasions when there is a violent fire, or when men fall. That is my present condition. There seems to be a further stage in which one is rid of fear for good.

So far I shall not get.

O——, *March* 20, 1915.

DEAR F——,

I am writing from the hospital. A fortnight ago I was wounded in the right hip by a grenade splinter. It was not very serious, only a flesh wound. I suddenly felt a shock; a feeling of heaviness came over me, rather than one of pain. At first I did not understand it and wanted to get up; but I fell over. I wanted to ask something, but before I could do that I became unconscious. When I regained consciousness, I was in the ambulance.

The first treatment of the wound was painful and took a long time. But at last I could be moved to the hospital. Here one can manage very well. Some of the physicians and nurses are surprised that most of the wounded are in such a tranquilly happy, almost blissful mood. But one lies in bed so quietly, one is cared for with so much tenderness, and above all, one feels so gloriously *safe!*

If the sister who sits near my bed, and who forbids me to continue writing, could read this, she would surely lose some of her admiration for *le brave Hollandais!*

March 31, 1915.

My wound has healed and before long I shall return to the front. I am urging to be allowed to go. Not from a desire to fight — indeed not! Simply from a common everyday feeling of

duty. I have no right any longer to occupy this place, to which some one else has greater claim. And why postpone misery which is inevitable? If it has to be, then let it be at once.

Without having given any occasion for it, I am being looked upon as a hero here. A friend of Gaston's is a distant cousin of one of the nurses. Gaston inquired after me, and apparently used that occasion to do a good deal of boasting. At any rate, some greatly embellished stories of my sang-froid have been going the rounds here. Without having to lie, I could say that all this was invented, or at least highly exaggerated. The consequence was that I was looked upon, not only as a hero, but as a giant of modesty as well. It is very annoying. However, to be honest, I must confess that now and then this undeserved praise gives me a feeling of satisfaction; I have always known that I was weak-minded.

A few times I was on the point of saying, 'Do believe me, it was not courage which made me become a soldier, neither was it courage which made me do my duty. (After all, what is it that I have done?) And it is not courage which causes me to urge my departure. Know that I would much rather remain in this hospital where I am so well cared for and where I am so safe.'

But I did not say anything. Because — so I tell myself — I know only too well that I should not succeed in making these people understand my base thoughts and my low sentiments. They would merely repeat their talk of 'modesty.'

H——, *April* 8, 1915.

DEAR F——,

I am back with my old company — a piece of good luck. And what is more, I have been promoted to a corporalship. No small thing, eh? Just the same, it made me happy. I was touched by the friendly spirit of the fellows. Gaston shook my hand at least six times, muttering, 'Ah, *mon vieux*, *mon vieux*, how I have missed you!' This does one good. And I had better not get lost in the question as to how much of all this attachment I deserve.

H——, *April* 12, 1915.

A few days after my return to the troop we went back to the firing line. Yesterday I was in the second line of trenches. The Germans began an attack that was meant in earnest. There was incessant thundering of cannon. We had to withdraw to our hiding-places and wait — for hours and hours. The only relief we had was caused by a sudden avalanche of sand. A part of the trench appeared to have caved in. After the first scare, there came a feeling of relief and a certain satisfaction. At least we could *do* something now, digging ourselves out of the loose earth and repairing the damage with our spades. Then, again, it was waiting. A few times I clambered up to look through a periscope which a sergeant loaned me. Nothing to be discovered — nothing but smoke. Apparently our officers did not think that our turn would come very soon. I am glad of it, I thought. I could not see anything attractive in a hand-to-hand fight. I am not afraid of a gun wound, but when I think of getting a bayonet thrust, I shudder.

It cannot be helped. We have to take whatever comes along.

April 18, 1915.

Nothing in particular happened on the day on which the above was written. But the next day —! Not even now, five days later, have I regained my equilibrium. Shall I be proud of my conduct later on? Or shall I be ashamed of it? When I am with others, I can be cheerful. When I am alone or

when I lie awake at night, I feel very uncertain. But could I have acted differently under the circumstances?

In the early morning of the 13th the cannonading was resumed, and again we had hours of exhausting expectation. Toward noon we noticed that an unusual event was coming. The captain shouted something. I could not understand a word. Gaston understood: the wire entanglements in front of the first line of trenches had been shot to pieces. We had to hold ourselves ready. There was incessant telephoning.

'They are coming!' some one yelled.

I could not restrain myself any longer and looked over the edge of the trench.

They were coming indeed; I saw them. In broad, irregular rows they were running toward us. Straight toward me, it seemed. And behind them, there came others, and still others, ever more. The German guns were silent now. And then suddenly ours began to roar with redoubled vigor.

Holes, narrow clefts, and fissures were torn in the massive gray billows that came rolling toward us.

'Not a single one will get through!' I heard some one shout.

But behind the first wave came a second one, and a third one behind that. I saw them approach, losing in vigor, yet remaining strong.

We were ready. In that moment I felt no fear! Like the others, I was burning to fly out of the trenches. Suddenly a strange silence came, and then the call: '*Attaquez! Attaquez!*'

We clambered up, jumped over the edge of the trench, and ran forward. In front, to the left, to the right, everywhere there were French soldiers, storming forward.

I saw the Germans coming nearer, in their dirty gray uniforms, in rows, in heaps, and in smaller groups, some even singly. I saw the glistening and flickering of their bayonets, I heard them yell and shout. My heart thumped so hard that I had difficulty in breathing. Around me our men were shouting loudly. I was shouting too, and felt relieved when I heard my own voice, however indistinctly. Now and then a rifle-shot could be heard. We were running fast. '*En avant! En avant!*'

Suddenly I became aware of a desire to hold back a little, and thereby to postpone, if only for a single second, the terrible moment of the clash. I happened to be pushed by a comrade behind me and I flew forward again.

At last we had reached the Germans. Six steps in front of me I saw Gaston bayoneting an officer. Not a second later the poor chap fell himself — hit by a rifle-shot, as I learned later.

Suddenly a big German stood before me, a deathly pallor on his face, his mouth drawn, his eyes crazed with fear. His terror gave me courage and a feeling of superiority. I jumped on him. He tried to defend himself, but with all my strength, I plunged my bayonet into his body. '*Bravo Caporal!*' I heard some one call. While with the greatest difficulty I pulled my gun out — it was being sucked into the wound, oh, horror! — scores of my comrades ran past. I tried to catch up with them, stumbled over a body, and fell, with my head to the ground. But immediately I got up again and ran forward, more slowly however; my legs felt weak and powerless. I saw one of our men struggling with an enemy, stopped for a moment, and drove my bayonet into his body. Forward again! I had no further encounters. The attack had been repulsed. The German guns began thundering again; we had to return to our trenches.

I took the death of Gaston (and of many others) more calmly than I had

feared. This is not so surprising after all. Death may strike any one of us, at any moment. We have accepted that chance. But if that is our attitude toward ourselves, why should we not have it toward our friends?

But it still seems strange to me that I cannot reach a definite judgment on my action in this last fight. Certain it is that the circumstances absolutely required my doing what I did, even leaving entirely out of consideration the fact that to every one his own life is dearer than that of a stranger. I cannot hesitate in the choice between a French soldier and a German soldier. But it is equally certain that killing men runs counter to my nature and is absolutely irreconcilable with ideas which I had always accepted without question. Efforts to remove the contradiction between these thoughts must inevitably fail. It is in this way that I seek to explain the fact that at one moment I am cheerful, and sing with the rest — that I am invariably rejoicing over my good luck in the last fight, not merely having escaped without even the slightest scratch myself, but having had besides the good fortune of killing two Germans; while the next moment I sit worrying silently, asking myself, 'How is it possible that you are taking part in this frightful war — as a volunteer?'

[This was the last letter of Jan R—— received by Mr. van B——. A letter sent by the latter in March was returned to the sender with the notice on the envelope: 'Fallen at Souchez.' — The Editors.]

TACTICS AND ARMAMENT: AN EVOLUTION

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

This study is not the work of a specialist in military matters; it has no concern, therefore, with developments of a purely technical nature. It undertakes the simpler task of explaining the great transformations which have taken place in the operations on the Western front, passing from a state of most rapid flux to the absolute immobility of trench-warfare, and now tending to abandon this stagnation in favor of fighting in the open.

These vastly important changes, which have caused the contending armies to employ radically variant tactics in the course of the same war, are to be explained by the prodigious advances made in armaments while the struggle goes on. For nearly three years now, the intellectual activity of half the peoples of the civilized world has been focused on the perfecting of engines of destruction or defense. The results have been incalculable; they have revolutionized the tactics of the battlefield. In Napoleon's time tactics changed every ten years or so, while to-day one might well say that they change every six months. This evolution is due to one factor which always works in the same direction: the continuous increase in strength, speed,

and range communicated to projectiles by explosives. Artillery is the essential element of present-day warfare, and artillery tactics have gradually penetrated the province of all other arms. For offensive operations we have witnessed, not only an increase of the number, the calibre, and the firing-speed of cannon, but also the conversion of the infantry into a sort of light artillery, flexible and quick-moving, while aviation has become in a way the artillery of the air.

The defensive, on the other hand, has been preoccupied with finding new means of protection against an artillery which grows more varied and destructive. In their progress the offensive and defensive have not always kept abreast; and it is this fluctuating inequality which has created the various phases of the conflict. At first the methods of attack were most effective, bringing about that *warfare of movement* which lasted through the two months of August and September, 1914. The side of the defensive, however, bent all its energy toward improving its condition, and, after a rapid process of perfection, evolved *trench warfare*, which reached its fullest development between October, 1914, and the beginning of 1916. During this long term, the means of attack went on improving in quality as well as in quantity, and 1916 once more saw the *dominant offensive*. These are the three phases which we shall analyze.

1. *The Warfare of Movement*

The first two months of the war marked a real triumph of offensive tactics — a triumph accruing chiefly to the Germans, who reaped the harvest of their admirable preparation. It will not be amiss here to consider briefly the elements of this preparation, and the condition of their adversaries.

The German superiority lay almost completely in their armament — especially in the strength of their artillery. Every one of the army corps which went into battle was provided with 160 cannon. Among this number, it is true, were field guns of 77-*mm* calibre, of mediocre value, but there were in addition sixteen 105-*mm* howitzers and a battery of 150's. The command also had at its disposal, groups of heavy 210-*mm* guns, besides the Austrian pieces of 305 *mm*, drawn by motor-tractors, and, finally, the famous 420-*mm* howitzers, which have long been discredited. All this heavy artillery, with a range of from five to ten kilometres, was directed by a well-organized aviation service, which made it possible to strike the enemy without seeing him and without being seen. Herein lay the prime element of the early victories.

The infantry, however, also had great advantages. Although its automatically loading rifle possessed no marked superiority, it was provided with great quantities of machine-guns, permitting a fierce intensity of fire. The German soldier, too, was almost invisible, thanks to the *feldgrau* uniform which had been thoughtfully devised for him. The scouting and reconnoitring service had at its disposal a great number of armored motor-cars, making it easy to penetrate the invaded territory with lightning speed. This supplemented the cavalry, whose rôle was unimportant save in September and October, during the 'drive to the sea,' when it took the place of extremely mobile infantry.

Add to this material excellence the valor of the German soldier, his thorough-going instruction, his amazing faith in the triumph of his arms, and we have the principal reasons for that brilliant initial success. It is reported that the German Emperor, shortly before the crisis, declared: 'If war should

come, we will show the world what an army really is.' The Kaiser spoke truth. In August, 1914, the German war-machine might have been considered as a sort of terrible perfection.

The superiority of this instrument of attack was all the greater because Germany's adversaries had been more or less negligent of their own preparation. The little Belgian army was taken by surprise in the midst of reorganization. The British army, sturdy and brave as it was, was insignificant in numbers. As for the French, if their personal courage, their dash, their spirit of sacrifice were incomparable, their equipment left much to be desired. By way of artillery, they had a marvelous field gun,—the '75,' with its extraordinary accuracy and speed,—but their lack of heavy cannon was cruelly felt. The rapid-fire gun was little used by the infantry. The uniform had preserved the dazzling contrast of colors — red and blue — which had been adopted in the days of Louis-Philippe for the purpose of fostering the culture of dye-producing plants. Army aviation, though originated by the French, was regarded as a kind of sport, with no practical application. This superb force, therefore, filled with enthusiasm and patriotic fervor, went forth to battle in a state of insufficient preparation which was destined to bring cruel disillusionments.

The first of these came with the speedy fall of the fortresses. Peace-loving France, whose chief preoccupation had been with defense, placed her trust in these great walls of concrete. It was only necessary, however, for the heavy artillery to appear before them to lay them low. The forts at Maubeuge and the powerful redoubt of Manonvillers, in Lorraine, fell like a house of cards. It was the same story with the Belgian fortifications: Liége held out only a few days against the guns of medium calibre; Namur resisted forty-eight hours, and a short time later Antwerp succumbed, bringing about a crushing demonstration of the superiority which offensive tactics, brought to perfection by an aggressive people, had won over the methods of defense.

It was the same story on the battlefields. The French army was filled with an admirable offensive spirit, but it had no means to give this spirit its proper outlet. In the first battles, therefore, we were treated to the spectacle of infantry charging across open country toward objectives which had scarcely been touched by the artillery; the Germans, invisible in their admirably protective uniforms of gray-green, rained down on the attacking columns such a storm of artillery and machine-gun fire that the assailing forces did not even get within striking distance of them. This was particularly true at Morhange and in the Ardennes. The Germans, taking the offensive, began by battering the battlefields with their heavy projectiles, only letting loose the assault when they considered that the enemy had been demoralized by this violent fire from hidden batteries. And, in truth, a great number of the French soldiers who fell in these initial engagements did not have the consolation of having fought; the majority of them were cut down before they had even seen the enemy. These first battles, in which the French soldiers struggled, so to speak, in the dark, overwhelmed by an infernal fire coming from an invisible enemy, left, in the minds of the survivors, the most frightful recollections.

This same army, however, which was put to such a searching test in August, was able, several days later, to snatch victory from defeat on the battlefield of the Marne. This stroke of good fortune was, in the last analysis, due to the fact that the French commanders had kept

their sang-froid, and the soldiers their spirit and confidence. It is hard to know where to accord the highest tribute of admiration — to the simple, clean-cut plan of the generalissimo, to the spirit of boldness and initiative of the army commanders, or to the generous ardor of the troops. It must be remembered, in this connection, that the extraordinary speed of the French retreat and the German advance had put the attacking forces at a considerable disadvantage. In spite of the admirable organization of the system of transports, the Germans were not able to bring up to the battlefield their full resources of heavy artillery, or to provide sufficient ammunition for their batteries. The battle of the Marne marked a munitions-crisis for both opposing armies. In fact, the material conditions of the adversaries were practically identical, so that the French soldier was able to give convincing proof of his superiority. The Germans had no choice but to retreat. Then, deprived for a moment of their powerful means of attack, they took the defensive in order to win time to bring up the material and the supplies which were so sorely needed. They thus provided an example to their opponents which from their point of view was bad: for when the Germans, finally reinforced, attempted to resume the offensive toward the end of September, the French simply imitated them. Then commenced that long period of trench warfare which marked for almost a year and a half the triumph of the defensive.

2. Trench Warfare

The trenches, whose part in the war became so vitally important toward the end of September, 1914, were no novelty. The Russians and the Japanese had dug themselves in for months in Manchuria, and throughout the Balkan War trenches were continually made use of. During the period of flux, the two adversaries dug trenches whenever the opportunity was presented, even during the battle of the Marne. The French, of course, were loath to employ this method, but they were forced to adopt it at times. If the Germans set them an example on the Aisne, the French returned the compliment with warmth in Picardie, near Arras, and in Belgium, where the great waves of the German offensives of October and November were thrown back from the weak, haphazard breastwork of trenches which their opponents had hastily established. From the fifteenth of November, however, both sides, thoroughly exhausted, turned all their energies toward converting their trenches into a powerful system of defense, under cover of which they could gather together once more their troops, their munitions, and their supplies. Both succeeded so well that, in spite of repeated attempts to break through, the battlefront remained fixed in an immobility which lasted more than one year. To the trenches, themselves a stout element of defense, was added a complete system designed to prevent the enemy from approaching the works; and though new means of attack were devised and perfected, no real advantages were secured by either side during the entire year of 1915.

The trench, at first, was a mere shelter, designed to protect the fighting men from the terrible fire which scorches the battlefields, and from the rifle-bullets and the fragments of shells from both sides; it also insures invisibility to the infantryman and puts him out of harm's way. At the same time, too, it enables him to attack without being seen. It gives him an opportunity to shoot without exposing himself dangerously, and to prepare for the offensive under cover. It is, therefore, at the same time a sort of ambuscade from which the assaulting party emerges, and

a fortification where it takes shelter. Naturally, however, when two lines of trenches confront each other, keeping close watch one over the other, the defensive rôle predominates, and the trench becomes, above all else, a fortification, with its *glacis*, its redoubts, its arteries of communication and of access, and its barracks. A trench is a ditch about two yards deep, scarcely wider than one yard, and often less. The earth thrown up from the excavation is piled high on the side facing the enemy and forms a sort of rampart called the parapet, dominating the whole length of the trench. This parapet is pierced by loopholes for rifle-fire; these loopholes are generally concealed with great care, and are closed by shutters, and protected by high-heaped bags of earth. An infantryman, standing at a loophole, is safeguarded from bullets which pass above him or bury themselves in the parapet. Even the shells need not be reckoned with unless they explode just above the trench or within it; and, in order to minimize this danger, the trench takes an irregular course, forming a deep bend every four or five yards, called a *pare-éclat*. Roughly speaking then, the trench is a zigzag ditch, and the men in it can scarcely be harmed except from above — or from beneath.

It was necessary, however, to find some means of preventing the enemy from advancing close to the parapet, whence he could leap into the trenches or hurl hand-projectiles. In front of the trenches, therefore, a network of barbed wire is constructed, the wire being fastened to wooden stakes or to *chevaux-de-frise*, which form the most dangerous sort of entanglement. Only a few intricate passages are left open through this wire, and these are watched with care. To make assurance doubly sure, narrow ditches are dug out in front of the trenches, in the direction of the enemy, ending in holes which are used as advance posts. These are the listening posts, joined to the trenches proper by means of saps.

This first line, the nearest to the enemy, is generally called the firing trench. In case it should be carried by a surprise attack, the enemy must be stopped short as soon as possible, and so, at a short distance to the rear, — twenty or thirty yards, — there is a second line, the auxiliary trench, and sometimes a third. These lines are connected by narrow sinuous trenches, the *boyaux*, in which barricades can be hastily improvised by means of bags of earth. Finally, in order to establish communications with the rear without fear of bullets or shells, another intricate system of trenches leads back from the firing-line for a distance never less than several kilometres.

We have, then, a labyrinth of winding narrow lanes, forming a whole city, half underground, swarming with life, but singularly silent.

In these muddy holes the soldiers live, perforce, day and night, with no chance to emerge. To protect themselves from rain or cold, they lose no time in digging themselves dwellings in the sides of the trenches. These are sometimes mere niches, hollowed out of the earth, or, again, deeper cavities, the ceilings of which are reinforced by timbers or by iron beams. These are the dug-outs, constructed below the level of the trenches, to which one gains access by a rude stairway. Rough bunks are found in them, as well as benches and tables, especially in the rear lines. The soldiers crowd into these to sleep; sometimes it is possible for them to light a fire. These are the barracks, or rather, the houses, of the subterranean city.

As the life in this city is extremely crowded, great care must be taken with the sewage system. Gutters must be

dug to carry off the surface-water, and a sort of pavement made of thin strips of wood must be laid. These precautions do not prevent the trenches, and especially the communication trenches, from being constantly flooded with mud in which the unfortunate men who lead this underground life often sink up to their knees, sometimes even disappearing completely, as though swallowed up by a quicksand.

As we have seen, the soldier is almost completely sheltered from bullets and shells. It remains to prevent the enemy from approaching the trench and seizing it. For this purpose, the defensive weapons have been brought to a high pitch of perfection. The rifle, whose rôle really grows less and less important, is the weapon of the sentinel who stands guard at the loophole; it is usually held firmly in a brace and carefully aimed at an enemy loophole. Here too, however, the machine-gun has been far more efficient. Located in a shelter and hidden with great care, it covers the open ground in front of the trench. It stands guard over every turning of the lines, and is ready to check by enfilading fire the progress of the enemy, if he succeeds in penetrating the works at any point. It is, on the whole, the most formidable instrument of defense.

Many others, however, have been devised — especially the short-distance projectiles which are hurled over the parapet and fall within the enemy's trenches. Some of these are thrown by hand; at first they were nothing but jam-tins, fitted out with explosive and detonator; then came all the varieties of bombs, and, finally, the grenades, some of which are thrown by hand, others fired from a gun. There also grew up in the trenches a special class of artillery which fires with a very high trajectory all manner and size of projectiles — shells, bombs, and even aerial torpedoes loaded with a huge charge of explosive.

At the slightest apparent movement of the enemy in the trench close by, he is showered with projectiles, and a barrage-fire of artillery from the rear may even be called for. The field artillery always stands ready a short distance back of the first lines, taking advantage of the least protection and artfully hidden. At the least suspicion of an attack these field pieces rain down a hail of shells on the enemy's trenches and in the zone called No Man's Land, so that it is difficult indeed for the infantry to advance without suffering horrible loss through this terrible barrage-fire, which is reinforced by a storm of bullets from the machine-guns. Defensive tactics have thus become a formidable force; in fact, a good many people believe that they have reached their climax of efficiency.

There has been, nevertheless, a corresponding development of offensive tactics, calling into play all sorts of hideous devices. Obsolete methods of warfare were revived and put to present-day use; all the forces of nature were enslaved in the attempt to strike at the infantryman behind the frail, yet efficient barrier of his earthen parapet. Mine galleries, dug deep into the ground, were driven forward beneath the enemy's works and exploded, the soldiers of both sides then rushing forward to seize the crater, join it to their own lines, and fortify it. The Germans, who recoil from no act of cruelty, invoked the aid of gas and chemicals. It is their practice to direct against their adversaries' positions a jet of inflammable liquid which bursts into flame as it leaves the projector, and burns alive the occupants of the trench under attack. Toward the end of April, 1915, they began to employ chlorine gas, which, being carried forward by the wind, advanced close to the ground in

an opaque cloud, flooding the French trenches, asphyxiating their defenders, and causing them to die in horrible torment. Later on, these tear-producing and asphyxiating gases were emitted by exploding shells.

Moreover, if the artillery, by means of barrage-fire, can effectively defend the trenches, it is even better fitted to destroy them. For this purpose the field guns are poorly adapted; the situation calls for cannon of short trajectory, firing high-explosive projectiles. Thus there came into being the trench-mortar, whose shells fall directly into the enemy lines. Heavy artillery, too, played an increasingly important rôle. It was the task of these big shells to break up the wire entanglements, shatter the parapets, and crush in the dug-outs. Out of every hundred shells fired, perhaps only one will find its mark, but this hundredth shell works terrible havoc. Heavy shell-fire will render a trench untenable and clear the way for assaulting parties.

All this elaborate system was gradually worked out in 1915. The progress made in defensive tactics, however, was so great that attempts to take the offensive were checkmated before any decisive results had been attained. Four times, in 1915, the combatants launched great attacks against the enemy lines, each marking an advance over the preceding effort, but failing to justify, on the whole, the efforts and sacrifices involved.

The first of these 'drives' was made by the French in Champagne, at the end of the first winter of war. It was practically fruitless. At that time offensive tactics against trenches were in their earliest stages of development. The artillery preparation, carried out almost exclusively by field artillery or by heavy guns which could fire only at long intervals, was quite insufficient; the wire entanglements remained intact, while the trenches themselves were scarcely touched. For the success of the attack everything depended on the infantry, who charged forward with fixed bayonets. Under these conditions, everything was made easy for the enemy; the machine-guns mowed down the assaulting columns as they struggled in the barbed wire. By sheer force of bravery, the French captured a few sections of German line, the enemy digging himself in immediately to the rear; but after a few days of this the troops were exhausted, while the results obtained were nugatory. It was the same story when an attempt was made toward the beginning of April to reduce the salient of St. Mihiel. Such methods were effective in small local engagements, or in strengthening a position, but it was useless to count on them for winning a decisive success and breaking the enemy's line.

At the close of April important progress was made. It was at this date that the Germans tried the use of asphyxiating gas north of Ypres, and almost succeeded. The French troops who first met this terrible ordeal were so cruelly tried that for several hours their entire defense gave way. If the Germans had had sufficient courage that day, the Ypres salient might have fallen, but it seems they did not know how to follow up their advantage. As it was, the French troops spontaneously made a fresh stand at the rear, and saved the situation. The Canadians, supporting them on the left, gave priceless assistance. In all, then, there was only a retreat of two kilometres. After this the Allied troops were immediately supplied with masks which permitted them to make a stand against this new death-dealing element. The gas was still formidable, to be sure, but its action was no longer irresistible.

The French, in their turn, undertook a great attack in May, 1915, which was

almost crowned with success. This time the preparation was made with care; a great artillery force hammered away at the enemy positions, and the assaulting units were appointed each to its particular task, all details of time and space having been carefully worked out. It should be noted that the first line of attacking infantry was now instructed not to waste any time in the captured trenches, but to keep driving ahead, leaving it to the supporting forces to make a clean job of it. Unfortunately, the plan miscarried. On the right and left wings (Neuville-St. Vaast and Carency) progress was slow and difficult, while in the centre it took the attacking troops one hour to reach Souchez, instead of six hours, as had been calculated. The result was surprise, confusion and hesitation; the Germans were given a chance to reassemble their forces, bring up reinforcements, and stop up the great gap which had been torn in their lines. The battle dragged on until June — in vain; it was lost. Once more the action of the artillery had not been sufficient to permit the infantry either to carry the enemy positions, or to make the most of the advantage procured by their furious assault.

The French, undaunted, determined to do better. This time it was resolved to swamp the German lines under a deluge of projectiles that would blast away the entanglements, wipe out the trenches and the *boyaux*, and annihilate the dug-outs. For the first time the attack was industrially organized: back of the selected sector of the front (Champagne) railways and roads were constructed, special conduits of water were brought in, and batteries and munition dépôts established. Communication trenches and parallels were dug; from these the assaulting troops were to pour forth.

The artillery preparation, maintained in all its terrible intensity for 72 hours, almost completely destroyed the German first lines. The French infantry was able to penetrate beyond them, practically unharmed, to a depth of from three to four kilometres, gathering in thousands of prisoners who were stunned by the ceaseless crashing artillery fire and starved by the cutting off of their communications with the rear. The Germans, however, anticipating the attack, had established a second line some distance back of the first, out of reach of the artillery, against which the French assault beat vainly for a fortnight. The same happened in Artois, between Loos and Vimy, proving that, in spite of the superhuman efforts which had been made, the methods of attack were inadequate, and that they must be brought to a higher pitch of perfection if it was hoped to break through the defense.

3. The Progress of Offensive Tactics (1916)

The Germans were the first to profit by the lesson of the Champagne drive of September, 1915. Inspired by this experience, they attempted an offensive at Verdun which narrowly grazed success. The Allies, in turn, did still better on the Somme, and finally the French, before Verdun, showed in October and December, 1916, that progress in carrying out an offensive had been constant and methodical.

The results of the battle of Champagne had shown that artillery can utterly demolish the defensive works of the enemy by deluging them with projectiles of all sizes, and that the infantry can then take possession with small sacrifice of life, capturing at the same time many prisoners. The German General Staff decided that this same procedure could be applied to operations on the broadest scale, provided

the action were taken deliberately and carried out in such a way as to permit the artillery, after destroying the first lines, to deal with the secondary systems of defense along a wide stretch of front. The attack, then, must be delivered without haste, not in whirlwind fashion, as the French had constantly attempted in 1915. It would thus be certain, and economical of men, as the brunt of the task would fall on the artillery. Hence the formula, so often repeated, which was destined to become the guiding principle of later offensives: the artillery crushes, the infantry takes possession.

The essential condition of this method of attack is the use of an exceptionally strong force of artillery. The Germans fulfilled this condition well. They brought up to Verdun ordnance in immense quantities, employing only guns of large calibre — from 210 to 420 *mm* — in preparing for the attack. So many were there that it was at first impossible to determine the number of batteries in action. With such means at their disposal, they counted on covering and blasting to powder every foot of coveted soil, thus shattering the defensive system of the French, together with their batteries, their stores of ammunition, and their lines of communication. Under these conditions, the infantry attack would be mere child's play, all the easier because it would be held back until everything was ready. Before it was launched, a reconnoitring party was to be sent forward to the objective, followed by a detachment of pioneers and bomb-throwers. The waves of the assault could then roll on in safety, establish themselves on the captured ground, and organize the defense.

Of the success of their plan the Germans felt no doubt. It is well known that during the first five days of the attack they won from their opponents, demoralized as they were by the fierceness and intensity of the artillery fire, greater gains than they had dared hope for, and in less time. The resistance offered them, however, was formidable; there were no signs of sudden demoralization. Leaving aside the heroic qualities of the French soldiers, their intelligence and spirit of sacrifice, — although these were important factors in the final success of their resistance, — the tactics employed by their leaders were also admirable. These were based on three cardinal principles. First, the barrage-fire of the artillery. If artillery almost captured Verdun, it was through artillery that the fortress was saved. Here, once more, were shown the marvelous defensive qualities of the 75-*mm* cannon, which protected the French positions by a veritable wall of fire and rained down projectiles on the points of departure of the German assaulting infantry. This bombardment was all the more effective because the enemy was now established in positions which had been pulverized by his own shells, where no shelter was left intact. In the second place, the machine-guns fulfilled the great hopes that had been built on them. Placed wherever there was the slightest protection, they swept the attacking troops with a pitiless fire. Finally, the French tirelessly delivered counter-attacks against the points which the Germans were trying to carry. It will be remembered that in May they took back Douaumont, and that Thiaumont was lost and recaptured ten times. Instead of marching forward quietly and irresistibly toward objective points already subdued by the artillery, the German infantry was continually held back by savage charges and hand-to-hand fights which brought them terrible losses and very little conquered territory.

And so the progress made in offensive tactics, which had appeared deci-

sive during the first five days of the battle of Verdun, was once more set at naught. In five months — from the end of February to the middle of July — the Germans had succeeded only in penetrating to the depth of two kilometres on the right bank of the Meuse, and this at the price of the heaviest sacrifices.

The Allies were determined to do better on the Somme; and, in fact, the results of their offensive were greater and more lasting. Just as the attack on Verdun had been inspired by the Champagne drive, so the Somme offensive was modeled on the precepts learned at Verdun. The French and British had at their command heavy, swift-firing artillery which assured them a means of attack which they had so far lacked. They determined, therefore, to destroy methodically each of the three lines of defense possessed by the Germans at this particular point, and to limit the infantry attack to certain specified objectives, beyond which no further progress was to be made. These plans had a most successful issue in the French sector, south of the Somme. In ten days the three German lines had been destroyed and taken by assault, with small loss of life to the French; the infantry, advancing no less than seven kilometres, penetrated as far as Péronne, isolated detachments entering even here. Unfortunately the sector thus captured was not sufficiently large to permit a general drive into the enemy's rear. North of the Somme the British artillery had been unable to break down their adversaries' defenses thoroughly enough to permit the infantry to make rapid progress. This delay gave the Germans a chance to bring up reinforcements in sufficient quantity — notably batteries for maintaining barrage-fire. The offensive, it is true, was not brought to a standstill: it continued to advance steadily from July to October; but here again success came hard, bought only by sheer heroism and lavish expenditure of life.

We have seen that in the drive on the Somme there was as yet no convincing affirmation of the new power of the offensive. By way of compensation, the last engagements at Verdun, undertaken by the French in October and December, 1916, were striking examples of what a well-prepared offensive can accomplish. Though the Germans were on their guard, though they had made every preparation for a desperate resistance, they lost in the October attack, in the space of a few days, all their hard-won conquests of five months, with 6000 prisoners, and 25 cannon to boot. In December they were flung still farther back, leaving in French hands more than 11,000 prisoners and 100 cannon. Thus was proof given that it is possible to crush the defense of the enemy on a front of eleven kilometres, drive him back to his artillery positions, and capture even these latter. The offensive had at last come into its own. Let us examine the conditions under which this was accomplished, as well as the arms and tactics employed.

The dominant principle of present-day battle-formation is based on the fact that it is impossible to break down defenses except by exceptionally intense bombardment. The entire responsibility, therefore, devolves upon the artillery. Countless batteries, of extraordinary variety, open the engagement, prepare the terrain, and follow every phase of the operations with their fire. The infantry itself has become a sort of light artillery, extremely mobile, whose function is to overwhelm the enemy with a storm of projectiles which tend to become progressively more numerous and powerful.

The artillery forces installed on the battlefield are like an enormous and highly specialized industrial plant. This

plant has its own lines of communication — roads and railways which bring the munitions and material to the front. In the first line, the trench artillery is specially commissioned to destroy the enemy's entrenchments. During the period of preparation its mortars ceaselessly pour forth high-explosive bombs which break up the wire entanglements and *chevaux-de-frise*, demolish the parapets, and crush in the trenches. At the same time, larger mortars, of calibre running from 220 to 400 *mm*, established in the rear, concentrate on all the fortified vantage-points, especially on villages where deep bomb-proof shelters have been constructed. They are assisted by the heavy artillery of short trajectory, which destroys the defenses out of reach of the trench artillery; the field artillery, with its guns of 75 and 105 *mm*, covers with its fire the entire zone under attack, helping on with the task of destruction and preventing the enemy from bringing up reserves or repairing the damage done his works. Other ordnance — long-range guns and heavy artillery of greater trajectory — are trained on the enemy's rear, striking at his communications, his railroads, his camps, and his stores; while, finally, a great force of guns of all calibres is devoted to the silencing or the neutralization of the opposing artillery fire. This tempest of steel lasts from two to five days, according to the strength of the positions to be destroyed. The task of the cannon is not ended, however, when the infantry goes forward to the assault. Their fire accompanies the attacking troops, preceding them by a hundred metres or so, and continues to hold back the enemy behind a curtain of projectiles. Moreover, the fire of the light field-pieces still protects the infantry after they have reached their objective, keeping up a barrage-fire while they are establishing themselves in the new positions. The artillery, guided by the aviation service, never ceases to play a major part in all the phases of the battle.

The aeroplane, too, has become a real aerial artillery, no less specialized than the terrestrial variety. The largest machines are used in bombarding squadrons; their function is to drop projectiles on barracks, railway-stations, and munition-dépôts. They are accompanied and protected by the high-speed planes, which drive away enemy aviators who may attempt to make observations or drop bombs. Observation aeroplanes guide the artillery fire. Sometimes they go so far as to accompany assaulting parties, keeping the artillery posted as to the progress of the onrushing waves of infantry; and occasionally they even turn their machine-guns on troop-trains and enemy infantry in the trenches.

If the infantry continues to be an important factor for success, this is due, as I have said, to its transformation into a sort of artillery, very mobile and of a strength undreamed of at the outset of the war. Like the artillery, it has become subject to endless specialization, according to the situation to be met. The rifle, with its bayonet, — the infantryman's only arm in 1914, — was at one time nearly abandoned. To-day it is coming into use again, but its rôle is secondary, and if the majority of the troops still carry it, many of them now have arms which are more efficacious and better adapted to the new duties of the foot-soldier, such as the small *fusil-mitrailleur*, with its speed and precision, which needs a support and is served by a team of three soldiers. Then there is the grenade, in reality a little shell which can easily put several men out of the running. Sometimes it is thrown by hand, by men trained for the work; again, it is fired from a specially constructed gun. The regular machine-

gun is naturally still employed, but where in 1914 one found four or six to a regiment, there are now twenty-four, served by special crews. The infantry also takes with it into action a small-calibre cannon, a marvel of speed and accuracy, which takes particular charge of the enemy's machine-guns. Pioneers accompany this strange medley of grenadiers, machine-gunners, artillerymen and riflemen, which has evolved from the infantry units of yesterday. There is practically no resemblance to the old-fashioned bayonet-charge in the assault delivered by these infantrymen. They advance in open formation, nearly always at the double-quick, following up the progression of the artillery's barrage, according to that strange formula which calls on them to march into their own shell-fire. Behind the first wave of assault come bodies of troops armed with knives, automatic pistols, and hand-grenades, whose duty it is to clean things up and crush such resistance as may be offered by the enemy left in the trenches. When they have reached their appointed goal they halt, bring the cannon and machine-guns into position, and wait until the lifting of the artillery fire permits fresh progress. An offensive attempted under these conditions is almost irresistible; it seems probable that it will soon become completely so.

It must not be thought, however, that the defensive is yet a lost cause. It disposes of powerful agencies. Even if trenches and wire entanglements are rendered useless, the machine-gun, which remains the greatest protective weapon, is established wherever possible — behind some fragment of wall, oftener still in a shell-hole, whence it can put a stop to the advance. The artillery lets loose its barrage-fire on the assaulting troops, often forcing them to hurry back to cover. In place of walls of earth we find ramparts formed by bullets and bursting shells, which often suffice to halt the strongest attack and provide sufficient time for the organization of new defenses at the rear. In spite of the formidable progress made by the artillery, a few men, standing firm under the deluge of projectiles, can set at naught a drive which would seem irresistible. The warfare of to-day has become a sort of colossal death-grapple between engines of destruction, an infernal factory kept in operation by mechanics and chemists; but it is an undeniable fact that never has the self-abnegation, the individual courage, and even the spirit of initiative of the combatants counted for so much. These are qualities which belong to Americans as well as to Frenchmen, and in this fact lies a new pledge of victory for both peoples.

NEUTRALS AND PERMANENT PEACE

BY L. SIMONS

As I begin to write this paper, peace seems further away than ever. War has been knocking at the door of the last of the neutrals, and Germany has announced her resolve to resort to the last desperate remedy of submarine warfare. But we of the Netherlands feel that this summer both groups of combatants must arrive at the end of their physical and financial resources, and, desperate as is the present, we raise our eyes to a better future which cannot be far off.

What light of peace shall Europe and the world see? An artificial, a temporary peace, or an eternal light, so far as anything can be eternal in this everyday world of ours? What sort of peace are we preparing for the world? What, in the eyes of the smaller neutral states of Europe, may be considered sufficient guaranties for the future?

It is this latter question which the *Atlantic* has asked me to deal with. But I need hardly make it clear to the reader that this minor question depends first of all on the larger one: how are we to secure anything like a permanent peace for the world at large? If peace is to be secured for every one, then of course the smaller neutral states will run as little risk as the larger ones. And if we are to narrow down the question to its most limited application, we had best put it in this form: Which of the means proposed to secure permanent peace implies the greatest, and which the least danger to these smallest nations?

If we were to face the problem in this extremely limited form, however, we should hardly do it justice, especially since we find that the problem of war and peace, even between the nations of Europe, has very little of a purely European character.

I

War is nothing but a disease in the body politic, like fever in the human body. If we want to know how to prevent it, we must first study the causes which lead to it, and the hygienic measures which are most likely to remove those causes. The question of medical or surgical treatment comes in only when hygiene has proved unsuccessful in its preventive working. As regards the present war and its effect on future peace or strife, my article on 'Neutral Europe and the War'[1] is as clearly outspoken as any one could desire, my aim having been to prove beyond doubt that, if this war were to end with a decisive victory of either side and the consequent crushing of the vanquished beneath the conqueror's feet, the world would be ripe for a fresh period of unrest, ending in a more terrible war; just as the peace of Frankfort, in 1871 had as its sequel the nursing of French *revanche* and the present war. When President Wilson in December addressed the belligerent powers, he gave weight and prestige to the same point of view.

If the world is to be given a chance for anything like a permanent settle-

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1916.

ment at the conclusion of this war, it will have to adopt the basic principles of no annexations, no economic leagues of one group against the other. The watchword of the future will have to be *international coöperation*, certainly not international economic strife assisted by protection and elimination.

II

The fact that the present war originated in a kind of dynastic or racial quarrel between Austria and Serbia should not for a moment blind us to the facts of international history of the last twenty-five years. During this period Europe and the world at large have constantly been waging war, or living on the brink of it. But if Britain and France, Britain and Germany, Britain and Russia, France and Spain, France and Italy, Italy and Turkey, Germany and France, Japan and Russia, Britain and the United States of America, the United States and Spain, the United States and Japan, threatened to come to blows, or actually went to war, it was not on account of political questions near at home, but rather because of questions arising out of the general policy of expansion in America, Africa, West and East Asia. The more strictly national questions came to the front only in the solution of the Balkan problem; and here economic exigencies, and the pressure for outlets to the open sea for Austria, Serbia, and Russia, and for Germany free play in Asia Minor, were always behind the so-called racial and national difficulties.

In reading the history of these last twenty-five years, one finds one's self confronted by such an intricate network of diplomatic intrigues to get the better of the other parties, to make the most of another nation's difficulties, to form combinations and counter-combinations, that one is bound to come to the conclusion that peace now made on a purely European basis would give no security whatever against future troubles and outbreaks. So long as there remains any chance of a race for concessions and monopolies, for the favoring of national commerce and industry, or for 'friendly treaties' which practically mean annexation, no real peace is possible. If 'chartered companies' can cause raids and wars; if the murder of a few missionaries, sent out to open the way for trade, is looked upon as giving sufficient right to claim 'compensations'; if the demand for concessions for railways, like the Bagdad line, can be turned into causes for political 'measures' and international governmental wrangles, we need not hope for lasting peace, even if all the nationalities in and outside Europe were to be given their own again.

This is quite true with regard to the treaty of peace which is to be entered into at the end of this war. It may have struck the reader that, whereas Germany showed herself prepared to open peace negotiations by the end of 1916, her reply to President Wilson put off the discussion of the League of Peace question until after the conclusion of peace, while the Entente declared itself quite willing to treat of both at the same time — but only at a future date. As a matter of fact, both these attitudes prove exactly the same thing. It is quite clear that if the nations are going to enter a League of Peace, which, if effective, must prevent any future readjustment of the political map after the next peace-treaty, the draft of this treaty becomes one of paramount and lasting interest. And so Germany says, 'We must know what this treaty is like, before we bind ourselves to uphold it for an indefinite future.' Britain says, 'We must first secure our supremacy over Germany. Once this is secured, we shall be only too happy to turn it

into permanency.' If Germany, thanks to her successes in the Balkans, secures free access to Asia Minor, she will have no objection to concluding a 'lasting peace' on this basis. Neither will Great Britain, once she has barred the way to Asia Minor against her powerful competitor.

It is clear, however, that a permanency thus based on outdoing one's competitor will have as little sound foundation as a house built on shifting sands. It will be worth no more than other 'scraps of paper.' The history of the last twenty-five years is full of examples of wriggling out of treaties, of promises and undertakings, the moment these conflict with lust of expansion. And there will be no end of wriggling out of this future peace treaty, if it is to be based on the paramountcy of either party.

If, therefore, the world is to be set really at rest, and not again handed over to unending conflict, the entire aspect of the commercial and industrial world will have to be revolutionized. We shall have to eliminate the smallest possible chance of struggles for 'places in the sun.' In other words, every one will have to be welcome everywhere. The doors will have to be thrown open, all the world over. The world's exploitation of commercial and industrial assets and possibilities will have to be made a universal instead of a national affair.

The idea is, no doubt, at first sight startling enough, and all the more so as it goes directly against the tendencies awakened by this present war, which has caused such an unheard-of revival of fanatical nationalism all the world over. It goes against the schemes for narrower commercial alliances put forth both by the Central Powers and the Entente. It is the entire reversal of protectionism, which seems to hold the field; yet however startling, it will really prove 'the only way out.' The world will have to accept it, or go to ruin. And before taking the trouble of studying further schemes to enforce peace, we shall have to reason out whether, notwithstanding all the powers at work for hypernationalism and protection, there is any chance for this internationalization of the world's commerce and industry to develop out of the present chaos.

It is a curious phenomenon that this war, while greatly impoverishing the contending parties, has on the other hand brought about a general technical and industrial revolution and organization which will be the starting-point of a new era for each of them, once the war is over. Everywhere machinery and methods have been overhauled, new technical possibilities discovered, and the national industry founded as nearly on a basis of self-help as science and technique, combined with national materials, would allow. This will mean a future competition in the world's markets quite different from what it was before. Former clients will have become independent of each other and better able to compete. Prices and values will in consequence run each other closer than ever before. A fractional change in price will mean big orders won or lost.

Such a state of close competition will again necessitate the cutting down of margins of costs of production to the lowest level. Each factor will have to be studied with the greatest care. Differences in standards of living, in costs of living, will tell their tale more effectively than ever. The first result will therefore be the establishment of a tremendous case for free importation of food-stuffs. The next will be another strong case for free importation of materials. Free importation of goods in the rough will follow. Last of all will come the free importation of the neces-

sities of life. The only remaining things on which customs duties can be levied will be luxuries of all sorts. The fact that the margins in price will be very small, will give national industries an easy lead in their own countries, so long as the freight charges from one part of the country to another do not exceed the freight charges from any foreign state. From a purely economic point of view, therefore, the chances for international free trade are not so bad as they may superficially appear.

And, after all, this question of the 'open door' is one of economic insight and experience only. Insight and experience, even if scientific, are not such objective values as to stand free from psychological and emotional bias. If this war has taught us anything at all, it has shown us how our human faculty of reasoning is swayed by prejudice and sympathy. Even among the so-called neutral nations, few individuals appear to have been able to keep their minds open; and a person who has followed the debates between free-traders and protectionists in any country must know well that, as soon as prejudice enters the field, arguments are as easily manufactured as they are ignored.

The foregoing argument as to the possibility of the world's accepting the system of the 'open door' therefore pretends in no way to be a prophecy. It goes no further than this: common sense and knowledge of history teach us that without this 'open door' there is not the slightest chance of a world-peace. The outlook for trade after the war is such that it will offer strong inducements for free trade to each nation that wants to compete in the world's market. If mankind comes to its senses after the war, we shall find a multitude of arguments in favor of universal free trade. It is not to be assumed yet, however, that it will come to its senses, or that it will profit by the lessons of history, for the simple reason that, generally speaking, men know very little of history; and what they know is mostly incorrect.

Small as my own country is, Holland offers an object-lesson in the art of studying economic facts and profiting by what they teach. This is mentioned here by way of encouragement to those readers who may take too pessimistic a view of the future; for both home-country and colonies have been practicing free-trade for half a century, and have remained true to its principles notwithstanding the fact that the whole world around them (with the exception of Great Britain) was building its tariff walls higher and higher, thus aiding the formation of trusts and state interference with trade and commerce. When protection was abolished, Holland's industry and commerce, agriculture and shipping were at their lowest ebb. In the half-century that followed, she was able to maintain a population, increased by eighty per cent (1869, 3,579,000; 1914, 6,339,000) in greatly improved conditions, both materially and morally; her state budget was more than doubled; the total of her general commerce had grown in 1913 to eight times that of 1867–71; her export of agricultural products to nine times that of 1867; the extent of her industrial railways had increased to four times that of 1881; and the capital invested in her larger industrial concerns had multiplied five-fold from 1895 to 1912; the tonnage of her mercantile fleet in 1913 was three times that of 1895; her export of textile industries increased to seven times that of 1870; and the amount of general exports to her own colonies, notwithstanding the abolition of protectionist rates, had grown to three times that of 1870.

Of course, this entire development was dependent on the general growth of commercial life, especially since

1895; but though we are a small nation, handicapped by high tariff walls all around us, we improved our place in the world's commerce, taking fifth place instead of sixth, which we occupied in 1886. We grew with the people around us; and so deeply rooted in our people was the conviction that we were doing well under the banner of free trade, that various attempts on the part of the conservative clerical faction to force us to adopt protection were frustrated at the polls; the industrial leaders, who had thriven under the stress of competition, standing foremost in the ranks of those who withstood the onslaught on our free-trade system.

Now, why should we remain alone in our adherence to a system which has done so much for us under the worst conditions? Granting that protection may also have done wonders for greater, more self-sustaining nations, we stand ready to prove that free trade may turn out quite as beneficial. Moreover, as the future of international relations demands universal free trade, the case for its adoption may on the whole line be said to have been established — at least, as soon as common sense may speak out freely again, uninfluenced by the bias of hypernationalism. Should the return of national sanity be slow, and the idea of immediate coöperation between the parties now at war prove unacceptable, it might not be difficult to find a form of free trade which would permit this cooperation without making it appear too repulsive to the unreformed Jingo mentality. The neutrals might be called upon to form trading companies on a neutral basis, the shares of which would be divided among all trading and industrial nations according to an impartial scale. All rights of trading, concessions, and commercial exploration could be put in the hands of these companies, which in this form would be truly representative of the entire trading and industrial world, and would prevent any country from feeling itself excluded. An international committee could superintend the working of these trading companies and see that they allowed fair play to the trading world at large. The rulers of commercially unexplored parts of the world could allow these trading exploration companies a free hand, feeling sure that no annexation would follow their trading, and diplomacy would have no chance of creating mischief for selfish national ends.

III

Standing out against the chances that after the war the contending parties will show themselves obdurate toward allowing the enemy free economic play, there are two elements which will certainly work for international coöperation. Whatever may be said of the animosity and hatred fanned to such terrible heat by journalists and politicians, who have not been in the war, in the armies no such mutual hatred exists, and we may rely on the return of the troops to knock this nonsense out of the stay-at-homes. Besides, no hatred or distrust born of former wars has prevented Britain and France, Russia and Japan, Bulgaria and Turkey from fighting side by side, the moment it became clear where their interests lay. If only the basis of the peace to be concluded be such as to eliminate causes of friction, there is no reason why the natural run of economic coöperation cannot be secured.

A second favorable element will be the financial position of the nations which have taken part in the war. We all know by this time how the realities of the war have put to shame all prophecies, especially those regarding economic factors. Once more the 'dreary science' has been set at naught by the

psychological factor of necessity. We have witnessed an outburst of inventive genius which has staved off the collapse predicted within the first half year. The impossible has been accomplished, both in economic and in purely financial matters. Yet although paper finance has performed the most wondrous feats, we may say that debts have been run up by both sides to unheard-of totals. Peace will find the creditors knocking at the treasury doors with no uncertain sound. To pay both interest and capital, the state budgets will have to be doubled, if not trebled, everywhere, and the costs of military preparedness for the future will prove to have undergone no diminution. The size, quantity, and cost of guns and ammunition have been incredibly augmented during the war. Even the richest nations in Europe will prove unable to bear this double extra burden. To prevent state bankruptcy, either the debts or the military preparation will have to be curtailed; and if we count on a return of common sense after peace is concluded, we need not ask which of the two will have to suffer. After this terrible waste, every nerve must needs be strained to restore the shattered economic fabric. So, apart from psychological and sentimental factors at work, the policy of every statesman in Europe will have to be directed toward a diminution of armaments, and as this can be made possible only by mutual consent, coöperation must be the watchword of the near future.

So far as Europe is concerned, this will mean, in practice, first of all, an understanding between Great Britain and Germany. In the two contending groups we find both these countries leading the others and holding them in financial dependence. Outside Europe, the United States and Japan are the chief creditors, and if they are prepared to fall in with an international scheme, it will no doubt stand a good chance of being seriously considered and, possibly, accepted.

That Japan would be inclined to join such a scheme is, of course, very doubtful. That country will come out of this war greatly strengthened and enriched, while her European competitors in Asia will be greatly weakened. Unless she is forced by the other powers to unite in a general movement for the 'open door,' with military combinations against refractory states, she will certainly prefer to play the game of expansion independently, and secure her paramountcy in eastern Asia.

Great Britain, however, coming out of the war with prestige greatly weakened by her enforced dependence on colonial assistance, will perhaps understand that Japan would only have to combine with Russia or Germany in order to oust her from her place in the East; and she may therefore be more willing to enter into a combination that will bind Germany, Russia, and Japan, and keep them from making mischief.

I am already trespassing on the political problems which are presenting themselves to us with regard to the world's peace of the future. It seems fairly clear that the danger of a recurrence of war-fever will be greatly diminished by a peace without victors and vanquished; without annexations and humiliation. This hygienic measure will be strengthened by allowing free play to all national aspirations both by the 'open-door' policy for the world at large, and by the economic and financial necessity of lessening armaments after the war.

However, we must not be blind to the fact that hygienic measures, however wholesome and necessary, are not absolute safeguards against disorders. If we want to build up a real world and not a fool's paradise, we must now look further for curative means. In doing

so, we are sure to meet with a great deal of distrust of former pacifist specifics, such as treaties and congresses. Certainly we cannot deny that this war has shown them to be of little avail. They have been tried and found wanting. The cry now is all for sanction and penalties in international law; more especially with regard to the keeping of peace. Modern pacifist literature abounds in propositions making it imperative that no state should resort to the arbitration of arms before it has brought its case before an international impartial tribunal.

In dissecting the proposition here set out in its most general form, we find ourselves confronted with the following elements: —

1. The question of the formation of such an international court.

2. The question as to what we are to understand by a 'case' in international politics.

3. The question whether the court's powers should be directed toward conciliation, or arbitration, or both.

4. The questions, what penalties shall be inflicted; who shall determine them; what power is going to execute them.

We know that the second Peace Conference at The Hague has given the world the nucleus of such an international court, but matters have not progressed beyond the establishment of provisions in various treaties for the calling together of such a court, if need be. Now, it is clear that in times of stress machinery must be ready at hand to meet the emergency, thus doing away with the necessity for ill-considered improvisation. The very first thing, then, to be done will be the setting up of a *permanent* court, which will be able to take cognizance of any case within its jurisdiction. As there may be some cases calling for conciliation, others for arbitration; and as the former are rather more of a political, the latter of a judicial nature, it may prove to be practicable to split the court in two. Questions may indeed arise out of the reading of international treaties and conventions; or they may be of a dynastic or economic nature; to the president of the court, or to the contesting parties, should therefore be left the choice as to whether conciliation or arbitration should be employed.

In international politics, however, we frequently meet with problems of a most complex nature which are not easily to be so formulated that they can be laid before a court, whether of arbitration or conciliation. Take, for instance, the difficulties which arose in July, 1914, between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. The murder of the heir to the throne was laid by Austria-Hungary at the door of the Serbian government. But immediately back of this one finds the Panslavist movement, led by the Russian consul in Belgrade, and directed against Austria. And behind this one sees clearly the historic strife between Russia and the Dual Monarchy for supremacy in the Balkans.

If the Austro-Hungarian government had brought the case before an international court, it might of course have done so in the form of a request for an injunction against Serbia, declaring its government guilty of having suffered or assisted the conspiracy within its precincts, and demanding punishment of all those implicated. But could it by this means have struck at the root of the matter? Could it have brought the Russian consul to account? And if so, what about the Panslavist movement, and, finally, the Russian influence in the Balkans?

It is clear that the formulation of the case to be laid before an international court would have been no easy matter; yet we all feel that it should have been done; we feel it all the more strongly

since we are not at all sure that the dual government had any real proof of the charge against the smaller state. And so long as governments and diplomatists need to blind their subjects and the world, and to cover up widespread secret policies, we may well understand what difficulties lie in the way of the adoption of this measure, which appears so simple and necessary to most of us.

Yet apart from the crafty methods of diplomatists, we must not shut our eyes to the dangers that await every state, and especially the smaller ones, if the application of coercion is not restrained by very clear and explicit definitions. Great stress has been laid by Dutch students of international law on the necessity of limiting such application to clear and explicit cases. Another great difficulty lies in the matter of military preparation pending the settlement of cases before the court. So far, the proposals to enforce peace leave it open to a party to have recourse to arms, should it not receive the satisfaction it had demanded from the court. By taking its case before the court, it thus gives the other party and its possible friends time for making preparations for war. In 1914, Germany's *casus belli* against Russia was said to be the mobilization of the army of the latter pending negotiations. No government, therefore, which felt itself prepared for war would take its case before a court, unless an injunction would at once forbid all preparations for war to the other party and its friends. But not only could the time pending the hearing be usefully employed for invisible preparations and drawing up of plans, but the injunction would certainly prove most advantageous to the side of Might against Right, if ultimately the strongest litigant should refuse to listen to justice or reason, as voiced by the court. And so one is fairly driven to the conclusion *that no room should be left for the free play of arms, after the case has been up for conciliation or arbitration.*

IV

Let us now consider coercion following either a refusal to lay differences before the court, or the pronouncement of its decision. Already a great variety of coercive measures have been pronounced, and in a report written by Professor João Cabrol, of Brazil, for the International Congress for the Study of the Principles of a Durable Peace (which was to have been held at Berne in 1916) [1] I find the following enumeration, as proposed by M. Romarowsky: —

1. The exclusion of the rebel state from the said court.
2. Rupture of diplomatic relations with the rebel state.
3. The annulment of every treaty especially favorable to the rebel state.
4. Denial of the right of any citizen of such state to reside in territory belonging to the other states.
5. Prohibition of import and export of produce as between the former and the latter.
6. Blockade of the rebel state.
7. Finally, as a last resort, the employment of armed force.

Leaving the first and minor points aside, we may consider the last three, as they also form an inherent part of the scheme set out by the American League to Enforce Peace.

As to the boycotting, we have now before us the idea of a general and financial embargo against the offending state; and the more moderate proposition made by three Dutch delegates in a report prepared for the proposed

[1] Since published by The Central Organization for a Durable Peace, with headquarters at The Hague. — The Author.

Congress at Berne, in the name of the Dutch Anti-Oorlogsraad, namely, a limitation on the selling of any contraband of war to the offending state.

As to the application of armed force, two main propositions have been suggested by your League to Enforce Peace. The first provides that all the other signatories to the international arrangement should declare war on the refractory state. The second, set out by Professor Ehrich and our Dutch Professor van Vollenhoven, envisages the formation of one international armed force, to which each of the signatories should contribute its share.

The limitations of the writer's subject-matter may absolve him from the obligation of considering both schemes in their general working and effect. He has only to analyze their possible effect on the smaller nations of Europe, as eventual co-signatories of the treaty. It is clear that the scheme of the American League to Enforce Peace would render it utterly impossible for them to remain neutral in any future war, as Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries have done so far in the present conflict. Suppose the League had existed in 1914. Then, on Austria's refusal to bring her grievance against Serbia before a court of arbitration, all Europe would have been obliged to boycott her; and, if this had proved ineffective, to declare war against her. Of course, if Austria had known that this would be the result of her refusal to arbitrate, she would probably have assented. Even as it was, she would not have acted as she did in 1914 if she had not been absolutely certain that Germany was going to back her up. And Russia would not have started her mobilization and taken up a threatening attitude if she had not relied on France to assist her. France, in her turn, was relying on the support of Great Britain. So the working of the scheme of this League would first of all depend on its making alliances, such as the Triple Alliance, or the Entente, impossible, whether open or secret. One of the essential provisions of the new world-organization would therefore of necessity be a prohibition of such alliances. But how is this to be effected?

Let us return to our hypothetical case of July, 1914. Austria having refused to submit her case against Serbia to arbitration, the rest of Europe would have been set in motion against her. Of the smaller nations, Switzerland, Serbia, and Roumania are her neighbors. If Austria had been ready for the fray, she might have attacked first these smaller countries, which would then have had to bear the initial impact of the world's move against the peace-breaker. Of course, if Germany had refused to stand by Austria, she would have hastened to Switzerland's assistance; but owing to Russia's lack of preparedness, Serbia and Roumania might in the meantime have become the victims of aggression.

It will be urged, however, that the smaller nations need not coöperate on the field of battle. They might simply join the international boycott. The reply is that the idea of boycotting a foreign nation is quite practicable — under certain conditions only. Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, could easily join in a boycott of Russia; Sweden could not. Neither could Switzerland boycott Austria; Holland, Belgium, and Denmark could not boycott Germany or England. Besides, a boycott would certainly be construed as an unfriendly act and cause for war. Any big nation that saw its profit in attacking a smaller neighbor at the beginning of hostilities, would at once put the question, 'Are you going to join the boycott against me?' And an affirmative answer would no doubt prove a *casus belli*.

As I have already said, the report prepared by the three Dutch delegates for the projected Congress at Berne in 1916 proposed to limit boycotts to articles of contraband. This would minimize the danger, but would also weaken the effect of the measure. True, all such outrages on the smaller nations would in the long run be revenged on the wrong-doer; and even the strongest power would finally have to yield to the combination of the world's forces. But let us try to imagine a Russia with as strong an economic and military organization as Germany's: it would take the combined world's power years to overcome its resistance, and in the mean time, Sweden, Roumania, and Poland would have been overrun by Russian armies and turned into vast battlefields like Belgium and Serbia in this war. And what if one or more of the signatories to the general treaty of the League saw its interest in joining hands with the wrong-doer instead of declaring war on him? No reader of history will deny that diplomatists have always shown themselves past masters in the art of finding 'honorable' reasons for evading treaty obligations, the moment their national interest seemed to call for such a course?

The smaller nations, then, in joining the League to Enforce Peace, would certainly be taking a leap in the dark and exposing themselves to grave dangers, far graver than the Great Powers. The Van Vollenhoven–Ehrich scheme sets to work on a different basis. It does not demand declarations and acts of war from each government separately; but it aims at creating an international navy and army, which are to enforce the law of the world on any unwilling power that threatens the world's peace.

Now, it is clear that, apart from general objections to the feasibility of this scheme, it puts the smaller nations on a different footing from that of the League to Enforce Peace. The only thing that is demanded of them is that they should bear a share in the costs and maintenance of these instruments of international police. It is not their government which has to declare and wage war on the wrong-doer; not their armies which have to lead an attack; and so the risk of their country being turned into a battlefield, and playing the part of pawn in a great game of chess, is largely diminished. What they would have to contribute to the international army or navy would be a great deal less than they are paying now for their own ineffective defensive forces.

On further investigation of these matters, one finds one's self, however, confronted by questions of still broader significance. It is easy to talk about concerted world-movements to enforce peace, or to state that an international military force will have to be set in motion. But who is to order the move? who is to take the lead? Such concerted action of the Great Powers, as we have already seen, has been directed only against smaller or far weaker states — Turkey, Crete, the Balkans. How late and indecisive such combined action has always proved! If it is to coerce any of our big powers, it must be ready to strike quick, crushing blows at once. Those persons, therefore, who have thought the problem out are demanding an international executive: first, to call any warlike power to order; then, to set in motion the forces against it, and lead them if necessary. And we find pointed out to us that here at The Hague we have already a permanent administrative council which has only to be turned into an executive council and strengthened with military, naval, and financial advisers.

Baron Palmstierna of Sweden, pursuing the idea still further, finds that a permanent legislature, a permanent

court of arbitration, a permanent court of inquiry and conciliation, a permanent executive power and public prosecutor, will constitute the necessary machinery to secure for us permanent peace. Now it is clear that all this machinery is the *machinery of a federated world.* And if it be necessary, in order to make any scheme to enforce peace effective, first to create all this machinery, then why should we fear to pronounce the great words themselves — 'The Federation of the World's States'? I am not speaking of a world's federation, but of a federation of all the existing states, in a combination which would leave each of them an entirely free hand, and yet would unite them for the furtherance of their common interests.

Already the world knows some great and small federations of this kind. There are the United States of America; there is the British Empire, with its self-governing colonies; the German Empire, with its federated States; Austria-Hungary as a dual monarchy; the Swiss Republic. It is especially the British Empire which will serve to give us an idea of the nature of the Federation of the States of the World. Take Canada and Australia in their relation to the mother-country. For all practical purposes of internal policy, they are as independent of the mother-country as Holland is, say, of Switzerland. Their constitution and their social fabric have developed without any real interference from Great Britain, and they both differ from the mother-country and from each other in many respects. The tie that binds the Empire together is very loose indeed. It is strengthened only in times of danger. But far more significant for us from our present point of view is the fact that, whatever differences might arise between them, they would not think of settling them by means of war.

The same thing may be said of the Federated States of America since the Civil War; the same of Prussia and Bavaria after 1871; of Austria-Hungary after 1849, and of Switzerland. *Practical experience teaches us, therefore, that federation may include states very widely separated or very near each other; that it may knit them very closely together, or leave them practically independent; but that, whatever form it takes, it is always effective in abolishing war as a means of solving differences between the federated states.* We may therefore conclude that a Federation of the States of the World could be founded the day after this war ends, on a basis of entire mutual independence as regards constitution and social fabric, thus giving us the one proved means of preventing war and strife. The indispensable thing is the abolition of tariffs, and the formation of a sort of machinery to deal with all questions of international interests.

I have tried to make it clear that without this abolition of tariffs even the minor schemes of the League to Enforce Peace, or of Professor van Vollenhoven, would prove more dangerous than effective. And it will need no further proof that, if the three schemes all necessitate this evolution, — or revolution, — the most effective one of the three is also the most to be recommended. Of course, the working out of such a federation of states and the setting-up of its machinery would mean an immense task. But this would be equally true of the establishment of any of the smaller schemes. Much preparatory study has already been done for the latter, which would come in quite handy for the former. What the Hague congresses have already agreed on, or merely discussed, will be no less valuable as a nucleus for the larger scheme.

True, the force may be lacking to

weld this great world of ours together, even in the form of the loosest cohesion; and the idea of ending this present war by the setting up of a World Federation of States may well appear the wildest of dreams. Is not even a Federation of the States of Europe as far away from reality as one may well imagine? And yet, a federation of the entire world is, once one comes to think of it, far more easy of realization than a merely European federation. On the European basis we are at once confronted with the question of hegemony: Great Britain or Germany will want the lead; and we do not wish any more hegemonies. In a Federation of the States of the World, however, this highly ticklish question of supremacy falls at once outside the field of practical politics. Even Germany and Great Britain will not claim supremacy over America or Japan. In a federation on a European basis the smaller nations would feel themselves under the heel of the larger ones. In a Federation of the States of the World this element of oppression would at once disappear. Moreover, we have made it clear that the questions that have disturbed Europe are not of a purely European nature. They involve the world at large; and they can be settled only by the machinery of a federation that embraces the whole world.

The idea is staggering, but it is a comparatively simple one, even compared with the other schemes. Its great and immense advantage over a League to Enforce Peace is that it resolves once for all the narrow idea of nationality into the wider sphere of a common humanity. In it nationality will remain a force of progress, no longer a force of destruction as well. The League to Enforce Peace leaves the mind of the average citizen of an independent state where it was before this war — as narrow-minded and self-centred, full of race-prejudice and hatred. The Federation of the States of the World exalts it to those higher, freer regions above all the artificial boundaries which keep the world in a state of constant friction. It does not aim at international brotherhood. It is based merely on international interest. It only gives expression to the idea which this war has tended to quicken in all of us, that all our existences, no matter how widely we may be separated from one another, have, thanks to the evolution of technical science, become interrelated for better and for worse. With finance and commerce as absolutely international powers, the welfare of the man of commerce in New York and of the artisan in Holland have become intertwined, even though they be unaware of each other's existence. This war has shown how the world has grown into a real unity. And if we are to deal with its evils, we shall have to deal with them on the basis of this same unity.

MONEY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

'As the world is, and will be, 't is a sort of duty to be rich,' wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and her words — which sound almost ascetic in our ears — were held to be of doubtful morality in the godless eighteenth century which she adorned and typified. Even Lady Mary endeavored to qualify their greed by explaining that she valued money because it gave her the power to do good; but her hard-headed compatriots frankly doubted this excusatory clause. They knew perfectly well that a desire to do good is not, and never has been, a motive power in the acquisition of wealth. Lady Mary did render her country one inestimable service; but her fortune (which, after all, was of no great magnitude) had nothing whatever to do with it. Intelligent observation, dauntless courage, and the supreme confidence which nerved her to experiment upon her own child — these qualities enabled her to force inoculation upon a reluctant and scandalized public. These qualities have lifted mankind out of many a rut, and are all we shall have to depend on while the world rolls on its way. When Aristotle said that money was barren, he did not mean that it was barren of delights; but that it had no power to get us to any place worth reaching, no power to quicken the intellectual and spiritual potencies of the soul.

The love of gold, the craving for wealth, has not lain dormant for ages in the human heart, waiting for the twentieth century to call it into being. It is no keener now than it has always been, but it is ranker in its growth and expression, being a trifle over-nourished in our plethoric land, and not subjected to keen competing emotions. Great waves of religious thought, great struggles for principles and freedom, great births of national life, great discoveries, great passions, and great wrongs — these things have swayed the world, wrecking and saving the souls of men without regard for money. Great qualities, too, have left their impress upon the human race, and endowed it for all the years to come.

The genius which in the thirteenth century found expression in architecture and scholasticism, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found expression in art and letters, finds expression to-day in applied science and finance. Industrial capitalism, as we know it now, is the latest development of man's restless energy. It has colored our times, given us new values in education, and intruded itself grossly into the quiet places of life. We should bear with it in patience, we might even 'admire it from afar,' if only we were sometimes suffered to forget. 'Money talks,' we are told; and, by way of encouraging its garrulity, we talk about money, and in terms of money, until it would sometimes appear as if the currency of the United States were the only thing in the country vital enough to interpret every endeavor, and illustrate every situation.

Here, for example, is an imposing picture in a Sunday paper, a picture full of dignified ecclesiastics and decorous spectators. The text reads, 'Breaking ground for a three-million-dollar nave.' It is a comprehensive statement, and one that conveys to the public the only circumstance which the public presumably cares to hear. But it brings a great cathedral down to the level of the million-dollar club-houses, or boat-houses, or fishing-camps which are described for us in unctuous and awe-stricken paragraphs. It is even dimly suggestive of the million-dollar babies whom reporters follow feverishly up and down Palm Beach, and who will soon have to be billion-dollar babies, if they want to hold their own. We are now on circumstances of easy familiarity with figures which used to belong to the abstractions of arithmetic, and not to the world of life. We have become proudly aware of the infinite possibilities of accumulation and of waste.

For that is the ebb and flow of the tide of American wealth. It is heaped up with resistless energy and concentration; it is scattered in broken and purposeless profusion. We are told that we possess one fourth of the wealth of the world, that we are richer than the British Empire and France combined; that our fortune is close to two hundred billions, and our income approximates thirty-five billions. Yet we rank fifteenth among the nations 'in percentage of savings accounts to population.' Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand save more per capita and per income than we do. The average savings per capita in Switzerland are $47.03. The average savings per capita in the United States are $4.84. What can this mean but weakness in the moral fibre of a nation? There is no power of the soul strong enough to induce thrift but pride. There is no quality stern enough to bar self-indulgence but the overmastering dictates of self-respect. There is no joy that life can yield comparable to the joy of independence. A nation is free when it submits to coercion from no other nation. A man is free when he is the arbiter of his own fate. National and individual freedom have never come cheap. The sacrifice which insures the one insures the other; the resolution which preserves the one preserves the other. When Andrew Marvell declined the bribe offered him 'out of pure affection' by the Lord Treasurer, saying he had 'a blade-bone of mutton' in his cupboard which would suffice for dinner, he not only held his own honor inviolate, but he vindicated the liberty of letters, the liberty of Parliament, and the liberty of England. No wonder an old chronicler says that his integrity and spirit were 'dreadful' to the corrupt officials of his day.

II

There are Americans who appear to love their country for much the same reason that Stevenson's 'child' loves the 'friendly cow.'

> She gives me cream with all her might
> To eat with apple tart.

When the supply of cream runs short, the patriot's love runs shorter. He holds virulent mass-meetings to complain of the cow, of the quality of the cream, and of its distribution. If he be an immigrant, he probably riots in the streets, not clamoring for the flesh-pots of Egypt, — that immemorial cry for ease and bondage, — inasmuch as the years of his thraldom had been softened by no such indulgence; but simply because the image of the cow is never absent from his mind, or from the minds of those to whom he looks for guidance. The captain of industry and the agitator, the spendthrift who flings

his money about our city streets, and the president of the Woman's Trade Union League of New York, who said, 'When we get an eight-hour working-day, we are going in for a six, and when we get a six, we are going in for a four,' all seem to be actuated by the same motive — to grasp as much and to give as little as they can. It is not a principle which makes for citizenship, and it will afford no great help in the hour of the nation's trial. Material progress and party politics are very engrossing things; but perhaps Mr. Francis Parkman was right when he said that if our progress was to be at the mercy of our politics, and our politics at the mercy of our mobs, we should have no lasting foundation for prosperity and well-being.

The tendency to gloat over the sight and sound of money may be less pervasive than it seems. It may be only a temporary predisposition, leaving us at heart clean, wise, and temperate. But there is a florid exuberance in the handling of this recurrent theme which nauseates us a little, like very rich food eaten in a close room. Why should we be told that 'the world gapes in wonder' as it contemplates 'an Aladdin romance of steel and gold'? The world has other things to gape over in these sorrowful and glorious days. 'Once a bare-foot boy, now riding in a hundred-thousand-dollar private car.' There is a headline to catch the public eye, and make the public tongue hang watering from its mouth. That car, 'early Pullman and late German Lloyd,' is to the American reader what the two thousand black slaves with jars of jewels upon their heads were to Dick Swiveller — a vision of tasteful opulence. More intimate journalists tell us that a 'Financial Potentate' eats baked potatoes for his luncheon, and gives his friends note-books with a moral axiom on each page. We cannot really care what this unknown gentleman eats. We cannot, under any conceivable circumstance, covet a moral note-book. Yet such items of information would not be painstakingly acquired unless they afforded some mysterious gratification to their readers.

As for the 'athletic millionaires,' who sport in the open like — and often with — ordinary men, they keep their chroniclers nimble. Fashions in plutocracy change with the changing times. The reporter who used to be turned loose in a nabob's private office, and who rapturously described its 'ebony centre-table on which is laid a costly cover of maroon-colored silk plush,' and its paneled walls, 'the work of a lady amateur of great ability' (I quote from a newspaper of 1890), now has to scurry round golf-links, and shiver on the outskirts of a polo field. From him we learn that young New Yorkers, the least and lowest of whom lives in a $900,000 house, play tennis and golf like champions, or 'cut a wide swathe in polo circles with their fearless riding.' From him we learn that 'automobile racing can show its number of millionaires,' as if it were at all likely to show its number of clerks and ploughmen. Extravagance may be the arch-enemy of efficiency, but it is, and has always been, the friend of aimless excess.

When I was young, and millionaires were a rarity in my unassuming town, a local divine fluttered our habitual serenity by preaching an impassioned sermon upon a local Crœsus. He was but a moderate sort of Crœsus, a man of kindly nature and simple vanities, whom his townspeople had been in the habit of regarding with mirthful and tolerant eyes. Therefore it was a bit startling to hear — from the pulpit — that this amiable gentleman was 'a crown of glory upon the city's brow,' and that his name was honored 'from

the Golden Gate to New Jersey's silver sands.' Therefore it was more than startling to be called upon to admire the meekness with which he trod the common earth, and the unhesitating affability with which he bowed to all his acquaintances, 'acknowledging every salute of civility or respect,' because, 'like another Frederick II of Prussia,' he felt his fellow citizens to be human beings like himself. This admission into the ranks of humanity, however gratifying to our self-esteem, was tempered with so many exhortations to breathe our millionaire's name with becoming reverence, and was accompanied by such a curious medley of Bible texts, and lists of distinguished people whom the millionaire had entertained, that we hardly knew where we stood in the order of creation.

Copies of this sermon, which was printed 'in deference to many importunities,' are now extremely rare. Reading its yellow pages, we become aware that the rites and ceremonies with which one generation worships its golden calf differ in detail from the rites and ceremonies with which another generation performs this pious duty. The calf itself has never changed since it was first erected in the wilderness — the original model hardly admitting of improvement. Ruskin used to point out gleefully a careless couple who, in Claude's picture of the adoration of the golden calf, are rowing in a pleasure boat on a stream which flows mysteriously through the desert. Indifferent to gold, uninterested in idolatry, this pair glide smoothly by; and perhaps the river of time bears them through centuries of greed and materialism to some hidden haven of repose.

III

Saint Thomas Aquinas defines the sin of avarice as a 'desire to acquire or retain in undue measure, beyond the order of reason.' Possibly no one has ever believed that he committed this sin, that there was anything unreasonable in his desires, or undue in their measure of accomplishment. 'Reason' is a word of infinite flexibility. The statisticians who revel in mathematical intricacies tell us that Mr. John D. Rockefeller's income is one hundred dollars a minute, and that his yearly income exceeds the life-time earnings of two thousand average American citizens, and is equivalent to the income of fifty average American citizens sustained throughout the entire Christian era. It sounds more bewildering than seductive, and the breathless rush of a hundred dollars a minute is a little like the seven dinners a day which Alice in Wonderland stands ready to forego as a welcome punishment for misbehavior. But who shall say that a hundred dollars a minute is beyond the 'order of reason'? Certainly Saint Thomas did not refer to incomes of this range, inasmuch as his mind (though not without a quality of vastness) could never have embraced their possibility.

On the other hand, Mr. Rockefeller is responsible for the suggestion that Saint Paul, were he living to-day, would be a captain of industry. Here again a denial is as valueless as an assertion. It is much the habit of modern propagandists — no matter what their propaganda may be — to say that the gap between themselves and the Apostles is merely a gap of centuries, and that the unlikeness, which seems to us so vivid, is an unlikeness of time and circumstance, not of the inherent qualities of the soul. The multiplication of assets, the destruction of trade-rivalry, formed — apparently — no part of the original apostolic programme. If the tent-maker of Tarsus coveted wealth, he certainly went the wrong way about getting it. If there was that in his spirit

which corresponded to the modern instinct for accumulation, he did great injustice to his talents, wasting his incomparable energy on labors which — from his own showing — left him too often homeless, and naked, and hungry. Even the tent-making by which he earned his bread appears to have been valuable to him for the same reason that the blade-bone of mutton was valuable to Andrew Marvell — not so much because it filled his stomach, as because it insured his independence.

'L'amour d'argent a passé en dogme de morale publique,' wrote George Sand, whose words have now and then a strange prophetic ring. The 'peril of prosperity,' to borrow President Hibben's alliterative phrase, was not in her day the menace it is in ours, nor has it ever been in her land the menace it has been in ours, because of the many other perils, not to speak of other interests and other ideals, filling the minds of men. But if George Sand perceived a growing candor in the deference paid to wealth, to wealth as an abstraction rather than to its possessor, a dropping of the old hypocrisies which made a pretence of doubt and disapproval, a development of honored and authorized avarice, she was a close observer as well as a caustic commentator.

The artlessness of our American attitude might disarm criticism were anything less than public sanity at stake. We appeal simply and robustly to the love of gain, and we seldom appeal in vain. It is not only that education has substituted the principle of getting on for less serviceable values, but we are bidden to purchase marketable knowledge, no less than marketable foodstuffs, as an easy avenue to fortune. If we will eat and drink the health-giving comestibles urged upon us, our improved digestions will enable us to earn larger incomes. If we will take a highly commended course of horse-shoeing or oratorio-writing, prosperity will be our immediate reward. If we will buy some excellent books of reference, they will teach us to grow rich.

'There are one thousand more millionaires in the United States than there were ten years ago,' say the purveyors of these volumes. 'At the present rate of increase, the new millionaires in the next few years will be at least twelve hundred. *Will you be one of them?*' There is a question to ask a young American at the outset of his career! There is an incentive to study! And by way of elucidating a somewhat doubtful situation, the advertisers go on to say: 'Typical men of brains are those who have dug large commercial enterprises out of a copper mine, or transformed buying and selling into an art. You must take a leaf from the experience of such men if you would hold positions of responsibility and power.'

Just how the reference books — chill avenues to universal erudition — are going to give us control of a copper mine or of a department store is not made clear; but their vendors know that there is no use in offering anything less than wealth, or, as it is sometimes spelled, 'success,' as a return for the price of the volumes. And if a tasteful border design of fat moneybags scattering a cascade of dollars fails to quicken the sales, there is no tempting the heart of man. Our covetousness is as simple and as easily played upon as was the covetousness of the adventurers who went digging for buried treasures on the unimpeachable authority of a soothsayer.

The endless stories about messenger boys and elevator men who have been given a Wall Street 'tip,' and who have become capitalists in a day, are astonishingly like the stories which went their round when the South Sea Bubble hung iridescent over London. Man-

kind has never wearied of such tales since Aladdin (one of the fools whom Fortune favors) won his easy way to wealth.

The domination of Wall Street over the public mind and over the public morals was convincingly illustrated last December. The President of the United States sent a 'Peace Note' to the warring powers of Europe. He was impelled to take this step by the menace of Germany, who was threatening unrestricted murder on the seas. The note was a guarded one, equal in lucidity and in expression to any of its predecessors. It was fairly well received by the Allies, and candidly answered. France, indeed, betrayed some irritation at being asked what she was fighting for; but she may have thought that the presence of an invading army on her soil sufficiently answered this question. One does not, as a rule, ask a man whose windpipe is clutched by an adversary what it is that he is trying to do. On the whole, however, the Peace Note, although frankly self-concerned, — and every intelligent American knew we had good reason for concern, — cleared the atmosphere in Europe, and revealed to us the close-knit bonds, by help of which the allied nations hope to preserve the imperiled civilization of the world.

But what happened in the United States? The message which aimed at tranquilizing Europe became a high explosive at home, bursting in all its fury upon Wall Street, and scarring its victims for life. Whose fault or whose folly it was which precipitated this ignoble combat will never now be known; but the echo of the strife rang loudly and bitterly in our ears long after the note itself had ceased to interest a rapidly moving world. We had grown to look upon international correspondence as a trifle academic, and that it should involve a treacherous raid on our American securities was no less humiliating than disastrous.

IV

''T is man's perdition to be safe,' and 't is his deepest and deadliest perdition to profit by the perils of others. The accession of wealth brought us by the great war has been too sudden and too vast for any principle of moderation. A writer in the *Bankers' Magazine* for December, 1916, reviewed simply and without arrogance the impressive rôle which the United States has for two years played in the industrial and financial history of the world.

'Our opportunism has lifted us to supreme heights of commercial and fiscal triumph. Our aggregates of exports have surpassed our wildest dreams. The economic achievements of our bankers and financiers in their handling of large international credits are none the less real and remarkable. New York has become the world's money centre. Everywhere prosperity abounds, bewildering in its magnitude.'

As a result of this unprecedented situation, controlled with unprecedented skill, the number of supertaxable incomes in the United States was doubled in twelve months, and the number of citizens who modestly, and perhaps reluctantly, confessed to incomes exceeding a million of dollars came close to trebling in the same period. Yet these returns, however staggering, inadequately represent the swollen tide of wealth. Ours has been the Midas touch. We have coined gold as easily as did the long-eared king, and we may find ourselves in time as uncomfortable as he was. There are those who say that the profits yielded by munitions have been excessive, and that our bargaining with nations, whose needs were for the time desperate, savored a little of Jacob's bargaining with his fainting

brother. It was certainly a shock to our feelings when a Sheffield company offered last winter to supply the United States with fourteen-inch and sixteen-inch guns at a trifle more than half the price demanded by American ammunition-makers. Great Britain, it is true, frowned upon this transaction; but we have been asking ourselves ever since if the patriotism of our manufacturers has kept pace with their cupidity.

It was a shock to our pride, no less than to our feelings, when the Hon. John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, told us in January, 1917, that our contributions to the war-sufferers of Europe had in the two previous years amounted to one twentieth of one per cent of our earnings. We did not give away our easily acquired money, we spent it — spent it as lavishly as every avenue of self-indulgence permitted. The spirit of waste, which ran riot in all our big cities, surpassed itself in New York, where it was reckoned that three hundred and fifty thousand non-residents assembled last winter to teach the residents a needless lesson in prodigality. It was what the proprietors of hotels and cafés strikingly describe as a 'lush' season, meaning a time when the spending of money was the foremost consideration of their guests. A profound contempt for cost swayed the crowds which gathered day after day, and night after night, wherever wealth could be squandered. The great jewelers smilingly confessed that never before had they done such a thriving business. Nothing they could produce was too extravagant to find a speedy purchaser. The spectacle of well-dressed hordes eating and drinking all they could possibly hold, and far more than nature ever meant them to hold, became wearisomely familiar. Interesting stories went the round about Western men who were so fortunate as to pay thirty dollars apiece for theatre tickets, and about Western women who, by dint of energy and determination, succeeded in finding twenty-five-dollar bibs for their little children to wear.

Side by side with these exhilarating anecdotes, jostling the 'record prices' paid for old lace or Japanese prints, were the brief statistics which told us of Polish women dying of starvation (*their* little children starved long ago), of typhus fever ravaging the hunger-stricken towns of Belgium, of Armenians devouring carrion as did the Jews in the siege of Jerusalem. It is but a little world to show such sharply contrasted pictures. We Americans have had a place in the sun so big and so warm that the rest of mankind seemed to shiver in the darkness; but the sound of their tears has affronted our pleasures, and vexed our repose. We are ready now for a readjustment, ready to rise from sleep and turn from play, ready for any sacrifice imposed in the name of duty. Mohammed prayed that he might be found among the poor on the Judgment Day — a prayer echoed by Saint Bernard, who took some pains to insure its fulfillment.

If money does not make for charity, neither does it make for liberation. When Germany dared us last winter to send out our ships, voicing her threats in the most fantastically insolent message which one nation ever dispatched to another since the Dauphin sent the tennis-balls to Henry V (and he mistook his man), what help did all our millions give us? When we dug our mail out of an American steamer, and asked England — England overwhelmed with debt and bleeding at every pore — to carry it over the sea for us, what solace did our wealth afford our humbled pride?

'Money talks!' Yes, but how wise and resolute are its words? Perhaps when Mr. Cleveland said that, if it took

every dollar in the Treasury, and every soldier in the United States Army, to deliver a postal card in Chicago, that postal card should be delivered, he was glad to think that the nation's wealth could be used to sustain the nation's rights, and fulfill the nation's obligations. But it takes more than a treasury full of gold to send a postal card across the sea. An American rhapsodist, singing the pæan of money, says in its mighty name, —

'I am the minister of war and the messenger of peace. No army can march without my command. Until I speak, no ship of trade can sail from any port.'

'Until I speak!' Again the emphasis upon that powerful voice, and again the certainty in our souls that when men lay hands upon the 'hilt of action,' there is scant need of words. Money stops talking and obeys.

A college principal at Oxford has asked plainly if England could ever have hoped to do anything better with her national resources than spend them to save the nation. The money which before the war was a menace, has since become a safeguard. 'Better,' he says, 'that the country grow poor for a cause we can honor than grow rich for an end that is unknown. Who can regard without deep misgiving the process of accumulating wealth, unaccompanied by a corresponding growth of knowledge as to the uses to which wealth must be applied. This is what we see in normal times, and the spectacle is profoundly disturbing.'

That the war, which brought to England and to France agony of soul and body, brought them also something akin to peace of mind, is one of life's comforting mysteries. We can understand the generous sympathy which springs from a common danger, the generous insight born of an unassailable ideal. But that tranquility should walk hand in hand with violence, that the mental attitude of men and women forever face to face with grief should be a composed attitude, has a psychological rather than a spiritual significance.

'There is more repose in social intercourse than there was before the war,' writes an observant Englishman; and this acute comment is a key to the nation's serenity, to the measured breathing which resists tumult and trepidation. How long ago was it that the Caillaux trial shamed France, revealing depth after depth of sensuality, treachery, and greed! How long ago was it that the National Gallery had to be guarded like an arsenal, because frenzied women, obsessed by the will to destroy, slashed the pictures which were their heritage, and the heritage of coming generations! These excesses seem to belong to some remote period of corruption and madness, before the cleansing breath of a great purpose blew away the pestilence, and healed infected souls. Now, instead of

> sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing,

we hear the quiet words of Sir Edward Carson, spoken in the House of Commons, February 21: 'In the face of sacrifice and trials, of ships sunk without notice, of the drowning of wounded soldiers, and of frozen corpses brought in from torpedoed merchant vessels, I have yet to hear of one seaman who has refused to sail.'

So are many minor problems solved by the great problem of an assaulted civilization; so do we come to recognize the values by which essential things are weighed and measured; and so does money — no longer 'barren' — slip into its lawful place, the servant, not the master of mankind. 'We are richer or poorer by what we do or by what we leave undone,' says President Hibben tersely. The National Association of

Manufacturers in the United States, which issued a bulletin deprecating submarine warfare, but pointing out that the destruction of the Allies' trade would open to us the markets of the world, took no count of the fact that Great Britain owes her commerce as much to the courage as to the astuteness of her sons. Her seamen who think little of danger and much of duty, and who have never been in the habit of calling heroism heroic, are the upholders of her fortunes no less than of her honor. Were they driven from the waterways of the world, their great opponent would make us pay in blood the price of our inheritance.

Mr. Shane Leslie, shrinking sensitively from that oppressive word, 'efficiency,' and seeking what solace he can find in the survival of unpractical ideals, ventures to say that every University man 'carries away among the husks of knowledge the certainty that there are less things saleable in heaven and earth than the advocates of sound commercial education would suppose.' This truth, more simply phrased by the Breton peasant woman who said, 'Le bon Dieu ne vend pas ses biens,' has other teachers besides religion and the Classics. History, whether we read it or live in it, makes nothing clearer. Mr. Henry Ford is credited with saying that he would not give a nickel for all the history in the world; but though he can, and does, forbear to read it, he has to live in it with the rest of us, and learn its lessons firsthand. No one desired the welfare — or what he conceived to be the welfare — of mankind more sincerely than he did; and he was prepared to buy it at a handsome figure. Yet Heaven refused to sell, and earth, inasmuch as the souls of men are not her possessions, had nothing worth the purchase. The price of war can be computed in figures, the price of peace calls for another accountant. The tanker Gold Shell, which first crossed the 'forbidden' zone, did more to support the civilization of the world than a score of peace ships. Its plain sailors who put something (I don't know what they called it) above personal safety; and their plain captain who expressed in the regrettable language of the sea his scorn of German marauders, were prepared to pay a higher rate than any millionaire could offer for their own and their country's freedom. We know what these men risked, because we know what agonizing deaths the American sailors on the tanker Healdton suffered at Germany's hands. The Gold Shell seamen knew it too, and met frightfulness with fearlessness. The world is never so bad but that men's souls can rise above its badness, and restore our fainting faith.

Bishop Lawrence has denied in very simple and gallant words that Americans are wedded to ease, or enthralled by money. Their strength and their wealth are at the service of the nation, and they stand prepared to spend for noble ends the accumulated riches of the country. God will not sell us safety. In so far as we are prepared to lay down our lives for justice and humanity, in so far is our welfare secured. The reduction of unnecessary consumption is perhaps a matter of taste. The discipline of action and endurance is a stern necessity. The time for proving that we coined money in no base spirit, and that we hold it at no base value, is at hand. For our own sake, no less than for the world's sake, this truth must stand the test. The angel who looked too long at Heaven's golden pavement was flung into Hell.

A DOUBLE EVENT[1]

BY MRS. ASQUITH

I OPENED my eyes at 8 o'clock on a bright morning in June, and found them fixed on my ball-dress. I looked at the clock; I saw I had exactly one hour in which to bathe, dress, breakfast, and get to Paddington.

Out of bed in an instant, I shouted for my maid. She had not been eight years with me for nothing. My habit, long coat, buff waistcoat, hat, boots, gloves, were all put out. I munched toast while she brushed my hair.

I always find that the double tie is the toilette trap in dressing for riding. Pulling up the centre under the chin, pinning down the sides, while keeping a straight line at the top of the turnover, is touch and go. It was June, however, — a month in which no one hunts but young ladies in fiction; and I need hardly say my tie was perfect. I pushed my arms into a covert coat, and, rushing downstairs, jumped into a hansom.

Hansoms are now as extinct as dueling or garrotting. No one can deny that they had every fault: you caught your dress getting in, you fell on your head getting out; if it rained, you were soaked, or if the window was down and the horse slipped, your head went through the glass. But it was a highly becoming conveyance, and generally went along quickly; unfortunately for me, this hansom went painfully slowly. I delayed it by poking my whip up through the trap-door and shouting, 'Hurry up! I will give you five shillings more!' I gave this up as the lash of the eager driver tingled over my face (another danger to which a hansom exposed you), and full of grim determination, — as the Ulstermen said in 1914, — I made up my mind that I would have to race for the train.

I was going to a famous horse-dealer in Swindon, to try hunters for myself, Ribblesdale, and other members of the family. Elaborate arrangements had been made for me to join my sister, Mrs. Graham Smith, later on in the afternoon, and to miss this train would not only have put the family about, but have cheated me of riding strange horses over strange fences — an amusement which made my spirits rise.

I ran into the station; my train was moving slowly out. A porter was standing in an open doorway of one of the compartments. I jumped onto the step, caught hold of his coat, shouted, 'Don't shut the door,' and as he stepped off, I stepped in. My gratitude knew no bounds. I threw the man ten shillings — if he had shut the door, or shown any fear, I should have been done. Trains move off with great dignity, and if travelers would move on — instead of crawling like rolling-stock — fewer trains would be lost.

Out of breath, but full of gladness, I looked at my top-boots and wondered how many of my friends wore loose boots with thick soles to them. Everyone has a different sort of vanity; mine went to my head, not to my feet: two pairs of stockings and loose boots were essential to my comfort out hunting.

Apropos of this, I must digress a

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little. The present Duke of Beaufort's father once scolded me for wearing tight boots,—we were riding back to Badminton with the hounds on a cold evening,—and I assured him that they were so loose that if one of the hunt servants would pick up my boot, I could kick it into the road. He challenged me. I kicked my boot off with the greatest ease.

It was not my boots but my hats from Mr. Lock in St. James's Street that I fancied. From the hoop to the hobble is not a more violent change than from the riding hats of 1893 to the riding hats of 1917. I see young ladies riding in the Row with very wide flat brims and no crowns to their hats. Rotten Row has always had a good many loose horses with riders on them, so perhaps it is not fair to judge from this. I dare say if I went back to Melton I would see men and women with crowns to their hats. But I must return to my train.

After arranging a pillow at my back and tucking a rug round me, I looked at my fellow travelers. A beautiful old man in a roomy blue overcoat sat reading near the window, with his hat off. He had a beard of black and silver, and curling black and silver hair, a fine studio head with onyx eyes, and a thin large aquiline nose. An unworldly-looking youth sat next to him, arranging papers and letters in elastic bands. The seat next to the young man was piled high with letters, documents, and papers of every description.

I watched with interest the awe with which the old gentleman inspired the young man. Every time there was a flaw in the packets the young man's chin retreated further and his attitude became more servile.

For the first time I noticed labels on the windows at each side of the carriage. I said to myself, 'Hullo! I am not in my right place. I must apologize for having thrust myself into this reserved carriage.' How had I best begin? In my youth I called men 'Sir'; this was peculiar to myself and by no means a fashion (I was born at a later period than *The Fairchild Family*).

I fidgeted about, with an occasional glance at the old man. Suddenly I caught his lively eye fixed on me.

'I am sorry, sir, that I hurled myself into this carriage. I see it has been reserved for you; but missing this train would have been a serious matter to me.'

The Old Gentleman.—You need not apologize. I do not mind at all. I was afraid you might hurt yourself — what you did was very dangerous — you must never do it again. Why would it have been serious for you to have missed this train? [He said this in a grave tone, and added threateningly] What are you going to do?

She.—I am going to try horses for myself and my brother-in-law. What are you going to do?

He [very deliberately].—I am going to save souls.

She.—You are sanguine!

He.—Don't you believe in saving souls?

I confess I thought it a poignant pretension; but he was so bold and good-looking that I did not want to appear unsympathetic.

She.—Yes, I know what you mean. Can't say I have ever seen the process, though I have often heard of conversion. There is something morally vulgar to me in trying to get rapidly familiar with men's souls.

He [indignantly].—When you are dealing with the drunken and the depraved, you must not be morally aristocratic. You know nothing of real life — I have only to look at you to see that you are not only very young but extremely inexperienced. Look at me, young lady, and tell me truly. When have *you* seen souls flickering out for

want of a little light? What do *you* know of the depravity that devastates whole districts? The world you know is not the real world at all! What sort of a world is yours? I do not suppose you have ever seen a pauper! Have you ever been to a workhouse? I don't suppose you have ever seen a lunatic. Have you ever been to an asylum? I don't suppose you have ever seen a convict. Have you ever been in a prison? Have you ever been into a public-house and seen men — yes, and women too — grappling and fighting in the sight of God before the eyes of man, stiff with drink?

He paused and after a reproachful look at me continued, 'What do *you* know about drink? You have probably never seen drunkenness in your life.'

She. — Oh! have n't I just! I am Scotch.

He [not listening]. — Fighting, not with their fists, young woman, but with their souls. The morally aristocratic won't help us much here! What is wanted are workmen and workwomen. I am thinking of the next world — you are thinking of this. I can see you are fond of this world and its amusements — perhaps you are fashionable?

She. — Oh, dear, no!

He. — Who is your brother-in-law?

She. — Ribblesdale.

He. — What is your name?

She. — It won't convey anything to you. I am quite uninteresting!

He. — On the contrary, you interest me. — Do you believe in Hell?

She [decidedly]. — No, nor do you.

Much surprised at this remark, he took off his coat and as he leaned forward, I saw 'Salvation Army' embroidered on his blue jersey. So this was General Booth! I had heard much of him and Mrs. Booth, I had had close personal experience of their work in my districts (Whitechapel and Wapping), but I did not want our conversation to be interrupted by any autobiography, so I went on rapidly, —

'You *think* you do, but you *don't*. Holding Hell over the heads of the drunken and depraved is playing down to the lowest side, even of these poor people. This is the weak part of your teaching: you excite fear, and a sort of spiritual fever.'

He. — If you were not a rich, idle, self-indulgent young lady, you would see that what you call spiritual fever *I* call spiritual hunger. This does not belong to the lowest side of humanity, but the highest. Spiritual torpor *is* Hell.

She. — If that is the kind of Hell you mean, I *do* believe in it. I have always thought Hell is within us — just as I think Heaven is, and as certainly as I think God is above us.

He. — There is a deal of nonsense in that kind of talk. Good is good, evil is evil, and God is God. Heaven is Heaven and Hell is Hell. Don't be equivocal and ecclesiastical, but be frank with your faith. Don't be sly, like the High Churchmen. I believe in Hell and I believe in Heaven. You say Heaven lies within us; does it only lie within us? Is there no destination — only the route?

She. — I did not mean that! You may as well say a corridor and Calvary are the same. Of course no one would go on walking or fighting if there was no goal, unless they were fools or saints; but fear of Hell is not a good incentive. Threats would have no effect upon me! I would much rather feel that my nature responded to love than to fear. Why worry about Hell? Heaven is the light to hold before your flickering souls. I can't argue on theology. I feel like the child who was flying its kite high on a misty day. When they said, 'Do you enjoy flying your kite when you can't see it?' the child said, 'Oh! yes, I always feel it tugging at me.'

The old man liked this story. He said, 'I was not talking of theology, I was only defending myself when you were saying my army does not appeal to the highest in human beings. I say it does. If you had what I call spiritual hunger and you call spiritual fever, you would not be wasting your time trying horses for your brother-in-law.'

Relieved at this departure from theology, and noticing a slight twinkling of his eye I said, —

'I see no great harm in trying horses for my brother-in-law.'

He. — What sort of man is Lord Ribblesdale?

She. — He's a fine rider and a great judge of a horse.

He. — Is he a *good* man?

She. — One of the best! Now, general, what you want to know is how much field for conversion you can find in me and my family, and how to start about it. In practice conversion is extremely risky: it is like a practical joke. You can never know if the end is satisfactory; in conversation it is vain — making — It is not a good topic. It is ultimately dull, as it means different things to different men. Don't let us talk about conversion — I want to know about your wife and your society.

He. — My wife was the most wonderful woman God ever made. This society was entirely her idea; it was her creation, not mine.

He spoke of her with deep feeling — of her amazing oratory and true goodness. I could only say what I had heard about her, and how much I admired him, his family, and his work. He was not very forthcoming, which disappointed me. I longed to know much more about himself and how the idea of the Salvation Army started, but he never pursued any subject for long; he was a restless listener. I asked him if his wife believed in Hell.

He [guardedly]. — I think she would have agreed with you about Hell. What is the name of your father?

She. — My father is called Charles Tennant; he makes chemicals in Glasgow and gold in the Mysore mines in India.

He. — You are Margot Tennant. I know all about you. (I felt inclined to say, 'Oh! do you?') Your father refused to give our army any money.

She. — I don't think my father ever refused to give money to any one in his life. He knows the value of money too well not to give; he is a very happy man and suffers none of the apprehension, suspicion, and low temperature of the rich. My father would never understand your army and he hates noise.

He. — Noise!!

She. — Yes, you know your lassies thrum tea-trays for hours in the streets, and shout even on grass slopes where people play golf. The seventeenth hole at St. Andrews — on the road where your people parade — is a very ticklish hole; my father is irritable and highly strung —

He. — Are you?

She — *Very;* noise is physical pain to me. It does not take much to put you out when you are putting.

He [not listening, but watching me closely]. — Do you say your prayers?

She: Always.

He: Would you like to pray now in this carriage?

She [gravely]. — Certainly, if you would like to.

General Booth was unprepared for this answer. He had made up his mind that I was a fearless, frivolous female. He had been baulked in his scheme of conversion by a conversational digression and was anxious to return to the charge. For a moment neither of us spoke; then with a courteous movement of his hand to me he said, 'Let us kneel and pray.'

The young lieutenant, the general,

and I knelt down in a row, with our elbows on the opposite seats of the carriage. He opened by exhortation: Would God 'bless and be near this our sister'? He was not censorious, but I noticed that he emphasized the word 'quietness' in quoting St. Paul: 'In quietness and confidence lies our strength.'

He prayed erect upon his knees, with an upright head, throwing his long hair back. I shall never forget that prayer: I found myself not merely conforming, but acquiescing and praying. He was perfectly un-self-conscious; humble, without being self-centred; grateful, without being complacent; original and uneccentric; full of ideas, without being jumpy; reverent, imaginative, and, to me, deeply moving.

He finished and we all got up. I took his hand, pressed it with both of mine, and thanked him. I told him how much I had liked his prayer. We sat down in silence. He asked me what I had got in my writing-case. I took out books and a few photographs and trifles, and showed them to him. None of these interested him at all.

I always travel with a little leather commonplace book in which I have copied from the writings of many authors quotations concerning death and prayer. He took up the book and asked me to lend it to him. I did not want to do this, as I have never had much success in lending books to friends. There were a few empty pages, and I said, 'You write something in my book for me; I cannot lend it to you; I have never shown this to any one.'

He did not give me back the book, but held it in his hand.

He.—I suppose when you get home you will make a good story of our talk and journey to-day.

She.—If you regret it I will tell no one, but otherwise I shall certainly tell my sister.

He [smiling].—And the brother-in-law?

She.—Yes, all of them—but I don't know what you mean by 'good story.' If you mean that *I* think it funny to pray, you are completely out in your calculations.

He.—You haven't often knelt in a train before, and prayed, have you?

She.—No, never. I generally say my prayers to myself, but I have often prayed out loud with my factory-girls, and never observed any of them take it amiss.

He.—Shall I ever see you again? Will you ride down Rotten Row in one of my Salvation bonnets?

She.—No. I think they are hideous. I can see that your converts have been very conventional people; you take it for granted that I am vain and worldly, and you want to startle me into loving God. I have always believed in the Salvation Army, and given money to it, but I don't see that riding in your bonnet would bring in more souls or more subscriptions.

He.—It would be an advertisement.

She.—It would cover you, me, and your soldiers with ridicule.

He.—Christ did not mind being ridiculed.

She.—He would not have liked being advertised—Just write in my book, will you? I will give you my address so that you won't forget me.

He wrote in silence. We were nearing Swindon station. I felt very sorry to part with my dear old new friend.

He gave me back the book. I read what he had written:—

'What is life for but to walk in harmony with God, to secure that disposition and character which will fit us for the enjoyments and employments and companionships of Heaven—and to spend and be spent for the temporal and eternal weal of this suffering world?—William Booth.'

I shut my little book and put it in my bag.

He. — I am very glad to have met you: we will pray for each other, and meet soon.

He took my hand in both of his.

I told him I had loved his prayer and would never forget him; that he must come and see me, or if he wanted me, I would go and see him. We said good-bye, and remained friends till he died.

I was met at Swindon by the horse-dealer in a buggy — a little man of mild eye, gentle voice, and full-blooded brogue. He talked of the horses he had got for me to see. I did not listen much; I wished I had been with the general, for our journey had been too short. I wanted to read again what he had written, but my bag was under a horse-cloth at my feet, and we went at such a pace that I felt that I could not open the bag without upsetting all the things; so I engaged in the following conversation:

'Havoc is the one for you — a little short in the rib but a foine shoulther, and *great* stroide. I took him with the duke's hounds over some rails in the corner, and not *warn'* ['one,' which he pronounced as if it rhymed with *tarn*] 'followed. There's a bit of a gray mare you shall see in the ring; she goes a little quick at her fences, but —'

She [rather snappily]. — I loathe a rusher!

The Dealer. — *That she is not!* [with great emphasis]. She has great courage. If you gave her the office she would jump into a conservatory — this is what you'll be wanting for the Leicestershire bottoms — there'll be no gates there.

She. — You're wrong; it's the best-gated country in the world.

He. — And is that so? But it only takes one fall to kill you down there, and here no one is the worse for a roll or two.

She. — That is true. What else have you got for me to try? In your letter you recommend Dandelion.

He [with a melting eye]. — Sure and I did. He's a beautiful horse — something to conjure with! — thoroughbred — all but in the book — full of proide and vanity! He is difficult to ride in the small enclosures; it's the shires he is wanting. If he puts you down I'll give him to you. I thought of entering him for the Grand National, but Lord Lonsdale said to me, 'Racing will be the ruin of him.'

We were tearing down the road when he pulled up suddenly at a brick house set in laurels and surrounded by sheds and stables; I saw through the trees a large paddock with a tan ring and fancy fences.

He [throwing the reins to an ostler and taking his watch out of his pocket]. — Five miles in ten minutes, and only gave ten pound for you!

'Liar!' I said to myself, collecting my things.

We went into the loose boxes to look at the hunters. Bustling stablemen stripped one animal after the other in monotonous succession. I am always at a loss what to say on these occasions, so begged him to get his man as soon as possible to ride whatever was ready over the fences for me.

He. — It's yourself shall choose; which shall it be?

She. — What about Dandelion?

He. — Oh! you shall ride him yourself with me later on, down the road.

She. — Down the road? You mean over the fences!

He. — Not just at first — you must feel him under you! Jim! bring the gray mare to the paddock — we 'll walk on.

We walked down to the gate and into the field, Jim following on the gray. I could see that Jim was a fine rider — long stirrups, a loose easy seat,

and brimless hat. The gray, so far from being a little mare, struck me as big, angular, and gawky. The moment her large feet touched the ring she shot off! Jim handled her well, but as she approached the first fence, which was small and bushy, she rushed at it like a bull at a flag, took off from her stomach, and, hardly rising at all, landed twenty feet the other side. The fence closed up behind her, and one might have supposed she had never touched it — in Leicestershire I knew the fence would either have been taken up by the roots or I would have been taken home on a hurdle. It was the same with every fence in the ring. Had it not been for Jim, who with gigantic strength and iron nerve forced her to rise from her quarters at the only two obstacles of any merit, they must have parted company.

'Good Heavens!' I said; 'if she's not a rusher I've never seen one! I hope you give Jim high wages!'

He. — Bless your soul, I would n't give a curse for a horse who, with the one fence leapt, had n't the next one challenged!

Although I was rather amused, I was by no means mollified by this; I felt it had been an unlucky show. The dealer quickly perceived what was in my mind. His voice was very tender, almost caressing, as he said, —

'It's summer, and the divils don't get half enough exercise; I sell them off too quick! It's meself that should look after them.'

She. — Really, it's useless to show me this kind of animal! Let us see Comedy, the Havoc horse, or Dandelion. What about the great Dandelion?

He did not respond to this, but went on wondering how he could remove the evil impression that the gray had made on me.

'Ah! if the mare had been fit you'd have had a foine ride this morning!'

'Not I! My only chance would be if she was tired, and then she'd lay me out for dead.'

'Is it the gray mare you mean? *She would not.* I'd gladly be in prison for the stealing of her! Jim's not a rider like yourself; I would n't take two hundred for her. Now I'll tell you what I'll do — I'll get her fit and give you a mount with the duke, and you can break her neck and I'll say never a word!'

'She'll break mine, and then neither of us will be in a position to argue. Let us see Dandelion.'

He bustled off to bring out the favorite. I stood on the stone block and saw two men bringing out Dandelion — one leading him, and the other walking by his side with a towel over his arm.

Dandelion was, I must say, a most fascinating horse — to look at; dark chestnut, his coat shining like the back of a violin; a short back, loose elbows, and not a blemish anywhere. Something in his appearance reminded me of a Disraeli novel — the quivering nostril of his little nose, the rather vindictive roving eye. He looked like a brilliant adventurer. If this horse was all that he said, both my fortune and the dealer's were made.

I watched him coming toward me; his walk was resolute and elastic. Something moved in the laurels, and he stopped at once. I could see that he was terribly observant; the second ostler instantly clutched the other rein close to the bit, Dandelion pointed his toes and danced up to the block at an impossible angle for me to mount.

The Dealer. — Begorra! Bad luck to it! he is fresh too. Now, boys, steady! steady with the cloth!

This mysterious, almost clerical expression mystified me for a moment; a third stable-boy came out, and, winking rapidly at one of his compan-

ions, assisted with great energy in holding a towel round Dandelion's restless head, covering his eyes. The horse, quivering all over, was gently pushed to the block. My heart sank. Why did the ostler wink? Why had I come at all? Why get out at Swindon when I might have gone on to Wales with General Booth? My old friend was right. I was a rich, self-indulgent young lady — I was doing exactly what I liked. (*Was* I?) This would never do; it was high time to show some spirit.

She. — What is all this paraphernalia about, pray?

He [persuasively]. — You never liked a quiet one now, did you? Dandelion is high-strung — he is over-bred and never could endure the block.

She. — But you said I was to mount off the block. Very well, I don't mind; take the towel off his eyes and put me up from the ground.

He. — Bless your soul, you're on him but for the putting of your foot out.

I stood perfectly still on the block.

Ostler [soothingly]. — It's all right, lady! You need n't be frightened.

She [indignantly]. — I am not frightened, but Dandelion is!

He [with forced animation]. — Bless your soul! Is it Dandelion that would be frightened? It would take a new Heaven and a new Hell to scare him.

With great boldness he stroked the only part of the horse's neck that was uncovered, saying soothingly, —

'There, there! Come, come! You're a g-r-a-t-e horse, are n't you!'

I put my foot into the stirrup. Suddenly changing from coozle to caution, the dealer shouted, —

'Steady! Steady, boys! Let go.'

I was up; the three men burst away like squibs as Dandelion flung the towel to the earth with an ugly upward jerk of the head. After that we did not seem to get into position: I could not feel his mouth; Dandelion's head was reposing on my chest like a camel's. Great Heavens! He had a swivel neck! Why had I never noticed this? I felt a mixture of irascibility and apprehension creeping into my blood, as the dealer and I rode off side by side down the road in perfect silence.

Dandelion dropped his head. Feeling happier, I said with the courage of a hard funker, 'No one can try a horse on the road; let us gallop round the fences in the paddock.'

'There is foine grass by the side of the road further on. Let us start steady — it's very hot.'

I kept my eye on him. He was watching Dandelion with a look of intense anxiety; his face was shining like the blest with perspiration, but he said nothing. We walked on side by side at a studied pace, when suddenly I felt Dandelion's quarters rise and his forelegs hit the ground with uncalled-for violence. The reins hung in festoons; he rolled his head toward my chin, and after hearing a great cry as of one in pain a long, long way off, followed by the roar of a donkey engine in my brain, I knew no more —

When I 'came to,' figures and furniture seemed to nod and throb around me. A thunderstorm was going on with the windows shut — a perpetual wail of 'Holy Virgin! say you're not dead!' was mixed up with a good deal of blurr and bustle.

When I regained complete consciousness, I found myself in the dealer's parlor with hot-water bottles all round me, the dealer, the doctor, and the district nurse talking to each other, and the stable boys peeping in at the windows.

The Doctor. — Megrims, you call it?

The Dealer [very subdued]. — Sure, that is right, sir.

We never quite knew who was the hero of the good story.

MAY, 1917

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

The earth is damp: in everything
I taste the bitter breath of pallid spring.
Hark! In the air a fanning sound,
Like distant beehives. — Ah, the woods awake;
And finding they are naked, cast around
A mist, like that which trembles on the lake.
    The forest murmurs, shudders, sings
    On pipes and strings,
    With harp and flute;
    And then turns coy,
    As if ashamed to show its joy,
And in a flush of happiness grows mute.

Alas, the spring! Ah, liquid light,
Your vistas of transparent green
Fall on my spirit like a blight.
The tapestries you hang on high
Are like a pageant to a sick man's eye,
    Or sights in fever seen.
Behind your bowers and your blooms
Volcanic desolation looms;
    Your life doth death express;
Each leaf proclaims a blackened waste,
Each tree, some paradise defaced,
    Each bud, a wilderness.
And all your lisping notes are drowned
By one deep murmur underground
    That tells us joy is fled,
    Love, innocence, the heart's desire,
    The flashing of Apollo's lyre, —
    Beauty herself is dead.

In all the valleys of the earth, —
Save for the dead, — no wreath is hung.
Long, long ago the sounds of mirth
Died on man's tongue.
Love is an interrupted song,
And life a broken lute;
The huddling moments press along,
And into days are whirled
Untimed, as in a dream of pain.
Chaos has wrecked the outer world,
Chaos invades the brain.
The sounds, the sights, the scents of spring
Awake that sullen suffering
Which opium soothes in vain, —
Like the sad dawn of dread relief
That tells the greatness of his grief
To him that is insane.

Would I had perished with the past!
Would I had shared the fate
Of those who heard the trumpet-call
And rode upon the blast, —
Who stopped not to debate,
Nor strove to save,
But giving life, gave all,
Casting their manhood as a man might cast
A rose upon a grave.
Would that like them beneath the sod I lay,
Beneath the glistening grass,
Beneath the flood of things that come and pass,
Beckon, and shine and fade away.

THE NEW PAGANISM

BY EDWARD LEWIS

I

Some years ago there appeared in England a single number of a magazine styled *The New Pagan Review*. It was edited by William Sharp, and it is commonly believed that he himself wrote all the articles which were contained in it. His other writings, particularly those which were published under the pseudonym of Fiona Macleod, had considerable vogue; and it may have been this fact which determined him to so bold a venture. The Review was a failure; and was at once dropped.

It is not difficult to account for this, quite apart from the fact that the contents of the magazine — although they were explosive enough — were of no great interest or merit, and did less than justice alike to the editor and to the subject which he chose in this provocative fashion to present to the world. For to give a name to a thing is often to damn it. A label is a distinguishing mark which not seldom has an extinguishing effect. It frequently happens that to pin a nickname on a man is as good as to hang him; in the narrow circle of his friends the name may pass as a term of endearment, but it provides the general public with a jest and a weapon. The Germans were rapidly conquering the world by a process of 'peaceful penetration,' but in a fatal hour they inscribed 'Pan-Germanism' upon a banner, hoisted it over a park of heavy artillery for all the world to see, and the world — saw it! William Sharp may have thought that it was the Neo-Pagan element in his books which made them so attractive to a large and faithful company of readers, and he may have been quite right in so thinking; but he did not perceive the risks he ran in abstracting them from their imaginative and literary setting, and exposing them in all the nakedness of their proper name. It is one thing to have 'The Dominion of Dreams' upon your table; and another to be seen handling *The New Pagan Review;* the former might reveal the delicacy of your taste in modern literature, the latter would throw some shadow of suspicion upon the correctness of your morals. The label killeth. The great majority among even intelligent people are not unlike the woman — an ardent teetotaler — who during a serious illness had a shrewd idea that she was being dosed with brandy — with excellent effect. 'Give me the — medicine, nurse,' she would say, 'but for heaven's sake don't let me see the bottle.' We can — and do — take a good deal from the Devil provided that his horns are concealed beneath a silk hat and his hoofs in patent leather.

Had Neo-Paganism been a movement of any volume, it would have been strong enough to carry its label, and could easily have run its own review, but it has never been such in our western civilization; least of all modernly in Anglo-Saxon, Protestant countries, which are for the most part under the hand of traditional religion and conventional morality, and in which the tyranny of material prosperity is

very exacting. Under such conditions the perennial root-stock of Paganism is not likely to sprout with vigor. Not that, even here, it has been without its voices; but they have been sporadic. Emerson and Walt Whitman, for example, — too great, both of them, to be discredited by the label, — are among its major prophets; but they cried in the wilderness, and the feebler tones of their successors, if there be any, serve only to make the irresponsiveness of the world the more impressive. For the rest, it was chiefly to be found lurking as a gentle and innocuous cult in coteries chiefly of leisured folk with artistic leanings. We may speak, therefore, of the Neo-Pagan attitude toward life, or of the Neo-Pagan spirit, but scarcely of a Neo-Pagan movement.

When William Sharp, who, like other minor prophets, was more enterprising than the greater ones, placed his ear to the ground and believed that he could hear the sound of waters rising in such strong tide that on the crest of its advancing wave *The New Pagan Review* would be borne into popularity and wide fame, he must have been using a microphone. Perhaps it would be more fair to him to say that he was listening with a prophetic ear. Certainly, during the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the war there were signs that sympathy with the Neo-Pagan spirit was deepening and becoming more widespread. In literature and art, in journalism, in philosophy, and even in the Church, among social reformers, there were solitary individuals and small groups of men and women who were beginning to make themselves heard, and it almost seemed as if the world, weary of the old shibboleths, were pricking up its ears to listen. The most potent element in this hopeful ferment was probably the increasing influence of Nietzsche among those who were willing to read him and trusted not either in his interpreters or in his slanderers. It is not unlikely, however, — such are the tricks which the gods are pleased to play upon us, — that, since it is popularly (and therefore fallaciously) supposed that next to the Kaiser himself Nietzsche is responsible for the war, his very name will nip the growing bud like an untimely frost. Indeed, there are already those who endeavor to discredit Neo-Paganism by giving it the nickname of Nietzscheanism — a not inapt illustration of the point referred to above.

But the greatest difficulty which Neo-Paganism has to overcome (we may now return *The New Pagan Review* to the momentarily disturbed dust on the shelves of the British Museum) is the fact that the word 'Pagan' continues to stink in the nostrils of Christendom. This is an obstinate reminiscence of those far-past days when the early Church perceived Paganism as among its most powerful and subtle foes, fought it tooth and nail by every device it could lay its mind to, and celebrated the triumph achieved on Golgotha with the ringing cry 'Great Pan is dead!'

It may be said, by the way, that Pan is not dead; nor, happily, is he ever likely to die. No deity has a juster claim to live than he; and, could he die, all other deities would perforce become silent and powerless, for the natural is the taproot of the spiritual. It is interesting also to remember in this connection that, in dividing so absolutely between Pan and Christ that the triumph of the one involved the annihilation of the other, the Church committed a mistake which all along has dogged its heels and now threatens to overtake it with judgment. In the Church's logic Pan and Christ were contraries; but in Life there are no contraries. The Church treated the artificialities of its

logic, which are valuable in their way, as if they were the realities of Life. Life is a unity; but the Church ran a schism through the universe, and authorized a deed of separation between Flesh and Spirit, Pan and Christ, the World and itself, thus putting asunder what God had joined together.

This schism has been perpetuated and is rife to this day. Christianity and Paganism are commonly regarded as two adversaries so utterly opposed to each other that they cannot by any manner of means settle down in the same universe together. Nor have there been any half-measures in the age-long dispute. The antagonism is bitter and *à outrance*. To vilify one's opponent is an ancient trick, and one so serviceable that it may be questioned whether mankind will ever let it drop.

A conquering race, bringing its own gods with it, was in the habit, not only of setting up their worship in the shrines of the conquered gods, but of turning these latter into devils. Thus was victory sealed and made secure. Doubtless to the early Christians Pan became as one of the devils, perhaps the very Devil. Paganism meant — Saturnalia. There was, of course, a good deal more in Paganism than that! There were Socrates and Aristotle; there were Pheidias, Homer, and Pindar; there were Æschylus and Euripides; there was even Archilochus! But to the sheep in the Christian fold, Paganism was the wolf. To the children in the Christian nursery, Paganism was the bogey-man.

We are not disputing the expediency of this, but showing cause why it comes about that nowadays the word 'Pagan,' in the minds of respectable citizens in a Christian land, usually connotes little more than orgy, libertinism, lawlessness, riot, and all manner of self-indulgent excess. The vision of an over-fed, wine-bibbing Epicurean is allowed to loom so large before the mind as to exclude even a glimpse of the frugal, highly-disciplined Stoic, who was no less a pagan; and neither the sweet-smelling sanity of Walt Whitman, nor the clean, frosty, bracing savor of Nietzsche's doctrine of renunciation as expounded in his *Will to Power*, makes itself felt, because the nose is altogether occupied with the sensual vagaries of some Oscar Wilde.

II

Life is too short to argue with a prejudice, but to those who are still of open and expectant mind, — and it is through such alone that the forward movement of life is achieved, — it may be worth while to point out what the spirit of Paganism really is, and what is in the thoughts of those who look for and announce its revival, sooner or later, in the modern world.

It will be at once observed that we speak of the revival of the pagan spirit — not of a set of pagan tricks, nor of the ancient pagan cultus as a whole. In order to make this point clear, we propose now to discuss the idea of revival, and to show that, while it is absurd to speak of the restoration of an old *cultus* (for this is impossible in the nature of things), it is natural to expect a revival of the pagan spirit, and that nowhere would this rebirth appear more congruous than from within Christendom itself.

The word 'revival' conceals a snare. The prefix is apt to mislead. In ordinary speech the term is used of bringing an old thing back again, as for example the revival of a play, or of a fashion. But in the unbroken flux of Life there can be no such thing as 'back again.' The answer to our 'encore,' even if it be the same song, is always different, if only for the fact that we have already heard it once. Nothing recurs. The fallacy which lurks behind Nietzsche's doctrine of Eternal Recurrence arises

from the vain attempt to apply mathematical and logical principles to a spiritual, indeterminate movement such as life is. There can be no revival in the sense of the restoration of the same identical fact; events, epochs, take their place in the living texture of that seamless fabric which is ever issuing forth from the loom of Time; they are not like beads upon a string, so that they might repeat themselves here and there as the thread lengthens. Whatever it is which is to be revived, it must have suffered change by having been excluded for the time being; the second circumstance, also, must vary from the first; it will therefore be subject to a twofold modification. Life proceeds in a spiral, it does not move in a circle. History climbs. Like travelers zigzagging up a mountain pass, we may come back several times to the same view, but at higher points of vantage; a corresponding view, therefore, rather than the same view. Ourselves also have changed because of the experience in the interim, and hence a further modification, since what we see is largely determined by what we are. The relation between the primitive animism and the modern immanentist theory is an excellent illustration of a true historical revival.

In brief, revival is a phenomenon which appears within the general circumstance of progress. Progress is constant. The fact of periodic retrogression does not deny this, any more than the retreat of the broken wave is a denial of the rising of the tide; it only serves to warn us that progress must be measured vertically, not horizontally. Some sweeps of the spiral may be long and flat, others shorter and steeper; so that the same degree of progress may, at one time, be registered in a single generation of extraordinary spiritual illumination and impulse, which, at another time of dimmer vision and less potent inspiration, may require an age. Life proceeds irregularly. Nature does make leaps. But the upward movement is continuous and universal. It involves even the gods. We insist that our gods themselves must grow. It was not only a different people, but a different god also, which emerged now from Egyptian bondage, now from Babylonian exile.

The revival of Paganism must be considered as subject to this general principle. It does not mean the return of Pan. We have no intention of repeating the foolishness of those who set up the images of Jupiter in the seats of Jehovah. Mere substitution never effects anything. The timidest reader need not be alarmed that anything so crude is likely to be attempted. In our wildest dreams we have never imagined Pan with his pipes and little hoofs capering up the solemn aisle of the church and taking his seat by the altar, while the congregation rises to do him honor; or the displacement of the prayer-meeting in favor of a bacchic revel. Pan will always have his shrines and his company of followers with their quaint antics, for no civilization is ever homogeneous, and any god may get at least some worshipers at any time; but in a world permeated by the Christian impulse and considerably transformed by the Christian discipline, there can be no question of the return of this half-man and half-goat to recognized authority. Old Pan will not do, any more than old Jehovah will do.

The Pan of the New Paganism will have suffered change by reason of the exile into which the Church drove him. His proportions will have been altered. Such a suggestion as this would, anciently, have been reckoned a gross impiety. In the classic representations of Pan there are no prognostications of change, no hint of tension between the dramatically consorted parts. On the

contrary, he is apparently satisfied (which means that his worshipers were satisfied) with the proportion of man and goat in him. Indeed, the absence of anything like aspiration in the upper portions of the figure conveys the impression that, on the whole, the lower half is the predominant partner. He is not so much a partly humanized goat, as he is a goat represented anthropomorphically.

This is one of the cases — perhaps rare — in which the modern view of life is profounder and truer than the ancient. That spiritual and artistic genius, Auguste Rodin, has handled this antique symbolism, and has taken as the subject of one of his masterpieces, La Centauresse — a figure half-human and half-brute. But in this astonishingly vigorous presentation of the dualism in human nature, between the forepart and the hinder part there is immense strain. The pose of the human portion of the figure — face, head, torso, and every subordinate feature and muscle — suggests striving and forwardness. Contemplating it, the impression grows more and more vivid that the human part is not so much issuing out of the animal part as a snake sloughs its skin; nor is the former dragging the latter along with it as an Old Man of the Sea; but rather that the emerging Soul is, by the very energy of its aspiration, transmuting those lower elements which are united with it in the whole nature of Man.

La Centauresse does not, and is not intended to, represent a deity. There could be no such thing as worship of a being at such strain within itself. It is essential that a deity should exhibit harmony, poise, and repose. He must symbolize a unity of some sort. Blake's Jehovah, for example, is effective as a representation of deity because, although the head is that of an old man and the tree-like limbs are those of youth, the whole figure suggests a complete harmony between wisdom and strength, between the power to conceive and the will to execute. The images of Buddha convey the impression of a unity attained through self-conquest, and a transcendence of the Soul over Sense. Pan himself, undistinguished figure though he be, has the unity of animal innocence. Buddha strikes us as being all soul, with the flesh finally shut out; Pan, on the other hand, as being all flesh, with the soul totally absent. This denial of an integral part of human nature — flesh or soul as the case may be — makes each of these deities, which are the extreme opposites of each other, unsatisfactory. The unity they represent is artificial, for it is not possible to reach a real unity by the method of abstraction.

If we could imagine Rodin's Centauresse as having fought out its inner warfare, harmonized its discord, recomposed itself into a unity wherein the soul and the flesh alike should find proper place and function, dwelling together in mutuality and at peace, we should have for the first time in history a conception of deity — that is to say, of the goal of human aspiration — which would be adequate to the facts of life and to the witness of religious experience. So far all deities have been one-sided; therefore exaggerated; therefore unreal. Because of this, their shrines, one after another, have been forsaken, first by Life itself, and then by living worshipers. The perfect god is still to come.

The Church has said, 'Pan or Christ', and in so saying has rendered impossible the fullness of religious experience to all who accept the antithesis. The ultimate achievements of Life can never be formulated as a disjunction. The irresistible tendency of Life is toward synthesis. 'Either-Or' may occur in

the mid-course of some vital process, but no living movement ever rested in an 'Either-Or.' Why 'Pan or Christ'? Why not 'Pan and Christ'? Not as a compromise for the sake of peace, nor as two coördinate principles sharing the throne together, but as a true synthesis in which all that is divine in human life and all that is human in divine life shall find due place.

The hands cannot be put back upon the dial of Time. The gates on Life's highway open only in the forward direction. There cannot be a restoration of an old cultus, but there may well be a reëntry of an old spirit after a period of suppression. It is, indeed, natural to expect that there should be. To look for the revival of the pagan spirit after nearly two thousand years of Christian discipline is as legitimate, and withal as exhilarating, as to look for a renewal of one's youth in middle life. An analogy crops up here, and it is worth examining more closely.

To renew one's youth! Is that only a fantastic dream, a delusive mirage, or is it a promise? Sub-human nature offers a hint of this human experience. The new-born butterfly which, having dried its wings in the genial sunlight, has just flitted away across the garden, exhibits every mark and sign of youth. Last spring, this same creature was born a caterpillar. Between these two states of youth successive the one to the other there is no break in the continuity of individual existence. From the laying of the egg to the spinning of the cocoon, the insect passes through all the natural stages of infancy, youth, maturity. But lo, a second youth!

It would scarcely be possible to set before one's self a brighter, more alluring hope than that of renewing one's youth in middle life. For it is superfluous to praise Youth, and its 'self-confident morning.' How beautiful are its properties — exuberant energy, measureless trust, unbaffled resiliency, insatiate curiosity, fearless venture, and a passion which idealizes both its loves and its hates! How good are its quests — to live, to enjoy life, to plunge in the cup and drink deep of the waters of experience, to express one's self, to give one's self away! The Inner Wisdom would stand openly convicted of unwisdom if these gifts were bestowed only to be lost before we could fully advantage by them, and not rather to be more firmly possessed. Is Youth intended to be nothing but a bright, tantalizing memory? We do not ignore its threats and perils. Exuberance easily degenerates into rankness and riot. The lack, as yet, of an established personal centre means many a door left open for dissipation. Instability may harden into a habit of fickleness. Independence tends to pass into a looseness which is the reverse of liberty. Until the inward throne is secure, Youth's fine scorn of external authority is fraught with great danger. Strength which is not focussed and duly controlled may often be overrated, and, like bluster and bravado, injures far more than it effects.

III

Nevertheless, when all has been said, and the last warning uttered, the spirit of Youth remains the only true and healthful spirit of life. The objects which the passionate heart of Youth pursues remain always the vital ones. The direction given to Youth by the creative impulse which brings it into being, before Society coerces it and the Church warps it, remains the right direction unto the end of life. Nor can there be a higher reach of faith than that of which the unwritten creed of Youth is the expression — I believe in joy, in lifewardness, in self-expression. I believe in the world and in the flesh. I

believe in the natural man, the health of his instincts, the purity of his functions, and in his divine potentialities. I believe in the soundness of the human heart, the goodness of life, the beauty of all experience.

The worst of it is that, when we are young as years go, we never possess our Youth.

It is a fact of common experience that this first paradise is lost. Upon the wildness, passionate adventure, vigorous self-expression of Youth there follows a period of restraint amply provided for by the State with its education and its policemen, Society with its codes and conventions, the Church with its 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not.' Circumstances, too, press more closely and more heavily upon the youth as he comes to practical grips with them, and there is a consequent hardening at the surface, a thickening of the epidermis of personality. So the vision fades; the fires burn low; the spirit descends more deeply into matter.

This supervening discipline has its value, and is by no means negative only — as the youth himself is apt to think. It plays an essential part in the development of life. Only failure awaits such as miss it, or refuse it. It is like the pruning of the tree which fosters root-growth; or the narrowing of the channel which deepens the bed of the river. It is the resistance under which the centre crystallizes and is established — for the secret of effective self-expression is self-possession. Tradition, usage, convention, prohibition, creed, rules, and all the other props and externally provided authorities, are the paraphernalia of the nursery and the schoolroom through which all the children of the higher life must pass. They have their time. But they have their term, also.

Discipline is a means, not an end. A means whereto?

There is no virtue in restraint in itself. If one should say, 'See what a disciplined, orderly, regular person I am!' the Wise Man will not be greatly impressed; for such a one may be as dull as the proverbial ditch-water, void of illumination, incapable of passion. He does not swear, or lie, or stand in danger of the constable; but it requires still to be asked concerning the style and quality of the life redeemed by discipline from the follies of Youth — is it bold, gay, rich in enterprise?

Another says proudly, 'I am master of myself!' To him the Wise Man answers, 'Thou doest well. But what of this Self over which thou boastest mastery — is it whole or emasculate? What sort of a creature is this which thou hast harnessed and holdest the reins on — can it soar to the sun, or are its wings clipped? Hast thou broken its spirit and drawn its teeth? Is it a docile ass, a safe hack, or a rampant steed?'

We now approach to where the secret lurks. The purpose of discipline is not to quench but to centralize the spirit of youth with a view to its reëntry and revival. The value of restraint is that, when its lesson has been learned, the quests of Youth may be sought and won with greater boldness, steadier resolve, and a more single will. Control derives all its importance from the straightness and constancy it imparts to life. There is no real advantage in virtue if it chills and diminishes passion. Mistakes matter little. Correctness is a mean thing. Excess, which is the vice of the weak, is the virtue of the strong, and (as Blake said) for him the highway of wisdom. The great sin is, not to live with enthusiasm and power when one is ready and the opportunity is at hand. The great untruth is to be unreal. The great treachery is to refuse expression to a Self which is, at last, concentrated and free. Personal

discipline is a means to the renewal of youth.

The renascence of Youth! Oh, the dreary length of the days in which we go to school with the Law — the old dame with her cupboard full of pains and penalties! Oh, the bitterness of the continual repression of desire, the galling of the bands, the chafing of the fetters! Oh, the heavy stupidity of authority — how it makes us fume and fret! Oh, the monotony of the path with its trim hedges, and the everlasting warning to trespassers wherever to our furtive eye there comes a glimpse of a wider wilder world which promises the chance of risk and adventure! But, patience, my heart, patience a little while. Something meanwhile is growing deep and strong within thee. This is thy true freedom, and at such a cost has it to be purchased. One day, when at last thou art able to bear thy freedom, thou shalt awake to a world in which thou mayest roam in every wood, loiter in every glade, drink of every stream, follow what path thy desire prompts thee to, and, without hurt or peril, all things shall be thine richly to enjoy!

Here, then, on the plane of personal life there is a sequence of natural development — immature youth, discipline, second youth. Is it too bold to prophesy that, on the plane of moral and religious history, there should be a parallel development — Old Paganism, Christianity, New Paganism? Is it not, on the contrary, a natural expectation? The Church supervened upon the Old Paganism as a discipline. That is the significance of the Church in respect of the practice of life — it represents a discipline, an obedience. As every one who comes under its influence knows, it works first as a repression, a restriction. The vast majority of its members never seem to get clear of this tutelage. They run their life with the brakes on, or else with the foot nervously hovering about the brake-pedal. They talk much about the liberty of the spirit, but they do not manifest it.

Now, discipline is good, but its worth is vindicated only in the issue of a freer life. What is the purpose of the Church's discipline as perceived by itself? It is, chiefly, that we may gain the freedom of the next world. But why the next world? Why not this world? Why beggar ourselves in respect of the beauty, the delight, the triumph, the glory of living in this world, for the sake of a world to come — which, possibly, may not come? Why not reap the fruits of discipline here in the free usage and the complete enjoyment of this world? The Christian may say, 'I find the fruit of my discipline in the fact that I no longer need this world'; to which the reply is, 'Because you no longer need it, you are precisely the one who should enjoy it.' If he says, 'But it no longer interests me,' the only answer is a silent regret that any religious practice should be able to take from him all interest in anything so wide, so rich, so full of adventure, so lofty in challenge, as this world proves itself to be to one who confronts it with self-possession and mastery. The freedom of this world is a rich heritage to enter into, and it awaits the claim of those who, having learned the lessons of restraint and obedience, are able and worthy to receive it. For our part, we believe that the real function of Christianity has been, and is, that of a disciplinary interim; its law, also, is a schoolmaster; and, because of this, it is from within Christendom that we look for the revival of that youthful spirit which long ago, and according to its knowledge and experience at the time, said 'yes' to this world and to life in it.

For such do we conceive the essential spirit of Paganism to be. It is the spirit of yea-saying and of joy in life, in contrast with that nay-saying which is

so conspicuous in Christian practice, and that promise of joy in after-life which is central to the Christian gospel.

The primitive pagan is the child in the human family. He approximates to the emotional and spiritual condition of the child. Like the child, he occupies most of his time in eating and sleeping and play; unlike the child, he has to hunt for his food and sometimes to fight for his life, but he relishes both the battle and the chase. Occasionally he suffers hardship, and is no stranger to anger, disappointment, or fear; but sunshine soon blots out the memory of the storm, and his wounds are quickly healed. It may be that his disposition is indolent; certain it is that his world makes but little demand upon his will-power, for Nature is generous and his society is communistic in structure. He may exercise himself to gain skill in a game or with a weapon; he may discipline himself to courage and endurance; but, whatever his discipline may be, it is frankly to the end that he may enter more fully into his world and its life, possess it, enjoy it.

The primitive has often been represented as if he were constantly beset with dreads, and went hourly in fear of his life from sinister and hostile influences lurking around him on all sides. It has been said that out of this fear he created his gods — the first gods that ever were. Modern researches continually increase the number of reasons for doubting this; and it is fairly safe to say that on the whole he finds his world a good, broad world to live in; and he accepts it for better or worse. When better, he has much pleasure; when worse, he sets himself to make the best of it. The thought of another world has not cast its shadow upon him. He affirms his world and its life.

This principle remains fundamental even when Paganism blossoms out into Greek civilization. It lies behind the practical philosophy alike of the Epicurean and of the Stoic. The vulgar formula, 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' is rather a caricature than a characterization of Epicureanism; it is false in over-emphasis, but it is true so far as it accents the Epicurean's acceptance and affirmation of his world.

The Stoic would live 'according to Nature,' and he defined Nature in a strangely modern way as a growth, a living movement, an upward tendency toward perfection. In Nature he heard more than the Pipes of Pan; he heard the music of rising waters. For him Nature was good because it constantly performed its function of bringing all things on toward perfection and the fullness of life. Nature was a fountain of Life, pouring forth its waters into all things according to the capacity of each, seeking to fill each to the brim, sometimes finding a free course, sometimes meeting with resistance, but faithful in the ascending effort. Things were good according as they performed well their functions, whatever these might be. Like Nietzsche, the Stoic was determined to see the necessary in all things as beautiful and good. Perfection was interpreted in terms of efficiency; and Nature's purpose was achieved in any creature when, after its own kind, it was efficient in life. He himself was good on precisely similar terms, — efficiency in functioning, — and it was his function as a self-conscious personality to coöperate with the universal natural striving toward perfection. His heaven was within him, and he had reached it when he was in harmony with himself and the soul of the world. He accepted and affirmed his world. If it was kind to him, he had pleasure; that was good. If it was hard with him, he had battle; and that was good, too. He cultivated self-mastery in order that he might enter into possession of his world and enjoy it.

The revival of Paganism means, therefore, the reëntry of this spirit of affirmation in a world which is all the more able to rise to it because it has suffered for two thousand years the restrictive influence of Christian ideas and practices. The Church has affirmed the Soul as against the World; of this we shall not complain if now we are able to affirm the World for the Soul. In a familiar passage, Amiel says that the Church 'decomposed the human unity.' Perhaps it was necessary that this should be done; but its complete justification would appear if now the unity may be recomposed at a higher point — that is to say, all things are good, for use and for enjoyment, because the Soul has become master in its own house.

'It may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that Grand Amen,' but why only in Heaven? Why make a deferred expectation of that which is to hand? The revival of Paganism means that this Grand Amen to life should begin to sound here and now; not drowning, but enlarging the music of those pipes which still call to all that is free and young in the human heart.

THE LIFE OF ADVENTURE

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

'ADVENTURES,' said the gifted Mr. Disraeli, 'are to the adventurous.' Stevenson somewhere recommends the conception of life as a series of adventures, each morning witnessing as it were a new embarkation upon some treasure-quest or feat of arms. And I have often observed that my adventurous friends have a knack of reporting with all the flavor of genuine adventures, experiences which upon sober reflection seem rather to fade into the light of common day. It would, therefore, appear that it is they who put the adventurous into life, rather than life which is responsible.

In this fact lies much encouragement for one whose life seems set in a routine of commonplace; who lives upon a decent city street, where even burglars seldom penetrate, and nothing more exciting than automobile collisions ordinarily happens. These last are, however, of a gratifying frequency, if it is excitement that one craves. Indeed, we have latterly come to a weary sense of annoyance when the familiar crunch informs us that two motorists have simultaneously claimed the right of way. The pious duty of sweeping up all that was mortal of these unfortunates sometimes becomes really distressing, and one feels like a modern Tobit, keeping watch o'er man's mortality.

I make it a point never to witness these distressing occurrences; that would be a vocation in itself. Only when the fatal crash is heard do I emerge, like Æsculapius from his temple. I was a witness once, but only in a burglary. I had not, of course, seen the burglary, but I could remember seeing the *corpus delicti in situ*, as it were,

later than any one else; and the proof that the object had existed had, of course, to precede the evidence that it had disappeared. Such is the logic of the law. Twenty several times I accordingly visited the Halls of Justice, and twenty several mornings I sacrificed upon the altar of duty. Months wore on; we witnesses, from our frequent meetings, came to be firm friends. We talked of forming a permanent organization. We even began to produce a literature, though all I now remember of it is, 'For we're trying Johnny Artzle in the morning.'

I became so seasoned an habitué of the court building that belated witnesses for other tribunals, on reaching the witness-room, would rush up to me and explain in broken English that they had been detained, that they had come as fast as they could and hoped I would excuse them; showing that there was nothing about me that looked out of place in the precincts of the Criminal Court.

But, with all this assiduity, we did not convict our burglar. The kindly judge reduced his bail, that he might rejoin his family; he seized the opportunity to filch some golden teeth, which a prosperous dentist had destined for his fashionable clients, and this irate gentleman thrust in his case ahead of ours (though the Statute of Limitations had not yet run against us) and thus snatched from us the satisfaction of immuring our defendant in his deserved dungeon.

This is why I never witness motor accidents. But it is plain that even this unhappy business may take on the glamour of romance when approached from the point of view of adventure. The other morning, when the familiar crunch informed us that we were again to function as first aids to broken humanity, I rushed into the street, to see a large limousine of the eight-passenger type now usual at obsequies, resting comfortably on its port side on the opposite parkway. What might it not contain, in the way of youth, beauty, and interest? Yet in point of fact, when its cargo had been laboriously hoisted up through the main hatch, which was ordinarily its right-hand door, it proved to be nothing very romantic after all, and we gave it its coffee with a certain vague sense of disappointment. Some people really are not worthy of adventure, and it is a great pity that many who have adventures refuse to accept them gratefully in an adventurous spirit.

War is, of course, the main avenue to adventure, and even so commonplace an affair as military drill has, at least in its early stages, adventurous possibilities. Our corporal (for I have to admit that I am only a private — as yet) being one day kept from duty by a seminar on Plato, an expert on the history of art, excluding that of war, was set over us. His eagerness exceeded his experience, and it is not too much to say that he led us into places of danger previously unsuspected. The company, though with the gravest misgivings, was called upon to deploy as skirmishers, guide left. Placing himself at our head and crying, 'Follow me,' our gallant leader at once set off at a double-quick in the wrong direction, where a lieutenant much out of breath overtook us, crying, 'Hay, corporal! you belong at the other end of the line!' 'Follow me,' ordered our leader unabashed; and we double-quicked to the other end, there to meet the other lieutenant, with the cry, 'Hay, corporal! you belong in the middle of the line!'

But one of our most inflexible deans occupied the middle with his squad, and his conception of military duty would not permit him to budge without orders. Perhaps he remembered

the Marne and defeat by dislocation. With no place to go, our embarrassment was relieved by the captain's 'As you were,' and we formed again in our familiar column of squads. But in the slight confusion which I have to admit had for a moment prevailed, a metathesis had taken place: from being third squad we had become fourth, which position carried with it the responsibility of leading the second platoon. When therefore the hoarse order, 'Platoons column left,' rang out, the company plodded placidly on in column of squads. We seemed to have lost our platoon consciousness. Our captain was annoyed; he knew that he had two platoons, but they declined to separate. Again the order came, without effect.

The company now vaguely felt that something was wrong, and suppressed cries of 'Hay, corporal! you're pivot man!' 'Hay, second platoon! wake up!' came to us from front and rear. With a start, our guilty squad awoke to its new responsibilities, and a sense of the eternal watchfulness of the soldier's life. *Qui vive? Qui va?*

The day before Marshal Joffre arrived, I asked our guide, a Plattsburg veteran, whether the Faculty Company was to participate in his review of the battalion. His face darkened with apprehension.

'Say,' said he, 'that would be a mess! He's reviewed better troops than we are!'

Never more desperate ones, though, we agreed. Like all great soldiers, our officers are modest, even about their handiwork. We of the ranks, however, in our eagerness feel some disappointment that we cannot exhibit our newly won proficiency, even to General Barry. Why keep it all for Hindenburg?

Battalion drill is a great day in the life of the military neophyte, and our favorite evolution is the company front double-quick. It would have been a pleasure to perform this for the Marshal of France, but our last execution of the manœuvre made our officers reluctant to exhibit our proficiency in it again to the jealous eye of authority. In company front, we spread in two ranks well across the field, and at the command 'Double time!' we inaugurated a really imposing movement, before the reviewing officer. For some reason the front rank of the first squad set a rapid pace, which the whole rank nobly strove to imitate. The second rank, in fear of being distanced, came thundering up behind, and the first rank, hearing their onset close upon their heels, regularly ran away. In consequence, our alignment, usually so precise, suffered considerably; and it began to look like an interscholastic 'quarter mile' badly bunched at the finish. Reduced to the more professorial 'quick time' at the end of the race, we soon recovered our breath if not our composure, and it was remarked that in the rush it had been the Faculty orators that led the field; both things being after all at bottom a matter of wind.

Before we were dismissed that morning, the reviewing officer commented favorably on our drill, excepting only the double-quick, and admonished us to try to keep from laughing Yet is it not well known from the writings of Captain Beith and others that the British Tommies go into action laughing, joking, and singing music-hall ballads?

The other day the major's usual stirring lecture on the art of war was replaced by that threadbare faculty device, a written quiz. The first question (I believe I am disclosing no military secret in telling) was, 'Name the textbook.' The answer was, of course, I.D.R.; but some poor fellows who had plunged into the contents without

first mastering the cover, were found wanting.

The sociability characteristic of convocation processions naturally tends to pervade our military marching as well. At battalion the other day we were trying to catch the captain's far-off orders and then to distinguish which of several whistles was the 'command of execution' for our company, when a late arrival dropped into the vacant file beside me, and in the most sociable manner began to relate an experience on the rifle range the Saturday before. This extended narrative was much interrupted, for I lost him every little while under the stress of those far-off orders, of which he appeared quite unconscious. His method seemed to be to wait for the evolution to be completed and then rejoin me wherever I might be and resume his parable, though he did occasionally complain that he had not heard the order.

Nevertheless, we learn quickly. The other day the first sergeant, a theologian of a wholly unsuspected bellicosity, called upon the squad leaders to report. The first corporal at once glibly cried out, 'All present or accounted for'; whereupon each successive corporal, confident that none of his men had been killed or captured since the day before, joyfully answered with the same crisp and comprehensive formula.

For all our attempts at militarism, a certain democratic informality still lingers among us. The captain is ordinarily affectionately addressed as 'Henry.' Thus while at rest a voice is heard from the rear rank: 'Well, Henry, I don't understand what the rear rank is to do on the order, "Company platoons right." Now the front rank —'

'There's no such command,' answers the captain patiently, thus closing the incident.

The captain frequently marches backward, so that he can face us and enjoy the swift precision with which we carry out his orders. The other day he backed into the east bleacher and sat down abruptly on the bottom step. Fortunately he gave the command to halt, or in our blind obedience we should probably have marched right over him up the bleacher and off the back of it into space.

I shall never forget our first review. It was with no little reluctance that our captain consented to our participation in it. He seemed to fear that we might shy at the visiting officers' decorations, and run away. Only the most protracted good behavior on our part carried the day. After marching past the reviewing party, in as straight a company front as we could exhibit, we opened our ranks for inspection, and the visiting colonel prowled about among us. Just before he reached our company, a student major, in a frenzy of apprehension, came up and gave us one final adjuration not to wiggle.

The colonel — a fine military figure — marched swiftly up and down our ranks, stopping now and then to address a few crisp questions to one or another of the men. He seemed to select those whose soldierly bearing suggested military promise; at least our corporal and I thought so, as we were the men he spoke to in our part of the line. Or it may be that we were standing so like statues that he wanted to satisfy himself that those marble lips could speak. Our comrades were of course eager to know what he had said, and we had later to tell them that he had imparted to us important military information of a confidential character; to which they cynically replied, '*Yaas*, he did!'

We also tactfully let it be known that the colonel was anxious to learn whether our officers were perfectly satisfactory. With more tractable and

appreciative inquirers we entered into more detail. He had asked the corporal whether he had ever shot a rifle: corporal blushingly admitted that he had once shot a squirrel. (Corporal is a football hero, and accustomed to meet the enemy at much closer quarters than rifle range. The rest of us, on the other hand, are publicists, and are deadliest at distances of from 500 to 5000 miles.) Number 2 was asked if he could cook, and claimed that he could. Colonel in his haste did not think to ask Number 2 if any one could eat what he cooked, or he would have learned that Number 2's cookery is best suited to prisoners of war.

Colonel had no sooner departed on his inquisitorial way than the student major reappeared from nowhere, in a fearful rage, to inquire if we could n't stand still even for *two minutes*, and to complain bitterly that during the inspection one man had been guilty of rubbing his nose. Murmurs of disapproval ran through the ranks at the mention of this wretched offender, who was probably responsible for dragging our company down to a tie with the Law School for third place out of nine in the honors of the day.

Captain now mercifully ordered, 'Rest,' and a prodigious and concerted sigh rose from the ranks. Each man abandoned his pokerlike pose of ''Ten-*shun*' for an attitude of infinite dejection and fatigue. It was 6:15 and I remarked to Number 2 that my back ached. He said his ached clear through. Our former corporal asked the captain what a man was to do if he had a dinner engagement. Captain said he had one, but guessed we'd all have to wait for orders to dismiss. Corporal replied that he had n't one, but just wanted to know. If one is to rise in the service, one should never lose an opportunity of extracting military information from one's officers.

We have not yet been promoted to uniforms, but last night after drill we were informed that while we could not be provided with the invisible olive-gray now in fashion, some antiquated khaki-colored uniforms of 1910 were being provided for our adornment. This arrangement met with no objection. The fact is, we are not wholly unaccustomed to wearing clothes of the fashion of 1910, and furthermore, while we have no desire to be conspicuous, some of us rather shrink from the idea of wearing invisible clothing, no matter how fashionable.

So full of adventure is military life, even in its most elementary form. But after all I am not primarily a soldier: I am a human coral insect — that is to say, a university professor, before whom life stretches, as Stevenson said of another class, 'long and straight and dusty to the grave.' I should like to be a volcanic being, shouldering up whole islands at a heave; or even, if that could not be, perhaps engulfing one or two, reluctantly of course, now and then. Whereas it is my lot in life to labor long and obscurely beneath the surface, to make the intellectual or historical structure of the universe solider by some infinitesimal increment, about which in itself nobody except my wife and me particularly cares.

Sometimes, however, I repine a little and wish I were, say, a porpoise, splashing gayly along at the surface, and making a noise in the world. Once in a while, when I am going to sleep (for even a coral insect must sometimes sleep), dreams float through my mind of sudden achievement, such as might make one a porpoise or better; and once one of these nearly came true. Judge how nearly. I was wandering through a half-subterranean Spanish chapel, fitly set with huge old missals, dark altar-pieces, covered stalls, and quaint curios. Its dim recesses beck-

oned us on from one rich relic to another. Interest quickened. It seemed a place where anything might be, awaiting only the expert eye of discovery. I had often fancied such a place, and finding in some dim corner of it a certain long-lost work of literature still remembered after a thousand years' absence; somewhere in such a sleepy treasure-house it doubtless lay, enfolding within its mouldering folios, not its quaint contents only, but fame and fortune for its finder. And look! Yonder, under a corner staircase, is a shelf of old books, large and small. You approach it with feigned indifference; here, if anywhere, will be your prize, a manuscript whose unique rarity will awaken two hemispheres. It is not among the ponderous tomes, of course; so you take them down first, postponing putting fortune to the decisive touch. But these small octavos have just the look of promise; they are thin, too, as it would be; and what period more likely for it than that sixteenth century to which they so obviously belong?

Only the other day, a friend of mine who lives on our reef, and on a branch even more recondite than mine, found among the uncatalogued antiques of an American museum the one long-lost Tel-el-Amarna tablet, which had disappeared almost as soon as it was discovered, and of which it was only known that it was probably in America. Thus may one be changed in a moment from polyp to porpoise, and be translated from the misty obscurity of the bottom to the stirring, dazzling, delightful surface of things.

But after all, the plain truth is that adventure consists less in the experiences one actually has than in the indefatigable expectancy with which one awaits them. Indeed, I sometimes fear that people must be divided into those who have adventures and those who appreciate them. And between the two the affinity for adventure is greater treasure than the experiencing of it. If we are possessed of the affinity, adventure itself is, at most, just round the corner from us. This opens the life of adventure to all who crave it. What possibilities lie in merely crossing a street, for example! Some one remarked the other day as he dodged across among the motor-cars, 'Why not take a chance now and then and lead a real life for a few minutes?'

I therefore recommend the life of adventure. It conceives each day as a fresh enterprise, full of delightful possibilities and promise, and so preserves the wine of life from growing flat.

Here is the secret of youth. The moral of Mr. Disraeli's epigram is, 'Be adventurous.'

A TALE UNTOLD

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE stranger was not of the age to be called venerable, but his silvered hair and the bloom of his elderly good looks had won upon the serious favor of the ladies, and they made him welcome in their cabin at the stern of the boat. In the fashion of Western river-travel sixty years ago, they sat there with their sewing and knitting in the morning, and played and sang at the melodeon in the afternoon. Usually they played and sang hymns, and then the stranger led what might be called their devotions, from a better acquaintance with the hymns.

When he left them, with polite excuses, for a walk on the hurricane-deck, he had to pass the men who sat at euchre around a table in the forward cabin. He always faltered for a glance at the cards they held and for a glance from the cards to their faces, while he kept humming the psalm-tune he had been singing. At last one of the men asked him with humorous deference if he would not sit down.

'But you don't like the sight of this, deacon,' the gambler suggested.

'Then I wish he would lump it, damn him!' another gambler broke out. He had been losing heavily. 'Move on, now,' he called savagely up at the stranger, who hurried away.

'Well, I don't know,' the other gambler objected, 'as I would want to damn him away, exactly.'

'You take this hand,' the loser blazed back, 'and you may do the damnin' yourself.'

The stranger put himself beyond hearing, and after that he seemed anxious not to glance at the gamblers as he passed, though other people stopped and followed the game to the end from the hands of the players.

A day or two later, as he stole by with his face carefully turned from the players, the losing gambler jumped to his feet and shouted, 'Now you see here, will you! I ain't goin' to have you overlookin' my hand and settin' the cards ag'inst me. If I did n't know we was all gentlemen at this game, I would say you was in cahoots with somebody; but I ain't a goin' to have it, anyway. Now you just leave! You go back to your psalm-singin'!'

He shook his cards in the stranger's face and roared away his protest that he had not meant to look at them, much less tried to overlook them; that he did not believe in the power of overlooking a hand, and should consider it wrong to use the power if he had it. The other players sided with the stranger and clamored at the man to sit down, to go on with the game, and not be a fool. The gambler said he wanted the stranger to keep away, that was all, and he violently shrugged off the touch which the stranger laid on his shoulder in mild entreaty, and slumped back into his chair. He studied the cards he held, and 'Can't tell,' he growled, 'what the hell I *have* got, any more.'

The sight and sound of the affair sickened Stephen West, who had stopped on his way to the hurricane-deck. The voyage was his farthest travel from the village where he had lived in a

vision of the world, as he knew it equally from Tennyson and Longfellow and from Thackeray and Cervantes. In this vision the good and the evil of the world had the same charm for him, but he liked to verify it from the experience of a practical man like the pilot, and he had the habit of talking with him about life. Stephen's reading and thinking had aged him beyond his years, but the pilot was of a worldly wisdom which he could not hope to gain when the years had made them contemporaries.

The pilot's worldly wisdom, though it was so wide and varied, was of a decency which the boy could share without fear or shame. Stephen came away refreshed and strengthened in his ideals, with increasing respect for a person who seemed to be as fearless with men as he was blameless with women, and able to meet danger from either with steady courage. There seemed few incidents which the pilot's experience had not included. In Stephen's unenvious eyes he bore himself becomingly in a tall silk hat, a broadcloth coat, and a velvet waistcoat. He wore very thin-soled, high-heeled boots, such as Stephen never found for sale in his village.

Stephen was not going to talk with him now, or even willingly look at him. A few days before, in the wide range which their conversation often took, the pilot had come out with the abominable doctrine that the Declaration of Independence could not apply to negroes in its axiom that all men were created equal, because negroes had no souls and might be fitly enslaved for their defect. Stephen had heard this doctrine before, but in his amazement at hearing it from the pilot, he lost hold of the counter-arguments commonly used in that day against it. He could only allege the example of the fathers of the country in their abhorrence of slavery, and he recalled the saying of Jefferson that he trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just. He thrilled with the poetic solemnity of the words as he pronounced them; but the pilot flew into a sudden Celtic fury and cursed himself, and swore that he did not care for what Jefferson said, or for any fool who did care.

Stephen could scarcely believe that the thing had happened. He got himself somehow out of the place and went about trying to think how he could best resent the outrage put upon him. He was still boy enough to feel that a blow could be the only fit retort to such an insult, but he had not sufficiently dramatized the action when he saw the stranger, who had followed him up to the hurricane-deck and was now making towards the pilot-house. He felt that the right moment had come and that he could not do better than follow him and deal with the pilot in his presence; he had not contrived just how he should knock the pilot over his wheel and then have the stranger interpose and quiet the passions of both, but the scene enacted itself in his seething fancy without specific details, while he walked back and forth across the deck. Through the vindictive tumult of his revery he kept fitting certain aspects of the river scenery with apt phrases, and it embittered his resentment the more to realize that a person who could do this should have been so vulgarly insulted. He controlled his impulse to burst into the pilot-house and fling himself on the pilot, no matter how the boat ran wild among the snags and sandbars; and he set his teeth hard and clenched his fists so tight that the nails cut into the palms of his hands. But the pilot stretched forward on tip-toe and called through his open window, 'Come in here a minute, Mr. West, won't you?' Stephen eagerly construed his appeal as an overture to apology, and obeyed.

The stranger was sitting on the

benching behind the pilot and humming one of his psalm tunes, with an air of courteous abstraction. He saluted Stephen blandly, but offered no reason for the pilot's invitation, and the pilot gave none. He said to the stranger, over his shoulder, 'Just show them to him, will you?'

The stranger returned from his absence. 'Oh! I was merely letting our friend here see some pieces of jewelry which I secured at a low rate from a bankrupt stock a few days before we left Cincinnati.'

He had a tone of excuse, as if the fact was something too trivial to be more than passingly noted to a person of Stephen's quality; but the glitter of the things dazzled the boy in their variety of brooches, bracelets, rings, neck-chains, and watch-charms.

Stephen had a silver watch, with no present hope of a gold one; he had meant some time to have his watch plated, but he did not like the notion, and he had thought he would wait; but now the sight of a guard very rich and massive tempted him. Until he could buy a gold watch he might wear such a chain, and leave the spectators to imagine a gold watch at the end of it in his pocket. He did not like the notion of that, either, and he stood looking at the jewelry and then at the stranger who had not offered it for sale to him.

'I was just saying to our friend the captain,' the stranger remarked, giving the pilot his courtesy-title, 'that these guards were such a bargain, that I doubted whether the auctioneer knew their value; but I did not feel bound to inform him that they were 18-karats fine.'

'Tell him,' the pilot commanded, 'what you offered one to me for.'

'Oh, well, captain,' the stranger deprecated, 'that was to *you*.' But he lifted the chain which he seemed to have seen Stephen admire, and viewed it with something like surprise, as he spread it with his thumb and finger. 'I am not sure that I could let another go for that.' He dropped the chain back into the shining heap in the handkerchief opened on his knees, and began to muse his hymn tune again.

'Would you say, Mr. West,' the pilot asked, more to give dignity to the transaction than to Stephen, as the boy felt, by the ceremonious use of his surname, 'that a watch-guard like that was worth three dollars?'

'Oh, no, captain!' the stranger interposed, 'three-fifty, three-fifty!'

'Three,' the pilot insisted.

The stranger was sure of three-fifty, the pilot of three, and the pilot was reddening under the contradiction. The stranger made a courteous inclination toward him, and waved his hand in concession. 'Very well, three, if that is your recollection, captain.'

'What do you say, Stephen?' the pilot repeated toward West.

'I don't know, Captain Ryan,' Stephen answered stiffly. 'I never bought anything like it.'

'I would put one to you, as a friend of the captain here, on the same terms,' the stranger suggested. 'There are two, I see, exactly alike.' He examined the jewelry as if he had not observed the fact before. 'I bid off the lot together, and I can't tell whether I am losing money or not, but I should like to get back a little cash. I will let the two go at the same figure. The figure Captain Ryan says.'

He held up a guard in each hand.

It was very convincing. If Stephen should yet decide to have his watch gold-plated, a gold watch-guard was the irresistible logic of the event. He drew a deep sigh, but he shook his head. 'I could n't afford it,' he said finally.

The stranger smiled benignly. 'I know just how you feel, and I can't help approving of your caution in a

young man; but there is this to be said on the other hand. If this guard here is the same as cash and more than the same, why it is n't parting with your money at all. It is like putting it in the bank where you can draw against it whenever you want it.'

In treating the case as a hypothetical abstraction the stranger appealed to the caution which was a strong principle in Stephen's nature.

The boy heaved another sigh. 'I could n't, I could n't.'

'The boy is right,' the pilot violently interposed. 'I did n't ask him to buy one of them guards. I asked his opinion, but I don't want him to take mine.'

He was holding the wheel with one hand and with the other rummaging in his waistcoat pocket. He drew out some bank-notes and flung them toward the stranger. 'How much is there there?'

The stranger caught them without dropping his jewelry and counted the bank-notes. 'Just three. I thought there were four. All right, captain.'

He held the notes in one hand while he reached the watch-guard to the pilot with the other. The pilot pushed it into his pocket without looking round. The stranger remained seated and began absent-mindedly humming again. Then he began to speak to Stephen of the scenery and of the high water. By a natural transition he spoke of the life on the steamboats of our Western rivers and its differing character from north to south. He touched upon its darker aspects, and he said he would take the privilege of an elder man in warning Stephen against the games of chance which might tempt him by the sight of the easy winnings. Then, as if unwilling to remind him of the treatment Stephen had seen him suffer from that blackleg, he turned from the point and remarked that he had not met Stephen at the evening singing in the ladies' cabin. Every one was welcome; he asked Stephen if he sang.

He let himself, blandly smiling, out of the pilot-house; but when he had pulled the door shut, Stephen suddenly pulled it open and bounded after him. 'Have you, — have you,' he panted, 'another of those watchguards? But, of course — I mean I want one, if it's three dollars.'

All the time that the pilot had been buying the chain his example had wrought with the boy as one that might be followed with honor and profit. He had not in the least forgiven him for his brutality, but he fancied that his apology had been delayed by the presence of the stranger. From the first sight of the jewelry he had been tempted by the fitness of acquiring a watch-guard, and his contempt for the pilot as an unreasonable ruffian rested on unbroken faith in him as a man of worldly knowledge who might be safely trusted in such a matter. He had been struck by his ease in meeting the stranger's different recollection of the price and his own figure of three dollars. A person less versed in business matters might have yielded the point of half a dollar in the purchase of a thing clearly worth three or four times the stranger's demand.

'But I could n't — I could n't give more than three dollars,' he cautioned the stranger, who had drawn the chain promptly from his pocket again.

The stranger hesitated almost imperceptibly. Then he said, 'I really ought to have more for the value, but as a friend of the captain, well, we will say three dollars. And let me caution you, my young friend,' he added, while taking Stephen's money and giving him the watch-guard wrapped in tissue paper, 'to beware of your dealings with strangers in the course of your travels, and try to have witnesses to every transaction. Is this the guard you wanted? Look at it, please. Though I don't

know that there is any difference in the chains. Is it all right? If you find it different I may be able to exchange it for you during the day. I could n't say later; I shall be showing them—'

'Yes, yes; it is all right.' Stephen stopped him, and put the chain into his pocket with a feeling of shame, and walked rather giddily away to his stateroom. He felt that he was taking an advantage of the stranger in letting him suppose he was a friend of the pilot. But it was some comfort to take the watch-guard out and look at it, alone there in his stateroom—to try it across from his waistcoat pocket to the buttonhole where he meant to hook it, and to hold it up in different lights. He attached it to his watch for the effect; but because the watch was still silver and the guard was gold, the effect was not good. If he pulled it out suddenly the effect would be ridiculous; he must wait to get his watch gold-plated.

When he went to dinner he glanced at the pilot, who was already there, and he did not know whether it was a relief or not to find that he was not wearing his watch-guard. If the stranger had sold other guards, they were not to be seen. Toward evening Stephen noticed some of the ladies with neck-chains; one wore a bracelet, and the things all looked as if they were out of the stranger's lot of jewelry.

The gamblers went back to their cards after dinner and played until supper. Sometimes the stranger's enemy seemed to be winning, but mostly he was losing. Stephen noticed that the stranger avoided looking at the player's hand as he passed the card-table, and otherwise kept quite away from him. There was a good deal of loud talking and quarreling among the gamblers. Now and then one of them left his place and went to the bar, and came back with his face redder than before. All their faces were red.

The enchantment of the river, with its life afloat and ashore, continued for Stephen. They met some of the large New Orleans side-wheel packets whose swelling vastness dwarfed the stern-wheeler from the Ohio; but when this had the river to itself, it seemed of no mean size, as it pushed among the flat boats and traders. When it stopped beside a wharf-boat in landing or loading freight it was of even towering grandeur.

Sometimes it stopped at little towns where there was no wharf-boat; but at night there were beacons of blazing fat-pine, swinging from ironshod poles driven into the bank to light the embarking or disembarking passengers. At such a point a planter, dazzling in white linen from head to foot, came aboard through the glare of the beacons, with his wife and daughters, and slave-women bringing their handbags after them.

Stephen instantly contrived how, by a happy chance, he should get to speak with one of the girls whom he had fallen in love with more than the others and who loved him again. He overcame her father's ill-will and married her, and she freed her portion of the slaves. In a swift process of time the planter freed all the other slaves, and came to live with Stephen in the North, or, perhaps, England. 'Slaves cannot breathe in England,' he remembered. At the same time, before the gang-plank could be pulled in after the embarkation of the planter's family, he was aware of the second mate pushing one of those drunken gamblers down to the shore on it. It was the one who had been so brutal to the stranger; he was swearing at the mate over his shoulder; their faces almost touched, and it was as if their curses clashed together.

The deck-hands began to lift the gang-plank, when a passenger carrying a carpet-bag in one hand and holding

his hat on with the other ran tottering over it to the land. He stumbled up the bank on the heels of the gambler, and kept himself from falling by catching his hand through the gambler's arm and pulling himself close up to him. He lifted his face and Stephen saw in the light of the beacon at their shoulders that it was the face of the stranger. He was smiling on his enemy as if he might have chosen to follow him and share his banishment and disgrace. Then the two burst into a jeering laugh together and turned and wagged their hands in mockery at the boat.

Stephen kept his watch-guard in his pocket till the boat got back to Pittsburg, and the pilot never wore his chain so far as Stephen saw. They did not speak of the man who had sold it to them; Stephen in fact did not make friends with the pilot again. Certain of the ladies wore their neck-chains for a day or two; but as if some rumor went about that made them ashamed, they ceased to wear them.

At Pittsburg Stephen carried his watch-guard to have it tested by a jeweler. The jeweler took a little bottle and touched the chain with the acid from it. Then he pushed it across the showcase.

'Is it good?' Stephen faltered.

'Good to throw at a dog,' the jeweler said.

Stephen knew this or the like of it already, but now he had final authority to drop the thing into the street when he went out. A skulking loafer slipped from a doorway and picked it up, in the delusion that he was stealing value.

This was the beginning of Stephen's pleasure in the ironical color of his experience and the ending of his wrath for being the easy prey of a plausible scoundrel. What had happened was nothing to what could happen. He thought how he might turn the adventure to account in the sort of literature which he loved almost as much as he loved the highest poetry. He wondered whether he should treat it like certain of the episodes in *Don Quixote*, or like Thackeray in some of those picaresque sketches of his. But he was aware of a certain crudeness in the setting. Could polite lovers of such fiction be made to care for something that happened on a stern-wheel steamboat between Pittsburg and St. Louis? At the same time, did not that very crudeness of the setting give a novel value to the facts? He played with the amusing risks and chances of his rascals, their scrapes and escapes; their cunning flourished under the magic of his fancy; he became fond of them in the growth of their qualities which were the defects of other men's virtues. He exulted in their iniquitous courage, their wicked self-devotion. He tasted a deleterious delight in working out their devices of cheating and swindling. Without really beginning their story, by a quite original stroke of invention he had them end in a prosperity defiant of both literary and moral convention. He admired the boldness and novelty of the thing; he imagined its flattering recognition by criticism.

But when he looked again at the material which fortune had thrown into his hands, he saw its chances of tragedy increasing with the passage of time. The field of his rascals' adventures narrowed every year; always haunting the rivers, they must often take the same boat at such short intervals that the officers would come to know them; they must often escape at the same landing, where they would be recognized with welcome more and more ironical; their game would often be spoiled from the start; their dupes would know them and their lives would never be safe; they would be in constant danger of violence. He followed them from one squalid event to another, through the mud or the dust of the

brutal little riverside towns, where they were tarred and feathered and ridden on rails by the hooting mob, or stabbed or shot.

When the law sometimes saved them from the mob and sent them to prison, he saw them come out white and weak and bewildered, in a world where they could find nothing but harm to do. They grew old on his hands and became each other's foes in the lapse of the black arts which had kept them friends. At last, one of them would sicken and die, after weeks, or months, or years; Stephen rejected a melodramatic chance that should take them off together. The one who was left would wander back to the village where he had been a worthless boy and end there a friendless pauper.

If the right moral could be read from it, Stephen felt that their fable would be one of the saddest of the human stories. In the hands of a master it would be one of the most powerful, because the elements were the dust of the earth which all men were made from; but Stephen knew himself wanting in the mastery needed. Perhaps some day he would win that mastery, but now he could only wait; and as he did not write the comedy of those evil lives, because he rejected it, so he did not write the tragedy of them, because it rejected him. Their story remained with him a tale untold.

THE DEAD

BY SIGOURNEY THAYER

I FEARED the lonely dead, so old were they, —
Decrepit, tired beings, ghastly white,
With withered breasts and eyes devoid of sight,
Forever mute beneath the sodden clay;
I feared the lonely dead, and turned away
From thoughts of sombre death and endless night;
Thus, through the dismal hours I longed for light
To drive my utter hopelessness away.

But now my nights are filled with flowered dreams
Of singing warriors, beautiful and young;
Strong men and boys within whose eyes there gleams
The triumph song of worlds unknown, unsung;
Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
The shining glory of the living dead.

MAGIC ADVERTISEMENTS

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

'HAVE you ever seen magic advertisements?' asked the Lady in Blue. 'Advertisements that read like poetry, or a fairy tale, and that had all the delicate imagery of sweet and fragile verses?'

'Never,' said the Gentleman in Gray. 'The advertisements I find in our daily papers —'

'Pray, do not speak of them,' interrupted the Lady in Blue. 'Rather come here to me and look at this delightful prospectus a French perfumer has sent me. I don't know if his perfumes are perfect, but the names he has given them are quite exquisite. They have the true magic of all inspired things — they made me dream, and smile, and wonder. Here is the first of them: "*Avril en Fleurs*" — April in Bloom. Don't you feel at once the freshness of young, half-opened blossoms, and the crinkly softness of baby-leaves? I saw, as in a flash, the light-blue April sky before me, with its hurrying white clouds and its unexpected little winds, and I felt the whole scent of spring in the air. Now is that not a magic advertisement?

'But that is not the best, by far. Here is another perfume with the charming name, "*Le Bon Vieux Temps.*" Are there more words needed to create for you great-grandmother's time, with its potpourri-jars, and its hoopskirts, its little elegancies, and its faded sweetnesses? Or here: "*La Violette de Madame*" — can you give me anything more insinuating and coquettish? And thus I could go through the whole list — every name is a little masterpiece. See this one: "*Le Jardin de Mon Curé.*" I smiled under tears when I read it, because once I knew such gardens with their wonderful, unworldly peace, and their sweet and simple, old-fashioned flowers. Lemon verbena grows there, and mignonette, and pansies, and, above all, the dear lavender; and I have only to shut my eyes to be back in the land of long-ago, and to see again such a garden lying quietly and full of tranquillity in the mellow light of a late afternoon.

'But best of all is this one, with its true Gallic flourish and *esprit*, its almost elfish roguishness: "*Voilà pourquoi j'aimais Rosine.*" Is this not quite delicious? What better reason could one give for love, and what more valid one! Words can never express the inexpressible, and if you were to explain your love you would only explain it away; but here comes this magician with his marvelous wand, gives us a whiff of some irresistible and captivating scent, and then, with a little bow to his wondering and breathless audience, "*Voilà pourquoi j'aimais Rosine.*" What could be more explicit, and yet what more evasive! He gives his whole secret away without letting it lose one of its mysteries! I must confess that I fell quite in love with the name of this perfume, and I shall try to buy it as soon as I go out.'

'Oh, never!' cried the Gentleman in Gray. 'Whatever you do, don't do that. If you were to ask for it at any

counter, you would certainly be told that they were just out of this particular kind; or, if by a strange chance it should be there, the price would surely be forbidding. Better give this little prospectus a place among your best beloved books, and it will never lose its charm for you.'

'But will mere advertising matter not feel out of place in so elect a company as my books?' asked the Lady in Blue.

'By no means,' replied the Gentleman in Gray; 'it will feel absolutely at home, and, in fact, it belongs to all those poets and philosophers and romancers. What they give you is also nothing but magic advertisements. Magic advertisements of a truth that will ever elude you; of a beauty you will never behold; of a love you will never clasp. They give you charming and tantalizing glimpses of something you can never see, or say, or touch, and yet you feel it is the one, the only, the true reality. Magic are these advertisements indeed: tinged with the colors of the rainbow; sweet-voiced like the Song of the Sirens, and quite fulfilled with the pathos of things that are too beautiful. And even while you listen to them, — to the grave and gentle wisdom of your thinkers, to the musical passion and melodious playfulness of your poets, to the wistfulness and the charm of your romancers, — you know full well that the things they praise so much and so sweetly will never be yours. You know that if you were really to go to the poor old Fates, who are quite well-meaning, but who keep only a very ill-assorted stock of rather dubious goods, and demand of them the one or the other of the items you found in your magic advertisements, they would tell you at once that they have not this particular kind on hand, and offer you some substitute that perhaps your intellect might accept as "just as good," but that will never satisfy your heart.

'Or if, by a strange and marvelous chance, you should indeed get what you are asking for, you will soon see that the price is forbidding. For the one perfect hour you will have to pay with all the years to come, and if you are wise you will refrain from so dangerous a bargain. If you are wise you will peruse the magic advertisements of your books as you delighted in the little French prospectus, but never, never will you try to touch this glittering fairy-gold with your poor, earthly hands. Too soon it would turn into ashes and dust!'

'You are right,' said the Lady in Blue; 'and yet, though I agree with you, nevertheless I shall try to get my perfume, as I shall try to get all the promises of poetry fulfilled by life. Your wisdom, after all, is limited: you are just wise enough to be wise, whereas I —'

'Yes?' asked the Gentleman in Gray, a shade too eagerly for a mere philosopher.

'Whereas I,' continued the Lady in Blue with a little curtsy, 'possess a higher and a more gracious wisdom. I am wise enough to be foolish.'

'Is that a promise?' asked the Gentleman in Gray; and he took hold of both her hands.

'No,' said the Lady in Blue, smilingly withdrawing her hands, 'it is nothing but a magic advertisement.'

And with a little pleased laugh she disappeared, leaving him alone with his vain thoughts and idle dreams.

A NEW KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRONTIER

BY ALICE TISDALE

UNTIL to-day I have smiled, with all the superiority of joy, on the frontiersmen who have insisted upon telling me that all journeyings were not like ours. As they looked into each other's eyes I saw strange things that baffled me in those looks. 'You must remember that there are such things as hoodoo trips,' they would say.

'I snap my fingers at your hoodoos,' I have answered. And to myself I have whispered, 'They know not the spirit. The two of us are vagabonds; we are charmed.'

Until to-day I have never deemed it necessary to heed their words. Until to-day I have been a blithe thing holding out my arms to the billowy clouds, to the unquenchable sunshine of Manchuria. I have stood on the top of windy winter passes, exulting in the wild free life of these outpost trails, glorying in the sting of the air, the hardship, and the danger.

Even these last months, which have been full of baffled waiting within my house, — not at all like our former life of companionship on the trail, — I have heard but one message from the frontier lying just outside my door: the clear-spoken message of its recreating power. But to-day I am tortured with apprehension. Can it be that for us there *is* another knowledge of the frontier? But surely, if such knowledge were for us, my husband, who is a seasoned pioneer, would have discovered it long before this. I am sure the wilderness holds no lonely terrors for him. And lately has he not proved it anew? It is early September now, and from the first of April the vagabond gods have deprived him of all companionship on the trail; for during these months the bandits have fairly rioted over the land, and despite our general indifference to bandits and such bold folk, the powers-that-be declared that these were moments for caution; nothing would induce them to let a woman run straight out to meet such evil bands as were reported to infest even the towns.

So in April my husband went out without me. When he came back on the first of May, it was as I had expected: that solitary month had made him only the more keen-eyed and virile. I felt that the men who condoled with him on the loneliness of the trip evidently knew nothing of the joys of such travel. He was at home but three days when he was ready to start again. And surely I am right in what the wilderness always means to him; for when he returned after two months more of such travel and we started in a launch up the Liao River, he was all the light-hearted boy. How he talked those first days as we moved up the river! Again I said to myself, 'The loneliness that other men fear never harms him. These past three months which he has spent with the days entirely bare of any companionship with white men are the final test. Out of the silences he has drawn new life, out of the solitude his spirit has come forth yet more free and buoyant.'

That was six weeks ago, and when,

after some three days, the launch broke down and he decided that he could not wait to have it mended but would do the journey alone on horseback, I was doubly sure that the frontier had never brought him a sinister meaning. If it had, he certainly would have rebelled against going out to it again, alone. But to-day I am tortured with doubt. Suppose that the eagerness he displayed on the launch were the eagerness of starvation, not of young life. Suppose that, unknown to him, in the three months that he had been traveling alone there had accumulated within him fragments of loneliness — what then would this further solitary journey mean to him?

I am no longer a blithe spirit; something vaguely menacing surrounds me. I roam through the house and within me something moans as the rain and wind moan outside. The frontier no longer beckons with gay enticing fingers. This port appears a tiny and helpless thing facing the three hundred thousand square miles of untamed Manchuria. I shrink away from this wild unsettled country, for it has suddenly become for me a lean and hungry wolf slinking into the town to devour it. And my husband? The wolf may harm him. The night is rain-chilled. I will sit by the fire with the curtains all drawn, to shut out the sobbing rain and that stealthy approach of the savage land.

Sitting thus, fascinated by that silent, ruthless, advancing force, I did not hear the door open. When something impelled me to look up, there stood my husband, gaunt and worn as if he had come from some forty days' vigil in the wilderness. There was that in his appearance that made me cry out, 'What is it?' It was not because he was toil-worn or even emaciated. A journey into the unfrequented places of the earth always strips a man of all the sleek, well-fed aspect of the town. But in his eyes was that strange look that I had seen in the eyes of those other frontiersmen when they had warned me against the frontier.

Fragment by fragment my husband has told me his tale, and for me that look is no longer veiled — it is the look of one who has struggled with some demon. Now, while my husband is asleep, spent with his terrible contest, I go over and over in the silence of the night what he has told me, piecing together that fragmentary tale, determined in so doing that it shall yield me significance.

My vague apprehensions have become realities. Six weeks ago, on that fatal day when our launch broke down, my husband suddenly realized that he was starved for human companionship. When he decided that he must face the interior again on horseback, a strange sensation took possession of him. Why did something always happen to rob him of companionship? He began to feel as if there were some relentless hand continually pulling him back, back into solitude, into the alien world that had already held him so long. As he thought of the past, he saw it made up solely of solitude and yellow men. He thought ahead: there stretched innumerable days of more solitude, more yellow men. He began to think of this new journey with a lethargy of spirit, as if a chord too often struck had grown silent. He knew that he was very tired from weeks of hasty arduous travel, and thought that his feeling was due to that. But he says that it never occurred to him not to go. He had never turned back when there was a piece of work to be done; he did not intend to do so now.

When he reached Tiehling, where he was to get his ponies, everything was against him. Before this, his belief in

his hand, his indomitable will, had never failed him in difficulties; but at the very start of this trip the men who surrounded him seemed to know with the sure and uncanny instinct of primitive men that something was different — that the strong will which had carried him so far was now not so strong. He was puzzled at his inability to secure the service he wanted. He paid high prices, but he secured poor ponies, poor service. The 'boy,' his stand-by, left him on the plea of the death of his grandfather.

With no knowledge that something had snapped within himself, my husband went doggedly on with his preparations. He held his lethargy of spirit as unimportant, for he still believed himself bigger and stronger than all the great primal strength of the frontier; he would bend it to his desires. Although the summer rains had started, although the yellow men rebelled, although his spirit was tired, he would not turn back. He never had. He never would.

And so, late one afternoon, with the leaden skies above him, with poor servants and poorer animals, he rode forth from his starting-point to go to the very border of Manchuria and over into Mongolia — rode off into the tall *kaoliang*. I can see him, erect and determined, on his good-for-nothing pony, lost in a moment in the waving grain-fields, riding straight toward the all-embracing solitude.

Hour after hour he plodded along, with the wet sharp leaves of the kaoliang cutting his face, spraying him with water. The lack-lustre day ended, a duller twilight came on. As quietly but as inevitably as the twilight and the night descended, there settled over him a strange and horrid depression. Struggle as I know he must have, he was unable to throw it off. The night deepened around him; the depression deepened within him, like some sticky black evil.

I can see him on every step of the way, for once we made that part of the journey together. It must have been very late when he rode into the low hills that surrounded the town, that was his night's stopping-place; and of necessity he would be feeling his way in the darkness, his sole guide the gleam of two parallel lines of water — the ruts of the road. An hour ago, as he told me his broken tale, he seemed not to be here; it was from that far-off lonely road, picking his way along, that he entreated me. 'Good God! I must end that eternity of mud, of living burial in the kaoliang, of thoughts stale as death. Surely I was not to be caught in the grip of a loneliness I had heard other men tell about, a thing so malignant that it poisons every adventure of the road!' With words like these he begged me here to-night to save him from something, as if even now I could change it all.

When at last there appeared the flicker of low lights on the horizon, he plunged recklessly through the mud, through the blackness, until he reached the lantern swinging over the agent's door. 'I worked like a Turk that night,' he said. He scented 'squeeze,' and that gave him his chance to dig at things. I imagine that he worried the agent's account as a tenacious dog worries a bone; and when he started again the next day, he thought that he had succeeded in ridding himself of the depression of the previous day. But again there was that impotence destroying his control over men and things. As the day advanced, the loneliness, which in the morning he held in abeyance, pushed him down, down. The disasters grew worse and more frequent; his substitute boy grew bad-natured and unwilling, his muleteers reckless and unruly. The day ended

by a muleteer jumping sidewise on a pack-mule as they were passing a perfect morass of mud and water. The mule, losing his balance, fell, breaking his leg in the fall. A sullen group, cursing in two languages, they shot the mule, and, dividing his pack among them, started for the dirty, unfrequented Inn of the Blue Fish.

While those aliens slept around him, he stood far into the night — stood shivering over a tiny brazier, trying to dry out his clothes enough to make it safe to lie down and sleep. In those moments of the night, he evidently came to conceive of the loneliness as a kind of shadowy shape keeping him ghastly company.

I do not know the details of what followed; I think that he does not know himself. He knows only one thing — that for weeks he made his way slowly, painfully, doggedly, traveling harder than he had ever traveled before, trying to out-travel that evil phantom of solitude which lay down to sleep with him, which sat by his side as he ate. He came to live with one hope — that he could lose his horrible guest at the border when he slipped over into Mongolia. He went over in his mind the tales he had heard of this new country — a country of magic, he was sure. Of course the buoyancy of life would return to him when he left behind the monotony of kaoliang, blue-clad Orientals, and endless red mud. Already he felt the first faint stirrings of joy that come to the inveterate wanderer when he thinks of new, untried countries. At the border his spirit would rise and slay this phantom.

But when he reached the border of Manchuria and passed over into Mongolia, there was no change from the kaoliang, the blue-clad Oriental, the endless red mud. There were no robed Mongols in wine-colored robes, no herders of vast flocks of sheep, no shaven lamas watching over Tibetan temples, no bold horsemen riding ponies like mad and then dropping below a level horizon. There on the border he came to know Mongolia simply by the fact that the crops were poorer, the land less cared for. 'There is no Mongolia,' he cried out to himself. 'It has turned Chinese in speech, in dress, in manners, in occupation; the Chinese always absorb all nations they encounter.'

In his despair he did not stop to reason that at the boundaries of nations there is always an intermingling. He saw nothing but the absorbing power of the Chinese, and into his mind, already distorted by loneliness, came a horrible fear. He too was speaking Chinese; he too was dropping into the ways of the Chinese! Were they absorbing him? Could he ever again be like other white men? Each day he felt his identity diminishing. From then on it seemed to shrivel and shrink before his very eyes. Two grim spectres instead of one accompanied him. With insinuating voices they whispered to him, 'You can never escape us.' Said one, 'A lonely man is forgotten by his kind'; the other murmured, 'Each day you are less a white man.'

But the shreds of his will still held against those hideous guests, as he had come to look upon them. He still held them in abeyance. He still fought them, until a certain evening when he and his now almost demoralized train straggled into an inn at dark. A drunken soldier reeled toward him, hit his boy a resounding crack over the head, and then, before my husband's numbed senses grasped the scoundrel's meaning, the creature had him covered with his rifle. He has only a vague recollection of one of his escort coming up in time to knock the gun into the air just before it went off. Always before, such

narrow escapes had made us rebound with exaltation of spirit, intensifying the mere sense of existence until our spirits leaped with some vivid elemental joy that made us gloat over the sting that sharpened the reality of our existence. But my husband now realized but one thing — that he, the man who had been able to cope with all difficulties of the trail, had not been sufficiently master of himself to get ready his revolver in that moment when the soldier had reeled toward his boy. Others had had to save him! Then real fear gripped him. Those phantom guests had seen what manner of man he really was. They knew that he could not conquer them any more than he could save himself from the soldier.

God-forsaken days followed. On over the plains he made his way, through drizzle, through rain, through mud. He no longer rejected those horrible guests; where he went he invited them to go. He spent hours ingratiating them, trying to please them. He allowed nothing to interrupt their communings together, and he toyed with the cowardly things they whispered in his ear.

How he kept on with his now demoralized train, I scarcely know. A sort of sixth sense must have kept him moving back toward the border of Manchuria. He lost count of what day of the month it was, even what day of the week. None of them knew just where they were in a land made unfamiliar by its shroud of mists. At last, one night when the train of dejected mules and muleteers was moving more slowly than ever (the boy had deserted days before, and he knew none of the men would last much longer), they saw a long, level line of low lights above the flat horizon.

'There's Sze Ping Kas,' cried his soldier guide.

He did not hear.

'The fire-cart comes there!' shouted the soldier in his ear.

Over the racking anguish of his thoughts came these words, and for a moment his real self penetrated the cloudy, cowering new personality that he had come to call himself. He jumped from his spent pony. 'I'll get there,' he thought, 'I can lead him — I'll kill all those damned insinuating shapes that deny I am myself.'

But that resurrection of himself was only for a minute, then it faded away; and his new self and his two guests became confused in his mind. Sometimes they were in his way, sometimes they stumbled behind and he had to stop and wait for them. After a time, he does not know how long, he got as far as the outskirts of the town. As he huddled there on a stone, those shadowy things leaped up before him — living horrors cackling, mocking, gibbering at him.

'We've found you out — you 're weak. You are absorbed into the yellow race. You bear the marks. You can never go back to your kind. Better end it all!' they railed.

Then it was that his true personality seemed utterly extinguished. He looked at the long line of low lights, but there was no meaning in them for him now. There was nothing left for him but the spectres. Again he heard them at it: 'What's a white man doing here?' How they mocked! He crouched to spring, his fingers went tense to grasp their shadowy throats. If he ended it, they should all end it together. He jumped for them.

But instead of the spectres, he stood face to face with a friend, a man with whom in the past he had shared many a hard trail. 'I've roused you at last,' his friend was saying, as he grasped him by the hand. 'Guess you're about all in.' Then, as he looked into his eyes

he exclaimed, 'Had a hoodoo trip, eh? How does it come that an old hand like you could let himself in for a scourging from the frontier? Come along with me. Three of us have a mess together over here.'

'Guess you'll have to excuse me,' began my husband. 'Been off in the country a long time; I'm not fit for civilized company.'

'Billy-be-damned! You need to come whether you are fit for it or not,' urged his friend. 'Rifle the supply-closet, fellows,' he called as, a few minutes later, the two of them stepped arm in arm over the threshold of the little house into warmth and light.

My husband sank into a chair and passed his hand over his eyes. How wonderful were the voices, how splendid the light! Oh, surely this was not to be another tantalizing mirage of the night! He could grasp this light, these men. It must be true, for had not the gibbering horrors with their foul suggestions left him? Yes, the good common things of life had come back to him. All was as it always had been in the world of men.

They stood with their glasses in their hands. 'Here's to you,' they were saying.

Oh, the warm goodness of their companionship! My husband jumped to his feet to touch his glass to theirs, but the light, the warm sense of human companionship, the humanness, where were they? They were vanishing. He stretched out groping hands —

Dim and far-away the voice of his friend reached him: 'He has fainted. Wonder what's the matter? It's something more than fatigue. But he's not the sort of man to fail under the test of the land. I know; I have made a lot of trips with him. He is not one of those persons who wreck themselves with revenging hate for the frontier because she has shown them that they are tawdry; he is not one of the weak who mistake her silence and liberty for license.'

Then light at last broke on what had been to my husband the blackness of defeat. Men still believed in him! There was but one thing wrong, he knew it now — no man can live long without his own kind. 'I had done it,' he said, 'and had thus made the joyous things of solitude and silence into a forbidding and lonely abode for my soul. The frontier gives a man no quarter; she either makes him or mars him according to the strength or weakness of his soul; and the strength of every man's soul is not in himself alone.'

The night is finished: the fire is a heap of burned-out ashes, the wild beating of the rain is hushed in the dawn. With a deeper knowledge, I throw open our windows to greet the frontier morning.

THE PAY-ROLL CLERK

BY ADELAIDE LUND

I

THE counting table in the pay-roll office was being remodeled; a desk length had been added, and the full surface was to be raised several inches by piecing down the stout oak legs. It was late, and the workman's eyes now and then turned to the clock; but the job must be accomplished out of hours, and he hunched his shoulders philosophically.

Miss Nevins, of the pay-roll division, was working overtime. It was Friday night and the piece-workers' sheets were still to be reckoned with. The two were alone in the silence, and between strokes of the mallet, the scratch of the woman's pen sounded clearly. Occasionally a mouse could be heard scuttling between the floors, or the rattle and boom of a belated dray in the street below reached them. Once, the shouts of a distant triumphant political parade squared the man's shoulders a trifle, but he did not look up. And the two held steadily to their tasks.

Suddenly, despite the orderly scrape of the pen, the man got the feeling that he was being watched. He was making a joint, and he bent more diligently to his labor and wondered if the woman was a tale-bearer, and hunched his shoulders again, and let it go at that. Finally, when he had completed his task, down to shellacking the seams in the cunningly built-up legs, and began sweeping up the shavings, the woman laid down her pen. She closed her books and took off her apron and eye-screen and got her rubbers from under the table, and at the same time a block of wood, and put them in her bag.

'Good-night,' she said to the man, and let herself out.

Emma Nevins was the oldest clerk in the office, both in point of years and in service. She had been with the Blackwells since they started, and had seen them expand from their first small loft until they occupied a factory of their own, covering some acres of floor-space. She had moved up too in those earlier years, going from office to office till she reached the pay-roll, but she never got to the head, or captured the larger salaries. Sam Blackwell, the power, was wont to complain of her sense of relative values, citing her inability to distinguish between the twenty-dozen man, and a concern that placed a twenty-thousand-dollar order! Unfortunately for her, Emma was endowed with a nature that contained fairness out of all proportion to trade acumen. Thus, after the first, her salary stood still.

The Nevins home consisted of a three-room, upstairs tenement, on a side street, within walking distance of the factory, where Emma lived alone. There had once been four of them, but William, Emma's half-brother, had disappeared one night away back so long in the past that her only remembrance of him was his mode of exit, down the fire-escape. Next to go was her father, though his was a different vanishing: Emma was twelve when she found him one day, his cunning tool

fallen from his hand, smiling at a doll. But Emma *knew*, and she led his groping little mate to another room; and so at twelve Emma became the mother.

She went to school for two years longer, but immediately upon her father's death they gave up his shop-room and moved his work-bench back to the kitchen, and here Emma began spending her morning and evening hours over little blocks of wood that she carved into toys. Her father had learned the craft in another country, and from the time Emma could grasp the tools, he had declared she possessed the Nevins gift. 'It's the woodcarver's hand, I've given her!' he had been wont to exult. 'There's the thumb, close to wrist-line, for reach; the long palm means form; and the fingers made for strength.'

But two years of work and school combined taught Emma some mathematical facts outside of her textbooks. And at fourteen she brought her books home and lengthened her skirts a little, and went to work for the Blackwells. But she did not allow the Trade to forget the Nevins Toys: once a month, as had been her father's custom, she visited the three or four old firms and supplied them with dolls, and horses, and funny pups with jowls, and clever jointed soldiers. And this revenue added to her weekly wage made it possible, in the second year, to start a saving in the Workers' Coöperative Bank.

'We'll buy a home with a garden, Emmy, when it matures,' the old mother used to yearn, before even the first year was completed.

And Emma faithfully supplemented, 'A kitchen garden, mother; with hollyhocks too, and dahlias, like yours used to be.'

Emma was pretty along then for a few years; and there was a season when Youth called; but she had n't time to concern herself with him; and besides, his gay 'Hello!' frightened her.

And so, on the second Tuesday evening of each month the two went to the Coöperative and purchased shares which, on maturity, were to give them their estate. Their lives seemed to stand still for a while, and the balance grew bravely; and these were Emma's happiest years. They added the interest quarterly, on a separate sheet, and told each other, 'It grows while we sleep!' and referred to it as the 'Nevins Garden Fund.'

Then, — it is hard to say just when, for its access was gradual, — a shadow began edging out of the future. And Emma developed a habit of getting up at night, after her mother had gone to sleep, and sitting in the dark. Along here, too, with maturity of their shares still some years in the distance, Emma's mother began to lose zest; and soon she no longer asked to make the monthly trips. Also, she 'passed' the blocks ever more slowly. Sometimes, even, Emma very quietly helped herself; and when the other asked, 'Did you begin one, Emmy?' Emma told her, 'No.' Sometimes, too, she questioned, 'Can you see just as bright, daughter?' and Emma could. But she became more cautious about the compresses.

Then there came an evening when Emma's mother asked to have the soldiers put away.

'It's pretty dark where I be, Emmy. I kind of want you to myself, nights! Days, I sit and just strain to hear the clock strike six from the time you go, till I hear you coming back again. I'm lonesome-sick, Emmy.'

Emma hired a woman to care for her mother during the day; and she did not work again on the toys; and presently she was dipping into the savings. In three years they were gone; and so also was the little mother.

'I could n't take no comfort at all, goin', Emmy, if you did n't have the money saved up,' she told Emma just

before the end. And a little later, 'Is it 'most the thousand, yet?'

'Almost, mummie: it's nine hundred and fifty,' Emma answered. She made no bones about lying by this time.

'You'll have your eyes fixed, soon as you get the rest, Emmy? I guess they need it, dear. You know 'bout mine: the doctor could have saved them, he said, but we had to let the money go for — my Willie. You'll promise, Emmy?'

Emma promised, bending very low this time.

'I can 'most *see*, Emmy. It's the Promised Land.'

And presently all the anxious little lines in the old face were smoothed away.

In looking back afterward, there were portions of that period that remained a blank for Emma. She kept the tenement and worked on; and told herself that she must view her loss from her mother's side, and this helped. But the readjustment was hard, and it took time: there was a long march of months in those still rooms at night when Emma's limbs ached for their accustomed service. She transferred a part of the pain to the wooden soldiers; and for a season their smart little French caps shaded rather sad eyes. Some of the joyless little squads, it would seem, might almost be visioning their own approaching sorrow.

In a year Emma had caught up; was square with the world once more. She began in the Coöperative again, but this time she hoped to make the goal sooner. She figured closely on her food, and freshened shabby gowns, season after season; she retrimmed ancient hats, got in three evening hours with the toys, and wore the nightly compresses, while the balance grew again.

Christmas was approaching one year when the tragedy occurred: Sam Blackwell called her attention to an error.

'What is the matter? Are you becoming careless, or can't you see?' he shouted at her one morning.

Poor Emma! she had intended asking for a raise of salary at the end of the year. She had rehearsed her speech through twelve months, and awaited the closing of the books, over this prosperous period, with confidence.

The manager's words brought down her house of hope. A tremor unsteadied her, but except for a blanched face she remained mistress of herself.

'I don't see how it could have happened! I'm sorry, and I'll look out it does not occur again,' she answered him; and it passed — along with Emma's twelve-month dream. But the worst feature was Emma's loss of confidence — the worker's prop and stay! She never was quite sure of herself after that.

That night she went to see Dr. Elmendorph, the oculist; and he told her that she must not use her eyes; to screen them unconditionally for three months. And he ordered rest, and nourishing food.

'When this is done, and you have put on twenty pounds weight,' he concluded, 'come to see me again, and we will see about operating.'

'But I can't stop; not just y—'

'No such word!' cut in The Authority. 'You've got to, or be — blind! Then what?'

Emma did not know.

Here the specialist took occasion to describe the primitive optic vesicles. He did it graphically and with emphasis. It was a discourse that appealed to him.

'I see,' Emma interpolated once or twice, in a tone that tried to convey understanding. But Emma was very tired and she had not eaten since morning; and in the end she had only grasped a phrase or two.

'Sure enough. "Then what?" ' she

soliloquized wretchedly on the way home. But she got out her bank-book — as if she did not know the figures by heart! — for enlightenment. Dared she stop, and use the money? But, suppose the operation was *not a success!* Then what? No money, and no sight. She stared into the little cracked mirror at the back of the bench at her eyes, for a moment, then dropped her head to the worn boards. But Emma's hard-luck day was not ended.

Something rattled the window behind her. One hand slipped the bank-book under a mound of dolls, while the other pressed itself against her breast. She got to her feet, breathing fast, made her way to the sink, and strained her eyes into the darkness.

Some one was crouching on the fire-escape!

'That you, Willie?'

She opened the window and let him in.

Willie, it seems, was still in trouble. This time he had been engaged in a sort of walking-barroom enterprise, with drugs as a side issue. Anyway, the coppers were dead set on getting him. And William had to 'make a long getaway, or pay up!' The paying up, Willie explained, meant twenty-five years, this time.

In the end, Emma promised, and Willie slipped lightly through the window and down the fire-escape again.

Next day, at noon, Emma cleaned up her account at the Coöperative and took the money by a roundabout way to a certain freight siding, where Willie promptly appeared and took the package. She clung to his hand and whispered a message to him, but he shook himself free and scuttled away behind the empties.

Emma watched him until he disappeared, and waved her hand; but he did not turn. Then she made her way back.

On a morning in April, Emma gazed in the mirror anxiously. 'I hope he feels good to-day,' she explained to her reflection. She had made an unusual toilet: her hair was crimped and arranged more softly. She wore a white shirt-waist with a ribbon at the neck, and a new black skirt; also she had put on her best shoes. 'I hope he feels good.'

Emma did not break her fast, but hurried away as soon as dressed. She reached the factory before the whistle blew and walked on a few blocks, but was back again and entered with the men.

At eight-thirty Sam Blackwell stepped into the pay-roll office. Emma had been watching the door. She took off her apron, walked over to him, and asked for a raise of salary. She stood in the middle of the room, suddenly grown still, and waited while a long minute ticked itself away. There were scarlet disks burning in her cheeks, and a pulse in her thin neck showed unpleasantly above the sagging finery.

She had made a poor case for herself, and they each recognized it; nevertheless she was glad to have it over.

Sam finished with doing nothing; moved a file-cabinet into line with his foot, then his cold eyes traveled slowly upward to hers. Sam handled help well. He was not a little surprised, he told her at last, at a request from her for more money. They had always treated her generously, considering her abilities. To be frank, everything considered, she was fortunate at her age to be retained! Then he relighted his cigar, and, finding her still waiting, asked if he had made himself clear.

'Yes, I understand,' Emma answered, lifting a white stunned face; and she backed away to her desk. But when the day was done, she opened her mind a little to the toys. 'I would n't have believed he felt that way,' she confided,

in a voice blunted with suffering. 'I would n't have believed it!' But she never referred to her wound to any one else.

Meanwhile, Sam sat over his pipe and, like a true business man, checked up the day's work. And he winked to himself over one or two sharp turns.

April passed, and May, and June came and went; each week bringing with exactitude its pay-day wherein Emma counted and checked orderly stacks of green and yellow bills. Sometimes she found herself gravely questioning one person's right to possess them all. By midsummer she dreamed green and yellow, and a strange idea began working in her brain. Presently she formed a habit of stopping in at the Mission, on pay-nights, and whispering one of the Commandments. Meanwhile her vision was narrowing. By September she was beaten. Then there came a night — there always comes a night! — when she walked straight past the Mission door.

But Emma came of patient blood. Also she knew Sam Blackwell. She held her courage, but *the waiting period* remained in her memory as a sort of nightmare.

II

Then came the remodeling of the counting table. That night Emma worked on a block of hard fine-grained wood, carefully hollowing its centre to a cup, and carving a beautiful exact groove on each of its four sides; finally, she shellacked the raw seams and placed the block, with a small hammer, in her bag.

The Blackwell weekly pay-roll money was delivered Saturday mornings, by messenger; after which the office-doors were locked until the money was counted and placed in envelopes ready to pay out — thus, to quote Sam, 'putting it up to those inside.' The money was counted and checked, after a painstaking method, by three persons: Emma's check was followed by Miss Glynn's, and again by Sam's, thus eliminating all chances of error.

Accordingly, this second Saturday morning in November, when each of the trio had counted the money and checked up the total as $14,501.88, they settled to the work of putting it up. Then a small incident occurred: a steampipe, at the end of the office back of the ledger desks, burst with a hideous noise, pouring a deluge of steam out into the room.

Sam jumped for the shut-off, — the ledger clerks were hemmed in a corner, — while Miss Glynn hastened to throw open the windows. Slowly, Emma lifted her eyes; came a gust of wind, the flirt of a loose sheet, a pen rattled to the floor, and Emma groped for it beneath the table; and Sam was back again.

'All serene!' he called to his assistants. The three bent to their work again; and for a little the office was given over to the crackle and clink of hard-earned dollars. Emma was first to stack her envelopes and turn to the day's routine; then Miss Glynn moved back to her books. But Sam, who had the smallest section and usually came out second, was noticed as being in difficulty. Now, when anything went wrong with Sam it was wise to ignore it; and the five clerks figured assiduously in the ominous silence while their chief opened, one after another, the brown envelopes before him, and recounted their contents. He did not raise his head or speak until the heap was worn away and restacked again on the other side.

'One of you has blundered!' he called at last, turning to his helpers. 'Rip open your envelopes and find it. We're short!'

And this was done, but nothing came of it. After which, Sam personally went through the entire two sections, but the shortage remained: $14,501.88 had been received, but only $14,001.88 was put up.

Sam drummed on the table for a moment; then he stood up: the money had come into the office correctly, he told them. He, as well as two others, had counted it. No one had come in or gone out. As he spoke he slipped the door-key from his pocket and swung it on one spatulate finger — he attended to that! He had no thief working for him; still, five hundred dollars had disappeared, and to satisfy everybody he proposed to have the office, and every last person in it, searched. Here he stopped, and the five clerks applauded. Gerry, the young one, said afterward, 'We would n't da's't *not* to clap if Sam asked for a vote on sending the bunch of us to the *chair!*'

An officer and matron, from headquarters, responded and went to work on the quarter-hour. In two hours the room had been fine-combed down to the last inch, but nothing came of it.

'We're ready for the life stuff. Any pertic'ler instructions?'

Casey looked significantly at the women.

'No! No favorites here. Get the money, that's all.'

Casey nodded.

'Go to it, Mag, *thorer!*' he whispered. 'I'll smooth up the men.'

But Mag finished — made a thorough job of it, we may say — without result. And this held true with Casey; whereupon, after whispering a moment with his helper, he told Sam, without parley, —

'You're off in your first count!'

'Not on your life!'

'Well, the money ain't here! That's all. Five hundred dollars don't get by in a locked room. But you can figure it out any way you want to. We're through, Mag; come on.'

This was convincing and sounded final. Sam did not reply, but Emma saw his face.

On Monday a new clerk was added to the pay-roll force. Tuesday, Emma got to the office before eight, but the new clerk was there. That night she stayed overtime — came back from the dressing-room after the others were gone; but she heard a mouse and presently she closed her books and went home.

In this way a number of weeks went by. The long hours were telling on Emma, but as often as the mouse drove her home, she tried again. Once, she let herself into the office alone. She stepped quickly to the table and dropped on one knee before it; then the inner office-door opened the thousandth part of an inch, and she got back to her feet.

At noon the new clerk also dropped on one knee before the table; and from that to all fours. He peered curiously at the bare floor, worn in a little hollow where Emma's feet rested; at a neat row of nails on the wall behind the desk, occupied by a hammer, an apron, and an eye-screen. Then he turned on his back and studied the underside of the table; and he swore softly at the unbroken surface, and then turned back again and crawled out.

Another month with mouse, and one day the rows of figures in front of Emma turned to crooked lines; then to a gray blur, *and stayed there.* She kept her nerve and got by a few hard minutes. Then she left her desk, her eyes straining to place its familiar outlines as one who might be seeing it for the last time, and got to the dressing-room. Here, she was alone. She felt her way to her locker, and home. But the compresses failed her! And presently the world began rocking. By morning she

was crawling round and round the hallway, crying for a light and for water.

Here Millie, the cabaret girl who lived on the top floor, found her when she came in. Millie was tired but warm of heart, and she did her best. And — perhaps owing to her calling — the grass did not grow under Millie's feet, so to speak; in a smaller space of time than her less temperamental sisters require for 'reporting a case,' Millie had Emma 'placed'; and the sufferer was riding over the cobbles on a strip of canvas headed for a definite place of succor.

Also, Millie was worldly wise.

'Have a heart, old man!' she whispered to the driver as he climbed up; and she slipped him her two-dollar bill. After which Millie yawned, and called upon high Heaven to explain to her why this activity at five o'clock in the morning.

Meanwhile Emma, bumping over the cobbles, went to sleep, and she slept an even three weeks, caring not for her changing estate. It would seem that she might have felt instinctively the moment when the gods took a hand and sent Dr. Ackerman to the Tuesday morning clinic at the City. But she was sitting in a doorway opening upon a garden drinking blessed water; and the great surgeon's discovery of what had escaped his colleagues, and ordering her removal to his own hospital, mattered not to her.

At the beginning of the fourth week Emma came reluctantly back from Poppy Land, and it was dark with Emma.

Dr. Ackerman let himself into the ward and dropped quietly into a seat at the foot of the bed. A nurse indicated the chart, but he motioned her away. Emma was lying with her face to the wall and one hand pressed against it. A hollow cheek above the counterpane, and the line of broken courage beneath, was what he saw. Only the hand remained to reckon with!

'Stop holding up the wall, Emma Nevins,' he said, 'and tell me where you got that wonderful hand.'

She removed her hand, but did not turn or answer him; and the doctor moved his chair to the side of the bed.

'Is there a chance of my seeing again?' she asked evenly, ignoring his question.

And Dr. Ackerman knew his patient; and so he told her his hopes, and also the chances against them.

'Still,' he concluded, 'we have to go on living, my girl, in any event; and we have to keep our courage. In the mean time, you have n't answered my question.'

'My father's gift,' she said at last, struggling to his mood.

The doctor smiled, and he mentally exchanged a zero mark for an A.

'Nonsense!' he said; 'nobody gives us our hands; we make 'em!'

'It's the tools, then,' she told him: 'wood-carving.' And later, under the spell of his interest, 'The Nevinses have done wood-carving, usually.'

He was called away then, but next day, to his delight, Emma produced from the fastness of her pillow a wee dog, carved from a spool with a scissor blade.

'He is n't true, of course,' she explained. 'It's the first I've done by feel, but nights, when the wall gets too heavy, the touch of wood helps.'

He put the small dog in his vest pocket; then he attempted to bluff his emotions, and tell her, 'Nobody needs eyes who can turn out fearsome dogs, with jowls, by touch'; but the lump in his throat developed too fast, and after the first word or two, he croaked sounds that meant nothing at all.

But thereafter Dr. Ackerman stopped for a daily chat with Emma, and

in the next few weeks he learned something of the Nevinses, and a great deal relative to wood-carving. And this last subject brought them back, invariably, to the Hand, — the doctor's one hobby, — and gave him an opening. It seems that Emma's was a perfect specimen of Type B. (Just here we may remind the reader that this good man saw much of Emma during her stay in Poppy Land, when the bars were down. Did she babble of the mouse, we wonder?)

Now, Type B hands are something more than hands: largely, they are conscience. They cannot be lent to a crooked act. 'You can't make 'em!' defied the doctor one day. 'But if by chance they were driven into making a slip, they'd have to right it.' Wonderful facts, these! Oh, Dr. John!

One morning Miss Hale wheeled Emma to the elevator; thence to the small room at the top.

And Emma whispered, 'Do your best.'

When she awoke, the cold sweet tang of ether filled the world. The doctor's hand was on her shoulder, but he did not speak.

Came a series of days when dumb nurses changed the bandages, and the doctor came and went. Sometimes he removed her hand from the wall.

Once, Emma stayed him.

'When will you be — certain?'

'The last dressing comes off Sunday,' he answered shortly, and tramped on. But he came back again.

'The Nevinses, you know, are thoroughbreds, Emma! Remember what you told me of your father, and your father's father, old Joseph? "Stood up and *fought on*, both of them!" '

Sunday morning came. Emma was very white, but she put her hand in Miss Hale's and made the journey again to the small room at the top.

A little interim; some one breathed unevenly. Then the bandages again, and Dr. Ackerman was bending over her.

'One eye is saved, my girl!' He repeated it once or twice: 'One eye is saved!'

A trembling Type B hand found his. 'Please go,' it signaled.

He motioned Miss Hale, and they slipped away.

'Poor child!' whispered the scientist. 'She can cry once more, and pray.'

That night he made a wager (with himself) that Emma's first question would be, 'How soon may I write a letter?' The stake was fifty cents. The doctor won. Next morning, however, when she made good, he stormed at Miss Hale, and declared female nurses were all alike. Never content until they incited a patient into writing letters. 'Good heavens, Hale! can't you women let well enough alone?'

Emma tried to explain that it was her own thought, that Miss Hale had not mentioned letters; but he refused to listen and strode away, followed by a sniveling assistant. That young woman returned, however, within the half hour — a trifle buoyant for a chastened nurse — to say that Emma could write her letter, the doctor said; and she named a date.

Meanwhile the wee dog traveled the rounds in the doctor's vest pocket. It was 'passed upon' — for the doctor had a dream for Emma of the wonderful hands — and 'found good.' Also, he looked up the Toy Trade: lost his voice over the little squads of sad-eyed French soldiers, and smiled at the dolls, and purchased little companies of each for imaginary nephews and nieces.

One day he seated himself by Emma's bed with his proposition. It seems he had a clientèle of women afflicted with the tatting fever.

'Simply crocheting themselves into insane asylums! They've rocked and

counted seven and tied a knot, and turned and counted six, till their brains work in scallops! We've got to save them, Emma. Teach them form. Put tools into their useless hands and teach them work. That will be your part, and I will whip them into class. And together we will found something that will be worth while. "The Nevins School of Woodcarving," eh?'

So it was that Emma came into her own.

Affairs in the pay-roll office at the Blackwells' had moved on much as usual. The new clerk had long since gone, to be sure; and an alert young person called Gert perched on Emma's chair. But the atmosphere was still charged with nerves. The manager's Monday morning bell still threw his stenographer into a faint; and they still 'delivered the goods.'

Gert was quick, and she 'chased' the big orders with gusto; also she wore her flimsy duds with a swing; all of which Sam was quick to recognize. But by the time that the third monthly trial-balance was shown, Sam — after the manner of his kind — began to veer; in another month he resented the new order of things. Before long, for unexplainable reasons, he would have given much to see Emma's conscientious back straining over his books again. And he began recalling her minute economies in rubber bands, and pins, and pens; and one day he ran across a scrupulous charge: 'To use of telephone: .05,' in Emma's cash-book. This entry put Sam in a state of mind wherein he discovered that Emma was worth all the rest of the bunch put together.' He had always liked her; her methods could be depended upon. He would hunt her up; she should have her place again and Gert could whistle! If her eyes were still weak, she could go home early nights. What did a few hours mean against a faithful worker? He was sick of silly ruffles.

In this mood, her letter reached him. It came by the last mail and he waited until the others had gone before opening it.

MR. BLACKWELL, —

I took that five hundred dollars — I thought I had to have it! But I don't need it now, thank God. And I'm giving it back to you, not particularly because I wish you to have it, but in the way of a Thanksgiving, if you can understand it. I reckoned you owed me that amount, and I meant to keep it then, but the Young Man held out longer than I could. You will find the money in the table-leg — the added piece — next to my chair.

EMMA NEVINS.

P.S. This will balance the November cash. — E. N.

Sam's den grew dark ere he moved. Then he stood up and tore the letter into small pieces and scattered them from the window. He knocked out the added piece from the old table-leg, using a small hammer which hung conveniently at the back. There it was, the money they had searched for, in its beautifully carved bed. There also, beneath his eyes, was the hollow worn by Emma's feet.

He got out the cash book and made an entry. 'By cash (mislaid by S. B. See Nov.) $500.00,' read Sam's entry. And he went back to his den and lighted a big black cigar. 'Square old Emma,' said Sam.

FOOD-CONTROL AND DEMOCRACY

BY DANIEL LUBIN

I

THE eyes of the statesman are beginning to be opened to the true significance of the war; he is beginning to see that it is a life-and-death struggle between autocracy and democracy. And the eyes of the strategist are opening to the significance of food as the important factor in the struggle, and with good reason, for the state of the war is that of a double siege carried on with the deliberate design of forcing capitulation through starvation. On the one hand, the blockade by the Entente has almost altogether isolated the Central Empires, shutting them off from the world's food-supplies; and on the other, the submarine warfare of the Central Empires aims at doing the same to the Entente Powers.

The greatness of the stake — the triumph of democracy — impels, inspires, and spurs on the Entente nations, until their vision has been focused on one point only — victory.

With this end in view, it is essential that the status of the world's food-supply be known. Fortunately, the official world crop-reports, the crop-reports given out by the International Institute of Agriculture, are here; and they supply this essential information; they afford, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the world's commissariat department.

And this information is important to the strategist, for it enables him to know what the supplies are and where they are. He is then prompted to take measures for stimulating production and conserving supplies. Accordingly, we find that various measures have been taken toward this end in the several belligerent countries, such as meatless days, potatoless days, food-limitations for animals, requisitioning of crops, rationing, war-bread, bread-cards, meal-tickets, the utilization of broken foods and kitchen refuse, food restrictions and prohibitions, fines and imprisonment, *fiat* prices, the control of exports and imports, and the appointment of food-dictators.

But, above all, extraordinary steps are being taken for increasing production. Premiums are offered, prices guaranteed, vacant city lots, plazas, and untilled lands are being utilized, and strenuous efforts are being made to induce women, school-children, and the aged to work on the land, so as to increase the common stock, thus proving their patriotism, thus helping to win the day.

Thus we have stimulated production on the one hand, and rigorous conservation on the other. That these are essential is obvious, but do they cover the whole field, do they cover distribution? Unless they do, they can be shown to be inadequate for the ends in view.

To take up the case so far as the United States is concerned — having entered the war, it has to provide for two essentials: first, it must see that its own people are adequately supplied with food-products at fair prices; second, it is pledged to assist the Allies

with the food-supplies which they require. Now, what may be expected to happen in the case of stimulated production without adequate means of equitable distribution? What has happened heretofore? So far as the farmers are concerned, higher than normal earnings in some few districts, and lower than normal in the remainder; but, so far as the consumers are concerned, manipulated high prices in every district. For it is in the essence of unsound, unscientific distribution that it tends to land the crop in the keeping of the 'profiteer,' from the family food-hoarder right up to the powerful corporation, the trust, with its ramifications for monopolistic buying and selling throughout the country.

It is, therefore, quite clear that, if stimulated production is to act as the long bar of the lever, if rigorous conservation is to be its weight, we must also have the necessary fulcrum, equitable distribution, before the device can become economically operative.

And have we that fulcrum? Have we that system of economic distribution? If so, where is it? What is it? How does it work? What does it do?

But is not this rushing things? Who said that we had such a system? At this time we are just looking for it; it is with this end in view that proposals are being made for (*a*) fiat prices, (*b*) the control of exports and imports, and (*c*) the appointment of a food-dictator; all these being measures which have been adopted in other belligerent countries.

At first sight it would seem that it would be the most practicable mode of procedure for the newcomer in the field of war-legislation on food to follow the modes adopted in other countries; for country B to adopt the modes in operation in country A. But let us suppose that country A requires 10, of which it produces 2 and imports 8, whereas country B also requires 10, but produces 18 and exports 8; and it will be seen that the application of parallel methods is impossible. This, in fact, explains the difference between England, an importer of farm-products, and the United States an exporter of farm-products.

But let us examine the proposals. Let us take up the first — fiat prices. At what point will the fiat be made to act? Will it be on the farm? Will it be at the point of delivery? Will it be at the warehouse? Or will it be at the retail store? And then, what would become of the Bourse, of the Exchange, of the channels of commerce? How would the farmers sell at the time they need to sell? Or would the farmers have to hunt for the buyers at retail? Or would all the products, at fiat prices, be taken by the government? How then would the government store these products? How dispose of them? How even up the profits and loss? Thus we see that there are insurmountable difficulties in the way. Fiat prices may be all right in some communities, in some countries, sometimes. It is quite obvious that fiat prices would not be all right in the United States at any time. We therefore see that fiat prices would not be conducive to equitable distribution.

And now for the next proposal — the control of exports and imports; how would that affect distribution? The government could, of course, produce an artificial glut by withholding ships for the transport of the staples, and thus lower the home price to the farmer. But the dealer, having bought, would store and retain the product in the warehouse until famine should force it out, but at famine prices. The government would thus play into the hands of the 'profiteer,' the monopolist. We thus see that the control of exports and imports also fails as a means of securing equitable distribution.

And now, finally, we come to the last

item — the food-dictator. It has happened in some countries, on extraordinary occasions, that a dictator has been appointed to whom were granted extraordinary powers — powers which transcended the ordinary laws, customs, traditions, and modes of procedure. But would not the Federal Constitution and the autonomous powers of each of the several states prevent the effective exercise of such dictatorial powers in the control of buying and selling, in a democracy like the United States?

Let us, however, for the time being, waive these objections; let us suppose that such a dictator, vested with extraordinary powers for controlling the production and distribution of farm-products, has been appointed; what would be expected of him?

First, a maximum quantity of products; second, an even flow of the same; third, equitable distribution; fourth, just prices to the producers; and, fifth, just prices to the consumers.

Clearly it would be absurd to expect a food-dictator to do all this by merely issuing a proclamation. He would have to do much more than that, to accomplish the desired effect. But could he go far in his dictatorship without running counter to the Federal Constitution and to state autonomy? While the American people, as a result of their resentment of Prussian tactics of frightfulness, have thus far taken kindly to bond subscriptions and to universal military service, it behooves the government to foster this attitude by avoiding any procedure in the matter of food-control that is likely to weaken it. It is therefore of importance to exert endeavor in the direction of food-control in a manner which will carry with it the sympathetic assent of the American people.

'Well,' say some, 'the powers granted the food-dictator need not transcend federal or state law, or custom, tradition, or accepted modes of procedure. His functions are intended merely to permit him to specialize in the direction of a subdivision of labor in the field of food-production and distribution.'

But if we are looking for subdivision of labor, have we not now got it in a more effective form in the highly elaborate organization of the Department of Agriculture? Would it not be more reasonable to expect the results aimed at through the labors of the highly experienced, specialized bureaus of that Department, rather than through the experimental labors of a proposed food-dictator?

And now the question arises: is the Department of Agriculture in a position to do this work? Let us see.

Speaking on food-distribution in the *United States Price Current*, March 7, 1917, Mr. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, says: —

'A full and satisfactory explanation of prevailing prices is not possible on the basis of existing knowledge. . . . Where the food-supply is located, who owns it, what may be the difficulties of securing it, whether the local market conditions are due to car shortage, whether there is artificial manipulation or control, no one can state with certainty.'

It would thus seem that the Department of Agriculture is no more in a position to achieve equitable distribution of farm-products than a food-dictator would be. And there is a good reason for this. There is a broken link in the chain of effective means. That broken link is the absence of practical and psychic relationship between the Department of Agriculture and the vast number of units that go to make up the body of American farmers.

Clearly, before the Department could bring about equitable distribution, it would have to be in a position to obtain and impart information from the

individual farmers, from each unit primarily, and then from groups of these units. Now, how is it to obtain or impart this information? Evidently through its agents or through correspondence.

But would it be possible to reach each of the units through either of these means? Would it be possible to do so in time to obtain or impart current information for purposes of dynamic economic direction?

Let us see. Could it be done through agents? Even if armies of them were employed, their lack of broad commercial vision and the loss to the farmers of valuable time involved in such service would render it impracticable. Again, to reach the farmers of the country through correspondence, the Department would have to send out millions of letters of inquiry, and to send them out at short intervals and regularly. Assuming that these millions of inquiries would be answered, the answers would have to be assembled, collated, and compiled, and conclusions drawn from them weekly, or even more frequently, if they were to serve as a basis of current economic direction. All of which has not been done heretofore; and what competent authority would assert that it could be done now?

Nor is this the end of the difficulty, for here the psychic factor enters into the case. Such a service may be effective only when the units concerned are freely disposed to obtain and impart such information and to be guided by such direction. Now, apart from the fact that the farmer is proverbially 'busy,' apart from his disinclination to answer letters or to see agents, there is still another element that enters into the case, the element of caution. The farmer is asked a question by a government department; why should he answer? how should he answer? how will the answer affect him? And there you are!

Thus we see that the information from the farmer to the Department and from the Department to the farmer must inevitably be heterogeneous as to time, nature, value, and significance, and could be had from only a relatively small number of scattered units, and must therefore be imperfect so far as current economic uses are concerned.

'But,' say some, 'could not this information be obtained and imparted through the agricultural associations, the granges, the farmers' unions, the farmers' institutes, and the like?'

It could not, for two reasons: first, those associations have not been formed on a plan which would permit of such service; second, as their activities are limited to their own membership, they would fail to reach the much larger body of farmers outside of their organizations. This would leave such numerous gaps in the reception and the imparting of the information as would render such service not merely ineffective but misleading and injurious. They would be as great a block in the way of correct information and direction as a defective cog-wheel in a watch would be in the way of correct time-keeping.

II

From the foregoing it would seem that we cannot have sound economic direction, equitable distribution, through the labors of the Department of Agriculture, nor through a food-dictator, nor through the present agricultural associations. Any attempt at current economic direction through one or all of these means would seem to be just as futile as it would be for a conductor to attempt to obtain harmony from a band in which each of the musicians insisted upon playing a different tune at the same time.

What then? Are we driven to the conclusion that there can be no system of current economic direction in the purchase and sale of farm-products — that there can be no system for their equitable distribution? By no means. There can be such a system. Central Europe offers an example of such a system. It has been operative there for years and has proved itself of high economic value. It overcomes with ease all the obstacles and difficulties which we have alluded to, and many more not here touched upon. It is simple and effective, and can be readily understood by any one of normal business experience.

This system has been adapted to American needs and embodied in a bill for a national chamber of agriculture, originally introduced by Senator Duncan U. Fletcher. It was revised and reintroduced in the last session of Congress by Senator Morris Sheppard, since when it has been again reintroduced in the present session and is now pending in Congress.[1]

In substance, under this system the Federal government offers charters for the organization of chambers of agriculture. These chambers are of different grades. There are, first, the township chambers; second, the county chambers; third, the state chambers; and fourth and finally, the national chamber of agriculture.

Whenever a farmer in a township obtains twenty names to a petition, he will be given a charter and can form a township chamber of agriculture.

Whenever four or more townships have been organized in a county, they can obtain a charter and elect their delegates, who form a county chamber of agriculture.

Whenever one third of the counties in a state have been organized, they can obtain a charter and elect their delegates, who form a state chamber of agriculture.

Whenever twenty states have been organized, they can obtain a charter and elect their delegates, who form the national chamber of agriculture.

We thus have an all-embracing, semi-official organization for promoting the equitable distribution of farm-products, supported by the annual dues paid by the members of the township chambers. It would have paid secretaries and a working staff in each of the several chambers, with ramifications beginning with the individual farmer linked up to his township organization, then to his county organization, then to his state organization, and lastly to the national organization; all of which is intended for the purpose of placing the distribution of farm-products on as practicable and economical a footing as is the present distribution of manufactures from the factory to the consumer through the ordinary channels of commerce.

And right here I would beg the indulgence of the reader in following the somewhat technical explanation of the usual method of business procedure in the distribution of merchandise from the factory to the consumer, which I will now give in the belief that it will afford the clearest insight into the intention of the proposal before us, and illustrate vividly the need for it.

The first step taken by a manufacturer of, say, woolens, or cottons, or

[1] This measure was taken up in detail at a convention of the State Commissioners of Agriculture which met in Washington in May, 1916, for that purpose. The bill as amended by the Commissioners was submitted by them to the President at a conference on May 5. The President commented upon several of its leading points. These comments resulted in some important final amendments, when the bill was indorsed by the Commissioners. It was then reintroduced on May 12, 1916, but too late for passage that session. It has now been reintroduced, and should be acted upon during the present session of Congress. — THE AUTHOR.

leather-goods, or hardware, toward getting out the season's goods, is to prepare his samples some months in advance. These samples are given their lot numbers, priced, and placed in the show-rooms of the concern, and duplicates of the same are handed over to its commercial travelers. The next step in the procedure is for merchants to place their orders, either direct from the samples in the show-rooms, or through the commercial travelers. Finally, the manufacturer proceeds to close his contracts for raw material and to book the orders for the factory.

We thus see that in all this mode of procedure the element of uncertainty and the need for guessing is reduced to a minimum.

Now let us proceed further with the goods when they reach the store. The head of the department marks them with the price, and hands them over to the stock-clerk in the department to which they are to go. The stock-clerk is then instructed as to when each item is to be entered for reordering.

And now we will take the procedure up from the other end — from the stock-clerk to the factory. When the stock-clerk sees that an item is down to the reordering limit, he enters it in his book; the head of the department goes over these entries and makes out his orders; these are submitted to the 'merchandise manager,' who reviews them, and before approving the order looks up the limit account of that department, after which he makes his comment. If all is satisfactory, the new order is signed and sent on to the manufacturer. And here again, in all this mode of procedure, the element of uncertainty, the need for guessing, is reduced to a minimum, and the business of distribution is conducted on a rational basis.

And what the system from the factory to the store and from the store to the factory does for the distribution of merchandise, that the proposed organization of township, county, state, and national chambers of agriculture would do for the distribution of farm-products. The modes of procedure would, of course, be entirely different, but the results, so far as rational and economic distribution is concerned, would be the same.

Let us see how the proposed system would operate. Let us say that in a township organization in California some of the members take up the distribution of French prunes. Prices offered seem to them too low, so they ring up the secretary of the county chamber of agriculture, who is in communication with all the township chambers in the county. He informs them that no higher prices prevail in the county, and on instruction calls up the secretary of the state chamber, who is in communication with all the township and county chambers in the state. In the event that the prevailing state prices are deemed unsatisfactory, the case is then put in the hands of the secretary of the national chamber, who is in communication with all the state, county, and township chambers of agriculture in the Union, and with foreign markets as well. As a result of all this, the prunes find their way to the sections of the country where they are needed; too much does not go to one section and too little to another, but they are distributed, so far as possible, evenly in every section. It is evident that such a mode of distribution would bring a higher price to the producer and a lower price to the consumer than is possible under the present system of guess-work and uncertainty.

It is, in fact, the very system that a group of intelligent merchants would adopt were all the farm-products of the country intrusted to them for distribution. It is the very system that a trust would adopt if it had the sole control

of distributing a product, only that in the case of the trust its great capitalization would enable it to store the products until it could sell them at artificially enhanced prices.

'But,' some one will say, 'what would prevent the farmers from becoming the trust and from storing the products until they also could sell them at artificially enhanced prices?'

Two things would prevent this. First, the farmers could not adopt the storing tactics of the trust unless they were united in a corporation and had the capital; second, if they had the capital and were united in a corporation, and made a big profit on certain products, it would induce so many other farmers to grow the same product as to force the price back to a just level. The trust system, however, by keeping the price to the producer artificially low, does not encourage the cultivation of a larger area; and thus the trust can carry on these storing tactics for years, to the injury of the producer on the one hand, and of the consumer on the other.

And right here it is necessary to make clear the wide difference between the present governmental aids to distribution and the proposed system. The proposed chambers of agriculture are intended to serve business purposes by business means. It has been estimated that there are some forty thousand townships in the United States. Given an organization in each township employing its paid secretary and supplementary assistants as needed, using the card-index, the typewriter, the telephone, and the telegraph; with county, state, and national chambers similarly organized; and with power to provide and supervise street-markets, salesrooms, and exchanges; in constant communication during every business day of the year and every business hour of the day, throughout the system, from its broad base up to its apex, and from its apex down to its base, from the township chambers to the national chamber, and from the national to the township, and we should soon see the difference between the present aids to distribution and the proposed system — the chambers of agriculture.

We should then see that the present governmental aids to distribution are to the farmer what learned discussions on the tariff law are to the practical labors of the custom-house. We should see that what the custom-house is to the tariff law, that the system of chambers of agriculture would be to the economic distribution of agricultural products.

And right here the information and labors of the Department of Agriculture, now largely static and ineffective for practical purposes, could, through the proposed organization, be put to dynamic uses, thus greatly enhancing their economic value.

The national chamber, while starting with an elementary staff of a secretary and a few clerks, would soon expand as its activities would warrant. In time its labors would be divided into departments — departments for the various products, for inquiry on sales, on purchases, on transportation, on claims; and when in full working order, its activities would rival those of the Dun and Bradstreet Mercantile Agencies.

III

But even if we grant all that has been claimed for the proposed system, the question still remains: of what utility would it be at this moment, right now, during the war?

I believe I am justified in saying that it would be of the highest utility, for it would mobilize the agricultural industry, rendering it as responsive to the national needs as an automobile is

to the least turn given to its steering-wheel. The agricultural industry thus organized would afford a mechanism through which the government authorities could find a practicable, economic mode of procedure in helping to guide distribution, and on equitable lines, which they could not otherwise have; for through the national chamber of agriculture and its subsidiary channels the government authorities could constantly be in touch with the supply and demand of food-stuffs in every township in the Union.

But could all this be put into operation right soon? Could it be put into working order so quickly as to serve the intended economic purpose during the war?

Yes, the bill provides for this; it could be put into operation within a very short time, perhaps within two or three months. By its provisions the President is empowered to start the ball rolling by appointing the members of a provisional national chamber of agriculture. This national chamber would then proceed to have the charters printed, and to draw up, in simple form, instructions, rules, and regulations for the state, county, and township chambers. These would show how a chamber may be formed, and the bounds within which it may frame its by-laws.

The charters, rules, and other printed matter would then be sent to the postmasters in each of the townships of the Union, with instructions that they study them, then hand them to the farmers and explain them. When the local postmaster or any farmer had obtained the signatures of the twenty farmers required to form a township chamber of agriculture, he would hand the signers the charter, whereupon they would proceed to pay in their dues and to organize.

As already described, the township chambers would then proceed to elect the county chambers, the county the state, and, finally, the state chambers would elect the national chamber of agriculture. These elected members would then take the place of the members provisionally named by the President.

All of this, together with the wide publicity which the proposal would receive if put forward as a popular and necessary war measure, would presently leave but few townships in any state of the Union unrepresented.

That it would be justifiable to bring this proposal forward as a popular and necessary war measure is evident, for, as was shown in the beginning of this paper, the strategist keenly realizes that the equitable distribution of farm-products is a factor of primary importance in the world-struggle before us.

In an effort to meet the situation created by the war, advice has been given to the people to economize, to diminish purchases, to cease buying. The value of this advice seems to me questionable; it seems to be along the lines of the war policy followed in some of the belligerent countries. We all know that fewer purchases mean fewer sales, with the consequent discharge of employees and reduction in the number of employers. This is a result desired presumably for the purpose of rendering an abundance of the capital and labor thus released available for the government in carrying on the war. In other words, this policy means a deliberate overturning of the *status quo* in so far as it relates to capital and labor, in the hope that this overturning will lend itself to strengthening the hands of the government in the prosecution of the war.

While this may be a tenable policy in some of the countries which have adopted it, it is to be seriously questioned whether it would be a good policy in the United States; it is questionable

whether such a system would not give rise to general unrest, bankruptcy, panic, and ruin.

But whatever be the policy pursued as to buying and selling, there can be no question that in a great producing country like ours the first and foremost aim should be to bring about equitable distribution.

This is forcibly illustrated by the case of Russia, where, during the past year, as the result of a defective system of distribution, farm-products did not reach the market centres and there was consequently a great falling off in purchases; the people had almost ceased to buy. As a result, they were on the verge of starvation. Yet all this time there was a great surplus of food-stuffs on hand in the country, for they could not be exported. Yet in spite of this abundance the culpable lack of a sensible and equitable method of distribution soon produced its effects, bringing on an overwhelming revolution. And the first act of the revolution was to justify its advent by mitigating the evils due to that defective and unjust system.

Now, we are as much concerned in equitable distribution as is Russia; even more so, for we are assisting the Allies by large loans, mainly for the purchase of these farm-products, with the end in view of promoting a victorious outcome of the war. But would not the efficacy of our assistance be largely robbed of its merits if, as the result of a defective system of distribution, we were to permit the products to fall into the hands of the manipulators? Would not that mean that what is given to the Allies, on the one hand, would be unjustly absorbed by the manipulators on the other? And would not this jeopardize the outcome of the war?

It therefore follows that the passage of the proposed measure to establish the chambers of agriculture in order to facilitate the equitable distribution of farm-products would lend itself to the effective carrying out of the work of the proposed food-control. It would supply the link now missing between all the individual farmers of the country and the proposed food-controller, thus supplementing and facilitating his efforts and rendering them effective. It should be adopted, —

First, because it would benefit the producers, and not only the producers, but the consumers; it would benefit all the American people;

Second, because it would enable the government and the Allies to procure their supplies at equitable prices, and thus help to win the war.

But, apart from the benefits its operation would confer on the American people; apart from the value which our chivalrous service would prove to have for our allies; apart from the victory in the war which its adoption would help to bring, ensuring us that 'place in the sun' to which we believe we are entitled; apart from these there is still another and a higher consideration. As the guy-ropes steady and support a tent, so these chambers of agriculture would support the Republic.

How? Let us see.

It is uniformly the case that democracies lend themselves to the rapid upbuilding of an influential and controlling middle-class, mainly the merchants of the cities who are masters in the art of buying and selling. This mastership carries with it the eventual destruction of the independent land-owning farmers, since their lack of knowledge of the true art of buying and selling renders them the under dogs in the economic struggle. As a result of all this, they are gradually transformed into renters, and the conservative men of the country become radicals, thereby weakening an essential element in the stability of the Republic. It follows that the

self-governing force of the democracy having been weakened, the Republic is made subject to a special controlling class. This vitiating process takes place by such imperceptible degrees that it becomes markedly manifest only when the democracy has, in reality, already ceased to exist. This was the cause of the decline and fall of the old Roman Republic, and it has been the cause of the decline and fall of all the democracies that have been.

That this deteriorating cause is at work in our midst will be quite evident to those who will give the matter the thoughtful consideration it deserves. With lands largely given away to the people as a free gift, or for a nominal consideration, the United States should have as large a number of land-owning farmers as Germany, or larger. Now, in Germany eighty-six per cent of the farms are worked by their owners, and fourteen per cent by renters. But our last census, in 1910, shows that but sixty-three per cent of the farms in this country are worked by their owners and thirty-seven per cent by renters; and the indications are that the census for 1920 will show a yet further reduction in the number of land-owning farmers, perhaps to fifty per cent, with a proportionate increase of renters.

We cannot refuse to heed the fact that the American Republic is still an experiment, that it is still a democracy on trial; for while in extent it is a giant, in the history of nations it is but as a little child, being less than a hundred and fifty years old. If the transmutation of the land-owning farmers of the country into renters progresses in the future at the same rate as in the past,— an increase of eighteen per cent from 1900 to 1910, — for how many more years can we reckon ourselves a real democracy? And if we quiescently permit this deterioration to go on, does it become us boastfully to step forward as the promulgaters of democracy for a whole world, and with plans for the confederation of democratic governments? Who are we that we should take the leadership in the guidance of democracies, when we supinely allow the decay of our own democracy? Is it not our first duty to cut away the canker which is eating into the vitals of our own nation, — the canker that has consumed all democracies in the past, — before we go forward to guide and strengthen other democracies?

And the way is open, the remedy is here. Let us adopt the system of equitable distribution of farm-products through the operation of the proposed chambers of agriculture. This system will be of the greatest assistance to us and our allies in the prosecution of the war; it is a system which has proved itself practicable; a system which has built up the economic strength of Central Europe; a system which will teach the farmer the true art of buying and selling to effective economic advantage; which will make him the peer of the merchant, the factor that he should be in the control of his own products; and we shall have in this system, in these chambers of agriculture, the guy-ropes which will steady and support the tent of the Republic.

THE RETURN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

When I returned to my poor house,
As well I knew I must,
The thatch was rotting in the rain,
The latch was stiff with rust,
And little forest creatures' feet
Had written in the dust.

Strange thing! In that poor house of mine —
Unlit this year or more —
Where I had dread to live alone,
There met me at the door
That unforgotten dream of mine
I used to dream before!

INDIVIDUALISM AFTER THE WAR

BY FABIAN FRANKLIN

'A few weeks ago, we were, or at any rate seemed to be, a nation of individualists. In this morning's papers, it is thought worthy of comment, but not of incredulity or even of surprise, that Congress is proposing to place all the necessities of the lives of a hundred millions of persons at the absolute discretion of the President.'

The phenomenon thus referred to in a private letter written early in May, by a keen and level-headed observer, must have similarly impressed the minds of thousands of thoughtful Americans; and not a few must be asking themselves the question whether the nonchalance with which the far-reaching economic war measures of the time are being regarded by the nation is, as the writer suggests, a sign that 'we are definitely leaving a world to which we shall not soon return.' No question, except the paramount one, what we must do to win the war, can be of greater interest.

To discuss the question, and discuss

it profitably, does not, however, mean that one must attempt to answer it with a plain yea or nay. Indeed, it is quite possible that, not only as a matter of theory or speculation, but as a matter of practical effectiveness, — not only from the standpoint of truth but from the standpoint of utility, — the best thesis to maintain is, that the question cannot be answered. For according as we disseminate the belief that the question is settled or that the question is open, according as we strengthen or weaken the hold upon the general mind of the notion of 'manifest destiny,' we shall be assisting to bring about or to prevent the consummation of the change. It cannot be denied that history furnishes instances in which the forces making for a certain result were such that to a penetrating eye their insuperable potency might well have been manifest; but instances in which a fatalistic belief in such potency has attained great strength, and yet has proved to be quite unjustified, are certainly neither less numerous nor less important.

Two such instances of recent date are peculiarly apt in connection with the present subject. The thought of a whole generation of 'advanced thinkers' was profoundly influenced by Karl Marx's view of the inexorable trend of economic development to the increase of misery among the masses, as an inevitable accompaniment of the modern system of concentration and exploitation of capital. To-day, however, not only has belief in the fatalistic nature of this process been almost completely discarded, even by Socialists, but the underlying doctrine of the materialist interpretation of history, which had gained great headway even among non-Socialists, has fallen into similar discredit. Yet while the Marx doctrine retained its prestige it was perhaps the most powerful of all the forces making for the spread of Socialism throughout the world.

The other instance is less important and less striking, but no less instructive. During about a decade, the conviction was widespread in this country that the absorption of the great departments of industrial production by vast monopolistic consolidations or combinations was so clearly written in the book of fate that any attempt to impede the process was not only futile, but ignorant and childish; yet we have seen the process effectively arrested, and it is safe to say that if it ever is revived it will take a shape very different from that which it would have assumed had the fatalist view been accepted by the country in the heyday of the early and dazzling triumphs of our 'captains of industry.'

Let us, then, look the present situation in the face, and endeavor to estimate the degree in which the readiness of the country to accept, upon its entry into the war, extreme measures of centralized economic power and regulation, is a sign of the definitive passing of that individualism which has hitherto been an essential part of our national life.

A distinction of cardinal importance must be noted first of all. The legislation conferring upon the President extraordinary powers over the economic concerns of the people, regarded as a departure from our national traditions, may be thought of in either of two quite distinct aspects. In clothing the President with the right to establish, if he thinks fit, almost every conceivable kind of regulation affecting the production, the sale, and even the consumption of food, Congress not only turns over to the untrammeled discretion of the executive powers which, under the traditions of our government, would have to be exercised through the medium of general laws: it undertakes

functions which under those traditions the government would not think of assuming at all. In so far as opposition to the programme has been manifested up to the present time, it has taken the shape chiefly of misgivings concerning the granting of dictatorial power to the executive; though something, too, has been heard upon the other head.

Neither in the one aspect nor in the other has the subject attracted wide or keen interest. But it is by no means clear that the absence of acute interest or grave apprehension should be regarded by conservatives as ominous of impending and momentous change. Indeed, this insensitiveness of public sentiment may be referred with about equal plausibility to either of two diametrically opposite reasons. One, and perhaps the most obvious, view of our easy-going attitude in the face of so novel a programme, is that the scheme which it embodies is typical of a state of things toward which we are drifting in any event, to which we do not object, and the mere acceleration of whose advent naturally produces no great commotion. But is not the showing somewhat too extreme to be convincing? Acquiescence in so profound a change can hardly be so nearly universal as to account for an almost total absence of protest; and it seems at least as reasonable to ascribe that absence neither to acquiescence nor to indifference, but to a general confidence that the measures adopted to grapple with the exigencies of the war will leave no permanent impress either on our political institutions or on our economic organization.

Whether that confidence is well founded is, of course, quite another question. And it must be admitted that, in regard to both aspects of the matter, the other view — the view that we are drifting in the direction of these changes in any event — has much to be said for it. The power of the President, his influence over legislation, as well as the potency of his administrative control, has been steadily growing for a generation; and the functions of government have been likewise steadily expanding over a wider and wider area of human interests. That the war will somewhat accentuate both these processes may be regarded as almost certain; but in this there is no reason for any grave solicitude. The real question is, whether any extreme and sudden expansion, either of the functions of the government in general or of the powers of the executive in particular, introduced to meet the emergency, will become permanently fixed in our system.

As regards presidential power, one may answer this question with a confident negative. The departure is too clear-cut, our jealousy of personal power is too deep-seated, to permit in time of peace any such arbitrary exercise of executive discretion as we are sanctioning in the presence of the imperious needs of war. 'The President,' one Senator is quoted as saying, 'can wield a despotic power over the very existence of the people under the food bill, and under the embargo clause he can, with one stroke of his pen, cut off all our commerce with all neutral countries.' But it was not stated that this Senator will refuse to vote for the bill; and in any case the Senators and Representatives who will vote for it are as well aware as he of the 'despotic power' that it confers upon the President. The reason why they will consent to such legislation is that the very obviousness of its extreme character is a guaranty that it will utterly pass with the war; nobody would think of granting such powers for any other purpose than that of meeting the critical exigencies of the war with promptness and decision, as they arise. Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that, taking into account the change of material conditions, this ex-

tension of presidential power is of any more significant character than that which took place, with or without legislation, during the Civil War. Whatever seemed necessary for the successful conduct of the war was done then; it is not that we are willing to do more now, but that more is necessary now. And as it was a half-century ago, so it will be again; with the passing of the necessity will go the passing of the President's war powers.

But when we come to the broader question of the enlargement of governmental functions, we have a very different situation to deal with. The spread of regulation, whether legislative or administrative, over domains formerly free from governmental interposition, has been something more than a mere accompaniment of the increasing complexity of modern life. This factor has, indeed, been an important one; but while in the matter of the growing devolution of power upon the executive the increasing intricacy of the necessary machinery of government is of itself sufficient to account for the phenomenon, a factor of a quite different kind, and of far greater ultimate potentialities, has operated to promote the spread of governmental activity into domains formerly left to the play of individual activities. The phrase 'social betterment,' as usually employed, has reference to efforts designed to improve the lot of the poor; but if one may use the term in the broader sense which the words in themselves convey, the great force that is behind the steady trend of our time toward enlargement of the functions of government is such widespread interest in social betterment, and such effective realization of the possibilities of its achievement through governmental action, as has not been known in any previous stage of the world's history. Thus we have here, not a mere automatic drift, but a deep and strong current of thought and feeling; and accordingly an advance once made, no matter through what adventitious circumstances, along the line of this current, is likely to find powerful forces enlisted for its retention.

But it by no means follows that these forces will prevail; for our attachment to the essentials of individualism is far more deep-seated than mere observation of the external facts of the drift of the time would indicate. Eight or ten years ago, it was the fashion to declare that the principle of competition as the prime regulator of business was obsolescent, if not obsolete; but it proved to have a vast amount of life in it, and that manner of speaking is, for the present at least, almost as obsolete as the competitive principle was supposed to be. It is true that the doctrine of *laisser faire* has completely, and, it is safe to say, permanently, lost that standing which it enjoyed half a century ago: not only the drift of political sentiment and action, but the attrition of rational discussion and the teachings of experience have steadily worn down its pretensions, until its position as a powerful dogma has been completely lost. But though *laisser faire* played for a considerable period the part of a chief citadel of individualism, the persistence of individualism is by no means to be measured by that of the *laisser-faire* doctrine.

It would be idle to deny that the spirit of individualism has suffered a certain amount of impairment in the last two or three decades; but that impairment is far from being commensurate with the enlargement of governmental interposition. Indeed, it would hardly be going too far to say that, for the most part, the progress of that enlargement has been so great and so comparatively unresisted precisely because it has become evident, in instance after instance, that what was, at first blush,

opposed on the ground that it ran counter to the spirit of individualism was presently seen to involve no genuine — or at least no serious — offense to that spirit. Thus the movement for workmen's compensation laws required only general familiarity with the facts of the case to secure for it that speedy acceptance, in state after state of the Union, which has been one of the most striking phenomena of our recent legislative history; and, novel as the institution is, it already seems as natural and normal as public-health departments, public hospitals, public playgrounds, and, one feels almost tempted to add, public schools. The public-school system constituted, in point of fact, a far more serious invasion of the domain of individualism than anything that has come since; and, indeed, the time has been, within the memory of men not old, when it was still held by some highly intelligent and even public-spirited persons that the maintenance of the public-school system was an indefensible violation of the individualist principle. But the individualism of the nation is not a doctrinaire individualism of this kind; it may shy at a novelty on abstract grounds, but the things that it will resist stoutly are those that palpably interfere in the concrete with individual freedom in the interests and activities of daily life.

It is true that upon this freedom, too, there has been a certain amount of encroachment; but it has come by slow degrees and usually in the face of strong resistance. By far the most notable instance of such encroachment is to be found in the progress of the prohibition movement; but prohibition stands in a class by itself, involving, as it does, a multitude of elements which have no analogue in the economic questions with which we are here chiefly concerned. Comprehensive interference with the freedom of the individual in the ordinary processes of economic life will have to justify itself far more signally than there is any reason to expect that it will actually do, if our experience of it during the war is to result in its becoming imbedded in our permanent policy. One hears, indeed, an occasional word of sanguine welcome for the new régime. Thus a New York newspaper, speaking of a prospective 'conscription of food agencies' to create the supplies which are so vital to the prosecution of the war, and which the shortage of farm-labor threatens to leave unprovided, asks whether we are not to have like armies of conscripted food-producers in time of peace. 'Will the country,' it exclaims, 'go back to the old, haphazard system of to-day, with the young men flocking from the farms once more and the rich fields lying idle? Or will Bellamy's dream be realized and an army of peace forever chase off the phantom of famine and high prices by raising crops sufficient for all?'

To prophesy is always hazardous, and never more so than to-day; but without saying that a thing will not happen, one may point out some of the reasons why it is not so likely to happen as a person preoccupied with a single phase of the question may imagine. One great trouble about 'forever chasing the phantom of famine and high prices' is that the phantom of overabundance and low prices is quite as troublesome a visitor, and indeed has been known to make even more serious trouble. It was the long-continued low price of wheat and other agricultural staples that was the main cause of the great ground-swell of discontent which came near landing Mr. Bryan in the presidency; and upon a smaller scale we have more recently seen intense and widespread hardship in a large section of the country, caused by a sharp decline in the price of cotton. Farmers are not miracles of economic insight; but they

know enough to resent, and have power enough to defeat, any scheme under which, in time of peace, the government would conscript forces to insure the consumer against under-supply, unless it undertakes also to insure the producer against over-supply.

It might indeed be retorted that there is no reason why this latter undertaking should not also be permanently assumed; but it is hardly worth while to enter into any discussion of the difficulties that this would involve. Suffice it to say that, however difficult the problem actually before us, — that of promoting and conserving the food-supply needed during the war, — it is of elementary simplicity in comparison with that of controlling all the adjustments of supply and demand under the varying conditions of ordinary times. Mr. Hoover will encounter difficulties enough in all conscience, but at least his objective is absolutely simple — to make production as abundant, and consumption as thrifty, as possible. The machinery that serves this purpose may be, not only not superior, but infinitely inferior, to that of the ordinary operation of supply and demand in meeting the manifold variations constantly arising out of the vicissitudes of nature and of human affairs.

This matter of food-control is but an example, though the most conspicuous and important example, of the state of things presented in quite as marked a degree in all directions. All along the line, the efficiency of the governmental substitute for individual initiative and individual responsibility remains to be demonstrated. That efficiency will, we may be sure, be sharply challenged even as regards its operation in war-time; much more will it be exposed to criticism as to its adaptation to the requirements of normal conditions and the promotion of normal progress. But even supposing the question of efficiency to be settled in favor of the new order, there stands beyond it the question of the predilections of men in matters which they refuse to ignore at the mere behest of the efficiency propagandist. How effective the protest, both conscious and unconscious, against the unmitigated gospel of efficiency may prove to be, will depend on many things; but above all on the nature of the peace upon which the world will enter at the close of its war with the German military colossus. If that peace shall have the character of a mere breathing-spell, if the world is to be haunted day and night by the spectre of another such unspeakable horror, there will manifestly be little strength in any purpose save that of securing the maximum of strictly material efficiency. To be armed to the teeth for war will mean, after the awful lesson of this struggle, nothing less than to be so organized, in every department of production and of business, as to be able, at a moment's notice, to turn to the uses of war the greatest possible volume of everything that serves to sustain life among ourselves and our friends, as well as of everything that serves to destroy life among our enemies. In a word, if militarism of the Prussian type is to pervade the world, social regimentation of a more than Prussian type will be its necessary accompaniment.

But we none of us look forward to so monstrous a future for the human race. The one thing that from the beginning has been inflexibly declared to be the object of the nations allied against Germany is the destruction of Prussian militarism, the freeing of the world from the horrible necessity of being permanently armed against a recurrence of the calamity which is now desolating it. To the complete accomplishment of this purpose our own country in particular is most deeply pledged. No American can waver in his confidence that

the purpose will be fulfilled. It is of a world going about its affairs, guided by the normal influences of peace, not coerced by the abnormal demands of war, that we feel we have a right to think when we contemplate the future. And in such a world the desire for efficiency is but one of many factors that determine the course of human affairs, and the love of individual freedom is a factor at least as much to be reckoned with.

It must be acknowledged, however, that it is not militarism alone that in these modern days makes for the enthronement of efficiency. The identification of material with moral good has been going on in the past decade or two at a remarkable rate. However beneficent this identification is in some of its manifestations, — as regarding certain fundamental requirements of decent living for the poor, — one need not be a pessimist, or even a reactionary, to see that it has a bad side which, in the long run, may work quite as great injury to the finer aspects of human life in general as its good side has worked benefit in the more primary concerns of the 'submerged tenth.' Be this as it may, the raising of physical and economic betterment to a plane of moral respect which in former times was reserved for aspirations in the domain of the spirit rather than the body, necessarily gives powerful aid to the cult of efficiency and correspondingly lowers the resisting power of individualist ideas. What with the prestige that Germany has given — even apart from her military prowess — to relentlessly systematized efficiency, and what with this change that has taken place in our valuation of material progress, it seems plain that, for some time to come, individualism will have hard work to hold its own.

To admit this, however, is something very different from admitting that we are confronted with the prospect of any radical or even deeply marked change as the result of our war experience. Indeed, it is by no means impossible that — always supposing Germany to be defeated and the incubus of Prussian militarism lifted from the earth — we shall witness a powerful reaction against the cult of materialist efficiency. Released from the grinding pressure and the terrible tension of the war, the minds of men may instinctively turn for refreshment and reinvigoration to the pursuit of those objects which are not dictated by the imperious call of external necessity, but which in all ages have attracted for their own sake the intellectual and spiritual energies of mankind. Such a reaction, though perhaps palpably represented by only a small and elect minority, would be sure to filter down and exercise a powerful influence upon the temper of whole nations. A splendid revival of literature, of pure science, and of art, the result of sheer longing for what is most removed from the dire preoccupations of these years of dread, would be a by no means surprising development of a period closely following the war. And this would inevitably bring with it powerful reinforcement to the cause of individualism all along the line. Meanwhile we shall be sure to hear much, and loudly, from the soothsayers of manifest destiny, certain beyond peradventure that the war has made an end of the old individualism for good and all. It is for those who neither welcome such a change, nor believe that it need come unless men choose that it shall, stoutly to deny the validity of the prophecy. Similar prophecies without end have failed of fulfillment; and if this one is to be fulfilled many of us will feel that no small part of what they have dreaded in the threatened hegemony of Germany will have come about in spite of her defeat.

NAVAL ORGANIZATION, AMERICAN AND BRITISH

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

I

'INDIVIDUAL power, individual responsibility are the fundamental merits of the bureau system. Its defect is lack of coördination,' says Mahan. And again he declares that 'war shows the merits of a bureau system, peace its defects.'

It is a trite observation that almost any system will work if you have the right men. This is peculiarly true of our Navy Department, where, under the President, the civilian Secretary of the Navy has complete and absolute authority. Greatness in a chief does not consist in undertaking to supervise the details of the work of subordinates, but in the ability to recognize individual talent, to put the proper individual in the proper place, and, above all, to trust the men so chosen. The supreme executive quality is a knowledge of men. And any secretary possessing this quality alone, however deficient otherwise, cannot fail to make a success of his administration, provided that he in turn has the trust of his superior, the President. Thanks to our traditional system of training officers, which has been copied by the British and other nations, we possess to-day what is probably the finest personnel in the world.

Modern wars, and especially modern naval wars, for their successful prosecution demand imagination. Hence our supreme problem to-day is, first, to organize our available imagination, then to make it count. Fortunately, in our naval service, imagination is not lacking. Under our system a poor executive, who for political or other reasons insists upon taking charge of details, is likely to select subservient subordinates, or to encourage subserviency in them — his power of selection and removal being unlimited. Or, if these subordinates be not all subservient, the subservient are in a position to oppose, and oppose successfully, either to the Secretary or in his behalf before Congress, the views of those who maintain their integrity.

The present system employed in the Navy Department has been criticized and might perhaps be bettered. As it stands, however, it may, at the choice of the Secretary, become either the most efficient or the most deplorable of governmental agencies. According as the Secretary has executive ability, a political or a patriotic turn of mind, it can be run as a house divided against itself (on the nefarious theory of checks and balances that has played such havoc with our government), or it can be run as a loyal and efficient unit, with every officer exerting his best efforts toward the accomplishment of a logical end — to fight a successful war. Energy, originality, imagination can be developed and encouraged, or suppressed, at the will and disposition of the Secretary of the Navy. Officers, the best experts we possess in their various branches, may be given free play for their imagination, time and opportunity for joint discussion of problems and for forming concerted opinions, or their opinions may never be called for. They may have the continued heart-breaking

experience of making reports and suggestions on which they have worked outside of office hours — never to hear from them again; they may be swamped under the detail a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk could perform, and all their expensive training of a lifetime and interest in their profession go for nothing; they may spend hours of their time awaiting a secretary's signature, cooling their heels in his office — or they may be utilized.

All these are possibilities under our system.

Intelligence is a good thing, but it is also necessary to get the right kind of intelligence in the right place. And Macaulay complained that England was ruled by orators. An orator, with a wide knowledge of various subjects but with a complete mastery of none, does not always make a good executive. On the other hand, an executive may have ability himself, but he must be able to recognize and respect it in others. He must know a specialist when he sees one, and be willing to make his bow to the specialist. This is a supreme gift. However intelligent he may be, if he does not bow to that specialist, why, he ceases to be intelligent. However stupid he may be, if he has sense enough to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, he cannot altogether fail as Secretary of the Navy.

In this crisis, when the fate of the British Empire and the future of America depend upon the successful prosecution of warfare at sea, the personalities of our Secretary of the Navy and of the British First Lord of the Admiralty become of paramount importance. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the question of the survival of the Anglo-Saxon system of government, of that individual liberty for which the people of the two nations have struggled through centuries, to-day rests largely on the shoulders of these two men.

The British First Lord of the Admiralty is continually responsible to Parliament — which is the British executive; nor could he, I am told, for a moment stand up against the concerted opinion of the naval profession if it were voiced in opposition to his own. Nevertheless, it is virtually in his power to choose his naval advisers, and also, if he has an idea that all wisdom will die with him, to dominate them — especially if they are chosen with that view. Thus the position of the head of the navy in Britain is sufficiently similar to that of our own Secretary of the Navy to draw a parallel, although the latter is absolute under the President.

The former safeguard of the British system was that the responsibility for naval *strategy* was vested in the Sea Lords, or naval officers of the Board; for the British Navy Department is a board, not, as with us, an individual; a board, as Admiral Mahan pointed out, that embraces an extremely strong element of matured professional knowledge. But by an order in council promulgated in the seventies the First Lord became predominant — although the winning of a naval victory might be supposed to be an admiral's and not a statesman's affair.

Perhaps the most refreshing note in the conversation of those members of the recent British Commission to this country with whom I talked, from Mr. Balfour down, was their willingness to acknowledge their mistakes. 'This is what we have done,' they said. 'Don't you be such idiots.' They are anxious to have us profit by their experience. Therefore I venture here to dwell for a moment on that campaign of criticism fought out in the British public press, and especially in *Land and Water*, by Mr. Arthur Pollen and others. The needed reforms now having apparently been made, one feels the less delicacy in reviewing the situation, especially

since the moral to be pointed out has to do with the question of the personality of the civilian Secretary, or First Lord.

That the British navy was ready for instant action when the war broke out was due, we are told, to the watchfulness of the First Lord of the Admiralty of that day. German cruisers and merchant ships were swept from the seven seas, and the German fleet has been bottled up ever since — although bubbles have been escaping — most inconvenient bubbles! In addition to brilliant gifts, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill — judging solely by the record he made — had his own ideas in regard to naval policy and strategy, and was in a position to enforce them. His naval policy, excellent so far as it went, seems to have ignored the traditions of a service noted for aggression. Known as the material policy, it laid its emphasis on big ships, and a sufficient number of them to make an invincible fleet that could win a war without fighting. 'Without a battle,' he said, 'we had all that the most victorious battles could give us.' The weakness of this policy, as pointed out by British naval experts and our own, is its lack of what may be called naval imagination, of the anticipation of just such a campaign as the Germans have inaugurated. One of the wisest naval experts in England, Sir Percy Scott, early called attention to the grave menace of the submarine, implying that a control of the surface of the seas was insufficient. And seamen chafe under inaction. It is the main business of a navy to fight.

The present trend of criticism in Great Britain, which I quote without comment, goes so far as to hint that there was a chance, in the battle of Jutland, of crushing the German fleet; but that the admiral in command, giving heed to the Admiralty policy of maintaining command of the seas without fighting, did not venture to break through the screen of German destroyers and repeat Farragut's famous exclamation, 'Damn the torpedoes!' This British criticism, it should instantly be said, is no reflection whatever upon the courage of a brave and gallant admiral; and it will long remain a disputed question whether the tactics followed by the Commander-in-Chief were or were not the proper ones for the occasion. A layman may have no opinion. But the long-run result of the policy of 'victory without a battle' may to a certain extent have justified the ironical remark of Professor Pollard, that Great Britain is still defending her command of the seas.

The submarine now threatens the British Empire with defeat. By using our utmost efforts, we can replace only a portion of the millions of tons of world's shipping now being destroyed. And with the best will in the world, it is an interesting and even a debatable question whether we can bring our military force to bear and transport a sufficient number of troops to France. What seems needed is more prevention and less cure; more large patrols and destroyers and fewer merchantmen. And a demand is gradually making itself heard in both countries that the naval imagination of both Britain and America shall be organized for a vigorous policy. Several plans have already been evolved on both sides of the water — aggressive, constructive plans; but they seem to have gone to sleep serenely in pigeon-holes. Some have been aired. That which appears to be the most sensible of them contemplates the destruction of the German fleet. Ingenuity must be met by ingenuity, and American ingenuity must combine with British. We must have concerted council and action. Battleships cannot steam through mine-fields

into Cuxhaven and pound the German fleet to pieces while at anchor; new instruments must be invented, a new species of campaign must be inaugurated. At least one promising plan has been developed, into the details of which I am not at liberty to go, contemplating new naval instruments and a novel species of campaign. But it is obvious that, if the German fleet were once destroyed, the submarine rat-holes could be stopped by mines, and in that way the present menace of the pestilence would be averted.

The failure of a 'victory without a battle' policy illustrates the mischief that may accrue when naval opinion as a whole is not consulted by a civilian chief who has it in his power to reverse tradition; who, with the best will in the world and through the most patriotic of motives, follows a policy of his own. And the Dardanelles campaign seems to have been still another instance of too much civilian domination. The armored forts of Belgium having been demolished by the German great guns, it was argued that the defenses of the Dardanelles could be reduced to dust by the 12- and 13.5-inch guns of battleships. This is true so far as it goes — provided that battleships can continue accurately to hit the forts. The defect in the conception lies in the fact that modern long-range gunnery demands observing or 'spotting' officers in positions of advantage, in order that the ranges may continually be corrected. Lacking such posts of observation, airplanes or captive balloons are necessary. The forts of the Dardanelles indeed suffered a crushing hail of fire; but precision was out of the question. And as soon as the British fleet opened up, the Turks retired to their dugouts, to return to the forts when the bombardment was at an end. Meanwhile the Germans organized torpedo and mine attacks: ships were hit and sunk.

The large tactical mistake would appear to have been that of insisting on opening such an action by naval operations, in themselves ineffective, thus giving warning to the Turks, and making a military operation impossible. If the campaign had been begun as a military operation with naval help, by landing the army under cover of the battleship fire, it is claimed that the army might then have got a foothold and marched on to victory.

II

Success or failure, then, in both the British and American naval administrations, seems to depend upon the personality of the civilian chief. One great lesson to be drawn from the life of Abraham Lincoln is that a certain humility is an essential quality of true greatness. And a civilian chief who enters office with preconceived theories, obsessions, or complexes, — as the psychologists say, — is capable of doing incalculable harm. If he has the point of view that he exists for the Navy, not the Navy for him, all is likely to be well.

'Happily,' says Mahan, apropos of our good fortune in having Mr. Fox as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the Civil War, 'this lucky country, which at first cast got Farragut for the most critical command of the War of Secession . . . unwittingly introduced into the naval system a singularly fit man'; and he declares that thus there entered the Department 'a means by which the enthusiastic determination of the nation could take shape in intelligent comprehension of the issues and in strongly coördinated effort.'

Since May, 1915, however, the criticism of the British Admiralty has not been that it was unwilling to act, but that it was not organized for action. It is argued that, if the business of a navy

is to fight, naval strategy is the province of seamen; and hence it follows that the most important element in the conduct of a war should be left to the naval officers, and that these should be untrammeled and unhampered by any other duties or concerns. Moreover, the officers so chosen to develop the strategy of a war must not represent one group of opinions alone in their profession, but all groups focused in a general staff that hammers out the policy. Through such a staff the First Sea Lord becomes responsible to the civilian chief for the naval conduct of the war. His test is one of success.

In the new organization the number of sea lords has been increased. These sea lords are a peculiarly strategical body, each having a separate duty, but acting in continual council with the others. One of the sea lords, for instance, has entire charge of the submarine campaign.

There is also a strategical staff composed of some thirty officers, all in their different spheres the best experts obtainable, whose duty it is constantly to compare plans and advise the First Sea Lord, who now becomes also Chief of Staff. Therefore the First Sea Lord, instead of advising the government, as formerly, on his personal responsibility, has the whole staff, and hence the whole navy, behind him when he gives his advice — advice that no civilian secretary can successfully ignore. Moreover the staff tactics are now adopted by the board as a whole, and not merely on the First Sea Lord's recommendation.

'Strategy in its widest meaning,' to quote our Admiral Huse in an article in the United States Naval Institute, 'includes logistics and tactics as integral branches of the art of war. . . . To this end strategy is limited to planning and directing, while logistics provides the means' — the *supplies* which the strategists need to win a victory.

In addition to the raw materials, such as coal and steel, — to name two important ones, — there are contracts to be placed for guns and ships, for dry docks and navy yards, for clothing and equipment of all kinds. Such a task demands an expert, and obviously a business expert, and organizer. Under the British system there is the office of Comptroller, the functions of which have been greatly enlarged and wisely given over to a civilian who has made his reputation as an organizer, Sir Eric Geddes. This place was formerly in the hands of a naval officer. Sir Eric Geddes was with the army, and reproduced, as has been said, the Pennsylvania Railroad behind the lines in France. He has been made a vice-admiral and a member of the Board of Admiralty; he has absolute charge of placing all contracts for guns, ships, ammunition, — in short, for whatever is needed, — but he takes naval advice in considering naval requirements. The really remarkable and significant thing in the appointment of Sir Eric, a civilian, is that the exigencies of a great war are compelling the overthrow of precedent and the adoption of common-sense methods to deal with a situation that was rapidly getting out of hand.

The principle of strategy for strategists, of administration for administrators, is unassailable.

III

It is most important that the people of the United States should take an active interest in their Navy; that they should have a knowledge of its administration, since in a democracy no department of government can thrive without scrutiny, without a focused public interest behind it. The Secretary, under the President, is an autocrat; and autocracy without responsibility, not to a party alone, but to the

nation at large, must invariably be pernicious. My object in writing this article is to acquaint as many readers as possible with certain broad principles, as well as to attempt, briefly, to sketch the 'Bureau System' that has developed during the history of the Department.

There are several bureaus, each headed by a naval officer, whose functions are of *supply* — what Admiral Huse calls logistics: the Bureau of Construction and Repair, to build and repair ships; of Engineering, to supply and design engines, and the like; of Ordnance, to design guns; of Navigation, to train and furnish men and officers — the personnel; of Yards and Docks; of Medicine and Surgery; of Supplies and Accounts — sufficiently explained by their titles. There is also what is called the Bureau, or Office, of Naval Operations, the business of which would appear to concern itself alone with *strategy*. Congress, in March, 1915, provided by law that 'the Chief of Naval Operations,' — who is an admiral, — 'shall, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, be charged with the operations of the fleet and with the preparation and readiness of plans for its use in war.' Now these functions, as derived from that paragraph, would seem to be purely strategic, as one might infer they ought to be. At present our Office of Naval Operations is organized as a *bureau*. If it were divested of the logistic functions that now it incongruously possesses, it would become an instrument of strategy, such as the British General Staff, composed of the best experts in the service. And a Secretary of the Navy, if he chooses, can throw all the responsibility for strategy on his Chief of Operations, giving him full authority — for authority and responsibility are inseparable. The Secretary can also, if he wishes, permit the Admiral who is his Chief of Operations to choose his staff. Here we should have a procedure that is the exact counterpart of the system at which the British Government has arrived after some years of rather bitter experience; and our Chief of Operations, at the will of our Secretary, can be made virtually First Sea Lord of the Admiralty and Chief of Staff. It is not going too far, I think, to declare that a successful issue in war depends upon whether or not a secretary is willing to take the step of leaving naval strategy to naval strategists, who should be relieved of all logistic duties.

When we return to the Regulations for the Government of the Navy, however, and examine the duties of the Chief of Operations, we find them so bewildering, such a mixture of logistic, administrative, and strategical functions, that we begin to wonder how any man can supervise them all and keep his head. One of his duties, it may be noted, is to prepare and revise the Regulations himself — he is charged with inditing his own sentence. Congress has apparently made him a strategist, but in the nine paragraphs enumerating his tasks we find logistics and strategy embracing one another, while from between the lines is summoned up the tragic picture of a naval Hercules tightly bound with the red tape that numerous civilian secretaries have wound around him. If a secretary so elects, he can run this office himself, together with all the other bureaus, by insisting upon overlooking and signing all the correspondence emerging from them. He can tie up the usefulness of the whole organization tighter than a towing bowline.

Admiral Huse enumerates the functions of strategy as the following: —

The number of vessels of each type required, and their characteristics.

Location of naval bases and repair stations, and their capabilities.

War plans providing for all possible contingencies.

Organization of the forces.

Operations and movements of forces in the execution of policy in peace and war.

Operations and movements of forces for the purpose of exercise and test, as in war games.

Naval logistics include the following, all to be performed in accordance with the requirements of strategy: —

Planning, constructing, and maintaining the fleet.

Fortifying, developing, and maintaining naval bases and stations.

Enlisting, maintaining, training, educating, and drilling personnel. This includes target-practice.

Providing, storing, and delivering supplies of all kinds, including ordnance, ammunition, fuel, clothing, provisions, etc.

Transporting personnel and material; care of ill and wounded.

This seems admirably clear. But here, in addition to his strategical functions, are some of the logistic duties of the Chief of Operations: the direction of the Naval War College, the office of gunnery exercises and engineering performances, the operation of aeronautic service, of mines and mining, of the naval districts and naval militia, the direction of gunnery exercises and drills. The tendency, in practice, is for him to assume more and more supervision over the bureaus of supply, and thus to become a bureaucrat.

There is also in our Navy Department a General Board authorized by the Secretary — which he has the right to do without the sanction of Congress. Its duties are advisory to the Secretary, and its counsels are supposed to be strategic, though here once more we find the logistic commingling. Now a secretary has the power to relieve both the office of Chief of Operations and also the General Board of all administrative details. If he chooses to throw the responsibility for naval strategy on the Chief of Operations, he can then make the General Board an advisory council to the Chief of Operations — a proceeding that Admiral Huse advises, since it would include all strategy under one authority. As things have been since the organization of the Office of Operations, that office finds itself so overwhelmed with routine work, with supervision and detail, that it has little time for strategy, and is in substance a bureau of bureaus. And the strategical work it is supposed by the Regulations to perform is taken up by the General Board, which is now independent of it. The duties of the two are duplicated in the Regulations: and in practice, if a secretary be of a political turn of mind, he can play one against the other — checks and balances again. On the other hand, a good secretary can make the present system work by leaving the strategical suggestions as outlined by Admiral Huse to the General Board, and by using operations to carry out the suggestions. The General Board, at whose head used to be the Admiral of the Navy, and which is made up of admirals and other tried officers, is supposed to represent a mature body of opinion, and has always preserved the confidence of the Congress and the country. The Chief of Operations is *ex officio* a member of it, though he seldom gets time to attend its meetings. The consensus of opinion would seem to be, however, that the duties of the Admiral of Operations should be simplified and made purely strategical, and that the Board should be advisory to him. Thus the responsibility for the conduct of the Navy in war is definitely placed, and a requisite authority given.

To divide administration from strategy, as the British have done, would seem to be wise: and, as Admiral Huse proposes, to assign our Assistant Sec-

retary of the Navy as a Chief of Logistics, as a buyer and contractor, as a responsible head of all the bureaus of supply, would appear to be the logical trend for our organization to take. The Secretary is left to supervise logistics and strategy, and to direct naval policy, which is largely the coördination of the national policy with the nation's naval force. He consults with the President, with the Committee of the Congress, he sits on the National Council of Defense. He is not absorbed in detail; he keeps his desk clear.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SCALLOPS

SPORT, according to our highest authorities, is 'that which diverts and makes mirth'; and from this general interpretation the term has been applied to games, and to the various forms of hunting and fishing commonly known; but I have yet to hear the word applied to the pursuit of the scallop. And yet scalloping more nearly approaches the original meaning of sport than most of the games which are commonly classed under this heading; for not only does the scallop divert and provoke the mirth of his pursuer, but the pursuer in turn evokes a similar feeling and impression upon those who chance to see him in action. Those who have never tasted the joys and excitement of a scallop hunt have not completed their education as real sportsmen. It is true that Badminton does not devote a volume to this particular pastime; it is equally true that the progressive American journalist, whose duty it is to supply the sporting columns of his paper with all the news of current athletic events, invariably ignores this important item, and our mighty Nimrods fail to include scalloping among their feats of prowess. In each case, however, the cause of the omission invariably can be traced to ignorance, and to the fact that your scallop-hunter is a wary fellow who boasts but little and says less, fearing inadvertently to disclose the favored haunts of his favorite prey. And so, for these and divers causes the pursuit of the scallop lies in obscurity.

On the other hand, the scallop has been a friend to man for generations, in many ways. In the days of the Crusades the Pilgrims returning from the Holy Land wore scallop-shells, gathered on the coast of Palestine, to mark the success of their wanderings.

At an equally early period the scallop-shell became an important factor in design, from architecture, through the various stages, to the adornment of women's clothes. The scallop-shell is discovered imbedded in the capitals of many famous columns. It will be found chiseled upon the keystone of countless arches. Scarcely a theatre but possesses it among its mural decorations. Upon the title-pages of books it serves in an equally decorative capacity, while the scalloping upon the hems of dresses brings the scallop's shell familiarly into our family life. In addition to all this, certain families of ancient lineage have adopted the shell as a part of their crest.

The scallop, therefore, has been

sought by generations, and is no marine upstart basing his claims to popularity upon his flavor as a savory dish for Lucullus. In short, the scallop is historic, artistic, decorative, and delicious. In real life, however, he is a member of the numerous marine bivalve mollusks of the genus *Pectens*, and to those who have not already recognized the symmetrically ribbed shells so often found on our beaches, a dictionary is recommended.

Although his past is buried in the annals of the Holy Land, in Ægean waters, and on the banks of the Red Sea, at present he is rampant on the shoals of Cape Cod, and it is here that our scallopers pursue him during the weeks previous to early autumn days, when the Cape fisherman wages destruction with sea-rakes, seines, and nets.

Imagine the tide running low, disclosing the bright, sandy bottoms of countless inlets, the ripple of the waters making dim the outlines of the corrugated surfaces of the submerged shore. At such times, and in certain localities which shall be nameless, the wily hunter issues forth in bathing-suit, or rubber-booted, or even — in the enthusiasm of the moment — fully clothed, with pail or basket sometimes attached to his waist by a cord. He wades in at a slow pace, gazing searchingly into the depth of the water for a sign of his prey, choosing at first the shoals where it is easier to see, and as likely a spot as others for fine shell-fish.

And here a curious phenomenon is discovered: his eye catches the glint of a shining shell and he stoops to secure it, only to find a half-shell without life. The brighter the shell, the less chance of its being inhabited. The scallop covers himself, when possible, with a few strands of seaweed, or buries himself in the mud or sand, and therefore, when in the full bloom of life, he looks like a hoary, hairy thing of past history, an incrusted shell from which life might have departed a century ago. If by good fortune the hand comes in contact with him, however, his vitality is made quickly evident by a savage snap of his shell, as the large muscle expands and contracts in self-defense. Should a finger become caught between the upper and lower valves, the hunter is in for a sharp nip.

The quest leads from spot to spot, from shoal water out into deeper parts, until one finds one's self waist-deep, bending and stooping, raking the bottom, with frenzied hand groping for these tufted prizes; and when one is fortunate enough to secure a good spot, the hand never fails to bring up one, two, and sometimes more, of these irate creatures whose antics evoke admiration and whose strength seems absolutely abnormal.

There are bright, warm days in the latter part of August when on many parts of the shore may be seen men, women, and children by scores, curiously and wonderfully garbed, grotesquely postured, wading the waters in this fascinating pursuit, which, after the quiet glamour of clam-digging, possesses the excitement of big-game hunting. Were it not for a strict law these same hardy hunters would undoubtedly be found in dories, plying a small net for the same purpose; but the very crudity of the chase has its advantages, for one comes close to the life of sea-bottom and all that goes on there, from the waving masses of seaweed of many varieties to the countless forms of life clinging to the rocks, imbedded in the mud or darting through the water. The sea-bottom is as busy as Broadway, and as full of mystery.

The reader must not for a moment imagine the scallop, however, as belonging to a sedentary type of life. Often he is found moving at a high rate of speed through the water, propelled

by this same muscle which provides his defense. By opening and closing his shell he moves forward and upward or downward, apparently at will, digging himself into the mud and effectually hiding himself from his pursuers. He deserves the respect of his superiors in the animal kingdom, and at the same time proves himself fair game by his prowess.

And so one is led out and out still further until, bent upon securing one more victim, a mouthful of water and smarting eyes give notice that those beyond are safe for the time being, and the successful hunter returns to his boat with a full pail.

The conquest is not complete, for it is no easy task to open these snapping bivalves and thus to extract the muscle that is the edible morsel; and the full reward is by no means reaped. That is left for the evening meal, when the scallop becomes the *pièce de resistance*, cooked in one of a hundred ways. But of this let yourself be convinced by a *cordon bleu*, whose best efforts are secured and deserved by the scallop.

THE UNGENTLE THEME-WRITER

I HAVE read with sincere appreciation the plea of the gentle theme-reader for the sympathy of his fellow men. It has touched me deeply, for I am one of those responsible for his sorrows and self-consciousness—an undergraduate.

What an indictment against me! My talk is banality, my enthusiasm does not 'lift its thoughts to the skies.' My emotions contribute no 'bacchic dances' to the drab sobriety of scholastic life.

Well, it is true, and my sense of responsibility is extremely heavy, for the Lord knows there is need, a serious impelling need, for bacchanalities in the life of every theme-reader.

I have no purpose to seek an escape from my sense of responsibility. I accept it full-chestedly, but I have the dispassionate attitude of youth, which ever seeks the cause of things. And I find that there is a cause other than the mere absence of ideas in undergraduates, for the lack of individuality in undergraduate themes. It may be traced to the doors of classrooms and the chairs of college professors. For, in college, literature is not a thing of the spirit but of the mind, and you will find above the door of the English Department the scholar's first and last commandment: 'Beware of your emotions.'

There is no escape for those who enter, so have done with your adolescence, which has given you to understand beauty and freshness of phrase. You are face to face now with form, with technique, and with the history of literature. You came lugging your Shakespeare because you liked it, did you, and you entered the classroom eagerly, as one about to experience some new joy. It was to be expected, then, that you would struggle a little with your disappointment when that first precious hour went wholly to a discussion of the date of *Romeo and Juliet*. You did not lose heart, however, for you realized that you were still unsophisticated in scholastic methods. Besides, in due time the date was established.

Then, before you could slip back into your old emotional habits, you were introduced to various editions. You told yourself that this was important knowledge for the student of literature. You tried the harder to be philosophic because in your heart you knew that you were not, and there was added to your disappointment a sense of dread lest your unscholarly impatience come into open conflict with the system.

The days slip by. Now you have to do with the history of the story in its many translations. You learn their differences, their likenesses, their unimportant dates, and wearily you ask

yourself if there is yet another dull fact about *Romeo and Juliet* that remains to be learned. Of course there is the old play. It is extant in a Dutch translation. How did it get into Dutch? It appears that the Earl of Leicester's players carried it to Germany and so to Holland. In your innocence did you imagine that you could escape the Earl of Leicester's players? But you do not despair. Some day, some remote but glorious day you will come to the poetry. The dear hopefulness of youth!

You never do come to the poetry because in college there is no poetry; there is only poetic form. And so you fill your pages with discussions of troches and iambi, of antitheses and ploces and oxymorons, and then you read that some theme-reader has died, and the guilt of murder is on your soul.

Now it seems to me that here is a case for investigation. It is necessary to know of what our theme-reader died. Was it from poverty of ideas or from poverty of emotions in the themes among which his poor lot was cast? For if, from those thousands of pages, not a single idea flashed upon this deserving life, then must the undergraduate stand sentence. But if it were warmth that lacked! If it were the chill of those pages that benumbed him to his young death! My sense of justice demands a shifting of responsibility in this. Let it rest where it belongs, on the literature department, which cannot see the relation between its cold intellectuality and the tender lives of theme-readers. As for the undergraduate, too often the unwitting instrument of torture, let him look to science for his spirituality if he would avoid the melancholia of the falsely accused.

HOW TO REFORM THE MAGAZINES

YESTERDAY, as I read the magazines at the Club, I enjoyed what is coming to be a common experience. My neighbor on the left, similarly occupied, threw down his favorite monthly diet with disgust and the query, 'Why don't the magazines print something worth while? There's plenty of good stuff written; what becomes of it? Why don't we get it?' My neighbor on the right, who has had some experience in an editorial office, volunteered the reply: 'You can't get by the editor, that's all.'

Then we took the situation apart; we compared notes. Each of us contributes now and then to the magazines; when the articles are accepted, we contribute to the best magazines. We are not chronic or habitual offenders, and really send things only when we have something to say. We have other ways of making a living, such as it is. Furthermore, our barrels are empty. We have no axes to grind, no grouches to nurse. But we all had the same story to tell, — an endless and needless sending of a perfectly good manuscript to one editor after another, until the tired carrier-pigeon, scarred with cancelled postage-stamps, found a lodging and failed to return to the domestic ark. As the result of its adventures, it was kicked upstairs quite as commonly as down. It settled down, after its peripatetic unrest, in a 'preferred stock' magazine just as often as in one of lower quotation in reputation or compensation. It certainly would have done magazine Number One no harm to have printed what Number Five or Six or Ten took a chance on. For in the mean time magazines Number One and Number Two and the rest were printing articles that they all should have declined with or without thanks, along with just as many that obviously were acceptable, and properly so.

On this we all agreed. 'Getting by the editor,' said the Right Neighbor, 'is the most fascinating of indoor sports.

When I was a journalist in the Freudian sense (that is, as an unfulfilled wish), my chum and I devised a way to get money for all our articles. Each agreed when he sent out a "story" to bet the other the price of the "story" that it would n't be accepted. That little arrangement took the sting out of a rejection completely; and when you lost your pay, you had the glory of the acceptance. Why and how the scheme broke down, I shall not divulge.'

'But seriously,' said the Left Neighbor, 'what's the solution? Editors are good enough judges; and not more than half the articles are engaged at dinner parties. Very embarrassing to decline an article by the man — usually the woman — who was so entertaining as a companion at a delightful dinner. But an editor who really indorsed all the articles he accepts and assembles in any one number would have not a single-track mind, but an entirely erratic switch-yard.'

'The trouble is — if you'll let the Interlocutor answer your conundrums — that the editor is in a false relation to his judgment. He trusts it so implicitly that he has better reasons for his prejudices than for his convictions. And when he opens a manuscript that has the wrong name to it, or starts out in a way that does n't keep step with his mental pace, he goes on reading with the intention of finding ingenious and irrelevant reasons for declining it; who could n't? Then you get one of those notes that would n't deceive a moron. None of us would object to a plain statement of fact: "The Editor is obliged to decline your article because he ate something yesterday that did n't agree with him, and does n't like it"; or "The Editor has got himself so entangled with promises to his friends that with the best of intentions he cannot find room this season for your really valuable contribution." If an editor uses his magazine, as we use this club, as a place to indulge his prejudices, and says so — well and good! But no editor admits this, any more than any of the fighting nations will admit starting the war. They're all defending hearth and home against invasion by unlicensed intruders, — that's us.'

'Yes, we know all that,' said the Right Neighbor, 'but what's your remedy? This is mine; when you've heard it, you may not care for yours. Start a new magazine and call it "The Discard." Make it a rule not to accept an article that is n't accompanied by at least two perfectly good letters of rejection from first-class magazines. With such vouchers you're bound to get the best stuff that's written.'

'No! That's good as far as it goes, but it won't reform the others. What you must do is to get every good editor to agree to print at least one article in each number that that judgment of his would lead him to decline. Once the editor discovers that printing such an unsanctioned article does n't stop the magazine or buckle the press or annihilate the subscription-list, he may become a wiser and a happier man. He may even ask the readers to guess which article it is that meets with his cordial disapproval, and offer a prize for the best guesses at the end of the year. I contribute the idea freely without copyright, in the interest of the higher literature.'

'Do you happen to know the address of any editor with gumption enough to try it?' said the Left Neighbor. 'I've got something that I'd like to send him, and expound your sentiments in my most persuasive style.'

'Can't say I do. Try it gingerly. Send him something rather short, — you know, the kind of thing for "The Contributor's Club"; and I think he'll be a sport and print it.'

I was right. This is it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1917

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

'You get there at 9.23,' said Mrs. Latimer.

'Do I, my dear?' he said.

'I looked it up when I bought your ticket, and I have written Harriet to have a cold supper ready for you. I don't trust the food in the diner overmuch.' She ran an expert eye over the little heap of luggage at his feet. 'I think you have everything, — bag, umbrella, raincoat, golf-sticks, — and here are some magazines I have picked out; the right kind.' She smiled. Without looking he knew they were the all-fiction magazines and not disturbing. 'And I think I will say good-bye.'

'There's still ten minutes,' said Latimer.

'I'd rather not wait,' she said; and lifted up her face to be kissed.

He had to bend his lips to the level of his shoulders.

'My dear,' he said, 'I want to beg your pardon.'

'For what?'

'I have been hard to live with.'

'Nonsense,' she said. 'Take care of yourself. Go to bed early. Don't overeat. Walk every day, but not in the sun. Don't read except what I send you. And no excitement. Good-bye.'

She took her kiss and walked down the platform without haste and without bravado. But there was about the parting of this elderly pair an unmistakable aroma of sentiment which drew an amused smile from the pretty young woman in a green sporting coat who was saying her modern, indifferent, clipped farewell to a young man in a paddock coat and gray spats.

All the way down the platform Latimer watched his wife's resolute, tiny figure. Then he beckoned to a porter and climbed, breathing heavily, up the steps of the car. His great, unathletic bulk filled the passageway.

II

Latimer told the truth. He had been hard to live with ever since the first of August, 1914, although that was not the reason of his banishment to Sister Harriet's place up-state. He was being sent away for his own good, as far as possible from the War, which from the first day had laid hold of his soul's peace and put it to the rack. Every campaign in the three continents and on and under the seas had been fought simultaneously somewhere in Latimer. His heart was seldom out of the trenches. The war had mobilized him more completely than if it had placed a rifle in his hands and sent him to the firing

line. It had not altered his habits; he was as fond as ever of rich foods, of wine on occasion, of his afternoon nap, of friendship, of loud and colored talk, of the buoyant, intellectual, epicurean, big-city existence in which his robust being was at ease after thirty years on a college campus. But the war had shaken the foundations of his daily practice. It would sweep upon him and empty all life of its meaning. The war would descend upon him on bright summer mornings, as he was shaving or lacing his shoes.

'Why am I doing this?' he would say. 'Over there men are flat in the mud with unseeing eyes to the sky.' He woke nights, lest Russia conclude a separate peace. He hurt his digestion by thinking suddenly of Bethmann-Hollweg.

'You are particularly fond of veal,' Mrs. Latimer would complain, 'and you have n't touched it.' Veal, she was saying; and if casualties on the Aisne continued to mount up, how long could poor France stand it?

He lost his temper frequently. To be sure, after you had called a man a scoundrel at your own table, you could always telephone to him at midnight in an agony of repentance and beg his pardon. Still, it was a strain on friendship and it was very bad for his blood-pressure. He could not deny it: as one dear old lady told him to his face, his views on the war did not show good taste. That was after she had suggested a way of combating the submarines and Latimer had shouted, 'Nonsense!'

Decidedly, if Mrs. Latimer had not been living with him for thirty-five years, she would have found it hard to live with him now. His going was by the doctor's orders. He was not sorry to go. He longed for the peace of mind that had been his before Von Kluck outflanked it. He was fond of Sister Harriet's cooking. He took his golf-clubs along as a matter of etiquette; what he would do would be to walk — 'I am still good for fifteen miles a day, my friend.'

'Three miles a day will do nicely the first week,' said Dr. Gross. 'And only one newspaper a day, the smaller the headlines the better. No letters; as little conversation as you can live on. Work in the garden, take your good old Walter Scott along and go to sleep over him whenever you feel like it.'

'There's more life and wit in a page of Scott,' shouted Latimer, 'than in a trunkful of your Wellses and Bennetts.'

'All right,' said Dr. Gross. 'I said anything that will keep you quiet. If you can go to sleep on Bennett, I have no objections.'

'I have never read him and never will,' sputtered Latimer.

'But why shout?' said the doctor. 'And remember, if you behave yourself, you can come back in a month. If not, it's for the duration of the war!'

III

He began by obeying orders. He dozed while the train ran across the desolation of the Hackensack meadows and climbed the foothills of commuterland. He woke in fifteen minutes greatly refreshed. Mrs. Latimer's resolution must have given way when she laid in her stock of light literature for his journey. Tucked away among the all-fiction magazines he found a copy of the *Nation*. Manfully he passed by the editorials, the foreign correspondence, the letters to the editor and the chronicle of the week, to give himself to a lengthy review on a New Syllabary of Early Babylonian, a subject of which he knew nothing whatever, but which he could always follow with interest. It was one of those conscientious bits of work in which the reviewer points out that the author has erred in rendering an obscure text, 'I, the King, have built

six temples for my glory,' and that the proper translation would rather be, 'I, the King, have bestowed six oxen on my daughters (nieces?)' He read the article through, and was on the whole inclined to believe that oxen and daughters was the sounder version. From Babylonia he drifted on to a letter on the London dramatic season by the wise and gentle William Archer. In the middle of the second page a name caught his eye and he read quickly for half a minute.

'That is a lie!' he called out; so loudly that the lady in a black velvet hat with a green veil in the next chair turned to look at him. He did not notice her. He was staring for the second time at the lines that had roused him to such swift condemnation.

'There are some things for which war destroys one's palate,' Mr. Archer wrote, 'and Mr. Shaw's persiflage is one of them. His whole habit of mind is out of place in such a crisis, and I cannot but think that an uneasy consciousness of this fact leads him to exaggerate his foibles and to assume an aloofness, not to say a callousness, which he does not really feel. He gives one the impression of caring for nothing so long as he can crack his joke. I am sure that in this he does his real nature injustice.'

'That is a lie,' said Latimer, and threw the paper from him. There was hot wrath in his eyes and his face was a dull red in its framework of close-clipped whiskers. 'Injustice to Bernard Shaw's real nature! This *is* his real nature!'

The lady in the black velvet hat made up her mind about him and returned to her magazine.

He had read much of the real nature of the author of *Man and Superman*. He had heard anecdotes of the man's kindliness; the secret charities that lay behind the mask of japing irreverence. He had wished them to be true, but this war had made it impossible. Yes, there are people who do not wear their hearts upon their sleeves. Yes, there are shy people who will scold to conceal the shame of tenderness. But there must be a limit. 'I refuse to believe,' said Latimer to himself, 'that there is a real nature which can be permanently concealed. Smith robs his employer and shoots his wife in a drunken rage. Very well, perhaps I do not know his real nature. But when Smith reveals a talent for burning down orphan asylums, when he takes pleasure in administering poison to canary birds, when he likes to jostle cripples from the sidewalk into the traffic,' — Latimer cudgeled his brains for specimens of Smith's iniquity, — 'please, please, don't ask me to fix my mind on the man's real nature. Or at least tell me when that real nature *will* exhibit itself. If the calvary of a world, if the blood of millions, if the dead of the Lusitania and the babies slain by the Zeppelin, if the spectacle of a world in dissolution and rebirth, is not enough to bring out the real nature in Bernard Shaw, then tell me what will. Nothing! Nothing!'

'I beg your pardon,' said the lady in the green veil. 'Were you addressing me?'

Latimer turned utterly red.

'I beg yours, madam; I was only talking to myself,' he said.

'Oh,' said the lady, and went back to her magazine.

'I am violating orders,' thought Latimer. 'I must be calm.' And he went to look for calm in the smoking compartment. It was dinner-time and he had the place to himself. He lit a cigar and watched the shadows falling on the hillside.

'The trouble with me,' thought Latimer, 'is that I have no measuring-stick for life. I have no formula. I am just a sentimental old fool. I go about saying,

"What does this mean, what does that mean, what does this whole idiotic, booming confusion of a world mean?" Because I have no standards and no formulæ to explain away things as they happen, they shatter me and keep me awake nights. Why should I always be agonizing over Russia and over General Nivelle and the submarines and American democracy after the war? The trouble is, I am a clumsy amateur of life.'

He thought of the others, the professionals he called them, the men of his own station in the clubs, the colleges, on the newspapers — thinkers, writers, politicians, reformers, standpatters, socialists, æsthetes, revolutionists, and Satanists, — the men who had worked out their formula, — they called it creed, — who had perfected themselves in the use of their professional yardstick, which could measure everything and appraise everything.

'Lucky dogs,' thought Latimer, 'nothing can shake 'em, nothing can puzzle 'em, not even a world war. It fits into their formula, and if the war has to be clipped a bit before it fits, or the formula has to be stretched a bit, what's the odds? But most of the time the facts are made to fit the formula. For every Socialist whom the war has converted to a new explanation, there are five who have converted the war to the Socialist explanation. The Pacifist who wrote books before the war to prove that war had become economically, socially, and psychologically impossible — will he admit now that he was in error? Not at all; the war only proves his contention, though how, I have not for the life of me been able to determine,' thought Latimer. 'The man who argued that only a great standing army could have kept the United States out of war — does Europe of August 1, 1914, armed to the chin, worry him? Not at all. A little twist to the facts here and a little turn to logic there, and the formula is as good as ever. Oh, the comfort of a good, double-jointed, collapsible, extension formula! Oh, the saving on a man's heart and nerves!'

Only one cigarette at a time, Dr. Gross had said; but the question was, when did the new régime begin. Could the train journey be properly regarded as part of one's vacation? Obviously not. Old Gross must have referred to the moment one stepped out of the train at Williamsport. But this much he would do without loss of time — he simply would not give another moment's thought to the war. And, by heavens, he would *not* have another cigarette!

He picked up a picture magazine. It was sedative. Film stars; Ty Cobb in action; multimillionairesses hoeing potatoes; drawing-room in the new 200-foot motor-yacht Aloha; Billy Sunday in action, and underneath the picture, in large type in a box, 'Billy Sunday's Own Formula: How I Keep Myself Fit.'

He did not study the formula. He lit a cigarette and thought of Billy Sunday and the vast roaring assemblies that went on in New York in the early months after we had entered the war. Surely the war should have made its mark on Billy Sunday and his gospel, if on any one. Here was a man whose concern was entirely with the soul; and what had not happened to the souls of men since the summer of 1914? The war could not help but drive some men, through despair of humanity, to take refuge in God. It should have driven others, through despair of finding a meaning in things, into a denial of God. Some change there must have come, and that change should have been registered in Billy Sunday, given the man's preoccupation with God and Satan.

Latimer smiled to recall the evangelist on the platform, as he had seen him only a fortnight ago. The mental outlook, the methods, the verbiage, all the tricks of the game were exactly what they had been during the last half-dozen years. The painfully spontaneous, piping-hot sermons were the same, except for an occasional interlude of flag-waving — the timely 'gag' with which the vaudeville performer seasons his carefully rehearsed 'act.' The show was the same. For Billy Sunday the war had not been. Precisely like the chorus-girl processions with drums and flags in the Broadway midnight theatres.

No; whatever might be the effect of the war upon our world of twenty-five years from now, for the present the old formulas held. It was Business as Usual, Salvation as Usual, Militarism as Usual, Pacifism as Usual, Socialism, Suffragism, Æstheticism, Advertising, Athleticism as Usual, Mr. Bernard Shaw as Usual, Mr. H. G. Wells as Usual; even the pictured advertisements of ready-made clothes in the back of the magazine, Distinctively Different, as usual.

The clouds were scurrying in from the west, and rain-drops spattered on the sill of the open window. He took in with parted lips, gratefully, the little puffs of cold wind. The train was laboring upwards in sweeping loops; the hills were closing in from either side — shadow, mountain, cool, and wet. Everywhere was the glint and murmur and freshness of water. It was the region from which the great city one hundred and twenty miles away gathered in its drink and its cleanliness. The country was a-brim — ponds, streams, dams, bridges, rain, shallow reaches among the boulder beds, springs, rain, wells, wells —

Yes, even though Mr. Wells, as a result of the war, did discover the Kingdom of God. What then? Wells the materialist, Wells the sexualist, the irreconcilable critic of stale and shop-worn faiths, the reorganizer of life in accordance with the latest schedules from the institutes of technology — was not the case of Wells the case of Ignatius Loyola, of Francis of Assisi, of Saul of Tarsus? Alas, no, Latimer felt. In this reaction of Mr. Wells to the war and to God, he saw only a busy professional spirit at work. It was the man's business to respond to the great question of the moment, to make of himself a sensitized plate, as the hack phrase went. Precisely as the modern, acutely alive Wells had responded to the new technical education, to the new democracy, to the new woman, to the new morality, so now, 'Hello, here is something very tremendous going on: it is a world war, it is the biggest thing yet, and I, Wells, gifted cosmic reporter, who have recorded and analyzed all kinds of social phenomena am going to tackle this huge proposition!' And the result was the Kingdom of God. Latimer did not mean to question the sincerity of the Wellsian report; but somehow it was not quite Paul, Francis, Ignatius. It was not the case of a great event seizing on Mr. Wells and wringing his entrails.

'No, I take it all back,' said Latimer. 'I apologize. What an eager, searching spirit it is, this man Wells! Suppose he does turn out answers to the world-riddle which next week go into the junk heap? They are working hypotheses. Some day he will find the right answer. While I —'

'The trouble with me is that at the age of sixty-two I am still drifting,' said Latimer. 'Too sentimental, too sincere; an ancient arteriosclerotic baby.' For the space of five minutes he was very unhappy. Then a warm current of satisfaction invaded him. He was immensely pleased with himself at being sentimental and vibrating and

utterly open-minded in a world full of shrewd, practical people.

And that in turn reminded him how hungry he was. He did not share his wife's distrust of railway food, and since it was inevitable that he should be violating her long list of instructions, there was no harm in beginning now. Only he must not do it all at once. He picked out a table all to himself, so that no one would speak to him about the war.

IV

A chill rain was falling when he left the train at Williamsport. He had thought that Harriet might be at the station, and had worked himself up into a fine emotional glow. She was not there. The disappointment, the rain, the dim lights and the mouldy smell of the archaic railway shed, made him feel suddenly cold and tired.

An elderly dignitary in best Sunday clothes of black, with a black bow under a turn-down collar over a starched shirt, climbed out of the driver's seat of a buggy and shuffled across the platform. It was old Runkle, who with Mrs. Runkle comprised his sister Harriet's domestic establishment.

At the sight of the man Latimer felt the recent evil years fall from him. Here was something of the good old solid world he once had known. Old Runkle was still wearing his heavy black worsted and starched shirt from May to October. With the first fall of snow he would put on a corduroy vest and a straw hat and so go about his labors. Why, no one had ever been able to discover. But it was good to find it so.

'Hello, Nicholas!' And Latimer's hand shot out and seized Runkle's limp fingers. 'How's my sister?'

'Hrumph,' said Runkle and turned away. He piled the luggage under the driver's seat and climbed in.

'And Selma?' asked Latimer as he buttoned the flaps of the wagon against the rain.

Now Selma was Mrs. Runkle.

'Hrumph,' said Runkle, and clicked to the horse.

Latimer laughed. He should have remembered that Runkle's attitude to newcomers in Williamsport was one of consistent suspicion. Runkle spoke to no one the first twenty-four hours after a meeting. Not even to Harriet when she came back from a visit to town, bringing with her presumably some of its taint. Strangers had to undergo a quarantine of three days before Runkle answered questions. It was good to find things as they had been, thought Latimer. He fell into a doze.

Harriet was not at home. The Red Cross local, Selma told him, was being reorganized at a special meeting in the Methodist church and she would probably be late. Latimer was not to sit up for her. His supper was waiting for him and his room was ready. Selma showed an inclination for light conversation. But he had eaten, and he was tired and a trifle homesick.

'You are looking younger than ever, Selma,' he said; 'I think I will go to bed.'

V

The sun was on the grass and in his eyes when he came out on the porch next morning — the first one to stir in the house. He opened his mouth to the quickening breeze from the hills. He made no haste to renew acquaintance with his surroundings. Rather, like an elderly epicure, he let the savor of the familiar scene swim in upon him. Lazily, but with a friendly smile, he identified it bit by bit — the trees in their places, the outbuildings quite where they ought to be, and all the minute geography of the garden. He went down to the lawn to let his eye run

over the old house; and finding it quite itself from cellar-window to chimney, nodded his greeting to it.

He let himself out of the gate and strolled down Main Street. The village was asleep. The ancient chairs on the porch of the general store were waiting for their daily load of sages and loafers. Behind the closed doors of the post-office lay the promise of a day's emotion for an entire community. To Latimer there came across the years a whiff of the cool and awe which summer mornings used to bring to a lonely little boy in a small town. He would get up with the sun, slip on his clothes, and wander through such a street of drowsy shop-windows and barred doors, a street of dreams and poetry. Then, of course, he had no words to clothe the peace and wonder that encompassed him. And now that he had the words, he would often try to bring back the miracle of those fresh mornings; but it would not come except at unbidden moments and as a dissolving mist that vanished as he snatched at it.

He turned off from Main Street and into an unpaved road where the houses, close set at first, thinned out into open fields. He peered over fences into small garden-beds whose primitive colors were still wet with the dew. He stopped to listen to sleepy, metallic noises from back kitchens, where the altar fires of the common life were being lighted for the day. He smiled over the scattered childhood casualties of yesterday — a rag doll abandoned in the swinging chair in the garden because of an enforced retreat to bed; a pair of horse-reins with bells on the porch-steps; a bonnet with ribbons dangling from the door-handle.

A furious scandal-mongering was under way in the tree-tops, where the business of the day had been going on for some hours.

And then, above the chatter of the birds at their front doors, Latimer heard a squeal of pain. It came from close to the ground, apparently a few steps away, under a barbed-wire fence which enclosed a vacant lot. The sound was repeated, and Latimer, stooping close to the ground, discerned commotion in the grass under the fence. He ran to the spot, plumped down on his knees, and parting the grass with his hands, nearly let his fingers fall on a little, twitching mass of reddish-brown hair under the bottom strand of the wire. Brown eyes looked up at him in pain and fear.

'Poor little devil!' said Latimer. 'Out to see the world, and seeing it with a vengeance.'

The guinea-pig, trying to slip under the wire, had caught its pelt in the prongs and succumbed to panic. It insisted on twitching forward, and so drove the barbs in deep, and as it struggled it squealed. Latimer laid a firm hand on the palpitating little body, and with the other snapped the wire upward. The little beast gave one loud cry of pain and relief, and with a squirm was out of Latimer's grasp and scurrying back to a hutch in the neighboring garden, which it never should have left.

Latimer remained on his knees, and watched the adventurer out of sight. He saw blood on the finger of his left hand and the wire was brown with rust. For a minute or two he sucked his finger before twisting his handkerchief around it, his mind nevertheless engrossed with the departed stranger. And while he was still cording the handkerchief around his finger, with his knees in the grass, he found himself thinking aloud.

'O guinea-pig under the barbed-wire,' said Latimer, 'dumb brother now licking your lacerated fur, deeply humiliated, in the sympathetic family

circle, take no shame for your misadventure. If you must whine, whine; but those are honorable scars, won against the hereditary enemy. More splendid reputations than yours have been ripped and torn by barbed-wire — Von Moltke and Viscount French of Ypres, Ian Hamilton and Von Kluck and Nicholas Nicholaievitch. Some have been more fortunate than others, but none has escaped from the barbed-wire with a whole skin. Lick your fur without undue shame, dumb brother of the back-garden. Joffre, Friedrich Wilhelm, Kuropatkin, and Sir Douglas Haig are licking theirs.

'Only you are greater than any of these. Who are you, you ask? I will tell you, silent brother of the back-garden and the research laboratory. You are the ultrascientific guardian of life, and the barbed-wire is our perfected formula of death, and the encounter between you two is the tragedy of man in this our twentieth century.'

(Latimer observed a stirring in the grass at the other end of the vacant lot. A blunt nose was thrust out from under cover and a pair of brown eyes peered across the zone of safety. The guinea-pig was fast recovering from its wounds and succumbing to curiosity.)

'Not in vain, inarticulate brother,' went on Latimer, 'has nature bestowed on you and your mate a bounteous fertility. You and yours are the cannon-fodder for the General Staffs of bacteriology. Your regiments are perpetually mobilized for the defense of our race. Into your veins we inject all the ills and poisons of our higher civilization — anthrax and diphtheria, cancer, smallpox and tuberculosis, leprosy, meningitis, pneumonia, typhus and typhoid, and all the infections of the eye and ear, of nose and throat, of bone and muscle and cartilage and nerve and gland, which humanity has accumulated in its march upward. All these bitter questions we put to you with the hypodermic needle and the scalpel, and you give answer. You react positively or you react negatively, but always to the full measure of your ability, and most often at the cost of your life. So it is your tiny paw which falls cool on the fevered heads of little children, and mothers counting the red lines on the clinical thermometer give thanks to you, O guinea-pig, who, strictly speaking, art neither pig nor from Guinea, but only six inches of wild rabbit, the friend of man, the martyr and scapegoat of humanity, and the close associate of little boys and girls.

'Yes, you do your best, silent brother. And when with your aid we have saved a million little children from diphtheria and meningitis, and they have grown into strapping, clear-eyed young men, the barbed-wire takes them.'

(The guinea-pig had launched himself into a sudden dash across the field, with the mad intention of trying a second bout with the wire, but came to a stand-still at the sight of Latimer, a few yards away.)

'Take no shame in your wounds, little snub-nosed Field-Marshal,' continued Latimer. 'He is no mean opponent, this barbed-wire. He is a snake in the grass and a mighty rampart. By driving stakes into the ground and stringing thin threads of steel, we have created ten thousand miles of fortress and made a jest of Jericho and Troy and Camelot, of Vicksburg, Plevna, Metz, and Verdun. It is well for Cæsar and Napoleon that they are dead before the age of barbed-wire. Their fame would now be hanging in shreds on its teeth. It is the mightiest instrument of death we have invented, the most portable, and the most economical, showing the heaviest returns for every dollar invested.'

(With the same unreasoning impetus

that had brought him forward, the guinea-pig whirled about and dashed off to his house across the field.)

'You do right to be wary of your enemy, silent brother,' said Latimer. 'Do not give in to him, but do not despise him. There are difficult times before you. For after this barbed-wire age there may come the age of barbed-wireless. A machinist may press a button and a hundred thousand men will be impaled on a network of flesh-eating vibrations. To-day it is a tie between you two. But you must look to the future, to the casualties of the barbed-wireless age, and the greater supply of life for the growing demand. Give heed to preparedness. Multiply your kind for the test-tube and the microscope, O crown of brute creation, mightier than Behemoth, more conquering than the lion of Judah, guinea-pig, brother, fulcrum of our scientific universe!'

(Latimer paused, held his nose to the wind, and quickly got to his feet. From the kitchen giving on the back-yard to which the guinea-pig had retired came the delightful fragrance of frying bacon.)

'I feel much better already,' said Latimer as he made his way back through Main Street, which was just starting into life. 'How lovely the old place is! I must come back more often.'

And if some reader should object that the preceding discourse, because of its measured cadences, should properly have been set down as free verse instead of as prose, I would point out that the guinea-pig, listening without the text before him, would not have known the difference.

VI

Harriet, the night before, had triumphantly reorganized the Williamsport Red Cross by having herself elected president and treasurer, and she was now hurrying to catch the 8.59 for Bloomingport, to make extensive purchases of cotton and gauze. Hence she considered it a very happy suggestion of her brother's that he load a knapsack and start out for a few days in the hills.

Latimer teased his strong-minded, capable, crisp-tongued sister.

'But you are under instruction from Lucy' — Lucy was Mrs. Latimer — 'to take particular care of me.'

'I am,' said Harriet; and ran for her train.

At the gate Latimer was accosted by Nicholas Runkle, whose suspicions of him had softened sufficiently overnight to permit conversation.

'When d'ye think now this war of theirs will be over, Professor Latimer?' said Nicholas.

'You know as much about it as I do, Nicholas. A year perhaps.'

Nicholas looked around to see if he was overheard.

'I don't believe there's goin' to be any fighting,' he said. 'I don't believe we are goin' into the war.'

'But we are in it. Half a million men are drilling.'

'So they say,' said Nicholas, with an ironic upward twist of the lips.

(Ah, thought Latimer, the old fellow is suspicious of the war. He is determined not to be imposed upon.)

'One thing I can tell you,' said Latimer; 'America won't stop till every German helmet has been cleared out of Belgium.'

'How do I know the Germans are in Belgium? I have to take their word for it,' said Nicholas.

Latimer grew angry, slammed the gate behind him, laughed out loud, and returned.

'Nicholas, —' he said.

Nicholas Runkle believed that Doctor Cook discovered the North Pole

and that Admiral Peary was an impostor. He believed that Congress was forced to declare war by the secret machinations of the Catholic Church. He believed that Kitchener did not perish off the Orkney Islands, but is alive to-day, a prisoner in the Tower for having sold military secrets to Germany for the sum of $100,000,000 and the promise of the British crown under German suzerainty. But he had his doubts as to whether President Wilson really wrote his messages on a typewriter, and he was convinced that the city of New York had nothing like the population credited to it in the Census reports. In no case would Nicholas take 'their' word for it, 'they' being various gigantic conspiracies for disseminating false information — the Catholic Church, which Nicholas thought of as meeting at midnight in subterranean places for the framing of mischief; the newspapers, which received their orders every morning in a sealed envelope from the office of J. P. Morgan and Company; the colleges; and the book-publishers, who were the worst conspiracy of all.

As against the books published by such publishers associated for the deception of the people, Nicholas had in his attic room a very impressive library that really told the truth. They were books in paper covers, put out at the author's expense, in a job printing office that evidently dispensed with proofreaders. The authors had plainly frustrated the evil conspiracy of the public schools for the dissemination of the elementary rules of grammar. They usually began with the Seven Circles of Existence and the Universal Law of Vegetarianism as developed by the sages of India; and from these premises went on to prove that Cook had discovered the North Pole, that Mr. Roosevelt had Japanese blood in his veins, that the Catholic Church was responsible for the failure of the wheat crop, and so forth.

'Nicholas,' said Latimer, 'do you believe the earth is which — round or flat?'

Nicholas twisted his lips to a point and would not answer. Flat, of course. And if people believed otherwise it was because the school-book-publishers had to make a living.

VII

Harriet had pointed out that for the purposes of mountaineering Latimer's wardrobe was overstocked in starched collars and red cravats, and deficient in rough foot-gear. She directed him to the General Store.

'Dekker's Emporium,' Latimer read on the sign. 'Except for the word Emporium, which shows the urban influence, there is about the primitive aspect of this store sufficient evidence that the old spirit is maintaining itself. Dekker is an ancient name in this region. It harks back to the Palatinate and the year 1700, when the sturdy German farmers first made their way into the valley of the Delaware. That there should still be a Dekker keeping store argues the persistence of the past.'

From behind a wall of packing-cases piled up to the ceiling at the back of the store, an elderly, quick-eyed person with a closely cropped red beard came forth at the sound of the door-bell. His alert manner in the presence of a customer was not of the rural shopkeeper type. Latimer tried to identify in his features the traits of the eighteenth-century Palatines, and was puzzled. He believed he had stumbled right at the start upon a remarkable example of eccentric racial development.

'Mr. Dekker?' said Latimer.

'This used to be Dekker's, yes, sir,' said the proprietor. 'My name is Rosenbaum.'

'You are new here?'

'Three years this June,' said Rosenbaum.

'I should like a pair of shoes.'

'Certainly. Our new line is just in. Something about —?'

'The price hardly matters,' said Latimer. 'I want a pair of comfortable shoes.'

Before Latimer had composed himself to his ethnological discovery, Rosenbaum was holding up a shoe by the latchet for his approval. It was in patent leather, and Latimer thought it extremely attractive; but he recalled what Harriet had said about comfort as the first requisite.

'No,' he said. 'Show me something that will stand hard wear.'

Rosenbaum flashed behind the counter and returned.

'Our best-seller,' he said. 'The cloth top comes in three shades, but this is the most popular.'

'You don't quite follow me,' said Latimer. 'I want a plain, all-leather shoe, broad toe, heavy soles; the kind all your people here buy.'

Rosenbaum looked up in dismay.

'This is what they all buy. I have n't had a call for any other kind for a month.'

'Let me understand you,' said Latimer. 'You assert that the demand for shoes in this community is confined to patent leathers and cloth tops?'

'Well, now and then, some of the old fellows from up the mountain will ask for the other kind.'

'That is the kind I want,' said Latimer. 'See if you can find a pair.'

And something of the kind was found among the discards in the storage room behind the packing-cases.

'Anything in the line of socks?' said Rosenbaum.

'By all means.'

'Silk? Half-silk? Lisle? I can show a first-class assortment.'

'No,' said Latimer, 'cotton. Double-soled if that is possible, or wool if they are not too heavy.'

Rosenbaum made a second trip to the back room and after a search brought back two pairs of heavy, blue cotton socks. Latimer proceeded to change his foot-gear. The act of stooping put him into a perspiration and he bethought himself of flannel shirts.

'We have them in madras, pongee, silk,' said Rosenbaum. 'Soft cuffs or laundered.'

Latimer lost patience.

'A couple of gray flannel shirts of the kind that the people around here wear about their ordinary occupations.'

'But they don't,' said Rosenbaum. 'They never wear rough flannels. The summer visitors do. Only this is early in the year.'

Latimer made shift with a plain gray sweater, which Rosenbaum hunted up in the limbo behind the partition, after his customer had rejected a white sweater, in half silk, with scarlet facings round the collar. Rosenbaum would charge only a nominal price for his derelict stock, and this led to a friendly argument which passed by natural gradations into a discussion of Biblical literature, into which it is not my purpose to enter. It seemed that Rosenbaum believed that the Old Testament was written by Moses, punctuation marks and all; whereat Latimer sighed, shook hands, and set forth on his journey. It was now well on toward nine o'clock, and the village was alive.

(To be continued)

SOCIALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM

BY JOHN SPARGO

I

THE ideal of internationalism is older than any existing nation; it is older than the Christian religion; but as the *credo* of a great movement, the inspiration of millions, it is a modern phenomenon. It is the great merit of Socialism — grudgingly conceded by its bitterest opponents — that it has implanted in the breasts of millions of earnest souls in all lands a passionate love for all mankind, a sense of international fraternity.

Even before Marx, Socialism in its utopian form was deeply impregnated with the spirit of internationalism. Saint-Simon, whose Socialism was profoundly religious, identified it with international solidarity. And while it is impossible to conceive of two thinkers more unlike than the gentle French mystic and the stern German realist, Marx was greatly influenced in his thinking by the author of the *Nouveau Christianisme*.

Marx made internationalism the religion of a class in revolt, thus infusing it with a burning passion. Thanks to Marx, international solidarity became the object of impassioned faith: —

> C'est la lutte finale!
> Marchons tous, et demain
> L'Internationale
> Sera le genre humain!

So the protesting millions, the grimly earnest soldiers of social revolution, have sung in all the tongues of civilization.

No one who knows anything of the great Socialist movement can doubt that in this passionate faith in international solidarity, in the oneness of all peoples, there is a great spiritual quality, a visioning of the universal brotherhood of man. For the revolting proletariat seeks freedom, not as a step to the mastery of others: its aim is the destruction of all rule of class by class — freedom for all mankind.

The spiritual quality of this proletarian internationalism differentiates it from the mechanical economic internationalism of commerce and finance, and from the intellectual internationalism of science and learning. Unlike these, it has the sacrificial spirit and passion which are essentially religious and which inspire martyrs. For this reason men have respected and honored the Socialist movement for its internationalism, even while opposing it on account of its economic and philosophical teachings and its social programmes. That is probably why, in those fateful days and hours of the summer of 1914, the world rested its faith on the sincerity and integrity of the Socialists, and believed that they would somehow avert the dread catastrophe of war. It was not to organized Christianity, the religion of the Prince of Peace, that the hope of the world for peace was turned, but — suggestive irony! — to the 'irreligious' Socialist movement.

The outbreak of the war revealed the fact that proletarian internationalism was a frail wand, not the sturdy staff we had believed it to be. Once again

it was shown that a great movement had been inspired by a shibboleth which it had never closely scrutinized. The watchwords of internationalism have been of incalculable service to the Socialist movement. To declare one's belief in internationalism gives one a sense of exaltation, a feeling of the imminence of the Kingdom of Human Brotherhood. But when the war came, it was apparent that the shibboleths of internationalism so fervently chanted for two generations had lacked intellectual significance because they had never been precisely defined.

Amid the agony of the war and the bitter humiliation of failure the Socialists in all lands are now engaged in the task of defining the old terms. They have discovered that two may say the same words but have meanings as far apart as the poles. To the non-Socialist the controversies which have arisen within the ranks of the Socialists upon this matter of definition appear as manifestations of the ancient struggle between instinct and reason — instinct leading outward to the vision of world-brotherhood, reason holding down to the national need. That there is this conflict between spiritual romanticism and the prosaic realism of life it were idle to deny. That is the experience of every great movement, as it is the experience of every sincere and thoughtful mind. How few there are among us who have missed the despair that comes from trying to keep our feet upon the mud and clay of earth the while we hitch our wagons to far-off stars!

II

For some Socialists internationalism is a synonym for antinationalism. They adopt the view of that sinister figure, Michael Bakunin — that 'the social question . . . can be satisfactorily solved only by the abolition of frontiers.' They reject not merely the baser patriotism whose motto is, 'my country right or wrong,' but that natural love of country which has none of the elements of chauvinism and is compatible with an intense love for all mankind. They declare that the internationalist can recognize no special obligation to a particular country; that the true Socialist must be 'a citizen of the world.' Some go so far as to say that the working people can have no rational choice between despotic and democratic governments so long as the present system of capitalism prevails.

This is the doctrine of anarchism. It is not consistent with the Socialist philosophy. That it should be accepted by many who call themselves Socialists is only another illustration of the manner in which the clear stream of Socialist thought is muddied by the infusion of anarchist and syndicalist elements. The very nature of the Socialist philosophy requires the preservation of national unities — a fact which has guided the international policies of the movement from the founding of the first International.

A radical clergyman in New York City, obsessed after the manner of his profession by a passion for symbolism, places all the flags of civilized nations in an iron pot over a fire and 'melts' them. He then pretends to draw from the pot a red flag, symbolical of international Socialism, and unfurls it to the breeze amid the cheers and plaudits of his hypnotized followers. This much-exploited ceremonial was intended to symbolize the passing of nations and their replacement by a world-organization undisturbed by the lingual and cultural distinctions which divide the world into national groups. This is not anti-national perhaps so much as it is a-national, the negation of nationalism. It is certain that this is the gospel which inspires many Socialists to-day.

Its acceptance, however, necessarily involves the abandonment of the distinctive policies of historic Socialism.

The name and authority of Marx — *Pontifex Maximus* — are invoked in support of these views so alien to the spirit and history of Socialism. The fact is that Marx in his youth proclaimed views which are essentially at one with those of Bakunin, already quoted. Thus, in the famous *Communist Manifesto* we find the idea that 'the working classes have no fatherland.' Marx argued with force that the development of international industry and commerce tends ever to bring about identity of industrial processes and, consequently, of 'uniformity in modes of life.' This, he prophesied, would lead inevitably to the disappearance of national peculiarities and contrasts, of national feeling and patriotism.

This prophecy has its hold upon many Socialist minds to-day, notwithstanding the fact that Marx later advocated policies which implied the abandonment of his youthful generalization. The appeal of systems of international speech like Volapuk and Esperanto to a certain type of Socialist mind depends for its strength upon the desire to accelerate the coming of the sort of internationalism we have been discussing.

As a matter of dull drab fact, the romantic generalization of Marx has not been fulfilled. National consciousness has persisted and even flourished. The Frenchman is as much a Frenchman to-day as was his grandsire of the Napoleonic era. The Briton remains as truly a Briton as any of his ancestors. Capitalism has indeed developed an internationalism, rudely interrupted by the war, but it is not the kind of internationalism which extinguishes national feeling. And there is an internationalism of Labor. For the moment we are engulfed in a wave of reaction: blind hatred rules the hearts of millions. But the most significant fact in the world of international politics before the outbreak of the war was the growing solidarity of the working classes in all lands. But this international solidarity of Labor does not eliminate national consciousness, that natural patriotism which inspires each man with a special attachment for the land of his birth and for its institutions and traditions. It has come to be the belief of the responsible leaders of Socialist thought in all lands that national feeling will not disappear; that it is, indeed, a very precious thing. The best of civilization has its roots in nationality. 'The Socialist who cannot be a good patriot cannot be a good internationalist. I tell American Socialists clearly and emphatically that a man can simultaneously be both a good Socialist and a good American,' stoutly declared M. Camille Huysmans, the able secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, during the much-discussed Stockholm Conference.

In his maturity Marx recognized the fact that nationality is an enduring thing, and not in itself an evil. He was twenty-nine years old when he wrote the *Communist Manifesto;* forty-four when the International Workingmen's Association was formed. That his thought upon the subject had undergone a great change in the fifteen years intervening is evident from the policies which, under Marx's guidance, the International adopted. It was one of the cardinal features of its policy to defend the rights of peoples struggling for national independence, as, for example, the Poles. And from that time onward it has been an unquestioned policy of the movement to champion the cause of oppressed nationalities, and to oppose every movement looking toward the subjugation of peoples. The Socialist International has championed the cause of the Irish, the Finns, the

Poles, the Armenians, the Bohemians, the Hindus, and all other peoples struggling for national independence and freedom. This policy it could not have taken with sincerity and honor if it had regarded nationality as an evil thing and believed its extinction desirable.

Internationalism is not a synonym for a hatred of nationalism. Rather, internationalism presupposes nationalism. It is the interrelation of free and independent nations, their union by fraternal ties. The life of individual nations is a precious thing to be preserved. Just as the individuality of the separate human beings comprising society must be preserved if we are to have a great and a worthy social state, so the life of individual nations must be preserved if we are to have a great and worthy internationalism. As Georges Renard, one of the clearest of Socialist thinkers, has said, 'The end which Socialists are seeking to attain is not the disappearance of national unities: it is the grouping of nations in great peaceful federations, which shall gradually draw closer so as to embrace the whole civilized world; it is the gradual elaboration of international laws which shall organize humanity, as state laws have organized nations. But that great structure which we wish to build — vast enough to contain the whole human race — will have nations as its pillars: it will rest on their strong foundations, which have been cemented by the labors of ages, and whose destruction would bring about its own ruin.'

This conception of internationalism — fundamental, let me repeat, to Socialism — cannot be abandoned without sacrificing the very soul of Socialism. If the dreamy visionaries whose hostility to individual nations is as marked as their hostility to the capitalist system are permitted to gain their ends, and to determine the future policy of the Socialist movement, their triumph will mean the ignominious end of historic Socialism. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the Socialism of Marx must rest upon the ever-growing union of free and fraternal nations, not upon the suppression or 'benevolent assimilation' of small nations by larger ones. Many an earnest Socialist has fallen into the error of reasoning by analogy: if it is well that small business units should be crushed or absorbed by bigger ones, in order that there may be greater efficiency and less friction in the industrial world, why would not the absorption of small states by big ones, and the elimination of innumerable causes of friction which would result, be a good thing? With this philosophy more than one ardent Socialist has condoned the rape and spoliation of Belgium! During the South African War a number of English Fabians argued similarly, that Socialists should welcome imperialism as a form of internationalism, since it was opposed to the separatism of small nations.

According to the principles which we have outlined, the invasion of Belgium was an assault upon the foundations of internationalism. No Socialists could support their government in its attack upon the integrity and independence of a friendly neighbor state without being disloyal to proletarian internationalism. And the Belgian worker, fighting to defend his fatherland and to repel the invader, was fighting the cause of internationalism. In truth the cause of his fatherland and that of internationalism were one and indivisible. For there is a patriotism that is coincident with the highest internationalism. The patriotism that is braggart and chauvinistic and narrow leads away from internationalism to imperialism and war. But the patriotism that is brave and generous, and noble leads away from imperialism and war to fraternalism and peace.

III

What, then, must be the relation of the Socialist internationalist to the nation of which he is a citizen? In times of peace this is not a very difficult question to answer. To use whatever powers are available to bring the nation to the acceptance of Socialism, and to conduct its international relations with justice and friendship to all nations, is the obvious duty of the Socialist. It is in times of war that the answer to the question becomes difficult and perplexing. At several international congresses before the outbreak of the present world-war the Socialists of the world tried to lay down some principle or set of principles by which the different Socialist parties might be guided in times of war and threatened war. This subject was last discussed at the Copenhagen Congress in 1910, when it was referred to the next congress, to be held at Vienna in 1914. The war made the holding of that gathering an impossibility. Events moved with such cyclonic rapidity in the summer of 1914, that the attempt to hold the congress at an earlier date and at some other place than Vienna utterly failed. Had it succeeded, the whole course of events might have been materially changed.

At the Stuttgart Congress, in 1907, there was a memorable debate in which the principal participants were August Bebel, the great leader of the German Social Democracy, Jean Jaurès, the eloquent apostle of French Socialism, and Emile Vandervelde, president of the International Socialist Bureau, now a Belgian Minister of State.

Jaurès proposed a radical policy: in the event of a war-crisis arising, the workers must take action to prevent the war by means of public agitation, the general strike, and insurrection. This course, if it were energetically pursued in the belligerent countries would, so Jaurès argued, effectually prevent war.

Bebel would not countenance this policy. He supported a resolution which declared, in substance, that capitalism is the cause of war and Socialism the only remedy, and advocated the avoidance of military service and refusal to vote any money for the support of armies, navies, or colonies. When Jaurès demanded to know specifically what course the German Socialists would adopt in the event of war being threatened between France and Germany, Bebel made no response. There is much food for thought in the impassioned questioning of the great French orator: —

'If a government does not go into the field directly against Social Democracy, but, frightened by the growth of Socialism, seeks to make a diversion abroad; if a war should arise in this way between France and Germany, would it be allowable in such a case that the French and German working-classes should murder one another for the benefit of the capitalists, and at their demand, without making the extreme use of their strength? If we did not try to do this, we should be dishonored.'

Vandervelde begged the Germans to answer the question of Jaurès, pointing out that by their refusal to do so they were practically destroying all hope of international proletarian action for the prevention of war, and forcing the Socialists of other countries to be reconciled to militarism. 'The majority of the Congress finds that it would be an evil thing if the French plunge into an anti-military agitation, while the Germans oppose it as much as they possibly can,' said Vandervelde, with pointed candor.

Bebel took the position he had taken earlier at the German Party Congress

at Essen, that Socialists could never support a war of aggression, but should always support wars waged in defense of their fatherland.

This position Kautsky, the great theoretician, opposed with vigor. He argued against the position of Bebel, that to adopt the principle that Socialists must defend their fatherland and support their governments in wars of defense, opposing them only in waging wars of aggression, would be a surrender to the capitalist class. It is not always possible to tell with certainty which power is the aggressor, and it will always be a simple matter for the government of a country to persuade its citizens that its policy is purely defensive.

To this Bebel replied that such deception of the workers may have been possible in the eighteen-seventies, but not to-day.

Kautsky argued further against Bebel, that in certain circumstances Socialists might welcome an attack upon their country because it weakened their government. 'If, for example, Japan had attacked Russia, were the Russian Socialists obliged to defend their nationality, to support the government? Certainly not.' [1]

What, then, is the principle by which Socialists should be governed in times of war? Kautsky answered that question by saying that, because the workers' interests are never opposed to the interests of other nations, the Socialists should determine their policies, not by the criterion of defensive war, but by that of proletarian interests which at the same time are international interests. According to this view, in the event of war Socialists must ask themselves, 'What is best calculated to advance proletarian interests?' and shape their policies in accordance with the answer.

Soon after the outbreak of the present war Kautsky abandoned the criterion of proletarian interest as being quite as unreliable as that of the differentiation between aggressive and defensive war. Experience has shown that French and German Socialists, while accepting the principle in good faith, arrive at opposing conclusions. The French Socialists identify the victory of France with the interests of the proletariat, while the German Socialists identify the victory of Germany with the interests of the proletariat.

Is there, then, no principle upon which a clear and binding policy, valid for the Socialists of all countries, can be based? To this question Kautsky makes affirmative reply: —

'One may dispute who is the attacker and who is the attacked, or which threatens Europe more — a victory of Germany over France or a victory of Russia over Germany. One thing is clear: every people, and the proletariat of every people, has a pressing interest in this: to prevent the enemy of the country from coming over the frontier, as it is in this way that the terror and devastation of war reach their most frightful form, that of a hostile invasion. And in every national state the proletariat must use all its energy to see that the independence and integrity of the national territory are maintained. That is an essential part of democracy, and democracy is a necessary basis for the struggle and victory of the proletariat.'

According to this view, the sole aim of the Socialists must be the protection of their country from the enemy, not the punishment of the enemy or his humiliation. Although he does not say so, presumably Kautsky would protect only the actual territory of a nation, not its ships at sea, for example, though

[1] The reader will bear in mind that this refers to the Russia of that period — 1907. — THE AUTHOR.

these are, alike in law and logic, part of the national domain, and attacks upon them may be a very serious form of 'invasion,' menacing the very existence of a people.

The Stuttgart Congress decided upon the following policy: If ever war threatens, the Socialists in the countries affected must take all possible steps to make the outbreak of war impossible. If, despite their efforts, war actually breaks out, they must strive to bring it to an early conclusion and use all the opportunities offered by the economic and political crises produced by the war to further the Socialist programme. This resolution was reaffirmed at the Copenhagen Congress in 1910.

IV

This was the status of Socialist opinion and policy upon this question when the First Balkan War brought the Socialists of the leading European countries face to face with the grave peril of a general European conflagration. That a war in the Balkans would be exceedingly likely to embroil the whole of Europe had long been recognized, not only by Socialists, but by all thoughtful students of international politics. A special and extraordinary congress was held at Basel, Switzerland, in November, 1912, to consider what the various Socialist parties must do. This was the last important international Socialist congress prior to the fateful events of 1914. Unlike previous congresses, which had been able to confine themselves to statements of general principles, the gathering at Basel had to deal with the reality of war. It was confronted by an actual condition, not a theory. Its declarations are, therefore, of cardinal importance.

In addition to confirming the Stuttgart resolution already referred to, the Basel Congress emphasized the threat of actual revolution as an effective weapon in the hands of the Socialists in their efforts to prevent war. 'The fear of the ruling classes that a revolution of the workers would follow the declaration of a European war has proved to be an essential guaranty of peace. The Congress therefore requests all Socialist parties to continue their efforts with all means which appear to them efficacious.'

The warning to the European governments is plain: 'Governments must not forget that, in the present frame of mind of the workers, war will not be without disaster for themselves. They must remember that the Franco-German War resulted in the revolutionary movement of the Commune; that the Russo-Japanese War gave an impetus to the revolutionary movement in Russia; and that the competition in armaments in England and on the Continent has increased class-conflicts and led to great strikes. It would be madness if the governments did not comprehend that the mere notion of a European war will call forth resentment and fierce protest from the workers, who consider it a crime to shoot each other down in the interest, and for the profit, of capitalism, or for the behoof of dynastic ambition and of secret diplomatic treaties.'

The caution of this statement and its lack of revolutionary fire indicate a state of mind little likely to adopt heroic measures.

In the midst of a war affecting the independence of the various Balkan nations, and likely to lead to a general European war, the Basel Congress took the historic position of international Socialism, that the independence and integrity of nations is an essential condition of internationalism. It affirmed the right of each of the Balkan nations to full autonomy. It urged the Socialists of the Balkans to struggle for the

establishment of a democratic federation of the Balkan states as the only possible basis for their peaceful development. The Congress clearly recognized that the people of the Balkan states might be called upon to defend themselves against powerful aggressive nations, and that it would then be the duty of the Balkan Socialists to assist in that defense. The Congress laid upon the Socialists of the Balkans the duty of promoting fraternal goodwill among the workers of Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Greece, Turkey, and Albania, and of opposing vigorously all attempts to deprive any state of any of its rights.

The programme which the Congress set before the Socialists of Austria-Hungary is comprehensive and far-reaching. Not only must they especially oppose all attacks by Austria upon Serbia, but they must work for the liberation from Austrian rule of the various subject Slav nations. They must coöperate with the Socialists of Italy to protect Albania and secure her autonomy.

In the opinion of the Basel Congress not only does internationalism require the freedom and independence of all peoples, but it imposes an obligation upon all Socialists to make the liberation of suppressed nations their concern.

The Socialists of Austria-Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina must continue with all their strength their successful efforts to prevent any attack of the Austrian monarchy upon Serbia. They must *continue to resist in the future as they have done in the past any attempt to take by force from Serbia the fruits of war or to transform that country into an Austrian province*, and thereby to embroil the peoples of Austria-Hungary and other nations of Europe in conflict in the interests of the ruling dynasty. The Social Democratic parties of Austria-Hungary will also have to struggle in the future to secure democratic autonomy for all the southern Slav nations within the frontiers of Austria-Hungary and at present governed by the Hapsburg dynasty. The Socialists of both Austria-Hungary and of Italy will have to give special attention to the Albanian question. The Congress admits the right of the Albanians to autonomy, but recognizes the danger that, under the guise of autonomy, Albania might become the victim of Austro-Hungarian and Italian ambitions. This would not only constitute a danger for Albania herself, but might in the near future threaten the peace between Austria-Hungary and Italy. *Albania can become really independent only as an autonomous unit in a democratic federation of the Balkan states.* Therefore, the Congress calls upon the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Socialists to combat any action of their respective governments which aims at drawing Albania within the sphere of their influence, and to persevere in their efforts to consolidate the peaceful relations between Austria-Hungary and Italy.

The duty of the Socialists of other countries was clearly set forth: In the event of any warlike policy being undertaken by the Russian government, whether by attacks on Constantinople or on Armenia, even for the avowed purpose of protecting the Balkan nations, the Socialists of Russia, as well as those of Russian Poland and Finland, must immediately inaugurate a revolutionary fight against Czarism, to bring about its downfall. The Socialists of Germany, France, and Great Britain must demand that their governments abstain from intervention in the Balkan trouble and refuse all support to either Austria or Russia. The workers of Germany and France must recognize no secret treaties making it necessary for their governments to interfere in the Balkan conflict.

The Congress expressed the opinion that 'the greatest danger to European peace is the artificially fostered animosity between Great Britain and Germany,' and directed the Socialists of

those countries to work for an understanding between the two nations upon the limitation of naval increases and the abolition of the right of capture of private property at sea.

V

The declarations of the Basel Congress seemed to provide an adequate and satisfactory policy of internationalism for the guidance of the Socialist parties of the world. In place of the hortative generalizations of earlier declarations there was now a comprehensive programme of specific measures. Throughout it was emphasized that internationalism rests upon nationalism; that the maintenance of the independence and integrity of nationalities is essential to the realization of internationalism. And yet within less than two years Europe was plunged into the greatest war in all human history, and the international solidarity of the Socialist movement was broken and destroyed.

Supported and inspired by Germany, Austria-Hungary rejected all offers of mediation and arbitration. The Socialists of Austria at once fastened upon their government responsibility for the war. The German-speaking parliamentary representatives of the Austrian Social Democratic party declared: 'We are convinced that the Serbian government would not have been able to offer any opposition to these demands of Austria-Hungary, which are sanctioned by international law, and would, in fact, have offered none. We are convinced that all that Austria-Hungary demands could have been obtained, and can still be obtained, by peaceful methods.'

The German Socialists on the eve of war placed the blame at the door of Austria-Hungary. The proclamation of the party, issued on July 25, declared that the war fury was 'unchained by Austrian imperialism.' While condemning the behavior of the Greater Serbia Nationalists, the proclamation especially condemned 'the frivolous war-provocation of the Austro-Hungarian government' whose demands were characterized as 'more brutal than have ever been proposed to an independent state in the world's history, *and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war.*'

Notwithstanding their appreciation of the guilt of their governments, the majority of the Socialists in the Central Empires decided to support those governments once war was declared. In Austria-Hungary the Socialists took the position that they were justified in this policy by reason of the Russian peril, and that it was for them a defensive war. They were opposed only to Serbia and Russia; they were not directly in conflict with the democratic nations of Western Europe. Moreover, they were not called upon, as the Germans were in the case of Belgium, to support the invasion of any neutral nation. For these reasons the conduct of the Socialists of Austria-Hungary has been more indulgently regarded than has that of their German comrades who supported their government against France and England and in spite of the outrageous crime against Belgium.

The position of the Belgian Socialists needs no explanation or defense. To have refused support to their government in its efforts to repel the invader would have been a base betrayal of all that Socialist internationalism has represented in the world.

But what of France? How came the Socialists of all sects and factions to unite in supporting the Republic in its alliance with Russia? The Basel Congress had enjoined upon the Socialists of France the duty of repudiating the alliance with Russia, and Jaurès and

other French Socialist leaders had denounced that alliance in unmeasured terms. The Congress had likewise laid upon the Socialists of France the duty of using their power to prevent their government from supporting Russia, just as it had declared it to be the duty of the German Socialists to prevent their government from giving support to Austria. And yet in the decisive hour all sections of the French Socialist movement united in support of their government and in defense of the Republic.

Under the magnificent leadership of Jaurès the French Socialists loyally observed the rules laid down for their guidance by the Basel Congress. They brought pressure to bear upon their government to withdraw from the alliance with Russia if (*a*) Russia did not consent to mediation and arbitration, or (*b*) if she took the initiative in declaring war. There is ample evidence that the French government honestly and bravely acted in accordance with these principles. On the 30th of July, at the great peace demonstration in Brussels, Jaurès announced with deep conviction, 'The French government is the best peace ally of that admirable government of England, which took the initiative toward mediation. And it is influencing Russia by its counsels of wisdom and patience.' A few hours before his death at the hands of a cowardly assassin Jaurès had an interview with the highest officials of the French government and received convincing assurances of the sincerity with which the course suggested by the Socialists was being followed. The act of the government in ordering the withdrawal of the French troops ten kilometres from the frontier was an indubitable pledge of its good faith.

Germany declared war upon Russia and France, and rejected all attempts at mediation. She also attempted to induce Belgium against her will to lend her assistance in an attack on France, yet it was apparent that the German Social Democrats would not make any effective resistance to the action of their government. Under such conditions the French Socialists must either give up all idea of defending their country, and so abandon the very basis of internationalism, or they must accept as a temporary necessity of the war the alliance with Russia.

As soon as the war broke out the Socialists of Italy began a vigorous agitation demanding that the country remain out of the war and that the alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary be repudiated. Sincere in their advocacy of neutrality, they were not by any means neutral in their feelings. Their sympathies were all on the side of the Entente Allies. At the end of July, 1914, the Socialists served notice upon Premier Salandra that any attempt to lead Italy into the war on the side of Austria would be met by revolution. 'We can assure you that, if Italy mobilizes her army and commands it to march to the direct or indirect support of the Germans against France, that very day there will be no need of any effort on our part to make the Italian people revolt.'

While from the first the Socialists of Italy sympathized with the cause of the Entente Allies and wished for the defeat of the Central Empires, they strove hard to keep their nation out of the war. Though some of the most distinguished leaders of the movement favored the entrance of the nation into the war on the side of the Entente, the party stood for neutrality. Soon after the war began, the German and Austrian Social Democrats sent a mission to Italy, ostensibly to explain their attitude but in reality to influence the Socialists of Italy in favor of the Triple Alliance.

The Italian Socialist party issued a statement which was a scathing denunciation of Germany and Austria and of the German Socialists. It described the mission as 'an offense against the dignity and independence of Italian Socialism,' and declared that by its support of the German and Austrian policy of aggression the German Social Democratic party 'forfeited the right to the title of International Socialists.' The statement proceeds: 'We express our desire that this infamous war may be concluded by the defeat of those who have provoked it — the Austrian and German Empires. For the Empires of Austria and Germany form the rampart of European reaction, even more than Russia. . . . If the German and Austrian Empires emerge victorious from the war, it will mean the triumph of military absolutism in its most brutal expression. . . . In this war is outlined on one side the defense of European reaction, on the other the defense of all revolutions, past and future. . . . And because of this we must affirm that there remains for us only one way of being internationalists, namely, to declare ourselves loyally in favor of whoever fights the empires of reaction, just as the Italian Socialists residing in Paris have understood that one way only remains to be anti-militarist — to arm and fight against the empires of militarism. . . . This is our answer as Italian Socialists to the German Socialists.'

It will readily be understood why the opposition which the Italian Socialists offered to the proposed entry of their nation into the war on the side of the Entente Allies, in May, 1915, while undoubtedly sincere, was not characterized by the vigor and intensity with which they had in the previous year opposed the entrance of their nation into the war as a member of the Triple Alliance. The party has been seriously split on account of the differences which have manifested themselves on the question of the policy to be followed with relation to the war.

It is difficult to make a satisfactory brief summary of the position of the Socialists of Great Britain, owing to the divisions of the movement in that country. The oldest organization, — the orthodox Marxist British Socialist party, — with all other sections of the movement, opposed entering into the war. When the British government declared war on August 5, the day following the invasion of Belgium, the British Socialist party took the position that the fundamental principles of internationalism were being defended by the government and that the duty of Socialists to support it was clear. The Fabian Society soon came to the same conclusion, as did the Labor party, the political organization of the trade-unions. The Independent Labor party, popularly known as the 'I.L.P.,' the Socialist wing of the Labor party, continued to oppose the war with great bitterness. It has conducted a vigorous pacifist campaign, taking the position that England was not justified in entering the war. The British Socialist party and the Labor party have assisted in recruiting, but have not refrained from criticizing the government for its failures in matters of social policy.

VI

With the exception of small and relatively unimportant groups, all the Socialist parties of the world, including those of the Central Empires, have based their policies upon the conception of internationalism as the friendly interrelation and union for the common good of free and autonomous nations. Even the extreme 'patriots' among the German Socialists who have defended the invasion of Belgium have

attempted to justify it only on the score of that necessity which knows no law. At the opposite extreme, the English I.L.P. has never taken the position that armed defense of the nation's right to exist would be wrong; that the working-class has no interest in the preservation of the national independence. It remained for the Socialist movement in America to adopt a position so far at variance with the historic Socialist position.

The Socialist party of America is the most cosmopolitan of Socialist parties, as this is the most cosmopolitan of nations. Inevitably, therefore, the war gave rise to many controversies within the party. In the circumstances it might reasonably have been expected to keep to the old international ideals, and it is probable that it would have done so but for the preponderance in its membership of national groups whose sympathies were naturally with the Central Empires, as in the case of those of German and Austrian birth or parentage; or national groups opposed to those of the Entente Powers, as in the case of the Russian Jews and the Poles, bitterly hostile to Russia, and the Irish, equally hostile to England. Largely, perhaps by reason of the domination of the movement in this country by German influences, it has never appealed with any great degree of success to French, Belgian, Spanish, or Italian workers. The small representation of these nationalities in the party membership probably accounts for the fact that the policy adopted by the party has, almost from the beginning, coincided in a remarkable manner with the interests of Germany.

Germany protested against our insistence upon our indisputable right to sell munitions to belligerents. Her demand in the name of 'Humanity,' that we place an embargo on munitions of war, was in reality a demand that we revise international law in her interest. Such a revision of international law would admirably serve to enslave the world to militarism, for it would place the world in subjection to the nation best equipped with arsenals. It was, in a word, a demand entirely inconsistent with a policy of true internationalism, yet it was urged by the Socialist party of America as energetically as by the German Foreign Office. At the very time the German Ambassador was urging that the government of the United States warn its citizens to keep off ocean-going steamships, the Socialist party was making an identical demand; and it offered the excuses of Potsdam for the Lusitania outrage as well as for the invasion and spoliation of Belgium. For the ruthless violation of those limitations upon warfare and militarism which constitute such an important part of the fabric of internationalism, — such as the protection of hospital ships, the immunity of non-combatants at sea, and so forth, — Potsdam and American Socialism offered the same vain excuses and explanations. Never once was there any condemnation of Germany's conduct. Even the deportation into the worst kind of slavery of many thousands of Belgian workers called forth no protest. When President Wilson was urging Germany to respect the rights of all neutral nations, the official party organ, in big black headlines, called him 'The Maniac in the White House.'

It was quite proper that the party should oppose our entrance into the war. That was a legitimate exercise of the prerogatives of citizenship. But Socialist opposition to participation in the war by this nation did not need to be cast on the same model as the propaganda of the German secret service, and to adopt the excuses and sophistries of German diplomats and statesmen.

Following the declaration by Congress that a state of war existed between this nation and Germany, the Socialist party, at an Emergency convention attended by some two hundred delegates, adopted a resolution which cannot be regarded otherwise than as a repudiation of Socialist internationalism and an adoption of anarchist a-nationalism. Ignoring the assaults of Germany upon the fundamental rights of this nation, it declared our declaration of war to be 'a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world.' It placed our entrance into the war on a lower scale than Austria's war upon Serbia or Germany's upon Belgium: 'In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage.' It declared that no single government was to blame for the war, and that the war was 'not the concern of the workers.' It made no distinction between the Belgian workers fighting to repel an invading foe and the German workers fighting to subdue a neutral and friendly nation. Utterly disregarding the great moral issues involved, which are of fundamental importance to any true internationalism, it called upon 'the workers of all countries to refuse support to their governments in their wars,' the Belgian as well as the German! It warned the workers 'against the snare and delusion of so-called defensive warfare,' and declared that 'the only struggle which would justify the workers in taking up arms is the struggle of the 'working-class of the world to free itself from economic exploitation and political oppression.' In other words, only the Social Revolution justifies the workers in taking up arms.

This is the antithesis of historic Socialism. In the circumstances any successful propaganda in this country based upon this doctrine would be worth many army corps to the German military machine. Considered apart from the existing circumstances, simply as a statement of principles which should guide Socialists, the resolution is remarkable for its abandonment of the principles of internationalism which from the days of Marx have guided the movement. It places the Socialists who accept it in direct opposition to all uprisings and wars for national independence. According to this declaration of principles, no people can be justified in arming itself to repel invasion by barbarian hordes. Such a doctrine is subversive of civilization and morality, and no movement based upon it can ever gain the support of the best elements of mankind.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN SILAS JONES[1]

FROM THE LOG OF THE AWASHONKS

On the 28th of December, 1833, I sailed on the ship Awashonks of Falmouth, bound to the Pacific on a sperm-whaling voyage. The Awashonks was one of the first-class ships in the whaling business, owned by Captain Elijah Swift and others of Falmouth, and commanded by Captain Prince Coffin of Nantucket. The first officer was Alexander H. Gardner and the second William Swain, also from Nantucket. I joined the ship in the capacity of third officer, and belonged to Falmouth.

The ship's company consisted of twenty-eight men, including the officers. A young man named Daniel Wood and a lad named John Parker were from Nantucket, and one lad named Thomas Gifford belonged to Falmouth. The remainder were from almost every section of the country.

During the first part of our voyage nothing of importance occurred, except that ill-fortune seemed to accompany us while pursuing the object we sailed for. We doubled Cape Horn after an ordinary passage, cruised down the western coast of South America and stopped at a port in lower Peru for refreshments. After leaving that port, we ran westerly, and whenever we had occasion to go to any port during the remainder of the voyage, it was to some of the islands in the middle and western part of the Pacific Ocean.

In May, 1835, after having made several unsuccessful cruises, we set sail from the island of Tahiti bound to the northward, soon reaching the Equator. We cruised westward, and for three months were favored by fortune, having obtained in that time about four hundred barrels of sperm-oil. We had touched in the mean time at a number of islands in the King Mills group, and were accustomed to seeing many natives on board. At one time, in particular, while near one of the group, we captured three whales, and took them in; and the next day, while passing the islands, the wind fell away and left us becalmed about two miles distant.

The natives came off in great numbers, and I presume that at one time the number on board would exceed one hundred. They were the most destitute, degraded set of beings I ever saw, taking every piece of meat they could get hold of and eating it raw with as much eagerness as carrion hawks. But we never received any harm from them, always keeping men on station ready to suppress any assault from them.

After leaving this group, we experienced a very strong westerly current, — on some days setting the ship a distance of sixty miles in twenty-four hours.

On the first of October we were in 168 degrees of east longitude, on the Equator. Captain Coffin had determined to leave the ground, proceed to the northward to the coast of Japan, thence to the Sandwich Islands. We had been a few days on the passage when one evening he observed to me, while I was on my watch, that we

[1] This narrative is transcribed verbatim from the record of Third Officer, afterward Captain, Silas Jones. — THE EDITOR.

should probably see an island before morning, and gave me orders to keep a sharp lookout for it through the night. I asked him some questions about the island, but he had no knowledge of it except what he received from the chart. It was there called Baring's Island, in latitude 5° 35′ N., longitude 168° 13′ E., not inhabited.

The next morning, on the fifth of October, about sunrise, the man from masthead discovered the island ahead, about twenty miles distant, bearing N.N.E., wind from east. We made a course directly for it until night, when a squall came over and obscured the island till ten o'clock, the wind in the mean time being near southerly. We had expected to pass to windward of it, but when the clouds had passed off we found that we could not weather it with safety. Consequently we ran before the wind near the south shore to pass under its lee. The south shore extended from east to west about six miles, where it terminated in a sharp point around which, on the west side of the island, was an opening to a large lagoon, which extended a distance of four or five miles, leaving but a narrow belt of land or sea-wall of coral formation, no part of which would exceed half a mile in crossing.

When running down the south shore, we noticed among the rich foliage, which gave the island a very interesting appearance, many cocoanut trees and plantains. We also saw many natives running along the beach in the same direction as ourselves. When abreast of the entrance of the lagoon, three canoes were seen approaching. The captain then observed to the third officer that he would stop there an hour or two and endeavor to get some fruit, and gave directions to heave the ship to, headed from the land, a half-mile distant, with the main topsail to the mast.

The three canoes came alongside directly, each with three or four natives on board. Their contents, which was not more than three or four dozen cocoanuts and two bunches of plantains, were passed on board by them, they receiving in exchange pieces of hook, iron, ivory, and the like. They appeared satisfied with their trade and were all allowed to come on board.

The first who came up the side was their chief, as we supposed, by his seeming to exercise some control over the others and by his personal appearance. He was decorated with a string of teeth of some fish which he wore around his neck as beads are worn; his hair was done up in a peculiar style, and the lobes of his ears had been bored and the holes extended to the enormous size of two inches in diameter, in which was placed, on either side, a roll of yellow plantain leaf, not unlike a scroll of parchment. Around his loins he wore a string of grass which extended to his knees. The other men were in precisely the same dress with which nature had clothed them.

We endeavored to converse with them, but could not understand a word of their language, although we had natives of Tahiti on board. They were all well-formed, muscular men, of somewhat darker complexion than South Sea islanders generally, but in features and complexion approaching the Malay.

Directly after their coming on board, the captain ordered dinner although it still wanted a few moments to noon. He then, with the first two officers, went below to dine, ordering me to remain on deck, keep a lookout, and get an observation as the sun passed the meridian. The decks were left except by the helmsman and myself.

While I was engaged in getting an observation, the natives appeared to be somewhat frightened by the quad-

rant I held in my hand. It was new and shone very brightly. I presume they took it to be an instrument of warfare.

In a very few minutes the officers came on deck. I then went below. I told the captain other canoes were on their way to the ship. He then went on deck also. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes I went on deck and found that their number had increased to about thirty.

From the first of their coming on board, they appeared to give much of their attention to the iron work about the ship, and seemed to covet the articles in any form whatever. Attached to spars over the quarter-deck was a box containing fourteen cutting-spades, which it would be well here to describe. A cutting-spade is formed of a thin plate of steel, triangular in shape, having a long socket on the end, in which is inserted a pole. When completed it is about fifteen feet in length. When used for cutting whale overboard it is brought to a fine edge, and the mode of use is by a thrust, the same as a spear is used. As these spades were highly polished, the natives' eyes had rested upon them, and the captain, to gratify their curiosity, took one down and by signs showed them its use and placed it again in its box, which was about seven feet above the deck.

When I saw so many on board conversing in a tongue unknown to us and apparently much excited, I felt somewhat uneasy and placed myself in a position to watch their movements. I soon discovered one of their number bringing a war-club up the gangway, and immediately told the captain. He then addressed the first officer, giving orders to drive them off the deck. As the club came above the railing, I seized it, and after some struggle took it from its owner. I then saw them bringing another directly abaft me. I threw the first overboard, and endeavored to secure the second. While I was contending with the savage, my attention was arrested by much noise behind me. Looking around, with much astonishment I beheld the natives making a rush for the spades, a number of them having secured one. Among them were the first officer of the ship and one of the seamen.

I instantly left the savage with the club and sprang for a spade also, and was fortunate in securing one and making my way out of the group unhurt, which I have since considered a miracle, as spades were flying in every direction.

As soon as I was clear of them I passed over the main hatches on the opposite side of the quarter-deck, which was entirely clear. As I ran aft I thrust my spade at one who stood in front of the cabin gangway. His eye was fixed on me, and he dodged the blow and the weapon fastened itself in the woodwork behind him. Before I could secure the use of it he had gained a hold upon it. Another soon came to his assistance, and the two having hold upon one end of the staff and I the other, they forced me aft to the stern. We were then brought to a stand as the weapon was too unwieldy to be turned in any other direction by two parties. In that situation I drew up to the near one, still holding the spade in one hand, and gave him a few severe blows in the face, and, although he was as desperate as a tiger, he made no resistance but left me and went in pursuit of another weapon. I suppose it was a method of warfare he was entirely unaccustomed to.

Before I could repeat the same process upon the second, I noticed on the lee side of the deck a native, who had just stepped on board, advancing toward me with a spear in his hand. At this time there was not a living man of the ship's company abaft the windlass

on deck. I then left the spade and ran forward. When passing the mainmast, another spade came for me from the opposite side of the deck. As I ran I looked around and saw three in pursuit. My feelings were much excited. I hardly knew where I was going until I saw one of the hatches off. I made a spring and landed on the lower deck in the forehold, barely escaping my pursuers.

In the forehold, I found three or four seamen making preparations for defense, with Mr. Gardner, the first officer, who addressed me, saying, 'Oh, dear Mr. Jones, what shall we do? Our captain is killed and the ship is gone!'

I do not recollect having made any reply to these remarks, although he was an officer whom I esteemed very much as a kind friend and a worthy man. My strength was completely expended. I seated myself; and then, having partially recovered, the thought occurred to me that, if we could get possession of the fire-arms that were in the cabin, there was still a chance for us. The distance between us and the steerage was stowed with large casks standing on end. The space between these casks and the upper deck, about two feet, was filled with a variety of articles such as barrels, lumber, wood, and so forth.

I immediately commenced breaking a passage, and in the space of a very few minutes reached the steerage, where I found the blacksmith, who was sick and had been off duty for a month or more. He was partially aware of what had happened and joined me in breaking through a door; and, to my great joy, we found the cabin free of natives. We then went directly to my room, which was at the foot of the cabin-stairs. In my chest I had a pair of large pistols and a few charges of ammunition, which the captain had given me some time previous, when we had touched at other islands. It was the only ammunition I could readily lay my hand upon. After loading the pistols I placed them in the hands of the blacksmith, with orders to remain where he was and prevent any one coming down while I was getting the muskets ready. After looking in various places, I found a large tin coffee-pot filled with powder and a bag containing a few pounds of large buckshot. After charging the pieces, I called the blacksmith to me from my room, but received an answer from a young negro boy whose name was Charley who had, in the mean time, come from the forehold by the same passage as myself and said that, as he was passing the door, the blacksmith called him in, gave him the pistols, and had now gone between-decks.

At this time the natives were rejoicing over the victory they had won, the greater part having collected on the quarter deck; and such a noise as they were making over our heads would baffle all description. Some were singing, others were dancing, yelling, and pounding on the deck with poles and oars, and we thought at the time they were scuttling the deck; but such did not prove to be the case. They had discovered us in the cabin, and five or six were standing in front of the gangway with spades in hand. I fired the first charge through their midst, and if they had all been struck by lightning from heaven they could not have ceased their noise quicker than they did. The one who received the charge was helped to a seat in one of the boats which hung to the davits, and there he remained as long as he was on board.

We continued to fire a number of charges in quick succession, and every time they threw something in return; sometimes a spade, at others a harpoon, and once a spy-glass. We now numbered three in the cabin, the third being a

boy named John Parker, who had come from the forehold on hearing the reports of our pieces. With the assistance of these two boys, who deserve much credit for the coolness and dispatch with which they executed my orders, we could fire quite rapidly.

Looking out from the stern windows, we saw many canoes passing to and from the ship and the shore. Presently one approached within the distance of twenty yards of the ship's stern, with three natives in it; and although they all sat facing and looking directly at me as I leveled my piece, I was much surprised that neither of them manifested the least sign of fear whatever, not even changing their course, but came directly headed toward me, which convinced me that they were unacquainted with the kind of weapon I held in my hand. From the stern windows we kept up an effectual fire and stopped every canoe from reaching the ship, which was a great advantage gained by us.

While thus engaged, the fourth person, named Lewis, now entered the cabin. As he entered, he took from one of the boys a loaded piece and discharged it up the gangway, receiving, at the same time, a spade-wound severing one of the knee-joints. The smoke was so dense in the cabin that I was not aware of his presence until he called for help. I assisted him to a seat and placed a temporary bandage around his leg, and in that condition he assisted, voluntarily, in loading pieces for the remainder of the engagement. Lewis, an active able-seaman, possessing a happy, cheerful disposition, had gained the good-will of the whole ship's company, and his conduct here deserves notice. When the action commenced, he was on the lookout at the fore-top-gallant-head, and remained aloft until he heard the report of arms, when he came down within a few feet of the deck. Seeing no possibility of reaching the cabin by the upper deck, he sprang from the rigging over the heads of the natives and landed on the fore-deck in the forehold. In the fall he was violently ruptured, and before he could recover himself received several slight spade-wounds, one of which divided one ear in two parts at right angles. Nothing daunted, however, he advanced speedily to the cabin, and although, after the loss of one leg, he was in a shocking condition, yet, for nearly an hour in which he was actively engaged, I never heard a murmur from him or saw in his countenance the least sign of pain. On the contrary, he imparted cheerfulness and animation to those around him.

Our situation in the cabin at this time was full of interest to ourselves, and the responsibility resting on our efforts appeared to stimulate each one with strength and vigor. We were armed with four muskets, two pistols, and two good boarding-knives, to be used in case they should make a rush upon us.

We now heard a violent crash on the starboard quarter, and looking out the stern window to ascertain the cause, I saw a boat lying in the water, bottom-up, which they had cut from the davits. We waited patiently until it cleared the stern, the ship now going one and one-half knots, when we saw two natives sitting astride the keel, one assisting a third who was in the water apparently crippled. We discharged a piece or two in that direction and they toppled off.

The fifth person, named Daniel Wood, now entered the cabin in a crippled condition. When the decks were cleared he had been driven forward with the ship's company on one side of the forecastle, and when I left the deck was retiring abaft on the other. I saw him at the end of the windlass,

and he followed me directly into the forehold, not, however, until he had received with full force the blows of those weapons by which I had been driven forward. When this young man entered the cabin his strength was so exhausted by the loss of blood that he could render us no assistance whatever. By him I was told that the first officer was lying a lifeless corpse in the fore-hatchway, having received a mortal wound in the chest.

The next object called to our attention was the security of the helm. When the ship was hove to, the helm was put a-lee. The wind being very light and the sea perfectly smooth, it had remained in that position. Now we were convinced that some one was disturbing it, by the rattling of the chains which were used in place of ropes. I brought the breech of my gun to bear on the cabin floor and endeavored to discharge it directly through the deck; but owing to its vertical position and the inferior quality of the powder, I did not succeed until I had repeated the trial two or three times.

While I was thus employed, another person entered the cabin, who was no other than the blacksmith, who had deserted his post in time of danger, but now, when our party had become quite formidable, had returned to join us. He, perceiving my motions, took a loaded piece and brought it to as much of a level as he could in the binnacle. Both pieces were discharged at the same time and both were random shots, it being impossible to see the steering-wheel from the cabin. We thought our object gained, however, as we heard nothing more of the chains, and, looking from the stern windows, could see that the position of the rudder had not been altered so as to affect the ship's course materially.

When the natives had gained possession of the decks, they dispatched all the canoes from alongside as fast as they came, with one native in each to bring reinforcements from the shore, and when we gained the advantage which the stern-windows afforded us, we completely stopped all communication between those on board and the shore. Those on deck, being much reduced in numbers, were now somewhat wary in presenting themselves to our view. We had occasionally fired from the skylight, which was open on the forward side; but this was now blocked up by the carpenter's tool-chest which they had thrown before it and secured in such a manner that we could not easily remove it. In this state of things I held a consultation with my confidant, Lewis, the result of which was the decision to go on deck.

Our number amounted now to six, but only three, besides myself, were able to walk or stand, and only two of these, young Parker and Charley, I could rely upon in time of danger. I gave them directions how to proceed and, placing about my person the two pistols, took a gun in my hand. The others were armed, each with a gun. We advanced up the gangway. When on the stairs, I heard the sound of feet in shoes on the deck, and paused. The next moment the muzzle of my piece was grasped by one of the boat-steerers named Perkins. I called his name. He exclaimed, 'Oh! Mr. Jones, I did not know you were alive.' He then said, 'They are all gone. They are all gone.'

I told him to take a piece from one of the boys, and we all mounted the top-rail. In a few minutes the natives appeared at the surface of the water in a compact body about sixty yards distant. We discharged all our pieces at them, and, wishing them a speedy passage to that port where so many of their friends had been consigned, we parted.

In narrating events thus far, I have

confined myself, with a few exceptions, to those that came directly under my own observation, and it will be necessary here to record those facts which subsequently came to my knowledge.

By such facts it would appear that only half or two thirds of the ship's company were on deck at the time the attack was made, the remainder being in the forecastle and one at each masthead on the lookout. When the natives secured eleven out of fourteen spades, they drove all before them. Their first act was to kill the captain, which was instantly effected by nearly severing the head from the body. The first officer, who had a spade in his hand, thrust it through the one who had inflicted the blow on the captain; and before he could recover the use of it, was forced to retreat, and with him all those around him. The second officer, being further forward, did not notice their movements in time to make any resistance whatever, and, when the decks were cleared, he joined the others and all rushed forward together. The first officer and two or three seamen dropped down the forecastle, the second officer and three seamen went directly overboard, where they were soon destroyed, and others went aloft by the headstays. Such was the consternation caused by the attack that every one only thought of fleeing from danger and seeking safety for the moment.

Among those who were on the lookout was a boat-steerer named Perkins, who, being an experienced seaman, assumed command of those aloft and gave orders to brace the main-yard, which was easily accomplished by those forward as the main-braces run to the foretop, and by cutting many ropes a great portion of the sail was trimmed to the breeze, which was very light, however, giving the ship only one and one-half knots headway. He had watched the movements of the natives closely, and when he saw them making preparations to leave, he descended; and the moment the last was gone he was on deck where, as I have before observed, he reported to me their departure. Before leaving, each native took some one or more articles, which were chiefly of iron. When ready, all leaped overboard together and swam as far as possible before rising to the surface. I was told by Perkins that they had thrown all their dead overboard, among whom was their chief, who was shot at the helm. It appeared that when the blacksmith and myself fired at random for the helmsman, the shot fired by him had the desired effect, which was quite remarkable, the shot passing through five different boards before it struck its object, in which it entered the right side and passed out the left breast. He dropped dead instantly and was thrown overboard. One of the lookout, being in the mizzen-top, saw distinctly the manner in which he was disposed of.

Soon after we came on deck from the cabin, I was told by Perkins that the second officer had been killed overboard. Finding that the command had devolved on me, I gave directions to keep the ship before the wind, one of my party going to the forecastle to give the joyful news that the ship again was ours. I would here observe that the condition of those in the forecastle had been a very hopeless one. By those who left the deck it had been reported that I was killed while in conflict with the two natives on the quarter-deck, and they also knew the fate of the master and the other officers. On the deck in the forecastle, there lay, weltering in their blood, four wounded men who were completely helpless, and they had no knowledge whatever of any means being used to liberate them from their prison, which was well guarded. Owing to the constant

yelling of the savages, the report of the firearms could not be heard by them. When they came up and saw me standing on the quarter-deck, they ran aft and in the height of joy exclaimed, 'My God! Mr. Jones, we are glad that you are left us!' and many expressions of praise to me, which it was impossible for them in the fullness of their joy to suppress. I mention this incident to show by what sudden impulses the mind of the sailor is often turned, as I was well aware that one or two of those very men who were the most lavish in bestowing praises on me and showing gratitude to their Creator for my preservation, would but a very short time before this have swung me at the yard-arm with pleasure. And these different feelings all sprang from the same cause, which was my endeavoring to do my duty. Perhaps I do the sailors, who often possess noble hearts, a grave injustice, to couple such characters with them. The well-bred seaman will always show the highest regard for the officer who in the discharge of his duty is guided by justice regardless of consequences.

When the ship's company had all collected, I ascertained that six had been killed or lost. Only two of these were on board, however, the captain and first officer. The other four had gone overboard. One of these, the second officer, was soon killed; another, being no swimmer, was immediately drowned; and the other two were last seen by the lookout at a distance of about sixty rods, still swimming; but there is no doubt that they were soon destroyed.

The first object that now claimed our attention was the care of the wounded. We brought them all into the cabin, and as there was no surgeon on board, I was compelled by necessity to perform that duty personally. Upon a close examination of their wounds I came to the conclusion that out of seven wounded we should probably have to bury four in the course of a few days. I had never witnessed anything so shocking to my feelings, and their cases appeared to me as if beyond the reach of any skill which I could bring to their aid. Among them was a young man who had received the smallest cut of them all but the most immediately dangerous. A branch of the jugular vein had been severed and we were obliged to try many different methods before we succeeded in stopping the flow of blood; and when we had effected this, it was difficult to ascertain whether he was dead or alive. The wounds of the others were longer, varying from three inches to a foot in length and in most cases requiring the use of the needle, which operation I had to perform alone a part of the time, owing to my assistants being unaccustomed to such scenes. It was impossible for them to remain with me more than a few minutes before it was necessary for them to seek fresh air.

Toward morning, I had completed my task and consoled myself with the idea that we had done the best in our power for their welfare, except in the case of Lewis, whom I have before noted. I was fully satisfied that it was requisite that he should undergo the process of amputation immediately, and endeavored to convince him of the fact; but he preferred trusting to the chance of reaching port, where the services of a skillful surgeon could be obtained.

At the close of day we all assembled to perform the last and not least painful duty, that of committing to the deep blue sea the remains of our captain and first officer. It was both solemn and impressive. I know of no event calculated to impress one with the uncertainty of life more than such an occasion under such circumstances.

If one were there who did not sincerely thank his Creator for the preservation of his own life, he deserves not the name of man.

While the day lasted we had been steering a westerly course, although, it being near calm, we had as yet made only five or six miles from the land; and as soon as the shades of evening closed upon us we changed the course to the north, to elude them in case they should attempt to attack us in the night, for which event we were well prepared. All continued calm until two A.M., when a fine breeze sprang from the eastward, and before sunrise we had left the island far behind us.

The next day was the sixth of October. The breeze continued fresh and every preparation was made to proceed to the Sandwich Islands with all the speed possible. I had appointed two of the boat-steerers to act as officers and we sailed along finely until late at night, when the cry of 'Land,' was heard. I ran on deck and found it was very near us, and we put about and lay by until morning, when we saw a number of islands called the Elmore Group. This group consists of about twenty islands, varying from one half to a mile in length, thrown upon a coral bank which extends from north to south a distance of twenty miles. The space between them is very shallow water, with a fine clear bottom. As we ran past them under their lee, with a good breeze, smooth water, and all sails set, we saw many canoes put off for us, a half dozen or more from each island. They all fell short of us except one, which came quite near us; and as we could not converse with them I made signs for them to return to the shore; upon which they appeared much displeased and endeavored, by holding out some articles which they had brought with them for trade, to gain a passport on board. As they could pull their canoes much faster than we were sailing, they made repeated attempts to gain the side, but were as often warned off. They finally became very angry, showed us some frightful grimaces, and gave up the pursuit. My men, who were standing around me with loaded arms, were very impatient, and would have cheerfully disfigured their countenances when they were grinning at us so horribly, had I given my consent; but I did not wish to injure them without cause, well knowing that they would seek revenge at the first opportunity that presented itself.

The tack upon which we were now sailing was somewhat dangerous, and under ordinary circumstances it would have been imprudent to run during the night. But, as the weather was excessively warm, it was necessary for the preservation of the lives of those who were wounded to change the temperature of the air as soon as possible by running to the northward; and, depending upon a sharp lookout, we proceeded on our course. The next night we saw land again and lay by until daylight, when a large cluster of little islands appeared before us, somewhat similar to the Elmore Group, except that there were more of them and they were much smaller, some of them being only a few hundred yards in length. The navigator must have been deeply impressed with their similarity to a swarm of those little insects, when he so appropriately named them the Mosquito Group. This group is all located on one coral bank which stretches far to the northward of the islands and on which the sea breaks constantly. While we were passing these islands many canoes put off for us, but as we were sailing with a good following breeze they were unable to reach us. The next day after leaving the Mosquito Group we passed in sight of a long chain of islands extending from

north to south a good distance. As we had no occasion to go very near them we did not ascertain their limits. They were called the Rodick Chain.

We had now fallen in with land so often when we wished to avoid it, that the confidence which the ship's company had placed in me as a navigator became very much diminished. But I did not wish to establish myself in their opinion in that respect, knowing that our safety during the night depended very much on a good lookout, the charts of this part of the Pacific being of little or no use to the navigator. Perhaps one reason for their doubting my qualifications as a navigator was my want of experience, as I had performed only one sea voyage prior to this, and that as a seaman before the mast. Also, at this time I was but twenty-one years of age.

One night, while passing not far from a group of islands called the Piscadores, I had remained on deck very late. Thinking we were about clear of all danger, I went below to seek repose, leaving orders with the officer of the watch to call me at a stated hour. I had only time to get in a comfortable doze when he hurriedly called me and said that land was close aboard. I ran on deck and found the ship's company, who had received the alarm and many of whom had forgotten their toilets, all on deck forward. I coolly asked where the land lay, when a dozen men at once said, 'There it is,' pointing about two points off the weather-bow. I said I could see nothing that appeared like land. They thought it very singular when they could see it so distinctly. Some of them could see the breakers heave up on the sand beach, and others, whose imagination was still more expansive, could distinctly discern lights. The ship continued on her course, and had any land been visible we should have lessened the distance more than half. Finally they were forced to acknowledge that their eyes had deceived them, and I for the first time noticed this as one of the many instances which show how far the imagination will extend when aided by fear.

After leaving these chains of islands, we continued on our northerly course, free from danger, to the latitude of 32 N. and longitude 165 E., and although we had been many days on our passage, we were yet over two thousand miles from our port of destination. The wounded men were doing well, except Lewis, who continued to decline until mortification set in, and that soon carried him off. He died in forty days from the time that he was wounded.

The next day after he was buried, I discovered that mortification had begun on the person of a young man named Wood, which was a cause of much anxiety to me, as I could think of no means within our reach to prevent its extension. It was seated directly by the side of the spine, below the shoulders. After spending much time in consulting different authors, who all recommended amputation as the only sure preventative, and thinking that the process of amputation when applied to the spine would not produce very favorable results, I came to the conclusion that burning would be the only available means. As he was not aware of his dangerous condition, I waited until he had dropped asleep; then, securing him firmly to his bed and waking him, I applied a red-hot iron to the part affected. Although the operation was a short one, it was extremely painful; but it had the desired effect and he finally recovered.

On the twenty-fifth of November, after a passage of fifty days, we arrived at the port of Oahu.[1]

[1] Old name of Honolulu.

HAUNTED LIVES

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

It is my increasing belief, to which the careful observation and study of years give strength, that all lives may be said to be haunted in a greater or less degree by certain recurrent thoughts or influences or impressions or realizations, which, visiting and revisiting the chambers of the mind, probably from earliest years, come at last to dwell persistently with us, returning again and again like the French ghostly *revenants*, making free to haunt those long-closed rooms of the memory where once, it may be, they moved in the full daylight of consciousness and realization, as delights or dreads, joys or terrors of the soul.

'Two ideas,' says Pater, in writing of Leonardo, 'were especially fixed in him, as reflexes of things that touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions — the smiling of women, and the motion of great waters.' And later on, 'He became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modeling more skillful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion on dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention.'

So we seem to see Leonardo possessed always by the interest and beauty and meaning of faces, fascinated by the individuality, the infinite variety, the delicately interpretative meanings of them; reminiscent of the charm of them; visited by a hundred recurrent lovelinesses of them; preoccupied by their mystery; and above all, it seems, haunted and summoned by the lovely and enigmatic smiling of women.

To recognize this is to know much of Leonardo and his work; and even if we read no more of Pater's memorable essay, he has succeeded in these three sentences in bringing before us some impression of the essential man which is not readily forgotten, and has admitted us as it were to a partial knowledge of that great and diverse mind.

But all this is rare, very rare in biography. We write biography, for the most part, as we write history — with a leaning toward dates and successions of events.

M. Taine in the introduction to his *History of English Literature* makes a strong protest, it will be remembered, against this method of writing history. He cites Carlyle's *Cromwell* and Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal* as examples of the opposite and more modern method. In these event and happening are given but secondary place; in these it is always rather the subtle underlying causes which are touched on with particular insistence. It is the tragedy of the soul of Cromwell which is so memorably recorded by Carlyle; and by Sainte-Beuve it is the intricate psychology of an entire institution which is laid bare.

It is according to this method, Taine argues, not only that history should be written, but also that we should study

the literature of any nation. He then proceeds through his several volumes to his memorable consideration of English literature, dwelling repeatedly on the psychology of the English people as it manifests itself in their literature. He calls attention again and again to certain recurring ideas or ideals which manifest themselves persistently in this particular race, which haunt it almost as an individual is haunted by certain not always definite, yet strongly formative influences.

All this is not very new in substance, yet in application it belongs distinctly to modern times. It falls in with the spirit of research and inquiry so active in the past half century, and announces as with prophetic voice — for it was written as much as fifty years ago — the psychology of nations, of which we only lately begin to speak with real seriousness.

We have long admitted, it is true, a certain psychology of eras — a kind of 'soul' of certain times, or 'spirit' of certain ages, manifesting itself diversely in diverse periods. And, quite as the name of an individual not alone summons to the mind that individual and no other, but connotes a particular personality, so such wide phrases as 'The Elizabethan Age,' 'The Renaissance,' 'The Homeric Age,' the 'Age of Chivalry' do not alone designate certain ages, but in each case connote some essential quality which went to render that particular age memorable and significant. This quality is found to be in every instance dependent upon some idea or ideal which, drawing its power often from unremarked and not always discoverable sources, moulds and fashions the thought and motives of the times.

So the art, the science, the religion, the philosophy of any given age, all these do but flower from causes that have their roots deep under the surface; and he who would acquaint himself with any notable period must study, not so much the outward and obvious facts and happenings of that period, as the hidden and subtle forces lying beneath all these.

But if the true history of a people cannot be given, or the true spirit of an era be revealed by a mere citing of events, however important or carefully chosen, what shall be said of the futility of studying that infinitely more delicate thing, the history of a human soul, by method of index and compilation? Yet that is precisely what much of our accepted and well-credited biography amounts to, and we have little of what might be called the more modern method. One looks in vain in the average Lives of great men for any careful consideration or analysis of the remote causes or springs of personality.

Certain biographical facts are, it seems, expected and provided. These the average biographer sets out in a perfectly conventional order, somewhat as the host of the conventional inn (I hope I may be forgiven the comparison) sets out the usual *table d'hôte* in certain courses time-honored and anticipated. If the biographer is a well-known man, — if this be at the sign of Chesterton, or Colvin, or Birrell, or Gosse, — there will be added, without extra cost, the sprightly light wine of easy style.

In a well-known biography of Hawthorne we have for chapter titles the following: 'Early Years'; 'Early Manhood'; 'Early Writings'; 'Brook Farm and Concord'; 'The Three American Novels'; 'England and Italy' 'Last Years.'

In an equally well-known life of Keats, — and in lieu of something better it is perhaps the least unsatisfactory of them all, — we have, among other page and chapter headings,

'Leigh Hunt'; 'Determination to Publish'; 'Poems of 1817'; 'Margate'; 'Winter at Hampstead'; 'Doubts of Success'; 'Northern Tour'; 'Absorption in Love and Poetry'; 'Haydon and Money Difficulties'; 'The Odes'; 'The Plays'; 'Recast of Hyperion'; 'Last Days and Death.' It is true that there comes a whole chapter at the very last, under the promising title, 'Character and Genius'; but reading it hopefully, one finds but talk of 'self-control,' 'sweetness of disposition,' 'sympathy,' 'good sense,' 'honor,' 'manliness' — with a somewhat hackneyed reference to the Greek purity and the mediæval richness of imagery which characterize Keats's poetry, and a few words concerning his influence on a later age.

Now, considering the vivid and marvelous personality of the man, if these be not the bare bones and laboratory skeletons of biography, then I do not know bare bones or skeletons when I have sight of them.

No one questions that these are helpful if one is studying anatomy; that they may even be admitted necessary to an understanding of that timely temple of abode in which the fiery spirit for a while took up its residence; but to call this a 'life' of the man, which gives so little knowledge of his spirit's habits of living!

If I turn to a little volume of Shelley on my table, where only eighteen small pages out of five hundred and ninety-two are devoted, as it happens, to the same subject, and only at that to the closing incident of Keats's career, — his untimely death, — I find him spoken of in somewhat more adequate fashion.

I shall not quote the words metred out in verse, as they stand in the volume, but shall ask to be allowed to set them down as if they were mere running prose, as follows: —

For he is gone where all things wise and fair descend.

So much for the sense of shining and resplendent peace that comes with the going of so large a spirit! But let us read on. It is Urania now who is addressed concerning the poet: —

Thy youngest dearest one has perished; thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last. The bloom whose petals, nipt before they blew, died in the promise of the fruit, is waste; the broken lily lies — the storm is overpast. The quick Dreams, the passion-winged ministers of thought, who were his flocks, whom near the living streams of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught the love which was its music, wander not, wander no more. . . . And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head, and fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries: 'Our love, our hope, our sorrow is not dead; see on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies a tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.' . . . And others came, — Desires and Adorations, Winged Persuasions, and Veiled Destinies, Splendors and Glooms and glimmering Incarnations of hopes and fears and twilight Phantasies . . . all he had loved and moulded into thought from shape, and hue and odor and sweet sound, lamented Adonaïs. . . . He is made one with Nature; there is heard his voice in all her music, from the moan of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird; he is a presence to be felt and known in darkness and in light, from herb and stone, spreading itself where'er that Power may move which has withdrawn his being to its own; . . . he is a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely; . . . he is gathered to the kings of thought who waged contention with their times' decay, and of the past are all that cannot pass away.

And this further, this little bit about the poet's grave: —

Here pause, these graves are all too young as yet, to have outgrown the sorrow which consigned its charge to each; and if the seal is set, here, on one fountain of a mourning mind, break it not thou! . . .

From the world's bitter wind seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb. What Adonaïs is, why fear we to become?'

It will be objected that this is not biography at all, but poetry, and very famous poetry at that. I am aware, full aware of it. I have only to remark that, since there is a beating upon the gates and the starved people demand bread and there is none, 'Why then, let them eat cake!' There is perhaps more pure essence of biography in lines like these, which purport not to be biography at all, than in any pompous three-volume 'Life,' which comes decked in scarlet, and heralded by the trumpet-blasts of publishers well versed in the psychology of advertising.

Or take all these supreme lines away and leave me but that one by the same hand, 'The soul of Adonaïs like a star,' and I am not sure that I am not richer by that, than by many biographical chapters.

II

It has always seemed to me that the best possible biographer, even including the immortal Boswell, would have been Horatio. Ophelia might have been better still had she kept her poor senses. Even having lost them, she seems to do no less than draw back a shimmering veil from the soul and life of Hamlet in the few remarks she makes concerning him: 'Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?'

Horatio, never having dreamed, certainly, of writing an account of Hamlet's life at all, yet seems to set forth in his few words more of Hamlet than is to be found in all the commentaries. What is there not revealed in his 'Here, sweet lord, at your service,' and his 'O my dear lord!'

There is further evidence of his qualification, of course, in Hamlet's unforgettable words concerning him:—

> 'Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
> As e'r my conversation coped withal.'

and, at the very last, —

> 'Horatio, I am dead,
> Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
> To the unsatisfied.'

But that which fits Horatio more than all, it seems to me, to bring report to others concerning the life, the motives and character of his 'sweet lord,' is that he had long been aware of those fearful and familiar hauntings of his lord's mind — hauntings which, for the purposes of the play, must be dramatized into the very form of a ghost, but which were in reality something far subtler still, and less bodied. It was of these delicate and awful visitings that Horatio was, more than the rest, aware and sensitively expectant.

It is such an eagerness, such an expectancy, and such an ability as well, I take it, that are needed by him who would understand the life of any great man and would hope to interpret it to others. He who would give us an adequate study of any life whatsoever must, it would seem, reckon on and investigate those subtle hauntings of mind and spirit of which the biographers have, as yet, apparently, taken so little account, having left such investigations to be followed, and that only along somewhat morbid lines, by the psychiatrists and psycho-analysts.

For these, it is true, have recognized clearly that there are such hauntings, though they do not call them such. It is recognized by them that there is frequently an unconscious retention by the mind, and a repression within the unconscious self, of former striking and formative experiences. Freud and his followers tell us that an unpleasant or shocking experience, long dead to the conscious memory, may nevertheless return to haunt and newly shock and distress us when consciousness sleeps.

In dreams it is, they tell us, that morbid fears or hateful repressions or unlawful desires of all kinds return to move where they will, unhindered and invulnerable. In whatever scientific or psychologic terms we speak of these things, it all sounds very ghostlike, and the more so when one recalls that these haunting manifestations vanish at the awaking to consciousness, as ghosts at the crowing of the cock; then, be it ghost or old repression, 'the extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confines' once more.

The avowed task of the Freud school is the anticipation, the expectation, and at last the careful analysis of these morbid hauntings, these repressions and forbidden desires. It is the self-appointed task of the psycho-analyst to watch for these things, to recognize them, speak with them, and examine into their meanings and purposes, as Hamlet with the ghost of his father on the battlements of Elsinore. All this has been looked upon — rightly, no doubt — as epoch-making in the history of psychology, and more especially as it applies to the study and treatment of nervous and mental disorders.

But to deal only with the morbid hauntings of the mind is to look upon the gloom and night of things only. For, by the same token, it would seem there must be other presences not morbid; other haunting influences, not dreadful, but lovely. There must be without doubt many an exquisite or startling experience or impression, long since passed over into the world of our dead memories — perhaps the frail beauty of flower or leaf, some unearthly delicacy of laced moonlight on the floor of the forest, the spaciousness of dawn, the beauty of women, the kindly clinging touch of hands — some impression which found in us, in early youth it may be, a congenial abode, and returning to us again and again (never in the full daylight of consciousness, but in a dim and twilight fashion, in some delicate haunting form 'as the air invulnerable'), obtains at last a ghostly possession of some chamber of the mind, holds from there a kind of subtle occupancy of our thoughts, in time a sort of dominion over our personalities, and even at last, it must be, exerts a definite influence upon our characters.

For it is precisely the exact and delicate response to such subtle visitings, whether it be a visiting of fear and dread or of beauty and delight, which, expressing itself in the individual's manner of living and taste for life, we call personality; which, manifesting itself in his art, we call style; which, exhibiting itself in his purpose and action, we call character.

It is in this sense, then, that the lives of all of us, and very especially the lives of the great, may, without fantastical imagery, be said to be haunted. And if this be true, then it is obvious that, without reference to such hauntings, no so-called 'lives' or biographies of great men can be complete.

III

It seems likely that the new criticism must more and more take into account these delicate and psychological reckonings; but meanwhile how shall we, the unelect, seeking unacademically among the lives of the great, become aware of these subtle influences which forever haunt the characters and the works of great men? How shall we put ourselves sensitively in touch with that which is so essentially characteristic; with those mysterious influences of personality which, working together, make, for instance, a poem of Arnold's a poem of Arnold's unmistakably, and a painting of Raphael's so much his

own that we are wont to speak of it as 'a Raphael'?

Again I turn to Horatio. There must first of all be in us, I believe, a deep love of the men whom we would know — 'O my sweet lord!' There must be on our part all that loyal and watchful friendship which would make any hearsay or report concerning them a matter of interest to us; further, there must be that full intimate companionship to be had, not by hearsay at all, but only by living day after day with these men and their works; and lastly, there must be in us a sensitiveness to spiritual and haunting presences in their lives — a patient and sensitive watching as it were upon the battlements of Elsinore.

If we turn from Leonardo, as Pater presents him to us, to another notable and equally strong type — to Isaiah; if we ignore all those facts usually insisted upon in biography; if we dismiss as less important the kings and rulers of his age and the dramatic yet negligible circumstances of his times; and if we give our attention rather to the subtle predilections and preoccupations of this great mind, we find Isaiah visited again and again, haunted unceasingly it would seem, by certain effects and meanings, and lovelinesses and memories of light.

Again and again we see him sensitive to its manifestations. Here and there throughout his writings we find him noting and delighting in its return, greeting it with relief and rejoicing, as after a long night's watching; calling to his people passionately to arise and waken from the darkness of their sins, holding up his own streaming torch, as it were, across their night, in shining prophecy of the better luminary already on the way, which was to be the light of the world.

'Arise! Shine!' he cries, 'for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. . . . The People that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined . . . . Then shall thy light break forth as the morning. . . . And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. . . . The Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. . . . The sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself.'

His mention also of trees and their boughs and roots and branches is even more frequent still. Here, likewise, 'two ideas' seem 'especially fixed in him as reflexes of things that touched his brain in childhood beyond the measure of other impressions.'

When we study Dante carefully and watch with him also, we find him to have been, hardly less than Isaiah, haunted by the same loveliness, the beauty and meaning of light. For him not less, light would seem to have had a most insistent and spiritual appeal. Far too many to quote are his innumerable exact and sensitive descriptions of it, his careful and repeated observations of its gradations and delicate alterations. Memorably, too, he has it in mind in speaking of Saint Francis of Assisi, that sun of righteousness risen out of the mediæval night. 'Call it not Assisi,' he cries; 'if you would truthfully name it, call it the East because of the sun that rose there.'

Likewise, one who watches patiently and devotedly with Homer cannot but become sensible at last how his mind entertains constantly the thought and moving beauty of the various air. Perpetually, it must have been, he was haunted by the freshness and loveliness of it as it moved across the Ægean and the windy isles of Greece. Pure and awful, in the semblance of the blue-eyed Athena, it was the air which

passed among his Greek hosts at eventide, or went stirringly among the serried ranks, reviving with a touch the old spirit in them; or in the tent of Achilles took him by the yellow hair, and directed him, a spirit and a presence.

Again and again throughout the Iliad and the Odyssey, the sensitive and watchful will note this persistency and preoccupation, this recurrent observation of the air in its manifold behaviors, as of something dear or memorable, from the swirling, snatching Harpies to the clean-breathed morning; from the sullen sultriness of Achilles' wrath — a stubborn heat that will not stir — to the swift flight of windy arrows cleansing the banquet-hall of Ithaca. So too, that divinity to whom he paid his most constant homage was Athena, goddess of knowledge and of the air, exquisitely typifying, not alone wisdom, but, as almost one with wisdom, the most moving and yielding of the elements.

How well by these things have we come to know Homer — who yet know not by seven chances even so much as the city of his birth! The bare facts of biography seem poor when compared with these preferences, these preoccupations and predilections of the very man himself.

So, too, though we knew little else about him, it were possible to take the full measure of St. Francis of Assisi by his haunting persistent love of brotherhood. Nothing else in all his deeds and words is half so strong. One even comes to believe that his devotion to his beloved Lady Poverty was — doubtless unknown to himself — rendered solely because it made him one of a larger fraternity and brother to a greater number of men. The fire that burned and seared him was his brother, even as was the beneficent luminary that warmed him. From his triumphant salutation to his radiant 'brother the sun,' on down to the delicate and gentle admonishings of his 'little brothers' the birds and fishes, the thought of an unlimited and unfettered fraternity perpetually dominates his loving spirit.

In like manner I have noted in my many readings of Matthew Arnold that his mind seems to have responded with a peculiar sensitiveness, and been often subject to the sound and meaning of moving waters, and to the high destiny of stars. It would seem that 'the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea' came in time to have a definite power over him in the ordering of his images and even in the determining of his philosophies; that rivers flowing silver under the sun, or, unguessed, in subterranean chambers, became to him interpretative of life itself, and their course and channel and ultimate end a promise to his soul. It is not alone in his poetry that one finds the 'incognizable sea,' and hears so frequently of its coasts and beaches and sands and watery wastes and isles; of voyages and charts; the 'swinging waters and the clustered pier'; the ebbing and flowing of tides; and the still stars: one comes upon these in his prose not less, very especially and memorably in his *Study of Poetry*.

It may be argued that these might be mere favorite figures and symbols; but it is hardly thinkable, after a careful study of them, that they are not rather haunting influences and impressions having long a familiar access to the chambers of his mind, now taking him with his forsaken Merman, —

> Down, down, down!
> Down to the depths of the sea!

or with the Neckan beside the green Baltic, pointing out the sounding deeps, and the starry poles, and interpreting life's meanings by them.

So too, — to pass but lightly from one to another, — we can hardly read Chaucer devotedly without at length becoming aware how this poet seems to have been haunted by the idea of the freshness and loveliness of the day's awaking; his very heroes and heroines again and again seeming to partake of it, and to be like dawn themselves upon the hills.

Up rose the sun and up rose Emilie.

The 'yonge Squire' too, of 'twenty yere of age': —

Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
All full of fresshe floures, white and red.
Singing he was, or floyting all the day.
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May.

In his most delicate descriptions one feels the presence as of a breaking light, and the birds seem forever to sing in his green coverts.

It is the dawn and early morning of the year not less which is dear to him — and which he has chosen, perhaps by an election not wholly his own, as the season in which to order and assemble his famous pilgrimage.

When that Aprille with his schowres swoote
The drought of Marche hath pierced to the roote
. . . . . .
Then longen folke to gon on pilgrimages.

And so, out into the dawn of the year they go, making an immortal morning of it.

IV

Two more lives suggest themselves as especially rich in the testimony they bring of haunting influences which permanently moulded them — those of Keats and Rossetti.

It is well known how completely the early life of Rossetti came under the influence of the Florence of the Middle Ages, and how from the very beginning there fell athwart his life and across his very name the shadow of her greatest son. It is doubtful whether we gain as much knowledge of him by a study of the modern times in which he lived, as by turning our attention to the history and ideals of the Florence of the time of Dante and Lorenzo de' Medici.

It has been said [writes Pater] that all the great Florentines were preoccupied with death. *Outre-tombe! Outre-tombe!* is the burden of their thoughts, from Dante to Savonarola. Even the gay and licentious Boccaccio gives a keener edge to his stories by putting them in the mouths of a party of people who had taken refuge from the danger of death by plague, in a country house. It was to this inherited sentiment, this practical decision that to be preoccupied with the thought of death was in itself dignifying and a note of high quality, that the seriousness of the great Florentines of the fifteenth century was partly due; and it was reinforced in them by the actual sorrows of their times.

A careful study of Rossetti reveals him also, like them, early and profoundly preoccupied with death. The richly lighted chambers of his mind are in their dark moments visited repeatedly by its pity and its melancholy. Space does not admit of citing here the many evidences; but if ever a mind was visited, preoccupied, and at last mastered by a strong idea, a dominant persuasion, the mind of Dante Gabriel Rossetti was so haunted — so dominated — by the idea of death.

When we turn to Keats's life and writings, they offer examples hardly less notable. For as Rossetti was haunted by the idea of death, so Keats would seem from the first to have been preoccupied by the idea of beauty. By his own memorable confession he had worshiped the spirit of it in all things; he has not the slightest feeling of humility, he says, toward anything in existence with three exceptions only: The Eternal Being, the Memory of Great Men, and the Principle of Beauty.

There is further and ample evidence

throughout his writings that he was perpetually possessed by certain definite forms of beauty; by the beauty of mead and moon, the wash of waters at their priestly task, the splendor of the night's starred face; but very especially and more often, it would seem, was he haunted by that most intimate and tangible of all lovelinesses — the loveliness of flowers.

There is constant reference to them, a constant recurring delight in them. Their influence again and again visited him and pervaded his most delicate observations. The memory of flowers again and again laid a detaining hand upon him, and must have ministered to him unrecorded in how many a night hour, mindful, reminiscential, with what gentle ministerings!

They bloom in his lines everywhere, familiar as the name of the beloved on the lips. It will be recalled that they stand among those things of beauty which he names with so much devotion as 'joys forever': 'daffodils, with the green world they live in' shedding an ethereal sunlight across the more sombre beauty of 'the dooms we have imagined for the mighty dead.'

So, too, 'hushed cool rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,' touch his memory with an ever-freshening sensibility. The greatest pleasure he has experienced in life, he tells us, is in watching the growth of flowers; and to him — Hazlitt recalls — Hebrew poetry was faulty because it made so little mention of them; and for the converse reason, it would seem likely, Chaucer and Spenser were forever his delight.

What he specially longs for now, he writes, — he has been ill, and is within a year of his death, — is 'the simple flowers of Spring.'

In the same letter we get a glimpse of certain early personal associations not fully followed, which would seem to lend an added loveliness to flowers which he had always found in themselves so lovely.

> How astonishingly [he writes] . . . does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not 'babble,' I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy — their shapes and colors are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hothouses, of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again.

He did see them once again, and then no more.

In the account of his drive to Rome, he who reads sympathetically must enjoy most, it seems to me, as doubtless Keats did, the autumn flowers which Severn gathered for him by the way and put into his remembering hand.

Lying quiet at the last, as Severn tells us, with his hand clasped on the white carnelian Fanny Brawne had given him, when all other presences seemed to have departed from him, — Love and Ambition having for the last time visited him, — and when life itself, with her hand already on the latch, stood ready to depart, there lingered yet awhile beside him that old sense of loveliness that had so often, even from earliest infancy, visited and haunted his spirit — the loveliness and friendliness of flowers. Already, in some vision of his spirit, he was laid down in their green world he knew so well and loved. 'I feel,' he said, 'the flowers growing over me.'

V

The observations I have suggested are here touched on but lightly, and in

passing. I have made no profound study of them, or of the infinitely subtle psychology that without doubt underlies such hauntings of the spirit. I have but known these men from childhood and from early youth have watched with them in many watchings. If there be one boast left me when I also shall go down into the darkness to which they have so long lent splendor, it may well be that these I have loved and have cherished with a whole heart, and would have served them if I could, than Horatio not less eager: 'Here, sweet lord, at your service.'

But be all that as it may, I am yet persuaded that it is by some such means as I have here touched on that all biography of the better sort must in time be written. Turn where we will among the great, we find facts of date and birth and schooling and death and all outward circumstance to have been the lesser factors. All these Time at last — the only lastingly considerable biographer — rejects and throws away. That which Time retains as precious and imperishable is rather some fine essence of the spirit, some essential personality built up and moulded by preferences, predilections, and prepossessions of a most highly spiritual order. The loves, the desires, the dear delights of men; the returning dreams, the recurrent longings that will not be gainsaid; the dead and long-lost dreamings that revisit the glimpses of our moon — these are indeed the spirits of us, and our immortalities.

Nor is it only as aids to a more just analysis of the great that these infinitely subtle influences may be considered. *Plus on connait de langues plus on est de personnes.* If the knowledge of another language gives one another life, as it were, — makes of one yet another person, — what may not be said to be added unto us by the knowledge — not the mere speculation, but the intimate knowledge — of another soul, and that soul one of the great ones of the earth?

This can be had only by an intimate companionship, not with the mere flagrant facts, but with the spiritual visitings, the dear desires and predilections, which haunt all rich lives significantly, perpetually, even as they haunt life itself.

For life is but an infinitely ancient abode, haunted by recurring presences surpassingly spiritual; as he knows who has seen death pass in and out of the ancient chambers in the night watches, or who has heard the autumn rains how reminiscent in patient woodlands, or who has been aware of lovely springs long-gone keeping tryst at certain seasons with the evening star in the twilight, or has felt them stealing back, ghostly and exquisite, when the April crescent hangs thoughtful and remote above dark apple-boughs.

In life as in lives, the presences move dark and dread or shining and lovely; and in the lives of the great as in life itself the shining and lovely would seem to be the more constant visitants. It is not to be forgotten that, though Banquo knocks his fearful summons, and the murdered Dane speaks with hollow mouthings, yet drifting forms dance no less gayly and delicately on midsummer nights in woodsy hollows by the moon.

It is noteworthy and remarkable that even those among the great whose lives have been sombre with tragedy have been visited — indeed they often more than others — by recurring influences of a most haunting beauty, like Beethoven who with ears dull yet heard high symphonies, and Milton who with sight closed to all outward loveliness saw yet in the darkened chambers a vision as of squadrons of bright-harnessed angels ranged in order ser-

viceable, and knew the pastures and the silent woods to be full of sweet voices and light steps: —

> Oh, friend, I hear the tread of nimble feet,
> Hasting this way!

It is of all such haunting and recurrent presences, be they dread or lovely, that he who most knows life is most aware, and that he who would know the lives of great men must be most sensitively observant. These are the things that must be watched for faithfully and with a whole heart and a single devotion: 'Here, sweet lord, at your service!' Leaving all prejudice or interest of our own, it is for us, in studying the lives of great men, to make their affair ours as wholly as may be; and to forget ourselves in a knowledge so much more dearly to be desired.

And by no means, I believe, may this be done so surely as by a patient study of those high elections, those persistent hauntings of mind and spirit which have influenced and, it may be, in so large a measure directed the lives of all great men; giving their mind its bent, their personality its leanings; often guiding, it must be, their motives, and suggesting their high behaviors; laying upon them, as the ghost upon Hamlet, purposes and duties thence never to be avoided, inevitably to be discharged; lending to their speech its lovely and broidered figures, or to the work of the hand its so memorable distinctions, and to all their activities that which we call 'characteristic' — something particularly and peculiarly their own; some chosen and essential and precious manner of expression which, mortal though they be, lives on, surviving them; and which is not to be found elsewhere in its kind or measure throughout all the rich and inexhaustible ages.

MR. THORNTON

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

THE man with the string tie looked — and was — precisely the sort of person to call a book 'meaty,' and he was riding in the back seat of the country carriage with a man likely to call a book 'inept.' Which means that neither could possibly understand the other.

It was the burying of Alexander Moffatt, who at Selby's Corners had for years been joining house to house and field to field, and now desisted from that intense and silent job. For Alexander's neighbors the future life was something mixed with musical instruments and pervaded by æsthetic joys. Alexander did not in the least fit into that — would not, as the postmaster had once remarked in another connection, 'corroborate' with that. He had left — or relinquished — his farms, and, when severed from them, utterly dissolved.

The man with the string tie — minister of the Baptist Church at Selby's Corners — had 'preached the funeral.'

The difficulty of the situation had been considerable, and the dead Alexander's face, with its bull-dog expression and perfectly straight-across mouth, had not helped. Therefore the minister had been noisy and emphatic beyond his wont. He had heavily ground in the austere fact of mortality, and at the end had made the most of 'not slothful in business,' and the circumstance that Alexander had been a good provider. After this a quartette with a terribly projecting alto had sung 'One Sweet Day.'

The other man was Alexander's nephew by marriage, representing a niece by blood who was sick and unable to come. He was a city lawyer, and looked the part in garments, face and carriage. His wife had long since sloughed all the characteristics of the Moffatt *stirps*. Such things are always happening in America.

The sepulture of Alexander had impressed the proxy mourner as a fascinating clinic in folk-lore. At the house he had dimly recalled something of Kipling's about pagan rites and American middle-class burials, and something else of Spencer's about the need of a professional religious class to keep alive the sense of mystery in the breed. At the grave the service had been in charge of the Independent Order of Bisons. Their ritual had been stickily sentimental, and their chaplain had made more than one impressive reference to 'the diseased.' Then they had, man by man, deposited small white cloth cut-outs of buffaloes in the grave, and withdrawn.

'Just like the South Sea Islands!' thought Alexander's nephew. 'These people know about telephones and all that; but after all, it's about the same.'

Now, on the way back from the cemetery, the two ill-assorted passengers had nothing to say to each other. The gulf between them so asserted itself as to discourage even talk about the weather. The driver turned conversational and came to the rescue.

'Well, Reverend Bowles,' he observed, 'Alick's gone to his reward, all right.'

The minister squirmed.

'Most too good to damn, an' yet hardly good enough to save. He give thirty dollars toward the new hose-cart an' helped on the uniforms for the silver cornet band. *You* know how he laid 'em all out at the big festival you had for foreign missions. An' yet, if he was after a farm, my, how anybody got stepped on that come in his way — widows or orphans or anybody! It's going to be some job for the Almighty to sift things out with Alexander.'

'Why should you think any Almighty must sift things out?' inquired the nephew by marriage.

The Reverend Mr. Bowles, delighted to have Alexander pushed into the background, and not displeased by a promising scent of battle, instantly unlimbered.

'The Word,' he answered in a tone pugnaciously pious, 'the Word. Romans fourteen and ten says we shall stand before the judgment seat, and Second Corinthians five and ten says the same and more, too; and Hebrews nine and twenty-seven tells how "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Then there's John's Revelation, which says right out, "The books shall be opened," — books, understand. See, too, Matthew twenty-five, thirty-one to end.'

Mr. Bowles felt it a happy circumstance that he had preached on this subject at Conference only the week before.

The driver was a happy man. At his livery and feed establishment he had heard that 'the new Reverend,' lately come to the Corners, was mighty in the

Scriptures, and that he owned above three hundred books. Would he put it all over this city chap?

'I see,' said the lawyer pleasantly. 'You get this out of certain old writings which are authority for you. Millions of other people, in blocks of varying sizes, get something quite different out of other old writings which are authority for them. Millions more of us get something still more different out of no writings at all. Are you entirely sure that all these millions are wrong, and that you alone and those with you have — excuse me — picked out the ace?'

Mr. Bowles had never preached about anything like this, and did not readily find a text. He came back, however, after a pause, with words averring that spiritual things must be spiritually discerned.

'I see,' said the lawyer again. 'You *have* picked out the ace. And when any one has done that, there's nothing more to say. Do you mind if I light a cigar?'

Mr. Bowles did mind, but did not say so; and he did not understand why, with his shots so well aimed and so vigorously sped, he did not feel more comfortable.

'Look here,' he began, 'Mr. — ah'—

'Thornton.'

'Mr. Thornton, this blessed book,' — he held up his Bible, — 'written with the finger of God and declaring the whole counsel of God, says we shall all stand before the judgment seat and all give account. It tells of a worm that dieth not and of the wrath of the Lamb. It' —

'Oh, yes, I know,' interrupted the lawyer. 'It tells of a great many things like that, and what it says about them *may* take hold — doubtful, though — of three tenths of the present population of this country. You belong to the three tenths. The other seven tenths of us quietly go our own ways, leaving you happy with the ace — which for us is really the two-spot. In this matter of the after-death,' — he blew a column of smoke in the air, — 'the seven tenths of us just don't know anything about it, — *any*thing. We know we're here, and that's all. Even with the three tenths, or a good many of them, you'd find, if you were to peel off the wrappings, that all they really know and are sure of is that they're here. They would n't bet or stake their lives on anything more. Put them up against a crisis and see. Of course there are a few people, like Oliver Lodge, who think they've broken through into something, but'—

'Who,' heatedly demanded Mr. Bowles, finding his voice at last, 'who is Senator Lodge compared with the Apostle Paul?'

'The Apostle Paul remains faintly part of "the current prejudice," as John Morley once called it. He talks about judgment seats and somebody to stand before them after dying, and we respectfully let him talk, just as we respectfully go to funerals and respectfully listen to impossible things. You three tenths have the only opinion that is *organized*, — there it is, — but the real general *conviction* is miles and miles away from it. The bed-rock is, that we know we're here. When it comes to the scratch, that is all that the seven tenths of us — yes, and more — will bet on or stake our lives on. Put almost anybody against a crisis and see.'

The driver stopped his horses at the Empire Hotel, and left his passengers at that hostelry. Mr. Thornton, making ready for supper, repeated, 'We're here, and that's all.'

Mr. Bowles felt that he had been in conversation with a damned soul.

Down at the stable the driver made report to certain interested friends:

'The new Reverend is certainly hell on the Bible. What sent him to the ropes was the lawyer's gittin' him off the track — away from the subject. Their way, you know.'

The Empire Hotel burned that night, making for Selby's Corners what the setting up of Angelo's David made for Florence — a new date from which to reckon time. The lawyer and the minister, who perforce had stayed over night, since the railroad's one daily train would not leave until morning, were the only persons sleeping on the third floor. Awakened by the yells of the entire population, they threw open their room doors, only to recoil before thick clouds of choking smoke. Thornton crept on hands and knees down the narrow hall to a window. Leaning out to breathe, he felt presently beside him another man, — the minister, — who in utter panic began to babble incoherent prayers.

'O God!' he shrieked, 'remember thine ancient mercies! Remember I'm in the ministry — a family, too, O God, you know that! I can't die — just can't die and go away from all I know to what I don't know! I've got work to do here — your work! Get me out of this, God — quick!'

'Quiet, man!' said Thornton. 'You want your head.'

'The stairs are gone,' wailed on the minister, 'and we're thirty foot from the ground! There's fire belchin' out from the window under us, too! To die!' — the wail passed into an appalling screech — 'To die, die, die! Where are you — are you anywhere, God?'

The ends of a ladder pushed up through the smoke to the window-ledge. A roar of voices came from the crowd below, and one above all others: 'Quick, before it burns! Quick, for God's sake, quick!'

'On to it, you!' said Thornton to the collapsing Bowles. 'You have children and I have n't. Hurry!'

Bowles swung over the ledge, still babbling. He began to make his way down. Little flames were licking at the ladder's sides and rungs. Five feet below, he looked back at the window, and, as the craven self for a moment cleared out of his features, saw Thornton's face, with a look on it he never forgot — a look to last any man's life. He knew only that it was big — too big for him to understand.

'But you'll die,' he screamed as he descended. 'I'm to live, but you'll — die!'

'No!' called back Thornton, above the crackle and through the smoke. 'I'm up against it and I've changed my mind! I know I'm here, and more than here — more! I shall not die!'

And the building fell in with a crash as Bowles stood safe on the ground.

THE AXE-HELVE

BY ROBERT FROST

I've known ere now an interfering branch
Of alder catch my lifted axe behind me.
But that was in the woods, to hold my hand
From striking at another alder's roots,
And that was, as I say, an alder branch.
This was a man, Baptiste, who stole one day
Behind me on the snow in my own yard
Where I was working at the chopping-block,
And cutting nothing not cut down already.
He caught my axe expertly on the rise,
When all my strength put forth was in his favor,
Held it a moment where it was, to calm me,
Then took it from me — and I let him take it.
I did n't know him well enough to know
What it was all about. There might be something
He had in mind to say to a bad neighbor
He might prefer to say to him disarmed.
But all he had to tell me in French-English
Was what he thought of — not me, but my axe;
Me only as I took my axe to heart.
It was the bad axe-helve some one had sold me —
'Made on machine,' he said, ploughing the grain
With a thick thumbnail to show how it ran
Across the handle's long-drawn serpentine,
Like the two strokes across a dollar sign.

'You give her one good crack, she's snap raght off.
Den where's your hax-'ead flying t'rough de hair?'

Admitted; and yet, what was that to him?

'Come on my house and I put you one in
What's las' awhile — good hick'ry what's grow crooked,
De second growt' I cut myself — tough, tough!'

Something to sell? That was n't how it sounded.

'Den when you say you come? It's cost you nothing.
To-naght?'
As well to-night as any night.

Beyond an over-warmth of kitchen stove
My welcome differed from no other welcome.
Baptiste knew best why I was where I was.
So long as he would leave enough unsaid,
I should n't mind his being overjoyed
(If overjoyed he was) at having got me
Where I must judge if what he knew about an axe,
That not everybody else knew, was to count
For nothing in the measure of a neighbor.
Hard if, though cast away for life 'mid Yankees,
A Frenchman could n't get his human rating!

Mrs. Baptiste came in and rocked a chair
That had as many motions as the world:
One back and forward, in and out of shadow,
That got her nowhere; one more gradual,
Sideways, that would have run her on the stove
In time, had she not realized her danger
And caught herself up bodily, chair and all,
And set herself back where she started from.
'She ain't spick too much Henglish — dat's too bad.'
I was afraid, in brightening first on me,
Then on Baptiste, as if she understood
What passed between us, she was only feigning.
Baptiste was anxious for her; but no more
Than for himself, so placed he could n't hope
To keep his bargain of the morning with me
In time to keep me from suspecting him
Of really never having meant to keep it.

Needlessly soon he had his axe-helves out,
A quiverful to choose from, since he wished me
To have the best he had, or had to spare —
Not for me to ask which, when what he took
Had beauties he had to point me out at length

To insure their not being wasted on me.
He liked to have it slender as a whipstock,
Free from the least knot, equal to the strain
Of bending like a sword across the knee.
He showed me that the lines of a good helve
Were native to the grain before the knife
Expressed them, and its curves were no false curves
Put on it from without. And there its strength lay
For the hard work. He chafed its long white body
From end to end with his rough hand shut round it.
He tried it at the eye-hole in the axe-head.
'Hahn, hahn,' he mused, 'don't need much taking down.'

Baptiste knew how to make a short job long
For love of it, and yet not waste time either.

Do you know, what we talked about was knowledge?
Baptiste on his defense about the children
He kept from school, or did his best to keep —
Whatever school and children and our doubts
Of laid-on education had to do
With the curves of his axe-helves and his having
Used these unscrupulously to bring me
To see for once the inside of his house.
Was I desired in friendship, partly as some one
To leave it to, whether the right to hold
Such doubts of education should depend
Upon the education of those who held them?

But now he brushed the shavings from his knee
And stood the axe there on its horse's hoof,
Erect, but not without its waves, as when
The snake stood up for evil in the Garden, —
Top-heavy with a heaviness his short,
Thick hand made light of, steel-blue chin drawn down
And in a little — a French touch in that.
Baptiste drew back and squinted at it, pleased:
'See how she's cock her head!'

ABIGAIL ADAMS

THE PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN LADY

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE wife of President John Adams and the mother of President John Quincy Adams is sometimes accused of being more man than woman in her temperament. This is a mistake. She was a woman and a charming one, even in an age when there was no offense in saying that women differed from men in their hearts as well as in their garments.

She had a large and varied life. Starting from a peaceful New England parsonage, where she learned the love of God and good breeding, she passed a quiet girlhood, then plunged, in her early married days, into the fierce, tumultuous vortex of the Revolution, managed her family and estate during her husband's long periods of absence, stood at his side in the presence of the sovereigns of Europe, reigned as the President's wife over the society of Washington, and shared the long post-presidential retirement in the Quincy home. She was always adequate to every situation, and said the word and did the deed that dignity and high patriotism required of her. But it is impossible to read her many letters and not feel that through it all she was charmingly and sensitively and delicately a woman.

She herself required and appreciated the softer elements of the feminine character. In England she complains somewhat of the lack of these qualities. 'The softness, peculiarly characteristic of our sex, and which is so pleasing to the gentlemen, is wholly laid aside here for the masculine attire and manners of the Amazonians.' She herself is feminine in the deeper things of life, in the tenderness of her affection and in the bitterness of her mourning, when those she loves are lost to her, as in her profound grief over her mother's death. She is feminine, also, in those lighter trifles of fashion and dress which are supposed — by man — to form the larger part of woman's conversation and correspondence.

She was a thorough woman in her domestic interests — in that busy, often trivial care, which sustains the unconscious felicity of home. She looked after her husband's comfort as well as his greatness. In the midst of shrewd advice as to his moral bearing among those who were making the American nation, she murmurs a housewife's anxiety about his personal appearance: 'I feel concerned lest your clothes should go to rags, having nobody to take any care of you in your long absence; and then, you have not with you a proper change for the seasons.' She felt sometimes a little impatiently the tumult of nothings which makes up domestic life. Her health? She believes she has little health. 'Much of an invalid,' she calls herself casually; and elsewhere admits that her

'health is infirm,' and that she is not 'built for duration.' But, bless me, she has no time to think about health, or talk about it, or write about it. The machine must go as long as it will.

How apt and vivid is her account of the interruptions that puncture the whole course of her home existence! She rises at six o'clock and makes her own fire, 'in imitation of his Britannic Majesty.' She calls the servants — repeatedly — and notes that in future she will hire only those who will stir at one call. Breakfast gets on the table. She would like to eat it. A man comes with coal. A man comes with pigs. Another man comes for something else, and another. Meanwhile, where is breakfast? And what flavor has it? 'Attended to all these concerns. A little out of sorts that I could not finish my breakfast. Note; never to be incommoded with trifles.' You think you are reading Madame de Sévigné.

Yet she loves her home with all a woman's true deep affection. Men often claim a specialty in home-loving and decry a woman's restlessness. They do not realize that they shake off the burden of life when they enter their own doors. A woman takes it on. Yet few men's love is really deeper than a woman's for the home she has created and every day sustains. It was so with this lady. There are cares, indeed. But what is life without cares? 'I have frequently said to my friends, when they have thought me overburdened with care, I would rather have too much than too little. Life stagnates without action.' And though she saw and knew all the diversions of society and all the heights and depths of the great outer world, she clung steadfastly to the simplest maxim of a woman's heart. 'Well-ordered home is my chief delight, and the affectionate, domestic wife, with the relative duties which accompany that character, my highest ambition.'

And as she was a woman in her love of home, so she was thoroughly a woman in her love of her children and in her care for them. When they are ill, she watches at their bedsides with the tenderest solicitude, delights in their recovery, and mourns almost beyond consolation over those who are untimely snatched away. She herself superintends their early education, and most watchfully and thoughtfully. She does indeed regret her own lack of book-learning, because she has none to impart to her daughters; but perhaps, even in this regard, she was less deficient than might be supposed. She keeps little Johnny at her knee reading aloud Rollin's *Ancient History*, and hopes that he will come to 'entertain a fondness for it.' She vastly prefers Dr. Watts's *Moral Songs for Children* to 'modern frivolities of "Jack and Jill" and "Little Jack Horner."' Would she have liked 'Rollo,' I wonder, or would she not?

Whatever the value of her literary teaching, her moral lessons were as homely, as sturdy, and as lofty, as those of a matron of Plutarch. On this point she was fully supported by the resonant precepts of her husband. 'Root out every little thing. Weed out every meanness. Make them great and manly. Teach them to scorn injustice, ingratitude, cowardice, and falsehood.' But she needed no precepts from any one. Out of her own heart she taught these things; and her apostrophe to her son, when he left her for the great world, is simply the flower of lessons and influences established many years before: 'Dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that an untimely death should crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child.'

If one wants evidence of this mater-

nal loftiness and maternal tenderness combined, one has only to open the Diary of John Quincy Adams and see how reverent, how affectionate, and how obviously sincere are the numerous references to his mother's care and devotion. 'My mother was an angel upon earth. She was a minister of blessings to all human beings within her sphere of action. . . . She has been to me more than a mother. She has been a spirit from above watching over me for good, and contributing by my mere consciousness of her existence to the comfort of my life.' — 'There is not a virtue that can abide in the female heart but it was the ornament of hers.'

Yet the younger Adams was not one inclined to overestimate human nature, even in those most nearly bound to him. His devotion to his mother's memory was as persistent as it was profound. When he himself had reached his seventy-sixth year, the mere hearing some of her letters read threw him into a state of almost indescribable excitement. 'I actually sobbed as he read, utterly unable to suppress my emotion. Oh, my mother! Is there anything on earth so affecting to me, as thy name? so precious as thy instructions to my childhood, so dear as the memory of thy life?'

We may safely say, then, that this was a true woman in her home and in her motherhood. She was a woman likewise in the freshness and vivacity and spirit of her social relations. When she writes to her granddaughter, 'Cultivate, my dear, those lively spirits and that sweet innocence and contentedness, which will rob the desert of its gloom, and cause the wilderness to bloom around you,' we know that she herself had cultivated these things with assiduity and success. She was in no way dependent upon society, and there were times when she distinctly shrank from it — when its duties were a burden and its form and ceremonial a wearisome embarrassment. Her happiest, sunniest hours were no doubt passed with her husband and children in the busy retirement of her Quincy home. But at different periods of her life she was called upon to mingle in all sorts of social circles, the loftiest as well as the most brilliant, and everywhere she bore herself with the grace and ease and dignity of a refined and accomplished lady.

She had that essential ingredient of the social spirit, a woman's quick sense of the varied interest of human character and sympathetic insight into the workings of the human heart. And she had, also, a rare power of expression, so that her account of striking scenes and distinguished people has often something of the snap and sparkle of Lady Mary Montagu or Madame de Sévigné. How admirable, for instance, is her picture of Madame Helvetius, the friend of Franklin, ending, 'I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse.' Or, for a briefer sketch, take that of Mrs. Cranch, who is 'a little smart, sprightly, active woman and is wilted just enough to last to perpetuity.'

And Mrs. Adams's thorough womanliness showed, not only in her personal relations, in her daily interests, in her social glitter and vivacity, but in deeper and more subtle sensibilities, which many true women are without. She had excellent control over her nerves; but the nerves were there and show through all her mastery. She would have readily admitted, with the heroine of Shakespeare, that she was

> A woman, naturally born to fears.

Or, as she herself puts it, 'I never trust myself long with the terrors which sometimes intrude themselves upon

me.' The nerves responded to all sorts of other stimuli also. To art, perhaps, not so much. The early training of Puritan New England did not altogether fit nerves for æsthetic sensibility. Yet her enthusiasm over the opera in Paris is far more than a mere conventional ecstasy, and the possibilities of music for her are richly suggested in a casual sentence: 'I cannot describe to you how much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song, which was sung to me by a young lady in order to divert a melancholy hour.'

Nature touched her even more than music. The poets she knew were those of the eighteenth century, and her formal description has rather too much of eighteenth-century 'zephyrs' and 'vernal airs.' But it is easy to get through this to her real, deep love of bare New England pastures and wide meadows, and the homely countryside that had woven itself into her life. And as the nerves thrilled to old Scotch tunes, so they quivered and melted under the coming of May days. 'The approach of spring unstrings my nerves, and the south winds have the same effect upon me which Brydone says the Sirocco winds have upon the inhabitants of Sicily.'

In short, she was a shifting, varying, mercurial creature, as perhaps we all are, but she certainly more than many of us. 'Oh, why,' she exclaims, 'was I born with so much sensibility, and why, possessing it, have I so often been called to struggle with it?' One moment she is 'lost and absorbed in a flood of tenderness.' The next, 'My heart is as light as a feather and my spirits are dancing.' To-day she writes, 'I am a mortal enemy to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart.' And then to-morrow, 'I have many melancholy hours, when the best company is tiresome to me and solitude the greatest happiness I can enjoy.'

So it can hardly be claimed that she was too stoical and too philosophical and too stern-hearted to be a woman.

II

But Mrs. Adams lived in a tremendous time. In her early married years her husband's political duties left her alone to do both her work and his in the midst of difficulty and danger. Later she was called upon to stand by his side through great crises of statesmanship, and to give him counsel in triumph and comfort in defeat. She performed all these functions nobly, and to do it required something more than the usual feminine contributions to domestic felicity. She had a woman's heart, a woman's nerves, a woman's tenderness. But little indeed of what a man requires to make his way in life was lacking to her.

She had a high and fine intelligence. Elaborate education she had not, nor any woman in that day. She herself complains that she was not sent to school, that ill-health prevented any systematic mental training, that reading and writing and the simplest arithmetic, with a few accomplishments, were all that was thought necessary for her or any of her sex. In later life she bewailed this state of things and urged that a wide and rational spiritual culture was as necessary and as suitable for women as for men.

But we all know that education does not make intelligence and that natural intelligence can supply almost everything that education gives to either man or woman. After all, schooling is but an inadequate and apologetic substitute for brains. Brains Mrs. Adams had, and needed no substitute. From her childhood her keen and active wit was working, observing, acquiring, rejecting, laying by for future use. She was always a wide reader, read and

quoted Shakespeare and Pope and the eighteenth-century poets and essayists. Above all, she read the Classics — of course in translation; even writers minor or less known, like Polybius. Plutarch she nourished her heart on, and when she signed her letters to her husband, 'Portia,' it was partly an eighteenth-century affectation, but much more that the iron of old Roman virtue had entered into the very tissue and fibre of her soul.

Also, her intelligence reached far beyond books. She had that penetrating, analytical instinct, which plucks wisdom from the actions and motives of man, and which especially lays the foundation of such wisdom in a close, dispassionate consideration of the observer's own heart. 'You know I make some pretensions to physiognomy,' she writes. The pretensions were justified. She saw many faces in her life, and read them attentively, curiously, and always with profit.

But the finest testimony to Mrs. Adams's intelligence is the letters addressed to her by her husband and her son. Both were men of wide and deep reflection. Both touched perpetually the gravest problems of statesmanship and of human conduct generally. Both discussed these problems with wife and mother as they would have discussed them together or with the wisest men of their time. Would this have been possible with any but a woman of the broadest grasp and keenest power of comprehension?

And the intelligence was progressive as well as vigorous. Mrs. Adams's energetic protest to her husband against the legal and political subjection of women in that day has been often quoted and justly praised. It is as dignified as it is energetic. 'That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute,' she says; and urges such an adjustment of law as may check that tyranny. In religious matters there is the same broad, sober common sense. Mrs. Adams had been brought up in the strictest New England Calvinism, and always retained the intense earnestness of that creed and its disposition to try all things by the standard of conscience. But bigotry and intellectual cowardice were alike abhorrent to her, and she had no inclination to judge others harshly. 'True, genuine religion is calm in its inquiries, deliberate in its resolves, and steady in its conduct.' And besides common sense she infused into her piety something of that sunshine which was the sorest need of Calvinism and for want of which it perished. 'I am one of those who are willing to rejoice always. My disposition and habits are not of the gloomy kind. I believe that to enjoy is to obey.'

But vigorous and clear as Mrs. Adams's mind was in the abstract, its energy showed still more in practical matters, as was natural and necessary with the life she lived. We have seen that she could be perfectly contented with simple home-surroundings and regular pursuits. But she wanted neither sloth nor lethargy. 'Confinement does not suit me or my family,' she wrote to her granddaughter. And again, 'Man was made for action and for bustle, too, I believe. I am quite out of conceit with calms.'

She had her share of furious housewifery, and no sooner gets on board ship than she sets to work with 'scrapers, mops, brushes, infusions of vinegar, etc.,' to produce the neatness and order which she maintained daily at home without such appeal to violent measures.

And her domestic economy went far beyond mops and brushes. During her husband's long and necessary absences, she undertook, not only the ordinary

duties of wife and mother, but the general management of farms and property, and performed these functions most efficiently, as is shown by the commendation which she receives from her loving partner quite as frequently as advice. She makes purchases and sales, she hires help, she garners crops. Through it all she carries her own burden and avoids, so far as possible, filling her letters with complaint. 'I know the weight of public cares lies so heavy upon you that I am loath to mention private ones.'

In dealing with that greatest and ever-present and insoluble problem of married and all other life, money, Mrs. Adams herself asserts that she was thrifty and prudent. So do all of us, all man and womankind. But in this case I think we may believe the statement. There was certainly no niggardliness. The husband was too large for petty cheese-paring. 'You know I never get or save anything by cozening or classmating,' he writes; and his wife was like him. She maintained a sober decency and propriety in her own expenditure; and through all the cramped revolutionary time, when cash was even rarer than hope, she always kept and used the means of relieving those whose straits were worse than her own. But she understood thoroughly both the theory of economy and its practice. Few professional students would have analyzed financial conditions better than she does, in the long letter written to her husband in the early days of the war. And the practical strain shows in her simple statement, 'I have studied, and do study, every means of economy in my power; otherwise a mint of money would not support a family.'

Certainly without any intention of boasting, she herself, in her later years, sums up her usefulness to husband and children, when she is explaining to her sister the multiplicity of cares that seem to hang around her as thickly in age as they did in youth. 'You know, my dear sister, if there be bread enough and to spare, unless a prudent attention manage that sufficiency, the fruits of diligence will be scattered by the hand of dissipation. No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and coöperation of his wife.'

As she had patience to endure want, so she had courage to meet danger. When those she loves are in peril, her heart feels 'like a heart of lead.' But for herself, sensitive as her nerves may be, there is a strain of heroism which swells and hardens at the touch of emergency. The anticipation of evils makes her doubt a little. 'If danger comes near my dwelling, I suppose I shall shudder.' But when her husband writes to her, 'In case of real danger, of which you cannot fail to have previous intimations, fly to the woods with our children,' we know, we see, that she would have had perfect presence of mind either to fly or to remain, as the wisest courage might have dictated. 'I am not suddenly elated or depressed,' she says; and again, 'I am not apt to be intimidated.'

Though she was far from given to self-commendation, she declares solemnly, that, if the men are not able to perform their duty to their country, the enemy will find the women to be a veritable race of Amazons. Nay, she even goes forth as a spectator and enjoys the most fierce, intense excitement known to man, the vision of a field of battle. 'I have just returned from Penn's hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime.'

Do not, however, set this lady down as one who would have taken a bloodthirsty delight in bull-fights or the

prize-ring. If she hearkened with a thrill of awed pleasure to the booming of cannon, it was because they were fired in defense of her country and of liberty. She knew well what her friends and fellow citizens were fighting for, and if she took a passionate interest in the struggle, it was because her whole heart and hopes were fixed upon the end of it. Her husband's letters to her contain much lucid statement and analysis of the methods and aims of the Revolution and hers are scarcely behind his in clear understanding and intensity of purpose.

She thought much and thought with broad intelligence on general political questions—liked to talk of them, liked to write of them. 'Well, you tell H. she must not write politics; now it is just as natural for me to fall upon them as to breathe.' She has no illusions about democracy, or about human nature; speaks at times even with cynical insight of its failures and weaknesses. The lamentable inconsistencies of statesmanship are not hidden from her. How many who were fighting for American freedom at that day had the courage to cry out that it was absurd for men who kept slaves to take up arms and fight battles in the name of liberty? Mrs. Adams had that courage.

Yet, in spite of the selfishness of politicians and the inadequacy of human ideals, this wise and energetic woman never faltered for a moment in her devotion to the cause of her country, never wavered in her hope. The warmth and the glory of her enthusiasm must have been a splendid comfort to her husband and to all who knew her. Her passion does, indeed, occasionally degenerate into bitterness against her enemies. Alas, we do not need recent examples to show us that this is too easy with even the wisest and the noblest. 'Those who do not scruple to bring poverty, misery, slavery, and death upon thousands will not hesitate at the most diabolical crimes,' she writes, 'and this is Britain!' But she has the same noble scorn for folly and meanness and selfishness on her own side. 'If our army is in ever so critical a state, I wish to know it. If America is to be ruined and undone by a pack of cowards and knaves, I wish to know it. Pitiable is the lot of their commander.'

And her words of counsel, of confidence, of inspiration are never wanting. Her young brother-in-law longs to enter the army. She pleads and reasons with his doubting mother to make her permit it. Her husband is involved in an endless tangle of difficulty and danger. She would not have him shun an hour of it. 'You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief, that through the mercy of its King we shall both rejoice there together."

Nor does she urge others to sacrifices which she is unwilling to make herself. Foreign luxuries? Let them go. Plain milk makes as good a breakfast as sugared coffee. Not one of the comforts to which she has been accustomed but she will cheerfully renounce. If the men are taken from the fields, the women will do the work for them. She herself doubts her strength for digging potatoes, but she can gather corn and husk it. What she can do, she will do, that her children and her children's children may be free.

III

Mrs. Adams's interesting combination of a true woman's gentleness and sensibility with the masculine qualities called for by her time is best studied, as some of the preceding quotations indicate, in her relation to her husband.

To appreciate this relation fully, it is necessary to have some idea of his very marked and peculiar character. He was, then, a man of broad intellectual power, of keen insight into political and moral problems, of energetic and self-sacrificing patriotism. He commanded the respect of all by his dignity, his courage, his sincerity of speech and action, his entire honesty. But men did not love him, for he had not tact, he had not social charm, he bristled with egotism, and, like many egotists, he was morbidly sensitive, and showed it. I do not know any one sentence that much better depicts the man than the following. 'I have a very tender, feeling heart. This country knows not, and never can know, the torments I have endured for its sake. I am glad it never can know, for it would give more pain to the benevolent and humane than I could wish even the wicked and malicious to feel.' Try to imagine Washington saying that!

Also, John Adams was a man who found fault with everything and therefore naturally he found fault with his wife. Even his praise too often savors of patronage, and his advice is apt to carry a strong suggestion of criticism. Occasionally he flings out in undisguised displeasure. Although Mrs. Adams was the last person to complain of her health, he cannot resist a sarcasm about it. 'My wife has been sick all winter, frequently at the point of death, in her own opinion.' Her indiscretion in money matters, though at a time when discretion was almost impossible, provoked him to sharp reproof. 'How could you be so imprudent? You must be frugal, I assure you.' But the best is the incident of the young coach-horses, driven carelessly to church and causing a most indecorous disturbance there. Mrs. Adams was not present herself, but she authorized the proceeding, and the husband notes, in hot wrath, 'I scolded at the coachman first, and afterwards at his mistress, and I will scold again and again; it is my duty.' Perhaps a husband to whom scolding is a duty is even worse than one to whom it is a pleasure.

Nevertheless, this husband, who could scold and be imperious and even tyrannical, like others, adored and reverenced and obeyed his wife, like others. How pretty are his compliments to her wit and intelligence, though he veils them under sarcasm! Of a certain acquaintance he says, 'In large and mixed companies she is totally silent, as a lady ought to be. But whether her eyes are so penetrating, and her attention so quick to the words, looks, gestures, sentiments, etc., of the company, as yours would be, saucy as you are this way, I won't say.' And there is no trace of sarcasm in the ample admission to his son that in all the vicissitudes of fortune his wife had been his help and comfort, while without her he could not have endured and survived. In a letter written to his granddaughter the same enthusiasm appears, even more nobly. He compares his wife to the heroic Lady Russell, who stood by her husband's side in times equally troublous. 'This lady,' he says, 'was more beautiful than Lady Russell, had a brighter genius, more information, a more refined taste, and [was] at least her equal in the virtues of the heart.'

An extensive correspondence, covering many years, reveals to us fully Mrs. Adams's relations with this companion of her long life, her love and anxiety and devotion and enthusiasm for the man to whom she early gave her whole heart and from whom she never withdrew it for a moment. As he rises in the world, becomes a guide and a leader, a prominent citizen, a great historical figure, she accompanies him in spirit always, with watchful care, with fruitful caution, with delicate suggestion. She

sighs over the necessities of state which part him from her. She slights, as we all do, great gifts of fortune that she has, and deplores those that are denied her. She hoped to have married a man, not a title, she says. A humble private station with a husband would have been sweeter than grandeur without one. Yet we know well enough that she would not have had him lose an inch of fortune for her comfort, and never woman developed more fully the grace and ease and dignity which great station requires than did she. The letter she wrote him on the day of his inauguration has been often cited and deserves to be. It is a noble letter. 'My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your A. A.'

And as she was perfectly adapted to share her husband's greatness, so she accepted with equal composure and dignity his comparative failure and downfall. She did not seek honors and glories, she says, and she is quite content to part from them. A peaceful life at Quincy, with him whom she loves, is all she ever asked for, and nothing can be more delightful than to have it given back to her. We know how much of sincerity there is in such declarations and how much of creditable and fine mendacity. In Mrs. Adams they were probably as sincere as they ever are. She was a sincere woman. But, though she was perfectly ready to accept her husband's defeat, she could not quite forgive those who, in her opinion, had conspired against him and betrayed him. Toward such political enemies her language is not wholly free from a certain ungracious, if pardonable, acerbity. Thus, she says of one who should have been beneath her contempt, 'I hear that Duane has got hold of my letter to Niles, and spits forth vulgar abuse at me . . . but the low sarcasms of these people affect me no more at this day than the idle wind.'

Even in regard to Jefferson her animosity was long a-dying. In early days she had known him well and admired and loved him. Then the fierce political contest which made him her husband's successor parted them. Between the two men the feud was soon forgotten, and the long correspondence of their old age, crowned by their deaths on the same anniversary of American independence, is one of the striking traditions of our history. But Mrs. Adams forgave more slowly than her husband. When Jefferson finally made a direct appeal to their former affection, she answered him with courtesy, but with a clear, vigorous, burning logic that showed how deep and unhealed the old wound was. 'The serpent you cherished and warmed bit the hand that nourished him.' Then she ends, as a Christian should, 'I bear no malice. I cherish no enmity. I would not retaliate if it was in my power.' But nobody is left in a moment's doubt as to how she felt.

Through all these accidents and floods of fortune it is easy to observe how great at once and how unobtrusive was Mrs. Adams's influence over her husband. She never dreamed of any vulgar domination, or desired it. She knew well the limits of her activity and his, and respected them. Her advice, when given at all, was given discreetly, tentatively, and without being in any way enforced, was left with time to prove its value. Time did prove its value, and in consequence the recipient of it came to look for it more and to depend upon it more than he knew; per-

haps more than even she herself knew.

Yet in all that concerned their personal relations, as indeed in all that concerned human nature, her knowledge was far finer and more delicate than his. It was just this exquisite comprehension of his character and temperament that made her advice and counsel of such constant utility. To be sure, her means of information were greater, as well as her faculty of insight. He had little reserve, with her at any rate; spoke out his needs and hopes and discouragements; made plain his strength and weakness; unrolled his heart like a scroll before her searching and tender scrutiny. This she could not do. She felt more than he those mighty, subtle barriers which seal the tongue and make it incapable of uttering what it yearns to utter. In one of her letters occurs this simple statement which says so much. 'My pen is always freer than my tongue. I have written many things to you that I suppose I never could have talked.' Yet even her pen is tongue-tied in comparison with his. Therefore it is evident that much of her is beyond his divination, while she sees clear into every corner of his heart, understands what affection there is, what power there is, what weakness there is, understands just exactly the weight and significance there is in those scoldings delivered again and again from a sense of duty. Must we add that she saw all this, partly from finer vision and partly from greater eagerness, while he saw not only all that he was fitted, but also all that he cared, to see?

For she was a woman and her love was her whole soul, and it is a delight, after all these strayings in masculine by-paths, to return to the woman in her. She writes long letters on great matters, — domestic difficulties, foreign levies, questions of policy, questions of state, — but always in some brief sentence there is the heart of the letter and the heart of the woman. It is annoying sometimes to stiff, starched John. 'I shall have vexations enough, as usual,' he writes. 'You will have anxiety and tenderness enough, as usual. Pray strive not to have too much.' When there is prospect of their letters being captured by the British and printed, his comment is, that they would both be made to appear very ridiculous.

Ridiculous! What does she care for being ridiculous? This is the man she worships and she wants him. At the very suggestion of his being ill, ten thousand horrors seize on her imagination, and she says so. All he writes her of state matters is very well. She is glad to hear it, hungers for it. But she hungers far more for those little tokens of tenderness which he has no time for giving. 'Could you, after a thousand fears and anxieties, long expectation and painful suspense, be satisfied with my telling you that I was well, that I wished you were with me, that my daughter sent her duty, that I had ordered some articles for you, which I hoped would arrive, etc., etc.? By Heaven, if you could, you have changed hearts with some frozen Laplander, or made a voyage to a region that has chilled every drop of your blood.'

Love her! Oh, yes, she knows that he loves her, after his fashion, but why does n't he say so, after her fashion? 'Every expression of tenderness is a cordial to my heart.' Again, 'I want some sentimental effusions of the heart.' The language is the language of Addison, but the want is the want of Eve forever. It murmurs through these letters of war and business, like a touch of bird-song on a field of battle.

Then, when we have got it thoroughly into our heads that this was a woman and a lover, we can end with her own splendid answer when she was asked how she bore having Mr.

Adams absent for three years in his country's service. 'If I had known, sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years more should be added to the number — which Heaven avert! I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust in the balance, when compared with the great community.'

OVER MY FENCE

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'How big is your garden?' asked the friendly traveler.

'Oh, about so big,' I replied, spreading out a handkerchief; 'this hem is a retaining wall over which little boys let themselves down on ropes; this hem is a close, high board fence along the top of which cats perambulate, sketching their unwelcome profiles against the sky; this hem is of old-fashioned pickets wreathed with vines, across which I serve and return snatches of conversation; and this hem is an ugly iron fence over which the world and I exchange prunes and prisms. I stand four-square; but the talk over the pickets is as different from the talk over the stone wall as the conversation over the iron fence is from remarks over the tight palings.'

The friendly traveler laughed and would know more; but, indeed, I knew no more myself. All four hems were born of the moment, and though, like other new-born things, they had the germ of growth, they were speechless. Even now they are only green adolescents, but proportionately irrepressible.

My earliest drawings showed no craving for variety. Always there was a gabled house, with wings, over which spread the boughs of a tree, from which swung a swing, in which sat a child. Around the whole was a parallelogram done with pencil well wetted and fingers bearing on. The fence was the finishing touch, the frame. Over the fence was out. With the years, my microcosm has been circumscribed again and again as Emerson early told me it would be; but for myself microcosm and macrocosm keep identical centres, and travelers of the larger circumference turn many a friendly eye upon the old hemmed-in garden. For this the fence is responsible to a degree. Its few inches of width definitely separate street customs, costumes, manners, from those of private life. It is a physical hint to such characters as do not sufficiently recognize the existence of bells and knockers; and it bespeaks a touch of courtesy like the 'Miss' in front of one's name. Behind the stronghold of my pickets I can be incisive with my milkman, and accumulate courage to refuse to uproot herbaceous treasures for beggars quite as able as I to buy them; and I am less dragooned by imitators who

come with pencil and pad to copy working plans which I had lovingly evolved. A pet grievance! Why should people copy my flower-borders any more than my clothes or my wall-papers? On the other hand, the slight barrier of the fence invites a confidence and familiarity which would not otherwise be ventured. I can hardly imagine that the exclamation, 'You are the most ambitionest gal I ever saw!' or that other grateful, 'You're a leddy!' would have been addressed to me on the sidewalk.

My fences are not much to see, but they give me a great deal to think about. To relate their history is to spread out the map of several generations. Their bodily frames have changed, but the spirit of the individual remains the same. To these identical pickets our childish fingers clung for support as we walked. Through the horizontal bars of that fence's predecessor we thrust long boards, teetering away summer days, through neighborhood sieges of whooping-cough and mumps. Sitting on the roomy top of one of the white gateposts, I made my first conscious excursion into the field of ethics, as gallantly and conclusively as ever did Plato or Pascal. If fences could talk, what tales they would tell! One of the bordering streets might aptly paraphrase the rue du Puits qui Parle and become the Street of the Talking Fence.

A workman recently going by touched post after post, *à la* Doctor Johnson down Fleet Street. Catching my smile, he said, 'I was setting these posts the day your father came running home to say that Garfield had been shot.' Instantly I saw the dear faces, the man with his post-digger, heard the startled talk, even laughed over the memory of a later incident of the day — an old darky stumbling in to say, 'Garfield's shot: I got to go back to slavery!'

The gates, too — for every post and picket of a fence escorts the qualified straight to the gate: the gate one has swung on; the gates consecrated by many a mortal touch; the fadeless picture of the figure waiting there to draw you in; the click of the latch which announced some beloved presence; the processions grave and gay which have passed through — the old gates are trite and commonplace enough, but gilded with memory and association. With age even a fence gets more conformable. A new fence must be seasoned a little, and socialized, to be of use. Over my old picket-fence every kind of weather has passed and been passed upon. Vines hug its every foot, so that Time only adds to the perfect joy of it a crown of tendrils. With every morn it wreathes a flowery band to bind me to this earth of my forefathers.

I was weeding in the garden one hot morning, when a voice called over the pickets and I saw an old lawyer toying with a rose-spray. His face was crimson as the flower, his coat swung from over one shoulder, his collar had coyly slipped a button. My garden togs were drenched with hose-water, shoes and gloves caked with clay. 'A thing of beauty,' he began, taking in with one gesture the bright garden and its precious pair of beholders, 'is a joy forever. Its loveliness increaseth. It shall never —' down to the full stop. Another day I was training the rampant honeysuckle when a wordful acquaintance stopped to ask, 'And what are you doing now?' 'Doing? Why, fencing, of course!' And the phrase continues to fit. 'Why do not my daffodils bloom?' 'Starved, I suppose.' — 'What is the time to prune my lilacs?' 'The time to give away great bunches of bloom.' — 'My rhododendrons do nothing but die.' 'Then let them die and plant peonies instead.'

Sometimes, however, when I consider my time more important than the questioner's, it is, 'If you know

too much you will grow old too soon'; and I return to my Dutch hoe.

My fences have taught me a thing or two — for instance, the futility of most of our pity. Factory girls scan my flapping skirts and disheveled hair with curious eyes. I can see that they condole and would not take my job — I who am at that moment as radiantly happy as I ever get in this world. Girls from stores and offices regard me with more lenient eye. Some I know by name, but more by face and voice. We need no introduction. Why, as Kim asked, should I lose Delhi for the sake of a fish? They mail my letters for me, they send back the baker's cart, they tell me where the fire was, or the news just posted on the bulletin board. Then, 'requiting guerdon, cake for cake receive,' they smile gratefully over flowers and fruit, four-leaf clovers or bird feathers, which I pass over the fence. More than one has told me that, after a trying, fatiguing morning, she has gone out of her way to look over my picket-fence into the peace and shade of the garden. I recall one fat, rather commonplace little woman, whose brave sorrow and gallant misery I knew of, saying, 'I look and I look and I look; I go by and I go by.'

I often ponder the inexplicable ways of life: why I should be on this side of the fence and those girls, so brave, so bright, so pretty, on that; going so patiently to their work of wrapping bundles or showing buttons or crossing hands in telephone exchanges. It takes any occasional 'kick' out of me.

I have grown less afraid with the years of offering a bit of experience to these fence-friends. My own lesson in that came over these very pickets. I had been reading *The Riddle of the Universe*, amazed at its learning and stunned by its conclusions. It had upset me. One day along came an old family friend, a visitor in town. We gossiped gayly over the fence; and then in answer to his question as to what I had been reading, 'Well, Haeckel.' — 'Oh, very interesting, brilliant, but of course he is rather discredited now.'

I wish that wise old student of books and men might know what a load his casual 'of course' rolled off my young shoulders. Anne Ritchie said that George Eliot told her that we ought to respect our influence. We know by experience how much others affect our lives, and we must remember that we in turn have the same effect upon others; that the least interference may at times avert a great calamity.

I often think of myself as a trout in a stream snapping up the queer morsels of fun that drift by. 'What a lovely day!' I ventured to a little blonde creature who looked at me like a timid bird. 'You bet!' came in basso-profundo tones that made me jump. 'Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning,' I murmured, aloud evidently, for 'Why then, rejoice therefor,' came back to start me flushing apology. One beshawled old lady, to whom a French phrase had slipped unwittingly out, repeated it, only with more subtly correct diction.

In addition to over the fence, some of these remarks are under the rose. When I gave a tramp-worker a new broom with which to sweep the sidewalk he looked at it admiringly. 'I always tries to do what ladies want. If they give me an old stub I take it and sweep. It takes longer and does a poorer job, but it's all one to me.'

I have noticed that any fence gives a feeling of protection to the speaker who talks over it, prompting him to frankness which he would not venture without that slight barrier, much as a child outside the lion's cage addresses it with bravado. Especially is this true in respect to the close back fence over which only the elevated passer-by can spy the

worker in the garden. With horseback riders, truck-women, expressmen, farmers on hayracks, and bespurred linemen, — those the Welsh call 'ffolks,' — I am on terms of familiarity which is never abused when we meet in other localities. A fat vegetable woman stopped her horse and wagon one day to look over the fence. Me she acknowledged with a smile and a murmur about the pretty garden. Then, lifting her voice, 'I have great respect for you, great respect!' Eager to rise to the situation I begged her to come in sometime and see the garden. 'I will do that.'

Next to family affection, health, and the love of work, does anything contribute so much to the pleasantness of life, restoring and raising our self-esteem, as the traffic in kind speeches? I often wonder why we are so chary of them. I have been guilty in dark hours of deliberately seeking the vicinity of the back fence, where incense rises with more or less regularity. 'There is no yard like yours in town,' a drayman called out one day after I had toiled with the hoe; 'I say no yard like it in town.' Another drayman who delivered a sack of wood-ashes lingered to ask what I was going to do with it; and the talk passed from potash for fruit trees and bulb-beds to the parks in the city from which the young fellow had come and where his mother lived — 'Such a good mother — she would love this garden — those pinies.' I glowed with her vicarious approval.

Often when I quote something heard over the fence my family smile, knowing that the fence is my 'Mrs. Harris'; but it is true that some of the most useful suggestions for my garden have come *via* the alley. I received a dissertation on the folly of 'just black earth,' from a great loose-jointed farmer whom I knew by reputation as one of the most profane of men; while how to prune grapes to cover the arbor was demonstrated by one who stepped from his wagon on to my fence and so over. Few topics go untouched. 'There are two kinds of pride, my mother says,' floated down from a lineman untangling wires from my Napoleon willow: 'the kind of pride that everybody ought to have and — well, just stinking pride.' I trust I felt none of the latter when the ancient and honorable garbage-man, referring to his understudy, a youth of little wit, asked, 'Is the gentleman that gets your swill satisfactory?'

Chesterton says that in the phrase 'the common mind' we collide with a current error. Most of the gossips at the elongated Dutch door of my high back fence are at first sight common; but the better I know them the more odd and interesting things come out. Sydney Smith said that Lansdowne looked for talents and qualities among all ranks of men, and added them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and while other aristocrats were yawning among stars and garters, Lansdowne was refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius he had found in odd places and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palace. I want to keep my perceptions alive enough to react swiftly and cannily to the stimulus of these gentlemen of the alley whose talk is so declarative of themselves.

Does a wall reveal, consciously or unconsciously, the owner's mind? This eastern boundary of my yard is almost as autochthonous as myself. Unlike the fences, it has the primordial gift of care of itself; yet my own hands have laid and relaid and embroidered its worn old hem, seeking to add to its interest of association an absolute charm. The mountain people of Italy have a pretty phrase glorifying their own corner of the earth, — 'the patriotism of the campanile,' — and I adapt it to my own uplifted little bailiwick. 'O Wall,'

I cry with the immortal players, 'O sweet and lovely Wall!' As one frank parent in Rostand's *Romancers* told the other, the wall flatters its owner; my personality would lose much without the wall; its removal would melt the glamour from the garden. 'There would be no more Pyrenees.' Its length is topped with summer brightness and winter evergreen. Down its face tumble sprays of roses and cascades of nasturtiums; ivies clamber up from below; and its farther end trails off into a dry wall tufted with happy alpines, ferns, and sempervivums.

The dictionary defines a fence as a structure of rails, boards, wooden or metal openwork; a hedge, stone wall, or ditch; any means of defence. Over the spelling of that last word I used to haggle, but since I visualize 'fence' aphæresis for 'defence,' I scorn a permissible *s*. Show me the fence you left, and I will tell you the sort of man or nation you were. Cherubini drew a chalk-line on the floor between the side of the room where he wrote his lovely music and the side where his children played noisily. So long as they obeyed the line of demarcation, Cherubini worked on undisturbed. Could any one confound this gentle soul with Beckford, author of the most brilliant Oriental romance in the English language, who built seven miles of wall, twelve feet high, round his estate? Dangerous as the heresy of fence may have been fifty years ago, I hold that the socialistic heresy of no fence is more dangerous still. It is good and healthful sometimes to be inclosed alone with trees and flowers, the sky, sun, stars, memories, dreams, and know that one's walls keep out the world. With the best will in the world to be a part of one's kind, the thoughtful appreciates the maxim, *Il faut se borner*, and limits himself accordingly. 'Thanks, courteous Wall, Jove shield thee well for this!'

If occasionally a person passes with 'fromness' in her eye, it is on the avenue alongside the iron fence. The give and take of verbal tennis over side and rear fences is here supplemented by a more conventional game. Men who go down the alley in khaki and toss a quip over the high fence, presently come up the avenue in fine garments and silently lift their hats.

> You with a — yes, with a flute and a rose, or may be an apple;
> I with new Amyclean shoes and a robe in the fashion.

I am myself infected, and sitting properly clad, shod, and coiffed on my front porch, am content, like Goethe, to see something going by; to ruminate rather than talk. My corner affords ample scope for a second *Comédie Humaine;* and my older eyes are wider open to society as it is mirrored *en passant*. Behind my iron fence I decide that I prefer many things to what one calls her fellow creatures. Persons are fine things, but as Emerson says, 'They cost so much: for thee I must pay me.' Why are bores at one's service night and day, and people of initiative always in a hurry? Ruskin knew how to save himself. The conversation got to ants. 'Ants, I like that, touching heads instead of talking.' The power to silence should be a weapon of de-fence, however, not of of-fence. I suppose that is fence which gives a feeling of fence. Just as a person walking round my square would perhaps look and act differently according to the fence over which I observe him, so I myself stand revealed or imagined, modified by the fence between — not mere fence, but iron fence or tight fence or vine-wreathed fence. This might be called the moral influence of fence. The fence itself has its variable climate; sees both sides of the question; is a happy fusion of opposites, wrong side and right side, inside and outside. Like Emerson's two riv-

ers, it keeps one course on the surface and another, more perennial, in the minds of men. As I look at my fences they are never the same fences, because there is always something different on the other side of them. Perhaps under such circumstances Spencer developed his profound exposition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations: the more complex and expansive the response to environing influences, the richer the life.

One of my amusements in driving through the country is to note the variety of fences that the ingenuity of man has fashioned; and a ride through a book adds an occasional item. The old Schuyler house above Albany was, according to Mrs. Grant, surrounded one hundred years ago by simple deal fence, on the posts of which were skeleton heads of horses and cattle in great numbers, used as bird-houses. 'Wrens enter by the orifice of the jaws, line the pericranium with small twigs, and lay their eggs in full security.' Conrad, in his *Heart of Darkness*, goes one further. 'About the agent's shanty in the jungle a dozen slim posts in a row bespoke a former fence, having their upper ends ornamented with round carved balls. On nearer approach the balls proved not ornamental but symbolic, striking, and disturbing. They would have been more expressive, those heads on the stakes, if their faces had not been turned to the house, the shrunken, dry lips smiling at some jocose dream of endless slumber — those rebellious heads looked very subdued on their stakes.'

The railings of iron with which Buffon surrounded 'my eldest son,' the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, were forged in his own foundry. He often stayed in his beloved garden all night, going back to his château at dawn, scaling the flight of fourteen terraces, shutting the fourteen iron gates with a sonorous clang. Before Buffon, however, fences enclosed French gardens. There is a charming print of Henri Quatre in a formal plat surrounded by a latticed fence, holding a nice large daisy at which he gazes attentively, while a group of women admire from without.

The fence has from its very nature rooted itself in the vernacular. Lowell laughed slyly at politicians, —

> a kin' o' hangin' round and settin' on a fence
> Till Providence pinted how to jump an' save the most expense.

Congressmen still go home to 'mend their fences,' and in these exciting times of war endless persons have thrown their caps over the fence. Kent, the father of modern landscape-gardening, dissatisfied with the formal style in vogue, 'leaped a fence and saw that all nature was a garden.' We might paraphrase Franklin by saying, —

> Some are fence-wise
> Some are otherwise.

For me, then, fence-wise! To perceive what to fence out of this perplexing, fascinating thing we call daily life and what to fence in; to discriminate among our inherited fences which to conserve, adorn, and bequeath, and which to demolish; to discern that any situation may be stated in terms of fence (what is lack of time, for instance, but the fence we choose to establish); to play the game of fence — initiative and response — full-bloodedly; to be canny on material — wood, hay, stubble; on foundations — rock or sand; on gates padlocked or ajar or off their hinges; to know when to seek the fence for society and when for solitude; when it should be treated mystically and when mythically; when to bury out of sight half of its prescribed height as did the executors of Stephen Girard, or when to take it full leap like a trained hunter: only some working knowledge of these and of other things akin entitle Life's pupil to the degrees of Bachelor or Doctor of the Fence in this our Garden.

THE HISTORIAN OF WESSEX

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

IT is perhaps unfortunate for Mr. Thomas Hardy, and still more unfortunate for criticism, that all general discussion of the Wessex novels tends to resolve itself into discussion of *Jude the Obscure*. *Jude* achieves, we are not forgetting, a singular emphasis among Mr. Hardy's works of fiction, both because it is the last, the terrible outcome of a long series of experiments, and because it has the sanction of its author's expressed approval. Hardy did indeed arrive at a forbidding unity of purpose, a misanthropy at once querulous and brutal. But he is so often identified with that extremity of his thought and feeling, not so much because it is traceable in him from the beginning as because its intensity is so great that it casts a sinister light backward over all that precedes it. If only for such factitious reasons, any fundamental criticism of Mr. Hardy has to begin with the celebrated pessimism of which *Jude the Obscure* is an ultimate expression, or, in the least favorable view, a *reductio ad absurdum*. But it is very important to remember that there is only one *Jude*. A critic who undertakes, with Mr. Chesterton, to classify Thomas Hardy as 'the village atheist . . . blaspheming over the village idiot' makes the mistake of rewriting *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, in order to prove that a great novelist was always the same person, and that he has always read the universe in the same dark light. Whereas it is our point, by all odds the most important producible, that Mr. Hardy has been several persons in succession, so that to reject *Jude the Obscure* is by no means to reject the whole of Hardy. When we look for the element of consistency or continuity in Hardy, we find it in his art, not in his philosophy. The development of his art is a growth; that of his philosophy is a change.

The truthful critic must describe the pessimism of Hardy as simply the extension of his earlier temperamental bias toward appreciation of incongruity. Probably no novelist has ever had a keener appreciation of the incongruous for its own sake. The quaint homemade songbooks of his Mellstock choir, made up of sheets hand-ruled by the horny fingers of country artisans, wheelwrights, ploughmen, cobblers, and containing between the same covers the most bizarre extremes of pious and unprintably profane, can stand as an image of character, of life, and of the world, as Hardy tended from the beginning to see them. The incongruous mixture of elements in the same character; the incongruous domination of the strong or unified character by impersonal forces, Nature, Heredity, or simply Chance; pranks played on the helpless human soul by the mocking irresponsibility of the whole world-scheme — these are the familiar and characteristic appeals of Hardy after a certain point; and even from the first they are a vaguely implied destination.

The subtly pessimistic bent of Hardy's mind is shown in the group of

novels which may be called, for want of a really apt name, his idylls — such novels as *Under the Greenwood Tree, Far from the Madding Crowd, A Pair of Blue Eyes,* and *The Woodlanders;* a group not compressed into a few years, a recognizable 'period,' but scattered from 1872 to 1887, and interspersed with others less great, — as *The Hand of Ethelberta,* — and far greater, as *The Return of the Native.*

The figure of a cadence marred by a half-inaudible discord will serve to describe life as Hardy sees it in these tragi-comic idylls, especially since it is in the endings of such books that he comes nearest to his later pessimism. *Under the Greenwood Tree* closes with the conversation of two just-married lovers, the husband exclaiming fondly over the perfect confidence they share and the impossibility of either's having a secret from the other, the woman coolly assenting even while she thinks, in the last phrase of the book, 'of a secret she should never tell' — a secret which, told, would discolor the entire future of their relation. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *The Woodlanders* both end with grave-scenes which show how Time has made — as is his wont — a laughing-stock of love.

Still more characteristic, because in the tone of humor rather than pathos, is the close of *Far from the Madding Crowd.* Farmer Oak has at last, after many vicissitudes, married Bathsheba, who resorts to him after all else has failed her. When the neighbors come to chorus their good wishes, the dominant strain is somehow not the serene contentment it seems to be. No one means to touch a discordant string; yet — 'Why, it might have been worse, and I feel my thanks accordingly,' is all Joseph Poorgrass can say. And somehow the reader can say no more; for Bathsheba's gift is that of a spent, an all but wasted self, worn out by the stresses brought into her life by caprices and petty vanities.

All the novels of this group mingle light and shadow in somewhat the proportion of life. Their resultant taste is bitter-sweet, like that of life. If any one trait in them more irritates than pleases, it is the conscious effort to disentangle and accent the note of irony above its natural vibration. The reader experiences a lurking wonder whether, after all, the artist has given the goodness of life a quite fair chance. This wonder recurs most often in connection with the women characters, in the treatment of whom Hardy's insistence is always upon the lighter qualities. His judgments of women are censorious in the extreme; indeed, his favorite *motif* is the situation which might be one of ideal felicity but for a woman's failure in constancy or candor. Fancy, Elfride, Viviette spoil the future by white lies, deceits intrinsically petty but overwhelming in their consequences; Bathsheba fails through vanity or self-regard; Grace through inconstancy.

To these qualities of his unsparing analysis, Hardy adds an almost lyrical sense of the cruelty of Time, which makes beauty fade and love grow cold. No artist has ever had a more plaintive sense of the pathos of shriveled cheeks and whitened hair, or a less adequate sense of their dignity. We can think of no character in Hardy who promises an old age of ripened wisdom and contentment, fire-lighted ease and musing, placid retrospect. Most of them are victims of the irony that waits on the vows of lovers, who pledge themselves to eternity and, like Wilfrid Pole, forget before eleven o'clock of the morrow morning.

The mournful beauty of these idyllic books is so haunting largely because throughout their pages the possibility of happiness, though unfulfilled, is so vividly present and near. They are

marked by a sense of the insubstantial character of the wall that shuts men and women from their beatitude. Spare one trifling element of the ironic, let so much as a pin-point of light through the wall, and the characters can find their way to happiness; not otherwise. This is the latent cruelty of even these earlier and purer interpretations of life — a cruelty foreshadowed in such title phrases as *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *Under the Greenwood Tree*, wrenched from idyllic poems about the beneficence of nature to man, to be applied to idyllic novels about Mr. Hardy's favorite idea, the ironic contrast between nature and man.

II

Hardy always perceived, then, the ironies that make for humor or for the bearable degrees of pathos — 'Life's Little Ironies,' as he calls them in a familiar title. But it is not until nearly the end of his career in the novel that he begins to add these up into the great fundamental ironies that make for despair. We see his drift as a thing self-propulsive. The tendency grows by what it feeds on, progressing, not evenly but on the whole decisively, toward its own logical fulfillment. In the seventies Hardy found humanity in many ways a sorry spectacle, but still rather a lark; in the eighties, a forlorn hope; in the nineties, a desperate failure. When he wrote *Two on a Tower* his purpose was 'to set the emotional history of two infinitesimal lives against the stupendous background of the stellar universe, and to impart to readers the sentiment that of these two contrasting magnitudes the smaller might be the greater to them as men.' Ten years later his purpose would have been to engulf and extinguish the lesser magnitude. After 1885 he might have written a book called *Desperate Expedients*, but hardly one called *Desperate Remedies*. By 1890 he is almost exclusively concerned with Man the Ridiculous — 'Time's Laughing-Stock.'

It is only at this last stage, where his sombre temperament vents itself in a black philosophy, that he becomes the exact antithesis of Meredith. Meredith's parting word, 'There is no irony in nature,' he would have turned at length into 'There is nothing but irony in nature'; he would have taken the 'Fifty years for one brave minute!' of Kirby the Old Buccaneer and given it the ironical inflection to make it mean all the accumulated good of fifty years existing for no better end than annihilation in one tragic instant. But not even Mr. Hardy can give us the right to identify him throughout with this eventual grim fixity of despair. An artist's meaning, after all, is less what he says than what he makes you feel; the malignant words in *Jude the Obscure* may deny, but they cannot destroy, the compassion evoked by such a tragedy as *The Return of the Native*.

We mean of course to face, not to obscure or belittle, the significance of *Jude the Obscure*. Incomprehensible as one may find a world in which men and women are destroyed, not through their weaknesses, but actually, like Tess and Jude, through their virtues, Hardy did create that world of evil principle, in which man is only a 'disease of the dust'; and one may not merely cover one's eyes with horrified protesting hands. Because that one book contains a great artist's final summary of man's tragic life, the consideration of it is on no account to be shirked.

The central fact of the nightmare seems to be that man's very powers of hope, of faith, of resistance have become agents of tragedy. The sad thing is no longer that the little evil in life can sometimes triumph over the great good: it is that the little spark of good

must linger unquenched by the flood of evil. The heart must keep on longing for fulfillments which exist only as illusions. Strength is more tragic than weakness, for strength means resistance, and resistance means only the prolonging of futile pain. There is no bitterness in the Wessex novels to be compared with the bitterness of this final paradox, that the one greatest evil in the cosmos is the goodness in man's soul. But for that goodness, the argument seems to run, we should not know evil as evil, or suffering as suffering. Jude, a man at the last gasp, is not even allowed to curse God and die with a shred of human dignity. Arabella, the most heartless of Hardy's women, conceals the fact of his death for several hours in order that she may finish a tawdry frolic with tawdry companions. Of Jude's faithless love of earlier days, it is said by Mrs. Edlin, a motherly soul: 'Well — poor little thing, 't is to be believed she's found forgiveness somewhere! She said she had found peace!' — on which note the drama might almost bearably have ended. But there comes Arabella's harsh retort, literally Hardy's last word in the field of the novel: 'She may swear that on her knees to the holy cross upon her necklace till she's hoarse, but it won't be true! . . . She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now!' By this last word we are ushered into a cosmos where goodness is foredoomed, denied even a fighting chance, and made at length to crave oblivion as the sole thing left to believe in.

It is one thing to let the imagination enter that cosmos, and another to accept its conditions. The answer to such a last word as Hardy's depends on considerations somewhat abstract but, surely, not obscure. First of all, *Jude* is one illustrious example of a familiar artistic fallacy: the attempt to prove a general truth about life by imagined facts. It is useless for Mr. Hardy to protest that life stacked the cards against Jude, when it is so very obvious that Mr. Hardy stacked them. 'By ten o'clock that night Jude was lying on the bedstead at his lodging, covered with a sheet, and straight as an arrow. Through the partly opened window the joyous throb of a waltz entered from the ball-room at Cardinal.' By such gestures — *Jude* is full of that machine-made irony — the case is tricked out in gloom. That particular gesture is Mr. Hardy's way of saying that life does not care what it does to the deserving unfortunate. But his proof is purely arbitrary — as arbitrary as if, at the opposite extreme, he had suddenly filled the lodging with Good Samaritans come in from the street to ask how they could help. The trouble is that his theory has become so important to him that he lets it first select and then discolor the facts. He overlooks the facts that do not fit the theory and distorts the ones that half fit it, instead of choosing the facts broadly for their human interest and letting them prove what they will.

Was it the late Samuel Butler who remarked that extremes alone are logical, but that extremes are always absurd? That Hardy should once have overlooked this truism is the more remarkable since he had formerly given an ingenious illustration of it. In recounting the summary execution of a young sheep-dog who had chased the sheep to their death, and was considered 'too good a workman to live,' Hardy calls the transaction 'another instance of the untoward fate which so often attends dogs and other philosophers who follow out a train of reasoning to its logical conclusion, and attempt perfectly consistent conduct in a world made up so largely of compromise.'

The logic of an inexorable pessimism

appears to be one of the absurdities denied to literature, not by the nature of pessimism as a philosophy, but by that of literature as an art. If it be asked whether optimism is not in its way as arbitrary as pessimism, the answer is, philosophically yes, but not artistically. For there exists in practical application of the two this gigantic difference: the optimist in literature leaves the powers of darkness really powerful, because the triumphant strength of goodness is exalted just in proportion to the forces it has to contend against, and his result is a balanced picture of life as a struggle; whereas the pessimist is restricted from telling the whole truth about the goodness of life, because at any cost he must make evil triumph over it. Consequently we view the singular spectacle of the pessimist leagued with the powers of darkness against the human hero, that their victory over him may be assured; and the struggle is not equal enough to produce tragedy in the true sense.

This is why all the greatest tragedies have been written by optimists — men who have enough faith in life to understand that it is good even when it does not seem so. The pessimist has not enough faith in life to understand that it is good even when it does seem so; and therefore he falsifies the immediate seemings of things in deference to his ultimate principle. But the proper concern of fiction is with the immediate seemings; and if it miss the truth about them, it has failed at the all-important point, the point of access to the reader. However adequate it may be as self-expression, it stops short of self-communication, without which the work of art dies at its source.

III

These matters go to the root of the tragic emotion. 'We can give good critical reasons,' says Professor Winchester, 'for our natural demand that a novel should, in some sense, turn out well. It may not end in sugared marital felicity, with "God bless you, my children," and ten thousand a year; but its total effect upon the emotions should be healthy and strengthening. Shakespeare's most terrible tragedies brace and hearten our spirits. They never leave us with a sense of mere horror, or with a discouraged or nerveless feeling. Their close is often pitiful, sometimes supremely and solemnly tragic; yet we shut the book with a feeling of the beauty and value of the great virtues. Such art solemnizes and fortifies our souls. It meets Aristotle's requirement for tragedy: "It purifies the passions by pity and fear." '

We have, when all is said, our lives to live; and art is very properly concerned with the terms of our living them. It is irrelevant, as well as paralyzing, to say that we are fools to live them at all, for we cannot think of ourselves as having a choice in the matter. Great tragedy is not moral justice, because it is essentially disaster to the good; but its appeal is to our sense of moral justice, since it makes us feel the abnormality of the destruction of good by evil. Let such disaster be presented to us as normal, a fulfillment of the world-purpose, and hope atrophies in the heart, the will is benumbed — the tragic emotion is gone. If *Othello* proves that jealousy is a terrible thing, it certainly does not prove that life is a terrible thing. If it did, it would entirely miss its point about jealousy; the smaller evil would be lost in the greater. So *Jude* misses its point about man's inhumanity to man by covering all human nature with mud.

If, at the last, we find Hardy thus offering us spurious tragedy without the compensations of tragedy, we have only to follow him backward and up-

ward to where the compensations are richest. To get from an abyss of impotent despair to a great height of moral indignation, we need go no further than to *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Jude is weakly good; but Tess is so strong that it takes the whole world to conquer and destroy her. She is an inspiring picture of the fortitude of the human soul expressing itself in the virtues of steadfastness, obstinate devotion, and self-effacement. Elsewhere the insistence is on the capacity of the world to inflict sorrows; here it is on the capacity of the soul to endure sorrows without being broken. Tess is the one resplendent example of her sex in the Wessex novels, a figure of solitary greatness. She has almost nothing of vanity, itching curiosity, or deceitfulness — the three Fates, almost the three Furies, of Hardy's women. She is 'a pure woman faithfully presented' in her struggle against all the impurities in the world. Her greatness of heart, her indomitable courage, her stubborn persistence in hope on the very borderland of despair — these give the approach to equality between the contending powers; and it is that approach to equality that makes the splendor of authentic tragedy.

The compensations of tragedy are likeliest to take, as here, the form of the moral or social emotions.

> Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
> Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd, —

in that mood of compassion Tess is imagined, and at that altitude the treatment is sustained — a far remove from, say, the superciliousness with which Bathsheba Everdene is drawn. Hardy performs his task here under an instinctive sense that there may be, that there indeed must be, something in compassionate understanding alone that can all but redeem the lost world. By such appeals the heart is wrung, and its springs of pity are not dried. It is true, as Mr. Copeland once put it, that 'the historian of Wessex celebrated the three Fates until people shuddered to see the thread both spun and cut.' But it is further true that in this one instance the historian himself shuddered, and thereby humanized his message.

The critic owes it to Mr. Hardy to see that what brings him eventually to the mood of frozen despair is precisely his susceptibility to the moral emotions, the warmest, most expansive possible. The sense of sympathy cries out against the tragic in life; or, more philosophically, the sense of order protests against the waste in the world. The sense of order has only to be tender enough, to find itself lacerated at every contact with reality. If Hardy once gnashed his teeth at life, it was for no other reason than that life was hurting fellow creatures whom he loved. The trouble is, not that the feeling is misguided, but that it has overleaped the human power of expression.

It is this baffled humanitarian rage of the altruist that leads Hardy to the uttermost resort of his style, the personification of evil chance, or the massed injustice of the universe, as God. Hardy's smouldering indignation flames out, as in *Tess*, against man's inhumanity to woman, and its characteristic subterfuge, the 'double code'; but, more important, it flames out against the empty heavens, the inveterate mercilessness of the whole cosmic organization. The defiance sounds with a more austere dignity than in *Jude*, where the persistent note is querulousness. And the dignity comes through a characteristic resort of modern pessimism in literature — a species of pure symbolism, almost of pure poetry. Hardy knows that God does not exist as the object of either prayers or curses; his world is the world of naturalism,

the rationalistic world of George Eliot. But he adopts the imagery of despair, personifying the new meanings under the old names. He takes the personal God in whom he has ceased to believe, and turns him into a personal devil in whom he never believed. And at the end of the tragedy, as the black flag mounts the staff, we read: 'The President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess.'

This reversion to the old terminology is partly a habit of speech, like the profanity of some atheists; partly it is a baffled attempt to get beyond the point where language can go; most of all, it is a conscious poetic symbolism, a figure of speech perverse and sublime.

It is easy enough, on logical grounds, to ridicule this inverted theology, in which the best in human nature becomes the scornful judge of evil chance personified as God. Indeed, Mr. Chesterton has ridiculed it in these words: 'It has been said that if God had not existed it would have been necessary to invent Him. But it is not often, as in Mr. Hardy's case, that it is necessary to invent Him in order to prove how unnecessary (and undesirable) He is.' To which, long before it was written, Mr. Hardy neatly retorted by a precedent from King Lear: —

> As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
> They kill us for their sport.

But the one really decisive retort is, that to brandish one's fists at a heaven under which things chance as they did with Tess is essentially an ennobling gesture — whether by that heaven one understands a personally malignant God, the injustices of man, or simply the collective insensibility of things.

IV

However long we find it necessary to dwell on the elements of tragedy in Hardy's genius, we are in small danger of forgetting that, after all, its most irresistible qualities are of the comic order. We turn to the realism of Hardy, and find the doleful philosopher an inimitably comic artist. His realism is exhibited most, of course, in his command of folk-lore and the folk-spirit, his extension and specialization of George Eliot's early treatment of rustic life and character. The first to specialize rigidly in a provincial district marked principally by quaintness, naïve archaic oddity of speech and tradition, of custom and dress, he disinters a thousand charming odds and ends of the past. These range from whole institutions re-created bodily, such as the Mellstock choir, down to such curiosities as the 'two-handled tall mug' from which Gabriel Oak drank on his first evening at Warren's Malthouse — an ancient vessel, warm and crusted with ashes from the hearth, and called a 'God-forgive-me,' 'probably because its size makes any given toper feel ashamed of himself when he sees its bottom in drinking it empty.'

Much more important are the minor characters, the Greek-chorus bystanders in alehouse kitchens, at dances, rehearsals, weddings, sheep-shearings, christenings — such women as Bathsheba's attendant Liddy and the three dairy-maids in *Tess*, such men as Granfer Cantle and Christian, Joseph Poorgrass, the timid William Worm, and a dozen others. All these are delightful, most of them superlative; all have the undeniable stamp of authenticity. And they are intrinsically funny, as the clowns of Shakespeare are funny.

But we would speak primarily of the uses to which they are put; of what may be called the structurally comic element in the art of Hardy. He weaves together the lives of these rustic folk and the lives of his protagonists, who are likely to be from more cultivated, even from

exceedingly sophisticated classes. His heroes are often of the artistic and scientific professions. He is master of the astronomer, the architect, the artist, the writer or student of affairs, the teacher or preacher, the archæologist or historian, placed in rural solitudes on his holidays or his professional errands, and sharply characterized through his chance contacts with simple, naïve folk. These are used in turn for two purposes: for expository comment on the principal action, and effects of broad relief or comic contrast.

It is in this second, somewhat technical respect — where once more, by the way, we find an innate love of the incongruous explaining much — that Hardy may accurately be said to have drawn his structure from the Elizabethan play. In an age like the Late Victorian, of smooth-textured art more and more highly polished, this rough chiaroscuro of Hardy, an affair of broad belts of light and shade, especially denotes artistic virility. In the boldest of these contrasts there is a primitive hacked-out quality that recalls, of English comedists in prose, Fielding, Smollett, and Dickens.

One of the best illustrations of this matter is the series of five chapters culminating in the major crisis of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Fanny Robin is an obscure girl whom Sergeant Troy has wooed and dashingly won; then his fancy for Bathsheba has diverted him, and his marriage to her has made him lose track of Fanny's plight. Troy and Bathsheba, driving, encounter her on the road, miserable and exhausted. We follow her painful and labored progress toward Casterbridge. Night comes on; she falls, but helps herself up and on with crutches improvised of sticks. With the aid of a stray dog, a powerful and kindly friend, she drags herself the remaining half-mile to 'the Union.' A man and a woman lift her up and help her in. The next day Troy borrows money of Bathsheba. The next morning after that, just after Troy has started off, the news comes that Fanny has died in the workhouse. Bathsheba sends Joseph Poorgrass with a wagon for the body, for Fanny had once been the servant of her uncle. Meanwhile Bathsheba, who has been putting two and two together into an uncertain and complicated four, begins to suspect her husband's perfidy.

All this is of a prolonged tenseness, with the tension still to be increased; and it is at this point that Hardy interposes his emotional relief. The expedient is simple; but it suffices, and it is contrived so as to help the plot as well as the mood. Poorgrass, conveying the body through solitary woods at nightfall, finds his nerves in a tremor. The tapping of heavy raindrops on poor Fanny's coffin becomes at length too much for him, and it is with enormous relief that he approaches the Buck's Head. Mark Clark and Jan Coggan are there. Malt flows, tongues loosen; time glides. When Gabriel Oak comes looking for Poorgrass, he finds the party fuddled with drink. 'Coggan looked up indefinitely at Oak, one or other of his eyes occasionally opening and closing of its own accord, as if it were not a member, but a dozy individual with a distinct personality.' Gabriel drives on with the body. But he has forgotten to take the death certificate from Poorgrass, and the coffin is left, by Bathsheba's direction, in her house, instead of being buried at once. Gabriel lingers by the coffin long enough to erase the last two words of the chalk inscription on the lid — 'Fanny Robin *and child*' — in order to shield Bathsheba from the full knowledge.

This comic interlude of the tavern scene both serves the plot, by insuring yet postponing the revelation, and slackens the emotional tautness of the

reader, in order that the next effect may exert its full tug of contrast. The final thrust comes when Bathsheba, left alone late at night and obsessed by suspicions, makes up her mind at last to *know*. She opens the coffin. While she kneels by the bodies of mother and still-born child, her husband comes back from his unexplained errand. No need to explain now: the situation is beyond pretence, and, for the reader, almost beyond the pale of the endurable.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles may be, as a whole, the greatest of the novels; but Hardy never surpassed this sequence of five chapters, with its comic impediment so placed as to double the impact of the culminating scene. As in the best drama, each inexorable stroke tells for more than its intrinsic worth. The result shows all Mr. Hardy's distinguished powers working as one toward a predetermined artistic effect — his irony, his humor, his extraordinary narrative power, his sense of atmosphere, his compassion; and, one must add, that unsparing and unyielding love of truth as he sees it, that does more than anything to give him his place of intellectual honor among the great modern practitioners of fiction. But even that moral inexorableness would appear as so much diffusion and waste were it not for the use that, through the most rigorous artistic self-command, is made of it. All the elements *must* work as one, or none of them will work at all. The tremendous crisis, 'Fanny's Revenge,' could never have been swung in complete equilibrium to its tragic fulfillment except on some such precarious and delicate pivot of the comic.

V

Those readers who find Mr. Hardy everywhere, as in *Jude the Obscure*, a victim of his own ironic temperament, seem to us to have overlooked several important aspects of his art, not least among them this impersonal economy which rules and explains his boldest contrasts. But we shall not have made a proportioned sketch, even within the present narrow limits, until we have reverted to an equally impersonal trait of his philosophy itself, as distinguished from his art — a trait which, more than any other, modernizes and vitalizes both philosophy and art, making them harmoniously one. We find in him from the beginning a certain scientific detachment of spirit which he was the first to bring conspicuously into the regional novel, and which is fully as important as either his structural genius or his irony.

For an expression of it in its earliest intensity, we have to go back as far as *The Return of the Native*, where for the first time he deserts the local color that is merely quaintness for the local color that is interpretation on the grandest scale. We do not understand *The Return of the Native* until we understand that its real hero is the *genius loci*. If we analyze the plot alone, we shall find it a tissue of improbable coincidences, a prolonged strain on the credulity. Like *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, it is a drama of retribution brought home to the sinner, and involving disaster to the innocent; and as in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, the expiation is wrought out in a very elaborate and ingenious machinery of events. But there is this all-important difference: that the events in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* take place in the clear light of normal day, a compromising glare in which the plot seems as artificial as a mechanical toy; whereas in the earlier and greater spectacle the human figures move through a sinister gloom which discolors ordinary probability, and in which anything can happen. The personæ are puppets of the spirit or atmosphere of place,

creatures of the gloomy twilight that broods over the Heath, to work out with human pawns the moves of its inscrutable game. The first chapter, 'A Face on which Time makes but Little Impression,' raises a curtain on some mighty drama presently to be enacted in shadow. The opening is one of those stupendous effects of mood which can be compared only to such things as the first scene of *Hamlet* or the Prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*. Night and day struggle together in a sort of endless twilight.

And the heroine, Eustacia Vye, is a translation into flesh and blood of the dark spirit that presides over the waste where she lives. Night and day, light and shadow, mingle and struggle in her soul too. This parallel is not a fanciful one for criticism to draw: indeed, Hardy draws it at some length himself, in the chapter named 'Queen of Night,' and even extends it to his heroine's appearance. She is 'without ruddiness, as without pallor.' 'To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow.' Not that Eustacia is an inhuman symbol, an abstraction: decidedly she is one of Hardy's most real women, as Egdon Heath is one of his most real landscapes. But both the place and the woman are real with a faintly abnormal intensity; they are two pagans between whom exists a subtle accord. There is something more than a purely decorative harmony in Eustacia's love of darkness, her prowlings at night, her stolen meetings with Wildeve at the edge of the dismal pool into which he throws his signal-stone. There is a still stranger fitness in her death in Shadwater Weir on a night when the heath has unleashed all its furies of darkness and storm. Thus the microcosm of personality is made a stage for the interplay of almost cosmic forces.

There is one more important aspect of this impersonal power of Hardy: his essentially modern faculty of taking scientific fact and utilizing it on a vast scale for effects of poetic grandeur. The obvious instance is *Two on a Tower*, where the characters are shown against the whole stellar universe, for ironic commentary on the somewhat petty terms of their human drama. A briefer expression of a somewhat similar concept occurs in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, in description of a clear night when 'the twinkling of all the stars seemed to be but throbs of one body, timed by a common pulse.' The greatest example of all, perhaps, is one which utilizes a different kind of scientific fact, the geologic. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, Henry Knight, scientist and scholar, loses his footing at the edge of the 'Cliff without a Name,' and hangs for some minutes precariously clinging on the rounded edge by a tuft of sea-pink. Time closes up 'like a fan' before him, and he sees himself 'at one extremity of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously.' Lost to all but the curving face of the cliff round and beneath him, and prompted by an imbedded fossil that stares at him from the rock, he re-lives the whole cycle of organic evolution on the earth.

The Hardy who could make so much scenic and emotional impressiveness out of the facts of a special science does quite clearly represent a generation beyond that of the rationalist George Eliot.

Criticism has been on the whole rather generous in providing points of view for the study of Mr. Hardy. But they all — historical, technical, or philosophical — fail us if we ask much of them. And we are brought back to the necessity of partly rejecting them all, and of defining our author very

largely in terms of himself. We do well, surely, to beware of the conventional tags and labels, the catchwords invented for dealing on the quickest, least costly terms with the Poes and Ainsworths and Oscar Wildes of literature, but proved to be least helpful here where there is more than we can see at any one glimpse or from any one angle.

There are some affairs which pay themselves the compliment of bursting any mould of formula into which one tries to pour them, whose distinction is, as we say, to 'defy analysis.' The great eighteenth-century novelists have this variousness and elusiveness; Scott and the great Victorians have it; Hardy has it also, to a degree that gives him his impressive character of survival from an age of grander dimensions than ours, an age of more burning creative intensity and of genius magnificently rioting. Even if the future should strangely overlook the greatness of such a man, it could hardly overlook his largeness. Wherever he failed, he failed spaciously, grandly, and his very failures are more to be prized than the safe successes of lesser men; just as the desperately bad things in Thackeray are better literature, if worse art, than the unusually good things in Bulwer-Lytton. This general largeness or capaciousness, which we associate with tumultuous periods such as the Elizabethan, is especially marked in Hardy because his last fifteen years of creative activity in the novel fall in a period otherwise largely given over, except for Meredith, to the excellence of little things. And, quite apart from particular small merits and defects, it demands for him a special consideration. He looms, however jaggedly or unsymmetrically, over our modern landscape; he is a mountain that towers. We may, if we will, turn from the ascent; but at least we cannot help being in his shadow.

CRITICAL NOTES ON AMERICAN POETS

BY EDWARD GARNETT

On opening a little volume, *Poems and Lyrics*,[1] by George Reston Malloch, one recognizes that our young English poets inherit advantages denied their American brothers. The English literary soil has been fructified by the germs of poetic associations since the days of Chaucer. Indeed, not only were the Elizabethans inspired by the riches of the mediæval world and the Renaissance, but elements of the rich compost of the buried civilizations carried into Britain by the invading Celts, Romans, and Teutonic tribes reappear in the literary magic of the Shakespearean drama. *Macbeth* and *King Lear* are the poetic fruit of cycles of legends. And to read our contemporary poets — Hardy, Doughty, Bridges, Yeats, Davies, Flecker, de la Mare, Hodgson, Sturge Moore, Lawrence, and the rest — is to recognize that in their literary blood courses sap from these ancient English roots ramifying in our literary soil.

[1] London: W. Heinemann. 1917.

Mr. Malloch's verses are no better, line for line, than most of the poems in *The Little Book of Modern* [American] *Verse*,[1] edited by Miss Rittenhouse; but one feels that many of the latter suffer from a thinness of literary *humus*. The effect of the majority of these American poets of a decade ago, as also that of the Transition poets of the sixties, — Stedman, Aldrich, — and of their successors, Gilder, Cawein, and the others, refined, sensitive, and conscientious as is their work, is too much that of a literary dessert, and too little that of the meat or the wine, the labor or the joy of life. Such work is an ornamentation, like the cut flowers on the table. One feels that Miss Rittenhouse's seventy poets have not so much created their own styles as selected them from imported English stock; and that when they mix in their native images, the effect is incongruous, as in the poem 'Lincoln' by Edwin Markham, where the moral grandiloquence flowers in rhetoric: —

> Sprung from the West,
> The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
> The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
> Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
> One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
> To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,
> Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
> And evermore he burned to do his deed
> With the fine stroke and gesture of a king;
> He built the rail-pile as he built the State . . .

It is surely the borrowed or adulterated literary styles of the vast majority of American poets contemporary with Whitman, that have proved fatal to their claims in the eyes of this generation? It is therefore with curiosity that we turn to the 'New Poetry,' to the renaissance of poetry in America of which Mr. W. S. Braithwaite is a careful sponsor. His *Index of Poets, of Magazine Poems and of Volumes of Poetry* published in America in 1916, is so imposing as to abash a foreign critic who feels that in offering, here, a few remarks, he necessarily remains in ignorance of verse of rarer quality than he has been privileged to examine. But the main conclusion that he draws from Mr. Braithwaite's Annual is that American poetry is in a vigorous state. Not only is the growth of the vine luxuriant, but there is plenty of body in the new, fermenting wine; though of fine bouquet, of high distinction of style, there is, as yet, not much evidence.

One must not ask too much at once. The main thing is that the poets should be fortified by public interest in the movement, and that the standard of critical taste should be raised. From a few magazine articles here and there one gathers that the reviewers are a little too busy confounding the geese with the swans, and the coteries too intent on crowning their own friends with laurels. With the spirit and aims of the innovators in *vers libre* one must declare one's self in sympathy. The old metrical forms cannot suffice the new impulses, and there must be continuous experiment, if a disastrous crystallization of form is not to fetter the poets, as the bardic poets of Ireland were fettered by their elaborate school-craft for many centuries. But bad taste is sure to parade in its pretentious *papier-mâché* mask.

Mr. Ezra Pound's *Personae*,[2] for instance, is a specimen of false poetic mosaic — pseudo-mediæval *tesseræ* set in sticky, modern cement that can never harden. Such stand condemned as style, by their adulterate jargon. Some reviewers have commended Mr. Pound's 'freshness of inspiration,' his 'immense vitality and passion'; but these are precisely the qualities nature has denied him. His *Canzoni*[3] may offer us technical feats, but are they not bankrupt in feeling? Everything in

[1] Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1913.

[2] London: Elkin Matthews. 1909.

[3] London: Elkin Matthews. 1911.

Mr. Pound's verse appears to us to be derived, or imitated, or cut out of old patterns. One is told, however, that he is at his best in translations from the Chinese.

Mr. Untermeyer, on the other hand, is rich in feeling but poor in artistry. Many of his pieces in *These Times*,[1] as 'The Swimmers,' 'On the Palisade,' 'A Side Street,' one reads with sympathy, applauding the truth and unconventional vigor of his sensations and impressions; but even when most successful he needs to concentrate and purify his verse and eliminate the dross from his metal. In 'Thirteen Portraits,' by his force of feeling he gets home on his human target with a satiric sabre-edge, and in 'Lovers' he has retold the old story of Love's satiety in a manner all his own. His ideas are bold, but he is too apt to philosophize and divagate, and mar his pictures with hasty, random strokes and coarse metaphors, as in his poem 'To a Weeping Willow,' where he speaks thus of the storm wind, —

> You laughed a welcome to that savage lout,
> I heard the thunder of his heavy boots.

Mr. Untermeyer shouts over-loudly of his unconquerable optimism, of his unquenchable faith in life. Is this a genuine temperamental trait? or is it that he needs must echo the popular American creed, and its 'red-blood' gospel? Walt Whitman shouted, too, but his giant lungs could carry over prairie and savannah to far continents. But is not Mr. Untermeyer shouting at the crowd from his literary window? In 'The Poet' he describes aptly enough the qualifications of the true poet, concluding, —

> His soul is but a fragile glass,
> Revealing what his age has been;
> But it shall live, though all else pass,
> For all of Time is seen therein.

[1] New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1917.

A fine illustration of the truth of the above stanza is offered us in a little booklet, *Chinese Poems*;[2] and from a score of exquisite little cameos I select one by a poet of the Pre-T'ang period, to compare with Mr. Untermeyer's method: —

> Yellow dusk; messenger fails to appear,
> Restraining anger, heartsick and sad.
> Turn candle towards bed-foot;
> Averting face — sob in darkness.

From Mr. Untermeyer's 'Truce,' a description, in seventy lines, of two lovers clinging together in the dusk of a winter's evening while watching from a city window the falling snow, we take the following lines: —

> And as she smiled and snuggled closer there,
> The dusk crept up and flowed into the room;
> Softly, with *reverent hand*, it touched her hair,
> That like a soft brown flower, seemed to bloom
> In the deep-lilac gloom.
> Kindly it came,
> And laid its blurring fingers on the sharp edges
> of things,
> On books, and chairs and figured coverings,
> And all at once clear and delicately wrought;
> Then almost hastily,
> As though with *a last merciful thought*,
> *It covered with its hand* the sharp, white square
> That stood out in the corner where
> The evening paper had been flung, etc.

Note how the cheap, sentimental images that we have italicized clash and jar. Whereas the Pre-T'ang poet's picture, by its simple veracity of feeling, will endure to the end, Mr. Untermeyer, by smothering the essentials and emphasizing what is superfluous, has so weighed down his craft with heavy stocks and stones, that it has already sunk to the bottom of 'Time's Stream.' Thus the 'New Poetry,' however 'progressive' its practitioners may claim to be, is not necessarily an advance on the art of sixty generations back!

The test for American poetry to-day is, of course, simply the old twofold test — how does your vision enrich our

[2] Privately printed: London. 1916.

consciousness of man's life and nature's life? and what original effects of force and beauty in language does it communicate? When one turns to Mr. Edward Lee Masters's *The Great Valley*[1] one asks one's self, does one read it solely for the psychological interest of its human drama? Not entirely. For his poems, 'Gobineau to Tree,' 'Autochthon,' 'Hanging the Picture,' 'Lincoln and Douglas Debates,' highly original in their psychological insight, are more native, more individual in style, than Mr. Markham's 'Lincoln,' quoted above. But still, is not Mr. Masters growing in danger of becoming a little too fluent, too careless? In his *Spoon River Anthology* he struck out a form of psychological epitaph which, in grim terseness and pregnant irony of phrasing, rises superior to much bald atmosphere and ugliness. What did his vision accomplish for us? His acute insight cut through the dead flesh of sham morality and conventional ideals, probing the living impulses and hidden passions of a typical community of citizens. He pierced the joints of the armored mail of Pharisaism with its incrusted materialism, greed, self-complacency; and he cast the tragi-comedy of the life-stories of hundreds of men and women in the bronze of his psychological epitaphs. This was a great achievement, and his exposure of the ironical shams of life, flaunting in the headlines and glozed by the tombstones, will live in *Spoon River Anthology*, not only by his faith in truth and all that is humanly fine, but by the force of his caustic, naked phraseology.

The same insight, the same sane, generous humanity inspires *The Great Valley*, indeed in widening circles of vision; but the *form*, more prolix in narrative and reflection, has not the same finality. 'The passion and color and grave music' which Mr. W. M. Reedy finds in it — do they find worthy form? Read 'Cato Braden,' an admirable sketch of a life's failure, and count how many of the lines are tedious, unnecessary. For example, —

> He had in short a nature fit to work
> With great capacity; had he combined
> An intellect but half his nature's worth
> He might have won the race. But many thought
> He promised much, his father most of all,
> Because he had these virtues, and in truth
> Before his leaves unfolded with the spring
> His mind seemed apt, perhaps seemed measured full
> Of quality, the prizes he had won
> At Valparaiso pointed to the fruit
> He would produce at last.

Not a line of these eleven is worth preserving. Read the hundred lines of 'Steam-Shovel Art,' a *conte* to please any lawyer; or the hundred and thirty lines of 'New Year's Day,' and consider whether these narratives would not be far more effective in prose. The psychological analysis in 'The Typical American' is as piercing as ever, but the *art* is too didactic, the metaphors too unchastened, for the piece to rank as fine poetry. And 'The Last Confession,' 'Marsyas,' 'The Desplaines Forest,' 'Apollo at Phera'; 'The Apology of Demetrius,' 'The Radical's Message,' and various other pieces, fall to a plane that lies between poetry and prose. Grateful as one is for *The Great Valley*, for the wit and truth of its varied human drama, one feels that the form, generally, is scarcely worthy of the author's penetrating spiritual vision.

Has not the delicate voice of Mr. Frost's muse lost something of its timbre in *Mountain Interval?*[2] Every one knows that in a stretch of country there are certain fields, woods, meadows, which subtly allure one to return again and again to them in preference to others. The contours of the ground, the way trees break the sky-line, the

[1] New York. The Macmillan Company. 1916.

[2] New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1917.

shape of a field, the curve of a road or a lane, are elating or comforting, whereas neighboring fields and copses seem uninspiring in comparison. Well, *Mountain Interval*, this stretch of new country, leaves me comparatively unresponsive. Is there not some flatness in the cadence of the rhythms, in the character of the verse; and less of — well, one must use the old word — beauty in spirit or in mood? It occurs to one that possibly Mr. Frost has evolved a new theory of verse, or, perhaps, that he has wed his old practice to some new method. Does he hold that one subject is as desirable, one word as beautiful, as another? But *Mountain Interval* shows that they are not. Though there are interesting poems in the book, as 'Snow,' 'Hyla Brook,' 'The Line Gang,' this admirer of *North of Boston* feels as though a gray sky had, there, succeeded the soft light and rolling clouds of a southwest wind. But nothing is so inconstant as weather: it breaks, and sun, wind, and sky will restore speedily the charm of Mr. Frost's landscape.

In *Men, Women and Ghosts*,[1] Amy Lowell supplies those very factors of fresh, sensuous imagery and emotional zest of which we note the comparative absence in American poetry of the previous decade. Miss Lowell has undoubtedly reinforced her agile, æsthetic instinct by a craftsman's care. Her choice of subjects and her way of approach show a culture truly cosmopolitan. There is little that she cannot do in the *genres* she has chosen, when she puts her mind to it. Has she not drawn admirable inspiration from Keats in 'Pickthorn Manor,' and from Byron in 'The Cremona Violin'? Note how near, both in spirit and method, is the clever 'The Hammers' to *The Ingoldsby Legends*. In psychological sureness in 'The Overgrown Pasture,' as in 'Figurines in Old Saxe,' Miss Lowell's insight is not to be criticized. She has a light touch, is shrewd and amusing in observation, and is fertile in inventiveness. Brilliant is the term for *Men, Women and Ghosts* — praise which holds good when the book is put to the test of a third reading.

Her curious attempt to render the rhythms of music, like Scriabin's, in verse is indeed no novelty. It has been done long ago, perhaps more successfully, by Spanish poets not of high stature. Where are we to place Miss Amy Lowell? What gives one pause is her very versatility. She recalls a virtuoso whose rendering of Chopin and Scarlatti is equally accomplished. Has she a spiritual atmosphere and temperamental colors of her own? Perhaps we taste her individual quality best in 'The Dinner Party' and 'The Aquarium,' which open new vistas in the New Poetry, of finer import than does her prose poem 'Malmaison,' or her *vers libre*, 'The Trumpet-Vine Arbor' and 'The City of Falling Leaves.' Miss Lowell is too clever not to have observed that with each rereading of the three last-mentioned pieces the picture seems to dull, to grow rigid and stereotyped. This must give her pause. For the highest aim of poetry is to indicate the flux, the growth, the mystery of nature by the art of the concrete image. The greater a piece of literary art, the more inexhaustible is it in suggesting the springs and forces of life. The sharp limitation of 'decorative' poetry, and of such experiments in 'polyphonic prose' as 'Red Slippers,' 'Thompson's Lunch Room,' 'An Opera House,' and the like, is that the poet, in striving to convey to us the cunning appearance of things, secures surface at the expense of depth — and the result is æsthetic superficiality.

For this reason such psychological pieces, as 'The Cremona Violin.' 'The

[1] New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

Overgrown Pasture,' and 'The Dinner Party,' can be read and reread with pleasure when 'Malmaison,' 'Red Slippers,' and the rest simply tire us by their almost mechanical rigidity and spiritual poverty. And there is something wrong with an artistic method, surely, that leaves nothing to the imagination. The Chinese masters did not fall into this trap of mere cleverness. Miss Lowell, in her amusing, light, bright 'A Roxbury Garden' takes 370 short lines in her effort to give 'the circular movement of a hoop bowling along the ground, and the up-and-down elliptical curve of a flying shuttlecock'; whereas a Chinese poet, of the Pre-T'ang epoch, concentrates for us a marital drama, communicating both the essence and whole movement of a situation, in seven lines: —

THE EJECTED WIFE

Entering the Hall, she meets the new wife.
Leaving the gate she runs into former husband.
Words stick; she does not manage to say anything,
Presses hands together; stands hesitating,
Agitates moon-like fan, sheds pearl-like tears,
Realizes she loves him as much as ever —
Present pain never comes to an end.

Now here is a model which our Imagists would do very well to study. It follows the laws laid down in *Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology*,[1] with one important exception, 'Law 5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.' 'The Ejected Wife' is not *hard* but soft! soft as growing nature, as the emotion of love. Luckily neither Mr. Aldington, Mr. Flint, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, nor Miss Amy Lowell herself, lives up to this theory of 'poetry hard and clear.' How can they? They would forswear the genius of this English language if they did; and, indeed, are not the Imagists apt to go too far in that direction?

[1] Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1915.

Within the limits of his soundings of neurotic impulses and morbid moods, Mr. Conrad Aiken would seem to have succeeded admirably in his aim of weaving strange dream-moods and emotional obsessions into rhythmical patterns of ebb and flow and recurring flux. Psychologically *The Jig of Forslin* [2] is highly interesting. It reproduces with equal dexterity and sincerity, in rich variation, the amoral impulses and desires of adolescence when fevered emotion and thought leap up divorced from moral 'controls.' By steeping Forslin's dream-moods and imaginary actions in the atmosphere of the operatic and music-hall footlights, and passing abruptly from this artificial stimulation of the passions into the hard lights and sinister shadows of night streets and pavements, the author escapes the dicta of the moral censors, which have no jurisdiction in the plane of music, enervating, luring, thrilling, discordant. The verse is subtly rich in tone-effects and in inner rhythms, and Mr. Aiken, accomplished in his artistry, by his sharp critical sense preserves his equilibrium, and does not allow the riot of neurotic impulses to damage his perspective. *The Jig of Forslin* is indeed an original achievement, one valuable by its creator's sincerity, though it is impossible to say how much it may appeal to civilizations less artificial than that which has generated it.

No less interesting, indeed more remarkable by its curious experiments in a new technique, is *Goblins and Pagodas*.[3] Mr. J. G. Fletcher's practice raises all the most perplexing questions together! Does he attain his ends in his 'symphonies' by the 'spirals' and subtle musical curves of his *vers libre?* His is the *allusive* method, and often one loses the trail and becomes

[2] Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1916.
[3] Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1916.

irritated by his vague, windy transitions, by the clouds of colored verbal reflections that he flings lavishly on the page to convey his vibrating sensations and to create his atmosphere. If we wait patiently and watch these verbal rockets soaring and their trailing down, something beautiful will emerge. As an example note how his 'Golden Symphony' hovers and flickers for the first seventy lines, like a lantern-slide that cannot be got fairly on the screen; and lo! a fine, intensely imaginative effect breaks upon us with the line, —

The village drowses in the darkness.

Again, note in 'The Red Symphony' how his realistic images of a ship battering her way to port through an icy gale are reinforced and transcended by his recurring sensations of a city, seen on the sky-line, through the stormy sunset, given to the flames. In 'Poppies of the Red Year' Mr. Fletcher's imagination shows rare creative intensity, in the vision of the European towns and fields, delivered over to devastation and death and war's anarchy. One must salute such achievements. The criticism however, of the method, generally, is that it is prodigal of eccentricities and too impaired by affectations. Will a future generation style his method self-destructive through lack of concentration, grace, and directness of appeal? It certainly exacts much patient attention from the reader, and here again the best Chinese example is worthy of Mr. Fletcher's study. His recondite exposition of his technical procedure, which he identifies, on Professor Fenollosa's authority, with the practice of the poets of the Sung dynasty, need not be taken too seriously.

The charge of adulterated imagery certainly cannot be brought against Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Man Against the Sky*.[1] Here we meet a technique accomplished in its ease and certainty, indubitable psychological insight, a sequence of ideas and images that flow with the smoothness of a brimming river — yet withal an effect is produced of a narrative whose implications cannot be grasped in their entirety. Was there not less of mechanism and more of artistic chiseling in Mr. Robinson's earlier manner? for example, in the poems 'Lincoln,' 'Calverly's,' 'Miniver Cheevy,' given by Miss Rittenhouse? Though we follow easily enough poems such as 'Eros Turannos,' 'The Unforgiven,' 'Bewick Finzer,' we confess we are puzzled by the intellectualized imagery of *The Man Against the Sky*. We find no centre in the composition. The fault may lie in our lack of sympathy with the highly intellectual appeal of Mr. Robinson's poetry, but our criticism, put shortly, is that his thought and imagery fall into over-symmetrical patterns, and that the attention is fatigued thereby, almost as if, indeed, one had been gazing through a kaleidoscope. Has not Mr. Robinson's polished manner stiffened, unconsciously, into a mannerism that binds too inflexibly his emotion and thought?

The genuineness of Sara Teasdale's simple lyrics is proved by the fact that we become infected by and share the emotions she communicates in *Rivers to the Sea*.[2] Her form seems to be born of her feeling. Her phrasing, though marked by no particular individuality, is happily adequate to reflect the light that flashes a woman's vision of the world, when she gains and loses love.

By the spontaneity of Miss Teasdale's poetic achievement we may measure the more ambitious appeal of Mr. Neihardt's *The Quest*,[3] where both imagery and language are in a sense too

[1] New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

[2] New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916.

[3] New York: The Macmillan Company. 1917.

'literary' to create a fresh poetic atmosphere. This we think is true even of Mr. Neihardt's best poems, such as the vigorous 'Nuptial Song.'

And if we are a little churlish to *The Quest*, shall we not show ourselves also irresponsive to the indubitable claims of Josephine Preston Peabody's *Harvest Moon?*[1] The title poem indeed moves us by its sincerity, and in it and some others, as 'The Neighbors,' the authoress tempers her high aspirations for the 'Life That Might Be' with a true vision of the lacerating irony innate in war's brutal fact. Perhaps the authoress's song soars a little too high into the poetic ether, in days when the women of fifteen embattled nations have abetted whatever their menchildren have done — the slaying and the slain.

Even in *The Poems of Alan Seeger*[2] it is, perhaps, less the noble exaltation of such pieces as 'The Aisne' and 'Champagne, 1914–1916,' that will give the dead poet his place in American anthologies than the fact that they enshrine the spirit of one who for faith and honor's sake endured two years of self-imposed hardship and danger on the battlefields of France, 1914–1916.

Lack of space forbids discussion here, of the significant spectacle of many hundreds of 'new' poets first finding voice in the actual shock of war. The American reader who desires to follow the contemporary movement in British poetry should procure the *Annual of New Poetry*.[3] Perhaps the most interesting contributions to this volume are those by Edward Eastaway [Edward Thomas], whose poetic impulse was stimulated by the example of Robert Frost. Alas! Edward Thomas, whose sensitive Celtic vision of the magic of the English countryside is an abiding example of the riches of our poets' inheritance, now lies dead on a French battlefield. As a specimen of Thomas's intense communion with nature, let us quote, for the consideration of American poets, this exquisite little lyric: —

THE SOURCE

All the day the air triumphs with its two voices
Of wind and rain:
As loud as if in anger it rejoices,
Drowning the sound of earth
That gulps and gulps in choked endeavor vain
To swallow the rain.

Half the night too, only the wild air speaks
With wind and rain,
Till forth the dumb source of the river breaks
And drowns the rain and wind;
Bellows like a giant bathing in mighty mirth
The triumph of earth.

[1] Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1916.
[2] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1917.
[3] London: Constable & Co. 1917.

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

THE word has come — *On the field of battle, dead.*
Sorrow is mine but there is no more dread.

I am his mother. See, I do not say,
'I was'; he is, not was, my son. To-day
He rests, is safe, is well; he is at ease
From pain, cold, thirst, and fever of disease,
And horror of red tasks undone or done.
Now he has dropped the load he bore, my son,
And now my heart is lightened of all fears,
Sorrow is mine and streams of lonely tears,
But not too heavy for the carrying is
The burden that is only mine, not his.

At eventide I may lay down my head,
Not wondering upon what dreadful bed
Perchance — nay, all but certainly — he lies;
And with the morn I may in turn arise,
Glad of the light, of sleep, of food, now he
Is where sweet waters and green meadows be
And golden apples. How it was he died
I know not, but my heart is satisfied;
Never again of all my days will one
Bring anguish for the anguish of my son.

Sorrow is mine but there is no more dread.
The word has come — *On the field of battle, dead.*

WAR NOTES FROM THE BIG DRAFT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

THE TOUCHSTONE OF HOME

EVERY spring sees me come home to a little place among the mountains known as The Big Draft — a draft with us meaning a narrow valley or hollow. After a winter spent in various cities, the path of my existence gives over its wandering ways and paved streets, and turns unerringly back to the country and to home; to the intoxicating life and abundant peace of mountains, and to that little place out of all the world where I really belong. I return with my mind, like a distracted pedlar's pack, stored with all sorts of new impressions, new sights, and new ideas; and at the touchstone of home, of familiar surroundings, and of the large — and I sometimes suspect humorous — composure of mountains, the confusion of hastily gathered impressions clears itself, like the tangled threads in the fairy tale; the ephemeral and extravagant ideas of the winter's harvest vanish away, while the permanent things are transmuted into the foundations of life.

Different springs have seen me return possessed of different interests and enthusiasms, or in the grasp of some dominant event. Two years ago the rails beneath my train throbbed all the way home to the beat of a great catastrophe. Four horrified words met us just outside of Washington. The courteous old colored porter had established us comfortably, had taken off his cap and said, 'Well, I hopes you all has a pleasant trip,' and we had started serenely enough; and then, at almost the first stop, those four words leaped from mouth to mouth through the train: 'They've sunk the Lusitania!' At station after station the horror grew. It seemed to brood over the whole country, over all the home-coming, over each well-known landmark. Every impulse of delight evoked by spring blossoms and smiling landscape was blighted by the stunned thought, *But they 've sunk the Lusitania!* In the place of sunlit mountains, and the beneficent spring stretches of the Valley of Virginia, there swam instead before the eyes a cold gray ocean, with the bodies of drowned children tossed up and down, up and down, on its uncaring bosom. And more vivid than the cold gray ocean was the thought of the cold gray horror that had somehow broken into the world and found it possible to dress itself up in a nation.

This year I came home to war. I left Washington ablaze with flags. Every house flew its stars and stripes, and in anticipation of the coming of the French and English commissions, there was a frantic search for tricolors and Union Jacks. As my train pulled out of the city, the sharp war-finger of a searchlight pointed straight through the dark at it all across the Potomac Bridge. This was to be expected near Washington, but to wake the next morning to the April-gray of mountains with rifts of white shadbushes dotting them here and there, and to find soldiers guarding our own home

tunnel, was a distinct surprise. Somehow I had visualized the situation only in the cities — in New York, Boston, or Washington. But *our* tunnel with a guard! Why, that was real war! It was a step into action, a long stride beyond waving flags and shouting crowds. Suddenly it seemed as though all the *i*'s in 'hostilities' had been sharply dotted.

And afterwards, when I was settled at home in the Big Draft, war-talk met me at every turn. At the foot of what we call Dug Hill I met Old Reliable — an old man driving an old mule. He drew up, and we fell into talk — war-talk and food-talk.

'They're guarding the Big Spring up at ——,' he told me. 'They was afeared some one would pizen it.'

I was astounded. When I turned my back on the cities, I had certainly expected to turn it on spy stories and poisoned waters.

'But why should any one want to poison *that* spring?' I cried.

'To *dee*stroy the country,' he told me. 'That's what they done in the last war. I hope things don't git as bad as they was then. You would n't remember, but I do. Only er peck er corn to er man and er beast. But I tell you,' he added, suddenly confidential, 'ef yer want to buy things cheap go to ——'s store. He's er new man — lives jest below, where they hed the fight [a battle-ground of the Civil War]. Oh, of course,' he added, turning to expectorate deprecatingly on the off side of the wagon, 'he ain't nothing but a very common man, but he sells cheap.'

If this be so, then blessings on the common man, think I!

Then, the war momentarily forgotten, Old Reliable looks at me appraisingly, and I hastily gather all the spiritual forces I possess to fortify myself for what I guess to be coming.

'You look well,' he asserts. 'I don't know when I ever seen you so fleshy.'

'But I don't want to be fleshy,' I protest feebly.

'I know,' he says regretfully, 'but you air.'

A little farther on I encounter another neighbor. She is all indignation over old man Saunders in the other Draft, who is said to be hoarding his wheat.

'Yes, *sir!* He's got er thousand dollars' worth er wheat held up — won't sell to nobody.'

She is irate also over a shiftless family in our own Draft, who raise nothing of their own.

'They ain't got er thing,' she affirms. 'Not er bean, not er potato — *not one thing!* Why, the President ought ter git after sech folks!'

I am sure I hope he will! I have a warm comfortable feeling within over the fact that our crib is full of corn. Corn in the crib is better — more wholesome, more patriotic, more playing one's part in the great game — than money in the bank these days.

'Things have got so bad that poor people can't hardly live any more,' she adds; and there is a note of real terror in her voice.

Another thing is happening in the Draft: we lost three plump and woolly lambs last week, all killed by dogs in one night. Every one has lost sheep by dogs this spring. The reason for this, they say, is the high price of food. People can hardly feed themselves, and therefore, dogs — half-starved — have taken to sheep-killing, who never before were guilty of such an atrocity. One despairs of making the city dweller realize the wrath and horror that the countryman feels toward a sheep-killing dog. Man-eating tigers hardly fill us with the same loathing. Sheep-tending is the noblest calling open to a dog. A wise sheep dog is as much above the average canine as a poet is above the average man, and as such he is loved

and respected. But let a dog forego this high possibility and take to destroying instead of preserving sheep, and he descends into the dark horror of a Jack the Ripper. We look to Mr. Hoover for many things — let us hope that the saving of the character of our dogs may be one of them.

Working among the lupins in my garden this afternoon, I was interrupted by the farmer who lives on the mountain just back of us. His eyes were snapping and dancing with excitement.

'They've got the first submarine,' he announced triumphantly. 'One of our merchant vessels sunk her — they told me at the post-office.'

I have seen his eyes snap over the excitement of a good peach crop, or over chickens (he says when he worked in a lumber camp he used to dream about having a chicken farm), but who ever expected them to snap over such a piece of news? And three short years ago, did I ever dream that, standing here in my little inland garden, submarines, those monsters of the deep 'half guessed, and gone again,' would present themselves as a vivid reality?

This man's brother — a young fellow of the fighting age — says, 'Yes, we ought to help France. It's a debt we owe. She helped us when we were up against it, and we ought to pay her back now.'

I am glad that out of all the various aspects of the situation this is the one that appeals to his sense of right and fires his imagination. Somehow I had thought that sentiment toward France belonged to our cities and to our more traveled folk. This young fellow ploughs and hauls and chops all day long; nevertheless, for the paying of this national debt of honor he is ready — cheerfully ready — to risk his life. And if you would know the value of that life, you should see him in the spring dusk going up and down the hills and over the green grass on his way to call on one of our beauties. I tell you he 'goes the way a god might go,' and the mere sight of his freedom and grace affords one a little inward leap of ecstasy over the joy of youth and love and life. What more may a man do than lay down his life for his friend, or for the friend of his country?

Everywhere one hears that America is not awake. The newspapers constantly affirm it; my city friends spoke of it gloomily, and to-day in the village shop the clerk behind the counter shook his head as he measured out yards of flowered cretonne.

'The trouble is,' he said, 'the country is n't awake yet — we don't realize.'

Well, when every one is so awake to the fact that we are not awake, I wonder if we are not really much more aroused than either we ourselves, our friends, or our enemies realize? A distinguished foreign critic was lately quoted in the papers as saying that America was either extraordinarily indifferent to the situation, or else was rising to it with a calm strength astonishingly beyond the hopes of even her best friends. May not those of us who love her dare to hope that the latter is the true conjecture? I do not know how the mass of the people feel. I wonder if any one really knows? What we know — reduced to its least common denominator — is the opinion of individuals, our own, for instance, or those of other individuals, either expressed by word of mouth, or habited in the solemn black and white of print; and from these, according to the slant of our own temperaments, we build up our conception of the opinions of the mass.

What is America as a whole thinking and feeling at this time? Again, I do not know. I know only that a few weeks ago, when I attempted in my

Sunday-school class, made up of young girls and older women, to hitch a rather dull lesson in Old Testament history up to the present miraculous times, I was astonished by the vivid, intense interest that fell upon the whole class. It reminded me of the stillness of a surprised wild animal when, though the creature is absolutely motionless, nevertheless one is aware that its whole body is keyed to an almost agonized consciousness of one's presence. The class made no comments (we are not as a rule very articulate in the Big Draft), but I knew I had gone down below the outward dead surface of things, and touched a spot that was quick with life; and they listened as they had never listened before to the return of Nehemiah, and the building of the walls of Jerusalem. Also I know — and I am proud, not ashamed to tell it — that when the Liberty Loan was offered, it was the cook in our household who first announced the intention of subscribing.

'Yes,' she said, sweeping very hard, and looking for some reason surprisingly happy, 'yes, seems like I can do that much anyhow.'

Nor shall I soon forget the entirely unlooked-for happiness of the day when we all invested in our bonds. Again we said very little, but it was a day when individual reserves were broken down, when every one looked pleased and friendly, and when the commonplace things of life, such as, what we should have for dinner, and when the garden ought to be weeded, — things which depend so much for their accomplishment upon the cheerful working together of all the members of a household, — went off easily and pleasantly. The heaviest and stupidest chariot wheels of life drove smoothly that day, all because of the oil of gladness and good fellowship engendered by the Liberty Loan.

And again, another thing I know. A neighbor of mine in the Big Draft remarked to me the other day in quite a matter-of-course manner, 'America is the most wasteful country in the world.' Now, foreign critics have often told us this, and our own economists have tried to make us aware of it, but we in the Big Draft never knew it before. We never before lifted our eyes long enough from the home treadmill of things, or looked far enough beyond our mountains, to compare ourselves with other nations. It was not so many years ago, indeed, that a schoolteacher in the county next to ours wrote to an Englishman who had dropped down in our midst, for information in regard to his country.

'Is England,' she inquired, 'a Christian and civilized country?'

She also wished to know if, when crossing the ocean, you had to take your own 'vittles, or does the master of the ship furnish the eaten's? And when in England, if you want to stay at the house of one of the Lords do you have to pay, or do they take up with strangers?'

Therefore I am almost inclined to let that astonishingly wise remark as to the wastefulness of America stand as the summing-up of all that the touchstone of home brought to me this spring. Shall I? Or shall it be instead the reply of our own cook, — she of the Liberty Loan, — who, when questioned as to why she had not made a certain cake for a party, replied that she was afraid Mr. Hoover would not like it if she made too many.

Either remark is surprising enough, and sufficient evidence to us who have known this little corner of the world for so many years, of the coming into our midst of something new. The Big Draft is beginning to look beyond its mountains, is stretching out its hands to the East and to the West, to the four corners of the country, and even indeed

across the ocean. A man of the Draft remarked a little while ago that he wished to see a peace made by the Allies in Berlin. I am very sure that three years ago if you had asked this man where Berlin was, he would not have been able to tell you. It is true that the younger ones among us had begun before the war to awake a little to outside things, but the sudden overturning of the world in 1914, and the situation as it is further brought home to us in 1917, has violently speeded up the slow drift that was breaking down our isolation, and bearing us out upon the tide of a larger life. And now I know that this is not a war merely of newspaper headlines and shouting cities: it is the war of the whole of America. The touchstone of home has told me so. Uncle Sam, that great sleepy, sometimes grotesque, often inert, giant, is waking up at last, is yawning and stretching out his mighty arms — and at the end of those arms are clinched fists.

Yesterday's papers were filled with accounts of the landing of our first regulars in France. Have the gentlemen in Potsdam miscalculated once more? As Kipling puts into the mouth of the American spirit —

> They know not much what I am like,
> Nor what he is, my Avatar!

And more — much more — than this is true. If we here in the Big Draft, who have always lived and died so quietly by ourselves, are stretching out now to this larger life of our country, and through our country to the life of humanity in general, then surely little isolated places in all the world are doing the same. We have come at last to know that throughout the length and breadth of the globe all the nations are fearfully and wonderfully linked together; there are no longer any hermit nations among us. This year 1917 is the great nuptial year of the world. Hereafter, for better or for worse, the nations go forth together — and what God has joined together no man, not even a Kaiser, can put asunder. And out of this union a child shall be born unto us. No one country shall bring it forth, but all the countries shall mother it — even such among us as are old and well stricken in years. For at last the times are ripe for the coming of that child, and his name shall be called the Brotherhood of Mankind.

II

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Never was there such talk of food, of gardens, and of prices! To-day I found the cook glowering at a very small pile of beans.

'Look at them beans,' she exhorted me. 'Just *look* at 'em! That's *forty cents*' worth! *Beans!*'

She added the last word with that astonished resentment that one applies to the sudden social rise of a family one has known always.

And, indeed, nowadays many of our humblest vegetables have leaped to an arrogant prominence, forcing us to make a study of their habits and customs, and humor them with a deep respect. Here in the Draft we exchange bits of information in regard to them. 'Parsnips,' I am told, 'goes down before they comes up — leastways, that's what the old folks always used to say.' And garden pests — how passionately we discuss the cutworm! One neighbor affirms that if you take a cutworm and throw it 'behind-side foremost' over the garden fence all the other cutworms will leave. In theory this sounds simple, but alas! in practice it is so difficult to determine which *is* the behind-side of a cutworm.

Another neighbor offers a still more complicated method. 'Take nine cutworms,' she says, 'an' tie 'em together

in er string, an' hang 'em over er forked stick so's they'll blow round and round in the wind, an' then you kin jest *see* the path the others'll make gittin' out er the garden.' (I am tempted here to wonder if you took nine Prussian generals and tied 'em together in a string an' hung 'em over er forked stick so's they'd blow round and round in the wind, if *then* you might n't be able to see the path the rest of the Germans would make getting out of Belgium.)

But to come home again — one can never be sure how things are going to strike us here in the Big Draft. This same neighbor had never heard of Brussels sprouts. On its being explained to her that they grew little cabbages all up and down their stems, she exclaimed with a wondering pity, 'Why, the poor little things!'

To-day my cabbages are up! Ranks and ranks of them! Such a merry little green company, but terrible, I hope, as an army with banners. O proud Prussians! Are you to be beaten by cabbages? Hoist by your own sauer-kraut? And O prophetic Walrus! The time has indeed come when one talks of cabbages and kings in the same breath! And also, how vitally important have shoes and ships become, and why indeed *is* the sea so boiling hot? To call a person *mon petit chou* has heretofore always seemed to me a strange term of endearment, but now my friends are coming to regard it as my warmest expression of affection.

The churchyard around our little gray chapel has been put down to potatoes. This summer, when we pray that 'the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved to our use,' I shall think of all the little green war-gardens over the whole country; and I do not doubt that out there in the democratic hilarity of out-of-doors, the potatoes down in the ground will wink their blind eyes at one another and whisper, 'Hey! Listen to the humans prayin' for *us!*' I am not sure that potatoes order themselves with sufficient lowliness and reverence toward all their betters to be admitted into churchyards.

The thought of the real famine abroad is hideous, monstrous, and unspeakable; but for most of us here at home, the food-situation so far is only such as to take on a strain of romance. Of late our tables have been spread all too easily, and we have known none of the quickening zest of providing or procuring our own food. But now any little unexpected windfalls from the woods and fields come with a delightful surprise. I always feel, too, as if Mother Nature bestowed them with a wink; as if she said, 'Here, take this, but don't let on to the Germans I gave it to you.'

Such, for instance, was the discovery of a swarm of wild bees in our own grove. With sugar soaring to such heights, and Mr. Hoover requesting economy in that direction, it seemed real treasure-trove to find the hollow arm of an old oak dripping with nature's sweets. Most of the Draft turned out to witness the hiving of the swarm. A neighbor who heretofore had figured merely as a plumber revealed suddenly an ardor for bees. Water-pipes, it appeared, was his profession, but bees his passion. We on the ground, canopied by the lovely green of budding trees, watched him ascend to giddy heights, bearing a smouldering torch and an empty keg, his head bound about with white cheese-cloth, his trouser legs tied discreetly down with borrowed handkerchiefs, while lumps of swarming bees fell all about him. As we were watching thus, before our admiring eyes his everyday plumber-self slipped gloriously aside and the real man shone forth. And what if the swarm so scientifically hived did 'take a notion' and all fly gayly away into

the green woods the next day? At least we had had a glimpse of the plumber's real self, and were, moreover, several pounds of honey to the good.

And greens — I always think Mother Nature winks these days when the cook's little grandson brings us a mess o' greens. Such oldfashioned, unpretentious little friends as poke, lamb's quarter, shepherd sprouts, dandelions, and wild buckwheat, are coming to their own again — that is, if their own is to be 'green herbs for the use of man.' Even the Department of Agriculture is sending out solemn bulletins on the subject, though I would willingly wager that a year or so ago any old woman in the Draft could have given the most learned agriculturist of them all points on the matter of 'po'k an' greens.'

We discuss the ethics of scraps passionately. Some of our men-folk would have us believe that scraps which are transmuted into pigs or chickens are not wasted, but we women refuse to be led astray by such dangerous doctrines. If the last half-million bushels of wheat are to win the war, — as we are told, — shall we cast such pearls before swine?

There is something very wonderful about this concerted attack upon waste, about these little war-gardens. We may have first instituted them for our own salvation, faced by exorbitant food prices; but now they are running out beyond the borders of self and of home into the four corners of the world, and into the wide country of humanity. The homely old gingham apron, flag of the housekeeper, is beginning, one may well believe, to stand for something beautiful and new. There are some among us who are beginning to dream mad and glorious dreams of world-housekeeping, world-gardening — an international pooling of all the food-supplies, not only for the duration of the war, but for peace times as well. As our Stars and Stripes stand to us as the symbol of freedom, may not the bars and checks of our gingham aprons come to symbolize for us this international housekeeping, toward which the times seem to be urging us? If a League to Enforce Peace, why not one also to Provide Plenty? In so bountiful a world, whose kindly fruits are so cheerfully ready to serve mankind, why indeed should any little human being ever go hungry or naked?

About every experience of life, whether material or spiritual, there is always an *other-whereness*, the fact that none of the things stop short in themselves, that all are gateways into a Something Larger, an ever-unfolding More. Truly, when one passes now through the homely portals of the gingham apron, and the kindly fruits of the earth, one is dazzled by the astounding country into which they open. So moved, indeed, am I by the vision, that, as the sun dips behind the mountains, and the soft romance of dusk enfolds the Big Draft, I am fain to steal across the dew-wet grass to my little cabbages, and calling upon them for this great crusade, consecrate them with an evening grace, —

'Bless, O Lord, this food to our use, and to the use of our Allies, and us to thy service in the great possibilities now unfolding before mankind!'

A RIDICULOUS PHILOSOPHER

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I AM not sure that I know what philosophy is; a philosopher is one who practices it, and we have it on high authority that 'there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently.'

There is an old man in Wilkie Collins's novel, *The Moonstone*, the best novel of its kind in the language, who, when in doubt, reads *Robinson Crusoe*. In like manner I, when in doubt, turn to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and there I read that the fine, crusty old doctor was hailed in the Strand one day by a man who half a century before had been at Pembroke College with him. It is not surprising that Johnson did not at first remember his former friend, and he was none too well pleased to be reminded that they were both 'old men now.' 'We are, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'but do not let us discourage one another'; and they began to talk over old times and compare notes as to where they stood in the world.

Edwards, his friend, had practiced law and had made money, but had spent or given much of it away. 'I shall not die rich,' said he. 'But, sir,' said Johnson, 'it is better to live rich than to die rich.' And now comes Edwards's immortal remark: 'You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but I don't know how; cheerfulness was always breaking in.'

With the word 'cheerfulness,' Edwards had demolished the scheme of life of most of our professed philosophers who have no place in their systems for the attribute that goes furthest toward making life worth while to the average man.

Cheerfulness is a much rarer quality than is generally supposed, especially among the rich. It was not common even before we learned that, in spite of Browning, though God may be in his heaven, nevertheless, all is wrong with the world.

If 'most men lead lives of quiet desperation,' as Thoreau says they do, it is, I suspect, because they will not allow cheerfulness to break in upon them when it will. A good disposition is worth a fortune. Give cheerfulness a chance and let the professed philosopher go hang.

But it is high time for me to turn my attention and yours, if I may, to the particular philosopher through whom I wish to stick my pen, and whom, thus impaled, I wish to present for your edification — say, rather, amusement. His name was William Godwin; he was the husband of Mary Wollstonecraft and the father-in-law of Shelley.

Godwin was born in Cambridgeshire in 1756, and came of preaching stock. It is related that when only a lad he used to steal away, not to go in swimming or to rob an orchard, but to a meeting-house to preach; this at the age of ten. The boy was father to the man: to the end of his life he never did anything else. He first preached orthodoxy, later heterodoxy, but he was always a preacher. I do not like the

tribe. I am using the word as indicating one who elects to teach by word rather than by example.

When a boy he had an attack of smallpox. Religious scruples prevented him from submitting to vaccination, for he said he had no wish to run counter to the will of God. In this frame of mind he did not long remain. He seems to have been a hard student — what we would call a grind. He read enormously, and by twenty he considered that he was fully equipped for his life's work. He was as ready to preach as an Irishman is to fight, for the love of it; but he was quarrelsome as well as pious, and, falling out with his congregation, he dropped the title of Reverend and betook himself to literature and London.

At this time the French Revolution was raging, and the mental churning which it occasioned had its effect upon sounder minds than his. Godwin soon became intimate with Tom Paine and others of like opinions. Wherever political heresy and schism was talked, there Godwin was to be found. He stood for everything which was 'advanced' in thought and conduct; he joined the school which was to write God with a small *g*. All the radical visionaries in London were attracted to him, and he to them. He thought and dreamed and talked, and finally grew to feel the need of a larger audience. The result was *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, a book which created a tremendous sensation in its day. It seemed the one thing needed to bring political dissent and dissatisfaction to a head.

Much was wrong at the time, much is still wrong, and doubtless reformers of Godwin's type do a certain amount of good. They call attention to abuses, and eventually the world sets about to remedy them. A 'movement' is in the air; it centres in some man who voices and directs it. For the moment the man and the movement seem to be one. Ultimately the movement becomes diffused, its character changes; frequently the man originally identified with it is forgotten — so it was with Godwin.

Political Justice was published in 1793. In it Godwin fell foul of everything. He assailed all forms of government. The common idea that blood is thicker than water is wrong; all men are brothers; one should do for a stranger as for a brother. The distribution of property is absurd. A man's needs are to be taken as the standard of what he should receive. He that needs most is to be given most — by whom Godwin did not say.

Marriage is a law and the worst of all laws: it is an affair of property, and like property must be abolished. The intercourse of the sexes is to be like any other species of friendship. If two men happen to feel a preference for the same woman, let them both enjoy her conversation and be wise enough to consider sexual intercourse 'a very trivial object indeed.'

I have a copy of *Political Justice* before me, with Tom Paine's signature on the title-page. What a whirlwind all this once created, especially with the young! Its author became one of the most-talked-of men of his time, and Godwin's estimate of himself could not have been higher than that his disciples set upon him. Compared with him, 'Paine was nowhere and Burke a flashy sophist.' He gloried in the reputation his book gave him, and he profited by it to the extent of a thousand pounds; to him it was a fortune.

Pitt, who was then Prime Minister, when his attention was called to the book, wisely remarked, 'It is not worth while to prosecute the author of a three-guinea book, because at such a price very little harm can be done to those who have not three shillings to spare.'

The following year Godwin published his one other book that has escaped the rubbish heap of time — *The Adventures of Caleb Williams*, a novel. It is the best of what might be called 'The Nightmare Series,' which would begin with *The Castle of Otranto*, include his own daughter's *Frankenstein*, and end, for the moment, with Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. *Caleb Williams* has genuine merit; that it is horrible and unnatural may be at once admitted, but there is a vitality about it which holds your interest to the last; unrelieved by any flash of sentiment or humor, it is still as entirely readable as it was once immensely popular. Colman, the younger, dramatized it under the name of *The Iron Chest*, and several generations of playgoers have shuddered at the character of Falkland, the murderer, who, and not Caleb Williams, is the chief character. His other novels are soup made out of the same stock, as a chef would say, with a dash of the supernatural added.

Godwin had now written all that he was ever to write on which the dust of years has not settled, to be disturbed only by some curious student of a forgotten literature; yet he supposed that he was writing for posterity!

II

Meanwhile he, who had been living with his head in the clouds, became aware of the existence of 'females.' It was an important, if belated, discovery. He was always an inveterate letter-writer, and his curious letters to a number of women have been preserved. He seems to have had more than a passing fancy for Amelia Alderson, afterward Mrs. Opie, the wife of the artist. He was intimate with Mrs. Robinson, the 'Perdita' of the period, in which part she attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Reveley were also friends, with whom he had frequent misunderstandings. His views on the subject of marriage being well known, perhaps these ladies, merely to test the philosopher, sought to overcome his objection to 'that worst of institutions.' If so, their efforts were unsuccessful.

Godwin, however, seems to have exerted a peculiar fascination over the fair sex, and he finally met one with whom, as he says, 'friendship melted into love.' Godwin, saying he would ne'er consent, consented. Mary Wollstonecraft, the author of the *Rights of Woman*, now calling herself Mrs. Imlay, triumphed. Her period of romance, followed fast by tragedy, was for a brief time renewed with Godwin. She had had one experience, the result of which was a fatherless infant daughter, Fanny, and some time after she took up with Godwin, she urged upon him the desirability of 'marriage lines.'

Godwin demurred for a time; but when Mary confided to him that she was about to become a mother, a private wedding in St. Pancras Church took place. Separate residence was attempted, in order to conform to Godwin's theory that too close familiarity might result in mutual weariness; but Godwin was not destined to become bored by his wife. She had intelligence and beauty; indeed, it seems likely that he loved her as devotedly as it was possible for one of his frog-like nature to do. Shortly after the marriage a daughter was born and christened Mary; and a few days later the remains of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin were interred in the old graveyard of St. Pancras, close by the church which she had recently left as a bride.

No sketch of Godwin's life would be complete without the well-known story of the expiring wife's exclamation, 'I

am in heaven'; to which Godwin replied, 'No, my dear, you only mean that your physical sensations are somewhat easier.'

Thus, by that 'divinity that shapes our ends,' Godwin, who did not approve of marriage and who had no place in his philosophy for the domestic virtues, became within a few months a husband, a widower, a stepfather, and a father. Probably no man was less well equipped than he for his immediate responsibilities. He had been living in one house and his wife in another, to save his face, as it were, and also to avoid interruptions, but this scheme of life was no longer possible. A household must be established; some sort of a family nurse became an immediate necessity. One was secured, who tried to marry Godwin out of hand; to escape her attentions he fled to Bath.

But his objections to marriage as an institution were waning, and when he met Harriet Lee, the daughter of an actor, and herself a writer of some small distinction, they were laid aside altogether. His courtship of Miss Lee took the form of interminable letters. He writes her, 'It is not what you are but what you might be that charms me,' and he chides her for not being prepared faithfully to discharge the duties of a wife and mother. Few women have been in this humor won; Miss Lee was not among them.

Godwin finally returned to London. He was now a man approaching middle age, cold, methodical, dogmatic, and quick to take offense. He began to live on borrowed money. The story of his life at this time is largely a story of his squabbles. A more industrious man at picking a quarrel one must go far to find; and that the record might remain he wrote letters — not short, angry letters, but long, serious, disputatious epistles, such as no one likes to receive, and which seem to demand and usually get an immediate answer. Ritson writes him, 'I wish you would make it convenient to return to me the thirty pounds I loaned you. My circumstances are by no means what they were at the time I advanced it, nor did I, in fact, imagine you would have retained it so long.' And again, 'Though you have not the ability to repay the money I loaned you, you might have integrity enough to return the books you borrowed. I do not wish to bring against you a railing accusation, but am compelled, nevertheless, to feel that you have not acted the part of an honest man.'

Godwin seems to have known his weakness, for he writes of himself, 'I am feeble of tact and liable to the grossest mistakes respecting theory, taste, and character.' And again, 'No domestic connection is fit for me but that of a person who should habitually study my gratification and happiness.' This sounds ominous from one who was constantly looking for a 'female companion,' and it was to prove so.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn, for a moment, from the sordid life of Godwin the philosopher, to Godwin the dramatist. He was sadly in need of funds, and, following the usual custom of an author in distress, had written a tragedy, for which Charles Lamb had provided the epilogue.

John Philip Kemble, seduced by Godwin's flattery and insistence, had finally been prevailed upon to put it on the stage. Kemble had made up his mind that all the good tragedies that could be written had been written, and had not his objections been overruled the tragedy *Antonio* would never have been produced, and one of Lamb's most delightful essays, in consequence, never written.

With the usual preliminaries, and after much correspondence and dis-

cussion, the night of the play came. It was produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane — what a ring it has! Lamb was there in a box next to the author, who was cheerful and confident.

It is a pity to mutilate Lamb's account of it, but it is too long to quote except in fragments.

'The first act swept by solemn and silent . . . applause would have been impertinent, the interest would warm in the next act. . . . The second act rose a little in interest, the audience became complacently attentive. . . . The third act brought the scene which was to warm the piece progressively to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe, but the interest stood stone still. . . . It was Christmas time and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. Some one began to cough, his neighbors sympathized with him, till it became an epidemic; but when from being artificial in the pit the cough got naturalized on the stage, and Antonio himself seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distress of the author, then Godwin "first knew fear," and intimated that, had he been aware that Mr. Kemble labored under a cold, the performance might possibly have been postponed.

'In vain did the plot thicken. The procession of verbiage stalked on, the audience paid no attention whatever to it, the actors became smaller and smaller, the stage receded, the audience was going to sleep, when suddenly Antonio whips out a dagger and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was as if a murder had been committed in cold blood, with the audience betrayed into being accomplices. The whole house rose in clamorous indignation — they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces if they could have got him.'

The play was hopelessly and forever damned, and the epilogue went down in the crash.

Over my writing-table hangs a dark oak frame containing a souvenir of this performance — the programme which Charles Lamb used on this fateful evening. It is badly crumpled, crumpled no doubt by Elia in his agony. No reference is made to the play being by Godwin except a note in Charles Lamb's handwriting which reads, 'By Godwin,' with the significant words, 'Damned with universal consent.'

Godwin bore his defeat with philosophic calm. He appealed to friends for financial assistance and to posterity for applause. But it was really a serious matter. He was on the verge of ruin, and now did what many another man has done when financial difficulties crowded thick and fast — he married again.

A certain Mrs. Clairmont fell in love with Godwin even before she had spoken to him. She was a fat, unattractive widow, and apparently did all the courting. She took lodgings close by Godwin's, and introduced herself — 'Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?' This is flattery fed with a knife. When a widow makes up her mind to marry, one of two things must be done, and quickly — her victim must run or submit. Godwin was unable to run and a marriage was the result. Like his first wedding, it was for a time kept a profound secret.

An idea of Godwin and his wife at this period is to be had from Lamb's letters. He refers constantly to Godwin as the Professor, and to his wife as the Professor's Rib, who, he says, 'has turned out to be a damned disagreeable woman, so much so as to drive Godwin's old cronies' — among whom was Lamb — 'from his house.'

It was a difficult household. Mrs.

Godwin had two children by her first husband: a daughter whose right name was Mary Jane, but who called herself Claire — she lived to become the mistress of Lord Byron and the mother of his daughter Allegra; also a son, who was raised a pet and grew up to be a nuisance. Godwin's immediate contribution to the establishment was the illegitimate daughter of his first wife, who claimed Imlay for her father, and his own daughter Mary, whose mother had died in giving her birth. In due course there was born another son, christened William, after his father.

Something had to be done, and promptly. Godwin began a book on Chaucer, of whose life we know almost as little as of Shakespeare's. In dealing with Chaucer, Godwin introduced a method which subsequent writers have followed. Actual material being scanty, they fill out the picture by supposing what he might have done and seen and thought. Godwin filled two volumes quarto with musings about the fourteenth century, and called it a *Life of Chaucer*.

Mrs. Godwin, who was a 'managing woman,' had more confidence in trade than in literature. She opened a bookshop in Hanway Street under the name of Thomas Hodgkins, the manager; subsequently in Skinner Street, under her own name, M. J. Godwin. From this shop there issued children's books, the prettiest and wisest for 'a penny plain and tuppence colored,' and more. 'The Children's Book-Seller,' as he called himself, was presently successful, and parents presented his little volumes to their children without suspecting that the lessons of piety and goodness which charmed away selfishness were published, revised, and sometimes written by a philosopher whom they would scarcely venture to name. It was Godwin who suggested to Charles Lamb and his sister that the *Tales from Shakespeare* be written. Godwin's own contributions were produced under the name of Baldwin.

Lamb writes, 'Hazlitt has written some things and a grammar for Godwin, but the gray mare is the better horse. I do not allude to Mrs. Godwin, but to the word grammar, which comes near gray mare, if you observe.'

It would certainly surprise Godwin could he know that, while his own 'works' are forgotten, some of the little publications issued by the 'Juvenile Library,' 41 Skinner Street, Snow Hill, are worth their weight in gold.

III

The years passed on. Godwin lived more or less in constant terror of his wife, of whom Lamb writes, 'Mrs. Godwin grows every day in disfavor with God and man. I will be buried with this inscription over me: "Here lies Charles Lamb, the woman-hater, I mean that hated one woman. For the rest, God bless 'em, and when He makes any more, make 'em prettier."'

As he grew older Godwin moderated his views of men somewhat, so that 'he ceased to be disrespectful to any one but his Maker'; and he once so far forgot himself as to say 'God bless you' to a friend, but quickly added, 'to use a vulgar expression.' He remained, however, always prepared to sacrifice a friend for a principle. He seemed to feel that truth had taken up its abode in him, and that any question which he had submitted to the final judgment of his own breast had been passed upon finally and forever.

This search for truth has a great fascination for a certain type of mind. It does not appear dangerous: all one has to do is thrust one's feet in slippers and muse; but it has probably caused as much misery as the search for the pole. The pole has now been discovered

and can be dismissed, but the search for truth continues. It will always continue, for the reason that its location is always changing. Every generation looks for it in a new place.

One night Lamb, dropping in on Godwin, found him discussing with Coleridge his favorite problem, 'Man as he is and man as he ought to be.' The discussion seemed interminable. 'Hot water and its better adjuncts' had been entirely overlooked. Finally Lamb stammered out, 'Give me man as he ought not to be, and something to drink.' It must have been on one of these evenings that Godwin remarked that he wondered why more people did not write like Shakespeare; to which Lamb replied that he could — if he had the mind to.

The older generation was passing away. Long before he died Godwin was referred to as though he were a forgotten classic; but there was to be a revival of interest in him, due entirely to the poet Shelley. The mere mention of Shelley's name produced an explosion. He had been expelled from Oxford for atheism. Reading revolutionary books, as well as writing them, he had come across *Political Justice* and was anxious to meet the author.

He sought him out, eventually made the acquaintance of his daughter Mary, by this time a beautiful and interesting girl of seventeen years, and in due course eloped with her, deserting his wife Harriet. Where was Godwin's philosophy now? we may well ask. At no time in his long life was Godwin so ridiculous as in his relations with Shelley.

In their flight, Shelley and Mary had taken with them Claire, Mrs. Godwin's daughter, who made after the runaways post-haste and overtook them in Calais, her arrival creating consternation in the camp of the fugitives; but they all declined to return. In such scorn was Shelley generally held that the rumor that he had bought both Godwin's daughter and step-daughter for a sum in hand created no amazement, the pity rather than the possibility of it being most discussed.

Financial affairs, too, in Skinner Street were going badly. From the record of notes given and protested at maturity one might have supposed that Godwin was in active business in a time of panic.

'Don't ask me whether I won't take none or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.' Such was the immortal Mrs. Gamp's attitude toward gin. Godwin's last manner in money matters was much the same: money he would take from any one and in any way when he must, but, like Mrs. Gamp, he was 'disposed' to take it indirectly.

Indignant with Shelley, whose views on marriage were largely of his teaching, Godwin refused to hold any communication with him except such as would advance his (Godwin's) fortunes at Shelley's expense. Their transactions were to be of a strictly business character (business with Shelley!). We find Godwin writing him and returning a check for a thousand pounds because it was drawn to his order. How sure he must have been of it! 'I return your cheque because no consideration can induce me to utter a cheque drawn by you and containing my name. To what purpose make a disclosure of this kind to your banker? I hope you will send a duplicate of it by the post which will reach me on Saturday morning. You may make it payable to Joseph Hume or James Martin or any other name in the whole directory'; and then Godwin would forge the name of 'Joseph Hume or James Martin or any other name in the whole directory,' and guarantee the signature by his own indorsement, and

the business transaction would be complete. Pretty high finance this, for a philosopher!

Not until after the death of Harriet, when Shelley's connection with Mary was promptly legalized, would Godwin consent to receive them. He then expressed his great satisfaction, and wrote to his brother in the country that his daughter had married the eldest son of a wealthy baronet.

If this world affords true happiness, it is to be found in a home where love and confidence increase with years, where the necessities of life come without severe strain, where luxuries enter only after their cost has been carefully considered. We are told that wealth is a test of character — few of us have to submit to it. Poverty is the more usual test. It is difficult to be very poor and maintain one's self-respect. Godwin found it impossible.

He, whose chief wish it had been to avoid domestic entanglements and who wanted his gratification and happiness studied habitually, was living in a storm-centre of poverty, misery, and tragedy. Claire was known to have had a baby by Lord Byron, who had deserted her; Harriet Shelley had drowned herself in the Serpentine; Fanny Godwin — his step-daughter — took poison at Bristol. The philosopher, almost overcome, sought to conceal his troubles with a lie. To one of his correspondents he refers to Fanny's having been attacked in Wales with an inflammatory fever 'which carried her off.'

Meanwhile, the sufferings of others he bore with splendid fortitude. In a very brief letter to Mary Shelley, answering hers in which she told him of the death of her child, he said, 'You should recollect that it is only persons of a very ordinary sort and of a pusillanimous disposition that sink long under a calamity of this nature.' But he covered folio sheets in his complainings to her, counting on her sensitive heart and Shelley's good-nature for sympathy and relief.

With the death of Shelley, Godwin's affairs became desperate. Taking advantage of some defect in the title of the owner of the property which he had leased, he declined for some time to pay any rent, meanwhile carrying on a costly and vexatious lawsuit. Curiously enough, in the end, justice triumphed. Godwin was obliged to pay two years' arrears of rent and the costs of litigation. Of course, he looked upon this as an extreme hardship, as another indication of the iniquity of the law. But he was now an old man; very little happiness had broken in upon him, and his friends took pity on him. Godwin was most ingenious in stimulating them to efforts on his behalf. A subscription was started under his direction. He probably felt that he knew best how to vary his appeals and make them effective. So much craft one would not have suspected in the old beggar.

One thing he always was — industrious. He finished a wretched novel and at once began a *History of the Commonwealth*. He finished *The Lives of the Necromancers* and promptly began a novel; but with all his writings he has not left one single phrase with which his name can be associated, or a single thought worth thinking.

It is almost superfluous to say that he had no sense of humor. With his head in the clouds and his feet in his slippers, he mused along. Hazlitt tells a capital story of him. Godwin was writing a *Life of Chatham*, and applied to his acquaintances to furnish him with anecdotes. Among others, a Mr. Fawcett told him of a striking passage in a speech by Lord Chatham on General Warrants, at the delivery of which he (Mr. Fawcett) had been present. 'Every man's house has been called his

castle. And why is it called his castle? Is it because it is defended by a wall, because it is surrounded with a moat? No, it may be nothing more than a straw-built shed. It may be open to all the elements; the wind may enter it, the rain may enter — but the king cannot enter.'

Fawcett thought that the point was clear enough; but when he came to read the printed volume, he found it thus: 'Every man's house is his castle. And why is it called so? Is it because it is defended by a wall, because it is surrounded with a moat? No, it may be nothing more than a straw-built shed. It may be exposed to all the elements; the rain may enter into it, all the winds of heaven may whistle around it, but the king cannot,' and so forth.

Things were going from bad to worse. Most of his friends were dead or estranged from him. He had made a sad mess of his life and he was very old. Finally, an appeal on his behalf was made to the government, the government against which he had written and talked so much. It took pity on him. Lord Grey conferred on him the post of Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer, whatever that may be, with a residence in New Palace Yard. The office was a sinecure, 'the duties performed by menials.' For this exquisite phrase I am indebted to his biographer, C. Keegan Paul. It seems to suggest that a 'menial' is one who does his duty. Almost immediately, however, a reformed Parliament abolished the office, and Godwin seemed again in danger; but men of all creeds were now disposed to look kindly on the old man. He was assured of his position for life, and writing to the last, in 1836 he died, at the age of eighty, and was buried by the side of Mary Wollstonecraft in St. Pancras Churchyard.

If there is to be profit as well as pleasure in the study of biography, what lesson can be learned from such a life?

Many years before he died Godwin had written a little essay on 'Sepulchres.' It was a proposal for erecting some memorial to the dead on the spot where their remains were interred. Were one asked to suggest a suitable inscription for Godwin's tomb it might be

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

In the ever-delightful *Angler*, speaking of the operation of baiting a hook with a live frog, Walton finally completes his general instructions with the specific advice to 'use him as though you loved him.' In baiting my hook with a dead philosopher I have been unable to accomplish this. I do not love him; few did; he was a cold, hard, self-centred man who did good to none and harm to many. As a husband, father, friend, he was a complete failure. His search for truth was as unavailing as his search for 'gratification and happiness.' He is all but forgotten. It is his fate to be remembered chiefly as the husband of the first suffragette.

What has become of the

> Wonderful things he was going to do
> All complete in a minute or two?

Where are now his novel philosophies and theories? To ask the question is to answer it.

Constant striving for the unobtainable frequently results in neglect of important matters close at hand — such things as bread and cheese and children are neglected.

Some happiness comes from the successful effort to make both ends meet habitually and lap over occasionally. My philosophy of life may be called smug, but it can hardly be called ridiculous.

ALSACE AND THE STEP-FATHERLAND

BY CHARLES WAGNER

I

I WAS only two years old when I left the town in Lorraine where I was born in 1852 and was taken to live in Alsace, remaining there until 1877. My earliest days, then, were spent in the province while it was under French rule, and I was still there to witness the Franco-Prussian War and the annexation of Alsace to Germany. Since 1877, when I took up my abode in France, few years have gone by without my returning to the country of my childhood; not a single day has passed without bringing me tidings of it through letters or newspapers. Some members of my own family, as well as a great number of friends and comrades of my youth, are still living there.

What I shall say of Alsace — what I shall tell of Germany's relations with the conquered province, and of the German policy toward its people — is the result of observations made by an educated man, Alsatian by birth, who knows France and Germany equally well. I am no politician; I am no manufacturer or merchant, economist or financier; and I cannot claim to speak with finality on these various points. The reader may find here, however, the sincere and conscientious statement of an honest man, who seeks justice above all else. Far from having condemned Germany without trial, I am one of those who, *before this present war*, esteemed and appreciated her, and would gladly have continued to do so.

First of all, it must be admitted that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, brought about primarily for military reasons, proved to be a grave political mistake, developing into one of the most persistent sources of irritation in the whole world-situation. But for this false start, the entire evolution of international relations and alliances would have been changed after 1870.

As we have long been accustomed to see Germany act from reasons of self-interest, to the exclusion of all other motives, we may disregard the question of international law and all considerations of sentiment or justice; but even in looking at the question solely from the point of view of Germany's own advantage, we see that the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine ran counter to this advantage in its truest sense. Having been committed to this cardinal error, however, by military exigencies and for reasons connected with the mineral resources of the territory annexed, it should have been the first care of the German government to neutralize, as far as possible, the baneful aftermath. This involved a question of prime importance, far-reaching in its consequences, which would have been solved if Germany had set about the conciliation of Alsace.

But how conciliate a people passionately attached to their ancient mother-country? Could Alsace forget France? To suppose so for a single instant would imply a complete ignorance of the Alsatians and their firm, great-hearted and steadfast character. In order to conciliate Alsace, it was essential above

all things to understand her and her suffering — that sorrow resulting from the great violent fact of the separation, together with the painful severance of so many lesser ties. The country was passing through a serious crisis, comparable to a sickness. Kindliness, care, and *tact* were indispensable. Even in granting Alsace a peaceful existence, in allowing her to retain her customs and her two languages while subjecting her to a wisely administered, though in the main a severe, rule, it would have been impossible to conceal the fact that she had a master — a humane master, however, in no way arbitrary, and possessing sufficient psychological insight not to insist that she renounce her former affections and bestow her favors at once on the new conqueror.

It seems clear that the Germans realized that it was one thing to annex a territory, and another, and far more difficult matter, to conciliate the spirit of its inhabitants. They set about trying to gain the affection of the Alsatians — but they made the stupid and thoroughgoing mistake of supposing that it was necessary, in order to win them over, to *germanize* them. To get on the good side of a people like the Alsatians, the first essential was to allow them their liberty, to let them alone and give them such time as might be necessary to recover from the shock and regain their strength. Any attempt to hasten matters could only rouse such sentiments as are felt by a young girl whose suitor tries to force her to love him. Their first tentative efforts having produced just the opposite of the desired effect, the Germans, haughty and annoyed, declared, 'Wir wollen keine Liebe, nur Gehorsam!' [We wish no love — only obedience] — as if the first step toward bringing about voluntary obedience were not to make one's self liked! Germany, after committing the great initial mistake of annexing Alsace against her own best interest, made a second one which only aggravated the first.

She now attempted to assimilate Alsace by sheer force, through germanization. To this end all sorts of means, ranging from the most comprehensive to the most petty, were employed. Of the former were the isolation of Alsace, so far as this was possible, the creation of a factitious atmosphere into which only news pertaining to Germany was allowed to penetrate, and the suppression of French in the schools. In the latter category figured the changing of the names of streets, the erasure of French words from signboards, the persistent campaign against French books, newspapers, flags, and traditions. All these measures, regrettable in themselves, were made much worse by the bitter spirit in which they were undertaken. And so there rose up between the Alsatians and the Germans that sort of antagonism which exists between prisoners and their jailers.

How could good results be expected under such conditions? The methods of the Germans not only prevented the spread of conciliation among the Alsatians who had been hostile from the start, but also made enemies among those who had at first been rather favorably disposed to them. The vexatious and nagging measures which were taken by the educational authorities to extirpate the French language were greeted with indignant protests. One of these, made by the old scholar, Edouard Reuss, is worth recording.

M. Reuss was a high authority in biblical science, enjoying an equally wide renown in Germany and in France. By virtue of his position as a prominent citizen of Strasburg and an eminent man of letters, he was chosen a member of the Commission of Education, which investigated all questions regarding the instruction of

the younger generation. After serving on this Commission for several years, he finally became disheartened at the pettiness displayed by the higher authorities in suppressing the French language. One day he rose in a full meeting of his colleagues and exclaimed, 'Meine Herren, Sie eckeln mich an!' [Gentlemen, you disgust me!]

Gradually the Germans began to incline toward tyranny. Conscious of their intellectual and administrative strength, and convinced of their economic superiority, they could not endure the idea that a small people, speaking their language, should not realize what advantages were being offered, and welcome the opportunity of being admitted into the glorious German Empire. In the full flush of their power, they became exasperated at the insignificant yet irreducible resistance which they met on all sides. They, who believed in the possibility of accomplishing everything by force, found themselves blocked, and, unwilling as they were to admit their mistakes, they began to suspect occult influences, French spies, and a host of non-existent things, when as a matter of fact they were merely paying the penalty of their first error and of that mistaken system which was daily bringing matters from bad to worse. They laid the blame on everything and everybody save themselves and their evil, wayward attitude.

II

The Germans might have learned their lesson simply by a little study of Alsatian history and the Alsatian temperament. Alsace, with its capital, the free city of Strasburg, was, as a matter of fact, a sort of republic, accustomed for centuries to ideas of liberty and democracy. To such a point did it possess the sense of self-government and the reverence for independence, that Louis XIV, when Alsace became a part of France, gave to his governors the significant order: 'Ne touchez pas aux choses d'Alsace!' [Let Alsace alone!] Later, during the French Revolution, whose spirit Germany absorbed in the best sense of the word, Alsace was one of the most patriotic provinces. The military spirit was also very strong there. Napoleon's generals — Kléber, Rapp, Kellerman, and many others — as well as officers and soldiers without number, represented Alsace in the army. This spirit survived in the hearts of the Alsatians, who were conscious of their worth and did not take kindly to the idea of being restrained or reduced to servitude.

The basis of the Alsatian language, to be sure, is German; but the psychologies of the German and of the Alsatian are very different. The Alsatian is democratic, possessing withal a certain sense of reverence which makes him amenable to discipline. He has nothing of the obsequious in his make-up; he is stiffnecked, and rebels instinctively against the yoke. He may be obstinate as well, but on the other hand he is not arrogant when in authority, or haughty toward subordinates. By nature he is a republican in the best sense of the word.

Such are the history and the moral temper of the people on whom Germany tried to perform her experiments of denationalization, as though *in anima vili*. Is there anything surprising in the fact that she failed? More and more the Alsatian took refuge in his inner conscience and his *patois*. There was no commingling of the German society with the native society of Alsace. This German society forms an important element in the cities today and, thanks to the huge military garrisons, it makes a great show everywhere. It may deceive the visiting

foreigner into believing that germanization has made progress. All this is mere illusion; and when the Kaiser visits Alsace, he knows well that it is the Germans from Germany, not those from Alsace, who cheer his progress.

There was much criticism in France, especially after 1870, of the methods followed by the French in Alsace-Lorraine up to that date, and of the laxity in spreading the French language throughout that great territory. French was taught in the primary schools, it is true, but German was taught there as well. In the churches, preaching in French was the exception. Catholics and Protestants alike worshiped in German. Clergymen who were able to preach in French were rare — and even had they been more numerous, their congregations (in the country districts especially) would not have understood them. The religious instruction of children was carried on almost exclusively in German.

France made herself beloved, then, through the very freedom which she granted. The affection of the Alsatians for the French mother-country was in direct proportion to the facilities she allowed them for living and speaking as they willed. Germany, however, through her system of suppression and extirpation of the French language, through her obstinate persecution of everything that was not German, simply succeeded in making the Alsatians voice their hatred of her *in German*. It was in good German or in Alsatian dialect that they told her a great number of disagreeable, antagonistic things. Would it not have been better for her to have listened to sympathetic, agreeable things spoken *in French?*

The ancient Romans, who are supposed to have had considerable experience in such matters, practiced a method which was very generally successful. Newly conquered territories were administered very strictly by them, from the point of view of external discipline. No seditious act was tolerated. Within the limits of this uncompromising rigidity, however, the people were allowed to enjoy a goodly degree of independence. Religion, language, and local customs were maintained unchanged. As a result, the people, who still remained happy in spite of the loss of their political independence, learned to accept their new condition. If Germany had abstained from nagging, — if she had not outraged the consciences of the Alsatians and wounded their self-respect, — they would have ended by saying, like the sensible and just people that they are, 'We are not forgetting France, but we cannot say that Germany has made us unhappy.' This would have been no small gain, both for Germany and her interests, and for her relations with France. Who knows but that, in the long run, after the tension had grown less, Alsace might have served as a bond of union between the neighbors? With the spirit displayed in her Alsatian policy, however, Germany simply dug the gulf deeper from year to year, and separated more and more the two nations living on each side of it. One must have seen the daily workings of her hateful spirit to form some idea of the irritation and distress caused by it.

Let me tell a little anecdote in which I figured — an episode which kept a whole town seething for some days. It took place at Barr, at the foot of Mont Sainte-Odile. In 1875 I was called back from the University of Göttingen, where I had been passing a semester in the lecture-rooms of Ritschl and Lotze. My theological studies were ended and I was appointed vicar to old Pastor Nessler.

Among my other duties, I had to give religious instruction — in German, of course — at the *Realschule*. The old

pastor, who was sick and could not present me to the Director, Herr Cramer, a pure-blooded Prussian, said, 'Go and deliver your first lesson all the same; if the Director says anything, beg him to excuse me.'

I set off for the school without giving the matter further thought, and began my lesson. Sure enough, the Director visited the class-room; but instead of accepting the excuses I made to him on the part of the old pastor, he put me out of the building.

The old man, on learning what had happened, got up from his bed, all trembling with emotion, and was taken to the Mayor, who held jurisdiction over the schools. The Mayor, as well as the entire population of the town, was deeply attached to the pastor; the affront offered to the latter touched him to the quick. Director Cramer received a summary order to appear before the pastor and his vicar. He came, and had only the most empty excuses to offer. Overweening and brutal when he felt himself in authority, his manner changed instantly when he heard the voice of a superior.

It was this ugly spirit which prevented Germany from getting credit even for the good things she had to offer. The Alsatian, practical, keen, and capable of distinguishing the worth of things, did not fail to size up the inherent values of the German administration. The system of city government, the railroads, postal service, highways, municipal hygiene, and public works in general, were worthy of study, approbation, and often admiration. Germany's attitude, however, should have been more propitiatory if she wished to reap the benefits of all her work along these lines. She should have been less self-satisfied, less inclined to bestow pompous laurels on herself. From top to bottom of the social scale there was nothing but boastfulness. Certain German students, fearing that they were not sufficiently conspicuous, dressed in startling fashion and paraded the streets, preceded by huge dogs, and carrying walking-sticks with fantastic handles called *Renommir-Stock*. The whole situation is epitomized in that verb *renommiren*.

Such were the practices to which great Germany resorted in order to dazzle the little country of Alsace. The whole scheme fell flat, however. The Alsatian is sober-minded and reflective; he has an instinctive dislike for bluff, as well as for that which in German is aptly call *Schwindel*. When the Germans, then, grew drunk with the idea of their own worth, and went to all lengths of self-laudation, they harmed only their own cause. Instead of exciting admiration, they aroused the satirical instinct, the keen sense of the ridiculous, of the Alsatians, who avenged themselves on their overlords by laughing at them behind their backs and caricaturing them. The Germans, being excessively sensitive, completely lost their heads, like schoolmasters goaded to fury by the pranks of their pupils.

A whole literature, a full-blown comic art, were born of this conflict. Under its inspiration I wrote a fable several years ago, which I told for the first time in 1914, at Columbia University. Its title is 'The Battle of the Ox and the Flea.' This fable is on the way to become a prophecy. In the end, let me say, the flea conquers the ox.

III

One other cause which prevented the Alsatians from appreciating Germany lay in the fact that they were called on to pay the expenses of the conquerors' megalomania. The Germans had found the country financially prosperous, and they lost no time in drawing

heavily on this prosperity. A people forced periodically to contribute money for the greater glory of an empire that sees fit to give dazzling expression to its superiority by means of pompous buildings, may well form a liking for simplicity. Enormous and perfectly useless expenditures were made in Alsace out of sheer vainglory; and this mad extravagance was all the more regrettable in that it served to erect buildings in the worst of taste. The spectacle afforded by that newer part of Strasburg of which the Germans are so proud is a painful ordeal for the æsthetic sense. Everything is massive and graceless. These clumsy productions of an architecture that seeks to astound the spectator are indeed deadly sins against the serene laws of Beauty!

Let me say a few words concerning the impression made in Alsace by German customs. This impression, I regret to say, was a bad one. As the carrying on of the campaign of germanization fell further and further beneath the dignity of self-respecting men, the standard of the functionaries and representative officials of the Empire grew lower. The task which was theirs could not tempt people with any degree of personal honor. The result was that Alsace became the prey of a swarm of office-holders who were little respected in their own country. Heavy drinkers, makers of debts, loose in their private conduct, married to women who often paid little heed to household duties, these accredited pioneers of Germanism shocked and outraged the Alsatians' sense of propriety. They could not reconcile themselves to seeing administrative officials or professors reeling home drunk late at night, making an uproar in the streets, and treating as imbeciles those who took exception to their conduct.

The pressure, moreover, brought to bear by the central German government on the Alsatian populace through the intermediary of these undesirable officials, did not tend to raise the general moral tone. Imagine the situation of these people, restricted in every way by the domination of foreigners. It was impossible for them to be outspoken. They were forced to assume an appearance of docility in order to escape being treated as pariahs. Their children at school were not only taught history which was completely falsified in so far as the past relations of France and Alsace were concerned, but they were instructed to question their parents and get them to talk on this subject. Fathers were spied on by their sons. A general spirit of mutual distrust was the natural outcome of this system of espionage. In Alsace, when more than half a dozen persons were gathered together, it was almost impossible to discuss anything. The results of such a régime may be left to the imagination. The rascal prospered at the expense of the honest citizen. The skilled dissimulator made his way, while the man who could not lie readily or who disdained double dealing, was regarded with suspicion and let severely alone. The end of it all was that the inferior elements climbed into power, and the flower of the country was dispossessed.

The last few years before this great war, when I was traveling in Germany, I spoke without restraint to colleagues and friends concerning this sad state of affairs. They could not believe what I told them; they knew nothing about it. When I gave them facts and entered into details, they were filled with shame. Yes, in Alsace great Germany was little; she was *kleinisch* — petty.

I shall never forget the last of these visits, which I made in 1914. I was delivering at that time some pedagogical lectures on the subject of introducing a genial element into the moral

instruction of the young. I had furnished illustrations of my method in a volume of lessons, which was translated into German, entitled *Par le Sourire*. At Leipzig, Frankfort, and Berlin I spoke before mixed audiences of pupils and teachers, and addressed thousands and thousands of children in great churches. It gave me the greatest pleasure to speak familiarly with the instructors of this rising generation, as well as to commune directly with the souls of the children themselves. In spite of alarming symptoms which were more or less in evidence everywhere, I persisted in believing that the friendly contact of French and Germans on the common territory of scholarship could but bode well for the future, and possibly put off the terrible day of the conflagration.

Four months later we were awakened by the sound of battle-thunder. The German nation, blindly following its leaders, had laid aside the pacific campaign of expansion which had succeeded so admirably, and risked everything in the horrible game of war. Now, between us and those people whom I met on the most charming of meeting-grounds, where the souls of little children grow, there flows an impassable river whose waves are of blood: a torrent of crime and savage devastation. At the mere thought of it the heart of the disciple of Jesus is transfixed as with a sword. But from our agony God brings forth Light and Liberty.

IV

Those who ponder over these matters will discern one terrible fact — a fact which stands out as a great object-lesson to prove the vanity of brute force, the accursed nature of tyranny, the sure punishment of those who dare lay impious hands on that which constitutes the sanctuary of human dignity. Consider now what a repercussion was necessarily caused in France by the increasingly ignominious treatment inflicted on Alsace by Germany, culminating in the deplorable Zabern incident, the scandalous nature of which caused a wave of indignation to sweep across all Germany. Unfortunately, the manner in which this protest was hushed up shows clearly to what an intoxication of power militarism had attained. Now its most hideous excesses could not be restrained or punished.

In spite of everything, however, God is witness that neither we Frenchmen nor our government would have resorted to war to deliver Alsace. We knew only too well what France and Alsace would suffer from such a war, in which, by the very nature of things, brothers and friends would be drawn into opposing camps and would murder one another. The tragic horror of such a prospect prevented us from wishing that this question should ever be settled by force of arms. Since Germany, however, has unchained this war and aligned against her all the living forces of free nations, one of the inevitable results of victory must be the ending of the Alsace-Lorraine scandal. The victim must be taken from those who have so long been torturing it.

How many young French and Alsatian heroes have died saluting the distant dawn of the Day of Justice! This day must be fulfilled. But no scales will ever be devised by man which can weigh the sufferings of Alsace; no measure can be found for the strength of soul with which she has borne the terrible trials that have been her portion since 1870. God alone, the incorruptible judge, the witness of hidden anguish, can make this appraisal.

HIGH ADVENTURE. II

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

HAVING simple civilian notions as to the amount of time necessary for dressing, Drew and I rose with the sound of the bugle on the following morning. We had promised each other that we would begin our new life in true soldier style, and so we reluctantly hurried to the wash-house, where we shaved in cold water, washed after a fashion, and then hurried back to the unheated barrack-room. We felt refreshed, morally and physically, but our heroic example seemed to make no impression upon our fellow aviators, whether French or American. Indeed, not one of them stirred until ten minutes before time for the morning *appel*, when there was a sudden upheaval of blankets down the entire length of the room. It was as though the patients in a hospital ward had been inoculated with some wonderful, instantaneous-health-giving virus. Men were jumping into boots and trousers at the same time, and running to and from the wash-house, buttoning their shirts and drying their faces as they ran. It must have taken months of experiment to perfect the system whereby every one remained in bed until the last possible moment. They professed to be very proud of it, but it was clear that they felt more at ease when Drew and I, after a week of heroic, early-morning resolves, abandoned our daily test of courage. We are all Doctor Johnsons at heart. Laziness is a virtue only when we all practice it together.

It was a crisp, calm morning — an excellent day for flying. Already the mechanicians were bringing out the machines and lining them up in front of the hangars, in preparation for the morning work, which began immediately after *appel*. Drew and I had received notice that we were to begin our training at once. Solicitous fellow countrymen had warned us to take with us all our flying clothes. We were by no means to forget our goggles, and the fur-lined boots which are worn over ordinary boots as a protection against the cold. Innocently, we obeyed all instructions to the letter. The absurdity of our appearance will be appreciated only by airmen. Novices begin their training, at a Blériot monoplane school, in Penguins — low-powered machines with clipped wings, which are not capable of leaving the ground. We were dressed as we would have no occasion to be dressed until we should be making sustained flights at high altitudes. Every one, Frenchmen and Americans alike, had a good laugh at our expense, but it was one in which we joined right willingly; and one kind-hearted *adjudant-moniteur*, in order to remove what discomfiture we may have felt, told us, through an interpreter, that he was sure we would become good airmen. The *très bon pilote* could be distinguished, in embryo, by the way he wore his goggles.

The beginners' class did not start work with the others, owing to the fact that the Penguins, driven by unaccustomed hands, covered a vast amount of ground in their rolling sorties back and forth across the field. Therefore Drew

and I had leisure to watch the others, and to see in operation the entire scheme by means of which France trains her combat *pilotes* for the front. Exclusive of the Penguin, there were seven classes, graded according to their degree of advancement. These, in their order, were the rolling class (a second-stage Penguin class, in which one still kept on the ground, but in machines of higher speed); the first flying class — short hops across the field at an altitude of two or three metres; the second flying class, where one learned to mount to from thirty to fifty metres, and to make landings without the use of the motor; *tour de piste* (A) — flights about the aerodrome in a 45 horse-power Blériot; *tour de piste* (B) — similar flights in a 50 horse-power machine; the spiral class, and the brevet class.

Our reception committee of the day before volunteered his services as guide, and took us from one class to another, making comments upon the nature of the work of each in such a bewildering combination of English and Americanized French that it is impossible for me to attempt to set it down on paper. For that matter, I understood but little of his explanation, although later I was able to appreciate immensely his French translation of some of our breezy Americanisms. But explanation was, for the most part, unnecessary. We could see for ourselves how the prospective *pilote* advanced from one class to another, becoming accustomed to machines of higher and higher power, 'growing his wings' very gradually, until at last he reached the spiral class, where he learned to make landings at a given spot and without the use of his motor, from an altitude of from 800 to 1000 metres, losing height in volplanes and serpentines. The final tests for the military brevet were three cross-country flights of from 200 to 300 kilometres, with landings during each flight, at three points; and an hour flight at a minimum altitude of 2000 metres.

With all the activities of the school taking place at once, we were almost as excited as two boys seeing their first three-ring circus. We scarcely knew which way to turn in our anxiety to miss nothing. But my chief concern, in anticipation, had been this: how were English-speaking *élèves-pilotes* to overcome the linguistic handicap? My uneasiness was set at rest on this first morning, when I saw how neatly most of the difficulties were overcome. Many of the Americans had no knowledge of French other than that which they had acquired since entering the French service, and this, as I have already hinted, had no great utilitarian value. An interpreter had been provided for them through the generosity and kindness of the Franco-American Committee in Paris; but it was impossible for him to be everywhere at once, and much was left to their own quickness of understanding and to the ingenuity of the *moniteurs*. The latter, being French, were eloquent with their gestures, delightfully eloquent. With the additional aid of a few English phrases which they had acquired from the Americans, and the simplest kind of French, they had little difficulty in making their instructions clear. Both of us felt much encouraged as we listened, for we could understand them very well.

As for the business of flying, as we watched it from below, it seemed the safest and simplest thing in the world. The machines left the ground so easily, and mounted and descended with such sureness of movement, that I was impatient to begin my training. I half believed that I could fly at once, after a few minutes of preliminary instruction, without first going through with all the tedious rolling along the ground in low-powered machines. But before the morning's work was finished, I revised

my opinion. Accidents began to happen, the first one when one of the 'old family cuckoos,' as the rolling machines were disdainfully called, showed a sudden burst of old-time speed and left the ground in a most alarming manner.

It was evident that the chap who was driving it, taken completely by surprise, had lost his head, and was working the controls in a very erratic way. First he swooped upward, then dived, tipping dangerously on one wing. In this sudden emergency he had quite forgotten his newly acquired knowledge. I wondered what I would do in such a strait, when one must think with the quickness and sureness of instinct. My heart was in my mouth, for I felt certain that the man would be killed. As for the others who were watching, no one appeared to be in the least excited. A *moniteur* near me said, 'Oh, là là! Il est perdu!' in a voice so mild that I turned to look at him in horrified surprise. The whole affair happened so quickly that I was not able to think myself into a similar situation before the end had come. At the last, the machine made a quick swoop downward, from a height of about 50 metres, then careened upward, tipped again, and diving sidewise, struck the ground with a sickening rending crash, the motor going at full speed. For a moment it stood, tail in air; then slowly the balance was lost, and it fell, bottom up, and lay silent.

Now an enterprising moving-picture company would have given a great deal of money to film that accident. It would have provided a splendid dramatic climax to a war drama of high adventure. Civilian audiences would have watched in breathless, awe-struck silence; but at a military school of aviation it was a different matter. 'Oh, là là! Il est perdu!' adequately gauges the degree of emotional interest taken in the incident. At the time I was shocked at this apparent callousness, but I understood it better when I had seen scores of such accidents occur, and had watched the *pilotes*, as in this case, crawl out from the wreckage, and walk sheepishly, and a little shaken, back to their classes. Although the machines were usually badly wrecked, the *pilotes* were rarely severely hurt. The landing chassis of a Blériot is so strong that it will break the force of a very heavy fall, and the motor, being in front, strikes the ground first instead of pinning the *pilote* beneath it.

To anticipate a little, in more than four months of training at the Blériot school there was not a single fatality, although as many as eleven machines were wrecked in the course of one working day, and rarely less than two or three. There were so many accidents as to convince me that Blériot training for novices is a mistake from the economic point of view. The upkeep expense is vastly greater than in double-command biplane schools, where the student *pilote* not only learns to fly in a much more stable machine, but makes all his early flights in company with a *moniteur* who has his own set of controls and may immediately correct any mistakes in handling. But France is not guided by questions of expense in her training of *pilotes de chasse*, and the best opinion appears to be that single-command monoplane training is much to be preferred for the airman who is to be both *pilote* and machine-gunner. Certain it is that men have greater confidence in themselves when they learn to fly alone from the beginning; and the Blériot, which requires the most delicate and sensitive handling, offers excellent preliminary schooling for the Nieuport and Spad, the very fast and high-powered biplanes which are the *avions de chasse* above the French lines.

A spice of interest was added to the morning's thrills when an American,

not to be outdone by his French compatriot, wrecked a machine so completely that it seemed incredible that he could have escaped without serious injury. But he did, and then we witnessed the amusing spectacle of an American, who had no French at all, explaining through the interpreter just how the accident had happened. I saw his *moniteur*, who knew no English, grin in a relieved kind of way when the American crawled out from under the wreckage. The reception committee whispered to me, 'This is Pourquoi, the best bawler-out we've got. "Pourquoi?" is always his first broadside. Then he wades in and you can hear him from one end of the field to the other. *Attendez!* this is going to be rich!'

Both of them started talking at once, the *moniteur* in French and the American in English. Then they turned to the interpreter, and any one witnessing the conversation from a distance would have thought that he was the culprit. The American had left the ground with the wind behind him, a serious fault in an airman, and he knew it very well.

'Look here, Pete,' he said; 'tell him I know it was my fault. Tell him I took a Steve Brody. I wanted to see if the old cuckoo had any pep in 'er. When I —'

'Pourquoi? Nom de Dieu! Qu'est-ce que je vous ai dit? Jamais faire comme cà! Jamais monter avec le vent en arrière! Jamais! Jamais!'

The others listened in hilarious silence while the interpreter, in despair, turned first to one and then to the other. 'Tell him I took a Steve Brody.' I wondered if he translated that literally. Steve took a chance, but it is hardly to be expected that a Frenchman would know of that daring gentleman's history, and how the expression, 'to take a Steve Brody' has enriched the language. In this connection, I remember a little talk on caution which was given to a few of us, later, by an English-speaking *moniteur*. It was after rather a serious accident, for which the spirit of Steve Brody was again responsible.

'You Americans,' he said, 'you are not afraid. When you go to the front you will get the Boche; but let me tell you, they will kill many of you. Not one or two; very many.'

Accidents delayed the work of flying scarcely at all. As soon as a machine was wrecked, Annamites appeared on the spot to clear away the débris and take it to the repair-shops, where the usable portions were quickly sorted out. We followed one of these processions in, and spent an hour watching the work of this other department of aviation upon which our own was so entirely dependent. Here machines were being built as well as repaired. The air vibrated with the hum of machinery, with the clang of hammers upon innumerable anvils, and with the roar of motors in process of being tested.

There was a small army of women doing work of many kinds. They were quite apt at it, particularly in the department where the fine strong linen cloth which covers the wings was being sewn together and stretched over the framework. There were great husky peasant-women doing the hardest kind of manual labor. As I watched them, I could not but think how the war is changing our centuries-old conceptions of woman's so-called sphere; how she is discovering her own abilities and adaptabilities. Drew went so far as to say that in the wars of the future she would fight shoulder to shoulder with the men; but he admitted later that the idea of mothers in the trenches was too horrible to be thought of. In these latter days of the great world-war, they are doing everything, surely, with the one exception of fighting. It is a sad thing to see them, however strong they may be, doing the rough, coarse work

of men, bearing great burdens on their backs as though they were oxen. There must be many now whose muscles are as hard and whose hands as horny as those of a stevedore. Several months after this time, when we were transferred to another school of aviation, one of the largest in Europe, we saw women employed on a much larger scale. They lived in barracks which were no better than our own, — not so good, in fact, — and roughed it like common soldiers. I realized then to what an appalling extent France must have sacrificed her men, and to what regrettable necessities the nation has been put that the war may be carried through to a successful conclusion.

Toward evening the wind freshened and flying was brought to a halt. Then the Penguins were brought from their hangars, and Drew and I, properly dressed this time, and accompanied by most of the Americans, went out to the field for our first sortie. As is usual on such occasions, there was no dearth of advice. Every graduate of the Penguin class had a method of his own for keeping that unmanageable bird traveling in a direct line, and every one was only too willing to give us the benefit of his experience. Finally, out of the welter of suggestions, one or two points became clear: it was important that one should give the machine full gas, and get the tail off the ground. Then, by skillful handling of the rudder, it might be kept traveling in the same general direction. But if, as usually happened, it showed willful tendencies, and started to turn within its own length, it was necessary to cut the contact, to prevent it from whirling so rapidly as to overturn.

Never have I seen a stranger sight than that of a swarm of Penguins at work. They looked like a brood of prehistoric birds of enormous size, with wings too short for flight. Most unwieldy birds they were, driven by beginners in the art of flying; but they ran along the ground at an amazing speed, zig-zagged this way and that, and whirled about as if trying to catch their own tails. As we stood watching them, an accident occurred which would have been very laughable had we not been too nervous to enjoy it. In a distant part of the field two machines were rushing about so wildly that it was evident the drivers of them were their unwilling slaves rather than their masters. There were acres of room in which they might pass, but after a moment of uncertainty, they rushed headlong for each other as though driven by the inexorable hand of fate, and met head-on, with a great rending of propellers. The onlookers along the side of the field howled and pounded each other in an ecstasy of delight, but Drew and I walked apart for a hasty consultation, for it was our turn next. In sheer desperation we kept rehearsing the points which we were to remember in driving a Penguin: full gas and tail up at once. Through the interpreter, our *moniteur* explained very carefully what we were to do, and mounted the step, to show us, in turn, the proper handling of the gas *manet* and of the *coupe-contact* button. Then he stepped down and shouted, 'Allez! en route!' with a smile meant to be reassuring.

I buckled myself in, fastened my helmet, and nodded to my mechanic.

'Coupe, plein gaz,' he said.

'Coupe, plein gaz,' I repeated.

He gave the propeller a few spins to suck in the mixture.

'Contact, reduisez.'

'Contact, reduisez.'

Again he spun the propeller, and the motor took. I pulled back my *manet*, full gas, and off I went at what seemed to me then breakneck speed. Remembering instructions, I pushed forward on the lever which governs the elevat-

ing planes, and up went my tail so quickly and at such an angle that almost instinctively I cut off my contact. Down dropped my tail again, and I whirled round in a circle — my first *cheval de bois*, as this absurd-looking manœuvre is called. I had quite forgotten that I had a rudder. I was like a man learning to swim, and could not yet coördinate the movements of my hands and feet. My bird was purring as gently as a cat, with the propeller turning slowly. It seemed thoroughly domesticated, but I knew that I had but to pull back on that *manet* to transform it into a rampant bird of prey. Before starting again I looked prudently about, and there was Drew racing all over the field. Suddenly he started in my direction as if the whole force of his will was turned to the business of running me down. Luckily he shut off his motor, and by the grace of the law of inertia came to a halt when he was within a dozen paces of me.

We turned our machines tail to tail, and started off in opposite directions, but in a moment I was following hard after him. Almost it seemed that those evil birds had wills of their own. Drew's turned as though it were angry at the indignity of being pursued. We missed each other, but it was a near thing, and in the excitement of the moment, not being able to think fast enough, I stalled my motor, and had to await helplessly the assistance of a mechanic. Far away, at our starting-point, I could see the Americans waving their arms and embracing each other in huge delight, and then I realized why they had all been so eager to come with us to the field. They had been through all this. Now they were having their innings. I could hear them shouting, although their voices sounded very thin and faint. 'Why don't you come back?' they yelled. 'This way! Here we are! Here's your class!' They were having the time of their vindictive lives, and knew very well that we would go back if we could.

Finally we began to get the hang of it, and we did go back, although by somewhat circuitous routes. But we got there, and the *moniteur* explained again what we were to do. We were to anticipate the turn of the machine with the rudder, just as in sailing a boat. Then in a moment we understood the difficulty. In my next sortie, I fixed my eye upon the flag at the opposite side of the field, and reached it without a single *cheval de bois*. I was so happy I could have kissed the Annamite who was stationed there to turn the machines which rarely came. I had mastered the Penguin! I had forced my will upon it, compelled it to do my bidding! Back across the field I went, keeping a direct course, and thinking how they were all watching me, and the *moniteur*, doubtless, making approving comments. I reduced my gas at the proper time, and taxied triumphantly up to my starting-point.

But no one had seen my splendid sortie. Now that I had arrived, no one paid the least attention to me. All eyes were turned upward, and following them with my own, I saw the minutest speck of an airplane outlined against a heaped-up pile of snow-white cloud. It was moving at tremendous speed, when suddenly it darted straight upward, wavered for a second or two, turned slowly on one wing and fell, nose-down, turning round and round as it fell, like a scrap of paper. It was the *vrille*, the prettiest piece of aerial acrobatics that one could wish to see. It was a wonderful, an incredible sight to me then. Was there anything, I thought, which man's unconquerable mind and daring could not achieve? Only seven years ago Blériot crossed the English channel, and a year earlier the whole world was astonished at the exploits of the

Wright brothers, who were making flights, straight-line flights, of from fifteen to twenty minutes' duration!

Some one was counting the turns of the *vrille*. Six, seven, eight; then the airman came out of it on an even keel, and, nosing down to gather speed, looped twice in quick succession. Afterward he did the *retournement*, turning completely over in the air and going back in the opposite direction; then spiraled down and passed over our heads at about 50 metres, landing at the opposite side of the field so beautifully that it was impossible for me to tell when the machine touched the ground. The airman taxied back to the hangars and stopped just in front of us, while we gathered round to hear the latest news from the front.

For he had left the front, this birdman, only an hour before! I was incredulous at first, for I still thought of distances in the old way. But I was soon convinced. Mounted on the hood was the competent-looking Vickers machine-gun, with a long belt of shining cartridges in place, and on the side of the *fusilage* were painted the insignia of an escadrille.

The *pilote* was recognized as soon as he removed his helmet and goggles. He had been a *moniteur* at the school in former days, and was well known to some of the older Americans. He greeted us all very cordially, in excellent English, and told us how, on the strength of a hard morning's work over the lines, he had asked his captain for an afternoon off that he might visit his old friends at B——.

As soon as he had climbed down, those of us who had never before seen this latest type of French *avion de chasse*, crowded round, examining and admiring with mingled feelings of awe and reverence. It was a marvelous piece of aero-craftsmanship, the result of more than two years of accumulating experience in military aviation. It was hard to think of it as an inanimate thing, once having seen it in the air. It seemed living, intelligent, almost human. I could readily understand how it is that airmen become attached to their machines and speak of their fine points, their little peculiarities of individuality, with a kind of loving interest, as one might speak of a fine-spirited horse.

While the mechanicians were grooming this one, and replenishing the fuel-tanks, Drew and I examined it line by line, talking in low tones which seemed fitting in so splendid a presence. We climbed the step and looked down into the compact little car, where the *pilote* sat in a luxuriously upholstered seat. There were his compass, his speed-dial, his revolution-counter, his map in its roller case, with a course pricked out on it in a red line. Attached to the machine-gun, there was a most ingenious contrivance by means of which he fired it while still keeping a steady hand on his controls. The gun itself was fired directly through the propeller by means of a device which timed the shots to the minutest fraction of a second. The necessity for accuracy in this timing device is clear, when one remembers that the propeller turns over at a normal rate of between 1200 and 1300 revolutions per minute.

It was with a chastened spirit that I looked from this splendid fighting 'plane, back to my little three-cylinder Penguin, with its absurd clipped wings and its impudent tail. A moment ago it had seemed a thing of marvelous speed, and the mastery of it a glorious achievement. I told Drew what my feeling was as I came racing back to my starting-point, and how brief my moment of triumph had been. He answered me at first in grunts and nods, so that I knew he was not listening. Presently he began to talk, giving me dark

glances into that mysterious, moonlit mind of his. It was of romance again, the 'romance of high adventure,' as he called it. 'All this' — moving his arm in a wide gesture — was but an evidence of man's unconquerable craving for romance. War itself was a manifestation of it, gave it scope, relieved the pent-up longings for it which could not find sufficient outlet in times of peace. Romance would always be one of the minor, and sometimes one of the major causes for war, indirectly of course, but none the less really; for the craving for it was one reason why millions of men so readily accepted war at the hands of the little groups of diplomats who ruled their destinies.

It was impossible to follow him far. I had, as I say, only dark glimpses into his mind. But half an hour later, as we stood watching the little biplane again climbing into the evening sky, I understood, in a way, what he was driving at, and with what keen anticipation he was looking forward to the time when we too would know all that there was to know of the joy of flight. Higher and higher it mounted, now and then catching the sun on its silver wings in a flash of light, growing smaller and smaller, until it vanished in a golden haze, far to the north. It was then four o'clock. In an hour's time the *pilote* would be circling down over his aerodrome on the Somme front.

(*To be continued*)

BRITISH TACTICS IN THE WAR

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

I

STRATEGY is the art of choosing the battlefield; tactics, the science of winning the battle. Strategy is half politics; for the right field of battle is that on which victory will give the highest proportion of political results to the expenditure of effort and of life, and the choice of the battlefield cannot be right unless there is a clear perception of the political ends of the war. And, therefore, because there is so much politics in strategy (using the term politics in its widest sense), the best strategists have commonly been, not men who were nothing but soldiers, but men of imagination with a taste for soldiering. Cæsar, Alexander, and Marlborough were all men of this type.

Tactics, on the other hand, is half business. If two armies are fighting in exactly the same way and by exactly the same rules, the conflict is likely to be bloody and the results indecisive. The successful tactics, therefore, are usually those which break with old rules; and the same qualities which make a man a good engineer and a skillful inventor, or even a successful man of business, would probably make him a good tactician. In strategy and tactics alike, convention and dogma are the enemies of success.

The vulgar idea of war is that the victory is won by superior valor or other moral virtue. This, however, has very rarely been the case; almost all Western nations, at any rate, are equally brave, though the valor of some excels in obstinacy and endurance and of others in daring and *élan*. By far the commoner causes of victory and defeat are political or technical. Sometimes (to take the domain of tactics) it is a new weapon that wins victory on the battlefield, or at any rate contributes to the ease with which it is won; sometimes, as in the Roman and in Frederick's armies, it is superior discipline, greater physical fitness, and practice in manœuvre that win the victory. More often it is some new formation of line. Those tactics commonly succeed best of all which are both new and adapted to the genius of the people using them. Thus the Boers in the South African War developed a highly original system of mounted infantry tactics by simply using their horses in war-time as they did going about their ordinary business on their wide sheep-farms; and similarly in the American wars the woodsmen made ideal skirmishers.

Political conditions, too, will influence tactics. For example, the French Convention, after the Revolution, found itself assailed by half Europe, without armies, without generals. The men could be obtained only by conscription, and there was no time to train the raw levies. But the French armies, because they were conscript, had one great advantage over the other European armies — their superior intelligence; and so it was that they came to adopt the characteristic formations of the armies of Revolutionary France — columns instead of the deployed line because these required less discipline and drill; and in front of the columns, and screening them from artillery fire, lines of skirmishers in open order, which was the formation best adapted to the superior intelligence of the French.

The French officers had learned skirmishing tactics in the American War of Independence, so that the nascent American Republic may be said to have helped to preserve Revolutionary France. It was in the United States, too, that British troops learned the lessons which won them their victories in the Peninsular War, and helped them to overthrow Napoleon. The British military disasters in the American War of Independence naturally set our officers thinking, and they were ascribed to the lack of light infantry and to the three-deep formation. Sir John Moore, of Corunna fame, when he was in command at Shorncliffe camp, was the first to introduce the deployed line of two-deep instead of three-deep; and though at first the formation was resisted at the Horse Guards, it was adopted by Wellington in the Peninsular War. A general order issued by Wellington just before the troops landed in Portugal begins with the words, 'The order of battle is to be two-deep.' And so Wellington gave England what was justly described as the deadliest fire formation in Europe. 'The principal cause of our reverses in Spain,' says Marbot, in his memoirs of Napoleon, 'was the immense superiority in the accuracy of the British infantry's fire, a superiority which came from frequent exercise at the butts and also from its formation, in two ranks.'

The cause of Napoleon's failure to break the British squares at Waterloo was also tactical. The heads of the attacking columns were all shot away and the rear thrown into confusion before they could come to close quarters. The victories of the British infantry over the French in the Napoleonic wars were victories of the two-deep line formation over the columnar formation

which the French had been compelled to adopt owing to the political conditions immediately after the overthrow of the monarchy; and experience in America helped both the French to beat the Austrians and Prussians and the English to beat the French.

At the beginning of this war there was some hope that the British might repeat over the Germans their tactical successes over the French more than a hundred years before. The enemy had had very little experience of actual fighting under modern conditions (for everything had changed since the Franco-Prussian War), and the British had had a great deal: in the South African War especially they had had experiences which at many points presented a close parallel to those of the American War of Independence, which, as has been seen, taught them so much. In South Africa the thinning of the line had been carried to an extent previously unheard of. In the battle of Diamond Hill, for example, the Boers held a front of something like twenty miles for three days against attack by greatly superior numbers, with probably not more than five thousand men. In the same proportion the British army at Mons, numbering fifty thousand effectives, would have held easily the ninety miles between Mons and the sea at Dunkirk. The actual front at Mons was something like twelve miles, and if their flanks had been secure, the British army might have held the German attack there, as it did later at Ypres.

The calculation of the British War Office, therefore, of the breadth of line that might be held defensively under modern conditions in Europe by a given number of rifles, was not very far out. Mons was lost, not by the breaking of our line, but by the defeat of the French on our right and by the outflanking of our left. The fire tactics of the British infantry, at any rate on the defensive, were shown by this battle to be far superior to those of any other army in Europe. Two facts, however, had not been sufficiently taken into account. The first was the amount of punishment that modern conscript armies will stand in the attack. The vulgar idea that the long-service soldier, by reason of his training, will endure more punishment than short-service troops, does not seem to be justified. In the percentage of casualties that they will stand there is very little difference between long-service and short-service men, and it is a great deal higher than any one had thought possible before the war. What long service does for soldiers is, not make them ready to lose their lives, but fit them better for saving them.

The conscript system, therefore, means, not only higher casualties (that is a matter of course, seeing that more men are employed), but higher casualties even in proportion to numbers. Thus, casualties which would have shocked the British army in South Africa, were perfectly normal in the German army from the outset of this war. Again, conscription gave Europe more men than it needed for a single battlefield. On the South African standard, or any reasonable modification of it, the armed millions of Europe would have sufficed to defend battle-fronts ten times the length of those actually held in this war, even at their greatest extension. With such enormous numbers of men to be employed, it ought to have been obvious from the first that the real battle-front would, on the West, be from the sea to Switzerland. Apparently it was not obvious to any of the combatants involved. The Germans invaded Belgium in order (among other reasons) to get a wider extent of front, sufficient to deploy their millions upon; but they made the suicidal mis-

take of not extending their line to the sea, which would have given them Ypres and the Narrows of the Channel in the first month. The British, too, left a gap of ninety miles between their left at Mons and the sea; and the French, exaggerating the possibility of Belgian resistance, for they must have known that Germany meant to go through Belgium, had a mere fraction of their army on the North. None of them was able to shake off at the beginning of the war the tradition of the old-fashioned battle-'field.'

The British theory of the length of line that the modern army could hold, though sounder than that of any of the armies in Europe, had one fallacy. It held true of the rifle in the peculiar conditions of South Africa, but it needed modification in the conditions of Europe, where the battle-front was the whole width of the frontier. But even in Europe it might have held true of the machine-gun. The real lesson of the South African War, applied to European conditions, pointed to the substitution of the machine-gun for the rifle. Had there been any one farsighted enough before the war to apply this lesson and to evolve a new tactical system of training the army in the light of South African experience, only with the machine-gun substituted for the rifle, it is conceivable that the British army, small as it was, could have held, not only the twelve-mile front of Mons, but a ninety-mile front from Mons to the sea. And had the French applied the same lesson, they need have had no misgivings on the score of insufficiency of men, at any rate for the purposes of defense. Half a million men properly intrenched could have held the whole French frontier defensively, and enormous reserves could have been accumulated in the rear, to deal promptly with a break-through at any one point. The problem of attack would then have been insoluble at the beginning of this war, as most people in England said it would be, after the South African War. It was not the Allies but the Germans, in the trench war of defense that began in the winter of 1914–15, who were the first to apply the lessons of the South African War, with the modifications made necessary by European conditions. And even they did it nervously and half-heartedly.

There is plenty of evidence in German military writing of how greatly they were worried before the war by the problem of attack. They proposed to solve it by counting partly on the conscript's recklessness of life, partly on the effect of artillery fire. They had at the beginning of the war the same or a greater superiority over the British in number of artillery pieces that the British have over the Germans now.

The French were more fortunate than the British in the possession of the 75-centimetre piece, which is virtually a machine-field-gun in its principle; but even they were greatly inferior to the Germans in the number of their artillery pieces.

The surprise of the early part of the war was the employment by the Germans of howitzers of enormous range, firing a high-explosive shell which usually buried itself in the ground before bursting. Against troops in the open the ordinary shrapnel shell bursting in the air is clearly more deadly; and so long as we were on the defensive there was good reason for the preference for shrapnel which some have attributed to Lord Kitchener. The howitzer, with its long range and its high-angle fire, was evidently designed as a trench-smasher. The Germans knew the enormous defensive power of trench-lines with sufficient machine-guns, and the immense development of their artillery tactics in the form that it took was possible only because they had studied,

and acquired a most wholesome respect for, the power of defense in modern war. And yet, in spite of the long and careful study they had given to the tactics of the offensive, they failed to make them good as soon as the Allies too, on their side, had adopted the system of permanent trench-fortifications. In other words, they found the problem of the offensive insoluble.

II

Nothing is more striking in the history of the war than the success of field fortifications as compared with the failure of fortification by fixed works. The war opened with the rapid fall of fortresses in Belgium which had been thought impregnable. Liége, Antwerp, and Namur fell with almost ridiculous ease; and as though to show that it was the theory that was at fault, and not the men, Maubeuge, the great French fort, gave very little more trouble. In invading through Belgium the Germans were on the classic ground of Vauban, the great French engineer; and it seems strange that the French should have neglected the possibilities of defense, on ground which he had shown could be made impregnable.

But the success of the Germans in capturing the forts was only one other example of the way in which they had profited by English theory and experience. There had been two schools of fortification in the military thought of the last fifty years: a Continental school headed by the Belgian General Brialmont, and the English school, represented by Sir George Clarke, now Lord Sydenham. General Brialmont held that forts were to shelter the guns, Lord Sydenham that forts were best used to shelter the men. Lord Sydenham seems to have derived his ideas from the siege of Plevna in the Russo-Turkish War. The forts of Plevna were small and inconspicuous, and the chief defenses of the town were the rifle-lines. He argued that the first necessity of artillery defense was mobility. If guns were put in a fort, especially if their position was advertised by a steel cupola, they served merely to draw the enemy's fire and their disablement was only a matter of time, perhaps of a very short time. The British principles of fortification were elaborate intrenchments — if necessary, miniature forts — for the infantry, and concealment for the guns, with arrangements for moving them about unobserved, from one point to another.

These are the principles which have been vindicated in this war. At the beginning of the war, the defenses of Verdun were on the usual continental model, and Verdun would have shared the fate of Namur and Maubeuge, had not General Sarrail, taught by the experience of the first month of the war, completely remodeled them on English principles.

It is odd after this vindication, that some passages in the later history of the war should have shown such a lack of understanding by the British government of principles that their experts had been the first to lay down. It came out in the report of the Dardanelles Commission that the speedy downfall of the Belgian forts was one of the chief reasons that induced the government to hope that it might carry the Dardanelles by purely naval attack. The naval guns were to do to the Dardanelles forts what the German 42-centimetre howitzers did to the Belgian forts. So indeed they did, as long as the ships had power to manœuvre freely in the open sea. Had there been troops to land, or if the fleet could have pressed its advance rapidly up the Straits without giving the Turks time to bring up their field guns and make intrenchments, the Dardanelles would have

been forced. As it was, although the fixed forts might be destroyed, the mobile Turkish artillery defeated the fleet's attempts to get command of the Straits. Both the downfall of the Belgian forts and the failure of the fleet to force the Dardanelles were victories of English principles of fortification.

III

In their air tactics the Germans made a grave mistake in exaggerating the military usefulness of the Zeppelin. When one balances its military achievement against the terrible embitterment which its blind attacks on noncombatants brought into the war, the net balance is very heavily against the enemy. Not until the war had been in progress for some time did the Germans discover that the best use for the Zeppelin was in reconnaissance at sea, and even there it was too much of a fine-weather craft to be constantly trustworthy.

One would have expected the Allies, who had developed the aeroplane as a reply to the airship, to have worked out its tactics much more carefully and completely than the Germans. Unfortunately this does not seem to be the case. Their idea of the principal uses of the aeroplane was as a raider and for reconnaissance. They did not grasp so clearly as the Germans its importance as an adjunct to the artillery. Before this war one of the advantages of trench defenses was the extreme smallness of the mark presented to hostile artillery fire. The Germans were the first to see how valuable the aeroplane might be in locating enemy trenches and in signaling the range to their artillery. At the beginning of the war, before the Allies learned to imitate them, these tactics were very valuable, and doubled the effectiveness of the artillery attack. It was another proof of the extraordinary preoccupation of the German military mind before the war with solving the problem of attack. The prolonged study which they had made of this problem made them much less conservative than the Allies in their minor tactics. For example, the Allies continued to waste effort in the maintenance of their cavalry, a long time after it was obvious that cavalry was the least efficient arm for the military duties that it had hitherto discharged. It is doubtful whether the *arme blanche* will ever again be of much use, even in the pursuit of a disorganized and beaten enemy; the roughest of intrenchments, held by a handful of determined men, will break the best cavalry charge. The aeroplane is of ten times the value in completing the rout of a broken enemy. For mounted infantry tactics there is more to be said, but even these are best carried out, not by men on horses, but by men on motor-bicycles and in motor-cars.

The tactics of trench-warfare were exceedingly elaborate, but presented very few new or original principles. The old ideas of barbed-wire entanglements and the like were enormously improved, and the Germans, who had thought out the practice of trench-warfare much more carefully than we had, made much more thoroughgoing arrangements for the comfort of their troops than the Allies did. They are wonderful diggers, and their trench-systems were more like underground cities than field works. Reckless as the Germans could be in the expenditure of life in attack, — their tactics in the first battle of Ypres for example, were crazily incompetent in the waste of life, — they were very much more careful with their men in the trenches than we were, and their loss of life must have been much less than ours in the day-to-day incidents of trench-war. They attached much more importance to concealment than the Allies did. or

at any rate they succeeded better in training their men to avoid exposure. And in the choice of their positions for trenches they always preferred the higher ground, both for sanitary and for military reasons.

The English fondness for the bayonet was oftener a snare than a real advantage, for in bayonet-fighting the losses are likely to be more nearly equal than in fire-tactics. The revival of hand-bombs and grenades was foreseen by both sides from the incidents of the siege of Port Arthur by the Japanese; but their use, though unavoidable in close hand-to-hand fighting, was still an anachronism, and when the tactics of attack are really solved, they will disappear; for the end of tactics is to inflict the maximum of loss on the enemy with a minimum to yourself. This is not possible in hand-to-hand fighting, and therefore the first aim of the new tactics will be to avoid it.

When one reflects on the elaborate study that the Germans had given to the tactics of attack and defense, the wonder is, not that the Allies have made so little progress, but that they have made so much. The British, in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, were the first to show what could be done by artillery fire concentrated on a narrow section, and the Germans were not slow to imitate. They learned at Neuve Chapelle the lesson which they applied later to win the battle of Gorlice over the Russians. But the Allies in 1915 were not in a position to establish more than a very local ascendancy of artillery fire; nor had the new British army yet received the tactical training that was necessary if it was to succeed where the Germans had failed. The British attacks at this period were dangerous, but were apt to be shortwinded. The common German criticism of them was that they soon became *gemischt;* and the British were particularly unskillful as yet in the consolidation of a position after it had been won.

All the more remarkable therefore was the achievement of the Allies in the Somme offensive. The German positions were far stronger than any that they had ever carried before, and the Allies were not able to do more than develop tactical ideas that were perfectly well known to both sides. And yet the British and French troops undoubtedly made a better job of their offensive than the Germans had been able to do since the trench-war began.

What was the explanation? And can we draw from it any assurance of probable decisive victory in the future? In the battle of the Somme, Sir Douglas Haig effected a penetration of the German lines on a front that was originally less than a mile wide. Had he driven the attack forward, the wedge would have narrowed to a point so fine that it would have broken off. This was always happening to the German attacks at Verdun. At Verdun the German plan was to drive in a number of wedges from various points on the circumference in the hope as it were of splitting the core of the defense by pressure from a number of points at once. The British plan on the Somme — it seems to have been adapted from the tactics of General Foch in the Arras region — was, having effected a lodgment, not to drive forward, but to work zig-zag, so widening the front of penetration. The progress as measured by miles was small, but it undoubtedly destroyed the theory of the impregnability of any fortified position; and if the attack could have been started three months earlier and if the weather in the late summer and autumn had been more favorable, the Germans might well have been driven back to the Meuse before the Christmas of 1916.

The success was due to the great preponderance of the Allied artillery, to

the superiority of its air-service, to a refinement and subtlety in tactics, but also — perhaps most of all — to the fact that the animal spirits of the British army were so much higher — *possunt quia posse videntur*. It seems an unscientific explanation of the victory, but Napoleon used to say that the moral was to the material in war as three to one, and the proportion still holds. The Germans were suffering from the discouragement of a war prolonged beyond all their expectations. Their military principle of attaining their maximum energy at the outset of war had led to an anti-climax. They had the sense that they were going down-hill. They were fighting, not to increase their gains, but to hold them, and the army was beginning to suffer inevitable reaction from its first confidence. The retreat of the German army between Arras and La Fère, which began this spring, was the deferred dividend on the battle of the Somme. And to take the full measure of that victory we must not merely reckon the six or seven miles of progress actually made in the latter half of last year, but must also add the ground covered this spring by the so-called voluntary retreat to the Hindenburg line.

IV

This year has been signalized by a new development of German tactics — new at any rate to the western front, where the lines had been rigid since the scurrying passion of the opening movements rushed like molten metal into a mould and there solidified. The battle of the Somme had shaken Hindenburg's faith in the impregnability of any lines, and he was particularly nervous of the Allies' growing ascendancy in material. He is a man of few and simple ideas. He had gained his reputation in the war of movement on the East Prussian frontier by the employment of tactics like Hannibal's at Cannæ. He declined his centre and drew the Russians on to the narrow causeways between the Masurian Lakes, and then attacked them from the flanks. When, after the entry of Roumania, he succeeded to the chief command, he employed the same tactics on a larger scale. The Austrian centre in Transylvania was instructed to fall back while two fixed points, one at the western the other at the eastern end of the Roumanian frontiers, were firmly held. The principle was that of an elastic band between two fixed points.

Precisely the same plan was adopted by Hindenburg in France. Knowing that he could not hold his weakened positions on the Somme against attack, he withdrew his whole centre between Arras and the Aisne, and devastated the country, hoping thereby to create an artificial desolation like that of the Masurian Lakes and to hamper our attack. He proposed, when we had sufficiently involved ourselves in this bad country, to throw forward his flanks, — certainly his right flank, — and to this end he accumulated very large reserves. These tactics might have been successful if General Haig had not thrown himself on the German fortified positions in front of Arras and carried the Vimy Ridge on that memorable Easter Monday.

But one of Hindenburg's flanking movements was carried out, and it is now the chief danger in the whole war. This was the submarine campaign, to which Hindenburg attached so much importance that he was prepared to risk the hostility of America for the sake of it. Hindenburg, it will be remembered, is in full control of the German operations on sea as well as on land, and the submarine campaign, rightly considered, is a raid on the communications by which supplies from

England and the United States reach the army that is attacking him in France. It is a compliment to the dangerous character of the Allied offensives in France.

How Hindenburg proposes to work out his new tactical variation on the rigid trench-system is not yet clear. The progress of the British is satisfactory; already it nearly equals in depth the amount of ground won in the whole six months fighting on the Somme. But there is a marked falling off in the rate of the advance since the opening day of the attack. The rigid system of defense has this great drawback, that the exact positions are known to a yard. The Hindenburg line is an elastic area of defense rather than a rigid barrier. It has opportunities of surprise and concealment not possible in positions where the two sides have been facing each other without much movement for a couple of years. And at the moment of writing it looks as though the system might be likely to give us much trouble. But after the success on the Somme there can be no question of our ability to force any position, however strong, provided always that adequate supplies of munitions can be kept up.

There has been much discussion in the United States about the desirability of America's taking part in the Western campaign by sending an expedition. But as one reads the situation in England, men are not at this moment the first necessity of the Allies, nor will they be until next spring. The first necessity is to repel the attack that the submarine campaign is making on their communications. That cannot be done by an army. It is not even solely the business of the American navy coöperating with the British. The most important immediate contribution that the United States can make to the success of the Allied offensive, is in her workshops, in the studies and laboratories of her inventors, and, above all, in the vigor and independence of thought that distinguishes America's industrial system. Tactics, as was said in the beginning of this paper, are half business, and the cleaner the break they make with tradition, the more effective they are likely to be.

It is fairly safe to predict that for tactical reasons alone, not to speak of reasons of another order, this will be the last war in which the armies will be composed of the whole manhood of the nation. Universal military service is out of date, and although some officers whose career depends on its maintenance will struggle hard to retain it, the higher officers, whose business is to direct the strategy and tactics of a campaign, should be interested in its abolition or modification. War with armies of millions is becoming an impossibility, and if the institution is to have any chance of surviving, the size of armies will need to be reduced.

There is a passage in Von der Goltz's *Das Volk in Waffen* in which he looks forward prophetically to the time when some small highly trained professional army, that has evolved some new system of tactics, will sweep away the armed millions of Europe. A little more forethought, some bold and original thinking, and it might have happened even in this war. Even at its most progressive, the military art is more conservative than any other. It is an interesting exercise, and one that will be much indulged in in the next generation, to cast one's mind forward to a war in which science and mechanical equipment are adapted, as they should be in war as in other human activities, to economize human toil and human life. The army of the future will have an immense equipment in artillery; the infantry will be few in number but heavily armed, each man with a machine-gun, capable of holding a width

of front that otherwise would need a company armed with rifles. Trench-warfare, at any rate on the scale that has been witnessed in France, will disappear, for the aeroplane will overleap the trenches, and substitute a war of movement for a war of fixed positions.

The aeroplane will be used, not only as at present for reconnaissance work, signaling ranges to the artillery, for raids on communications, and for bombing a retreating army, but also for the transport, on a large scale, of infantry. One can easily imagine aeroplanes sufficiently large to carry fifty or even a hundred infantrymen. A hundred such planes could transport an army of ten thousand with incredible rapidity to any point behind the hostile line desired by the general in command. Such movements will make trench-lines obsolete. The whole art of war will have to be rewritten from its elements. The development of the uses of the aeroplane will change the strategical and tactical direction of the war, from a game comparatively elementary, like draughts, into an elaborate and complicated game like chess, with greater variety of moves and endless possibilities of fresh combinations. Such a game will be too difficult to be fought with millions. With proper use of mechanical invention a company of men will be able to do the work of a division in this war. We shall go back to the days of small professional armies of long training and high technical equipment; the great general of the future will be he who is able to divine best all the possibilities of this new war-movement, and military power will no longer depend on numbers but on the genius of the direction and the technical accomplishment of a comparatively few human instruments.

Perhaps it was hardly to be expected that such a revolution should be effected in this war. A Napoleon of tactics might have done it; an Anglo-American general staff, with French assessors, working seriously and as honestly on the technical problems of war as the German General Staff has done, but with an originality and inventiveness that are denied to the German mind, might have realized the importance of the aeroplane, overthrown German militarism with its impossible system of universal service, and won this war with ease and with a minimum of suffering to the human race. The necessary changes in tactics would have been very little more than that effected by the Germans in substituting the submarine for the huge battleship as the effective weapon of naval power.

It may be too late now to make these changes. But the first power to make them in the future will undoubtedly be the leading military power. A curse of the military mind is its fondness for imitation and its conventionality. Wars are won, not by similarity of tactics, but by some boldly developed difference in tactics.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN

BY LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX

Sunday, September 6.

We have been here since one o'clock, all five of us, in a beetfield strewn with sheaves of wheat — flotsam left high and dry by the wave of attack. We bind them firmly together and stack them; the day of fighting ends with the gestures of the harvester. Some sort of instinct, I suppose, makes us carry the sheaves to the farm-house at our right, where we stop to rest, the German machine-gun in the tree keeping watch over our huge shadows. Over yonder some one is creeping along: a man of the telegraph corps, followed by several comrades, twenty yards or so behind him. They have no water, they tell us, only Chartreuse.

News travels quickly on the battlefield. From time to time a new soldier comes crawling up to us, holding his hand before his face, protecting himself against the machine-gun as one shelters a lantern, and gives an account of what he has seen on the way: a corpse, a German, two wounded men. From every man who comes up we demand water; he eagerly hands over his canteen, but (bootless miracle!) we invariably find some dregs of cognac, or crême de menthe, or rum. Each newcomer's bayonet is still fixed: the last remnant of the charge. As he takes his place in the straw beside us, he removes it, with the innocent gesture of a woman taking off her rings at night; then flings himself down full length.

It is cold, but what utter repose! The men are smoking, taking great care on account of the straw. A corporal (once a *masseur* at Vichy) is conscientiously kneading his comrades who have stiff backs. He is very popular: his services are preëmpted in advance, as he moves from sheaf to sheaf. He will not allow himself to be hurried, however. He amuses himself by telling each man the names of his various muscles.

A haystack is on fire over yonder. My neighbors, who are peasants, discuss its cost. I find out exactly what it is worth; also the value of a single sheaf of wheat — the one I am lying on, for instance. We chew a few grains of this wheat, and find it excellent. It would seem that we are in a rich countryside: splendid poplars, immense beets, abundant harvests. This battlefield of ours is no cheap affair. I hear the masseur say that he saw Michal's body; the bullet had taken him full in the heart. Why did it have to be the masseur, I wonder? Now there is no more hope.

Every now and then German voices come down the wind to us. A soldier comes in, standing erect; he makes the ceiling seem higher, and somehow it becomes easier for us to breathe. Another soldier recognizes me with a shout of joy, — 'Why, here's the sergeant interpreter!' — and questions me eagerly, as if he had been waiting for me to translate for him everything he had seen during the day. The conversationalists have already won the advantage over the quieter spirits, and are telling how they will never to their dying day forget the adventures of the

afternoon. They talk slowly, as one talks by the fire on a winter's evening. Dolléro, resting against my shoulder, is listening without moving a muscle to sentences that are stirring his heart to the very depths. Bernard, his chum, is dead; when the Germans advanced in the darkness, shouting that they were Englishmen, his cousin, believing them, stood up, then fell, never to rise.

The machine-gun, better aimed now, lets fly, the bullets grazing our caps. We stop talking. We are feeling the effects of all the liqueurs that have been passed around — bénédictine, kirsch, cognac. We press our lips to the canteen, then hand it to the next man. The alcohol showers all its hot kisses on us. The bullets whine. We think of the word with which we shall acclaim the first one that strikes us; it hangs on our lips, all ready for the impact, and back of it follows a whole procession of other words, waiting for the succeeding bullets.

A riderless horse gallops by into the night, dodging blows aimed at him, and drawing a rain of death from the shadows as he passes.

Now the wounded are calling to us from over beyond the poplars. We form patrolling parties: later we shall try to get to some village. The bolder spirits put the timid ones to shame, so that it is these latter who lead the way. We hear them talking as they stop beside the wounded men: —

'Don't make a noise. We're here. Do you see us?'

'Yes.'

'It's all right. You're not frightened any more?'

'No.'

Away in the distance we hear the colonel himself, answering in that cadenced tone which is the very voice of anguish.

'Do you feel badly, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Are we hurting you, sir?'

'No.'

And we carry away as many wounded as we can, as from a fire, to the rear of this crackling, smoking fringe of France.

We are off. Every fifty yards we let the colonel rest a little, and change places. Jeudit, who had lain close by his chief's side since he was wounded, carries his cap and his sword. He takes entire charge of the poor pale head: now he supports it with his hand, now he makes a pillow of a knapsack stuffed with straw. He wipes the colonel's brow, for he is hot; he draws a hood over his head, for he is cold. Each soldier, following Jeudit's example, lavishes his solicitude on an arm, a hand, or a shoulder, none venturing, in his boundless respect, even to think of his commander as a whole. The colonel, out of gratitude, divides himself between us.

'Jeudit! My neck! Dolléro! My arm!'

A big countryman stammers out a few words which he has been getting ready ever since we left the haymow: —

'Everything's going finely, sir; everything's going first-rate!'

The colonel smiles. He is trembling with cold. We take away the cloak of the man who has fewest straps to unfasten, and spread it over our chief. He is wandering a bit now.

'Shut the windows!'

'Yes, sir; we'll shut them,' answer the men.

He opens his eyes and sees the burning village. He murmurs, — speaking aloud to avoid thinking, —

'That fire hurts my eyes — it hurts my eyes.'

'We'll put it out, sir,' answer the men.

Cries come to us from out of the darkness on all sides — city-dwellers,

who call us by our rank, and peasants, who shout inarticulately. All differ according to the regiment to which they belong. 'Holà, holà!' call the men of the Loire country; those from the North, 'Lo, lo!' and the Bourbonnais, 'Voilà, voilà!'

'Voilà! my shoulder!' cries a voice.

The colonel shudders to hear this outcry from a man who is wounded in the same place as he himself.

'Take me too!' comes the voice.

'We can't do it, old man!'

'But you're taking somebody else!'

'It's the colonel.'

That gives him a moment of resignation. Whenever we can, we try to come to a halt close to a wounded man. He tells us all about his bad luck, his wound, and when we move on, he keeps silent. Then, after we have gone a little way, we hear him calling in torment, —

'Take me too, colonel! Take me too!'

We shout that we are coming back. Some of them curse us. Others innocently believe what we say, and give us directions for finding them again.

'I'm just to the left of the big haystack, near the hedge. Do you see? I'll light a match every now and then.'

'Bring that man along too,' says the colonel.

'Very well, sir,' answer the men.

We leave him lying there, but the colonel thinks a second stretcher is following along behind, and bites his lips the better to repress his anguish. From time to time an alarm is given: a riderless horse gallops up to us, but we barely touch him before he is off toward the poplars, only to come thundering back from the German hands that reach out for him. Wounded men everywhere. We feel glad when some sullen fellow refuses to look at us, or to answer our questions; glad, too, if they do not call us by name, as one poor man has just done, for to-night our names seem more rawly sensitive than our hearts. Occasionally we make a détour which the colonel cannot understand; it is to avoid a corpse. Every so often the big peasant, taken by a spasm of optimism, stammers out, —

'Everything's going finely, sir. It could n't be better.'

The fires die down, then flare up as if fresh fuel had been brought them. The four of us who are not carrying the colonel take the eight knapsacks, the eight guns, the eight cartridge-belts, stooping as we go to pick up a sword, another knapsack, thus making a heavier burden still for those who are to relieve us. From time to time the colonel bids farewell to some wounded man, and tells me to remember his name. They should have had short, simple names, however — names of week-days, like Jeudit. I have forgotten them all.

Monday, September 7.

'Get up, old man!'

A hand awakens me gently. It is a chaplain, who has discovered me in the depths of a broken-seated chair. He extracts me with difficulty, pulling aside the shattered slats, and helps me escape from the wreckage of yesterday.

'So the old Boches dropped you there, did they?'

The word 'old' is the only antidote that chaplains have been able to discover against the war. They say 'the old shell,' 'the old Crown Prince.'

'Come along with me. There's a cot in your colonel's room.'

At six o'clock I wake up again. Through a hole in the curtains I get a sample of daylight; it is bright and clear. The cannon are growling. Never has a traveler, arriving at a strange inn at midnight, felt greater curiosity and disquiet. Am I in a village? In a forest? Are we retreating? Have we been

victorious? I can get answers to all these questions merely by opening that door, and yet I do not hurry. I dress in the darkness, and with the clinking of my accoutrements things begin to come back to me. Over there, on the table, lie the objects Jeudit gave me in exchange for his knapsack: a cap with five stripes, a gold watch, a wallet. Never was a soldier's knapsack ransomed so dearly. The colonel is asleep in a white bedstead. His *croix d'honneur* is pinned to the curtain. I open the door softly and leave the room abashed, feeling out of place in so august a picture.

Outside, a long corridor, like that of a provincial hotel, with yellow doors opening off it. By the doors lie boots, swords — the belongings of wounded officers. On a high shelf are piled rubber boots and hats — the leavings of the farm-hands who used to live here.

'What place is this?'

It is the sort of question one asks when one's train makes a stop. The orderly does n't know.

'Is it much of a town?'

The orderly says that he arrived here only last night, and has no idea. He thinks, though, that it is very small.

He leads me to a wooden staircase. As I go down the winding steps I begin to see, in a great room, pale heads, sallow heads, bloody heads. The orderly pushes me on, and before I know what has happened I have wound down into the very heart of human anguish. The stretchers are fairly overflowing: they lie close-packed, and, in order to reach the door, I must walk all the way round certain wounded men who stare at me, longing to know who I am. I lose my way in a labyrinth which brings me up short before the impassable stretcher of a soldier who has fainted dead away. There is no going on; I have to return. The men of the medical corps gruffly ask me my business — for even officers are forbidden to enter here. They move about, these doctors, silencing any man who tries to talk, so that one hears nothing but the groans. The wounded soldiers, uneasy as to the meaning of the pink or green labels they wear, watch for the label of each corpse as it is carried out, and turn pale or sigh contentedly according as its color does or does not match their own.

At the end of the room there is a glass door through which one sees into a kitchen where a strapping young woman is walking calmly to and fro. Every now and then she puts her face up against the glass, and all the wounded men with pink labels — the light cases — try to sit up and look at her. Wasps are buzz-buzzing against the panes. Every time some one cries out in pain, a shortsighted soldier puts on his glasses and peers about to see who it is.

On the road again. I am hunting for the flag which Flamond's company has just captured from the Germans.

Night is falling. Stray soldiers trudge along in the ditches; they look as if they were dragging the heavy-laden stretchers which follow two hundred yards or so behind. Along come some slightly wounded men; confident that help is at hand, they ask no questions. No dead men here, no dying: this part of the battlefield near the hospital is kept cleared, for sweet sanitation's sake. The haystacks and the hedgerows are robbed of their wounded, just as the lower branches of an orchard are stripped of fruit. One sees motionless groups: stretcher-bearers grow weary of their burden, lower it to the ground, and go back for a lighter one. Tired feet drag along; in the distance a spasm of coughing; country night-sounds.

All those who have been carrying on the day's fighting alone — muni-

tion convoy men, telegraphers — are streaming back to the village; you may know the countrymen by the way they say 'Good-evening' to you. Then one begins to meet fewer passers-by. The road shoulders itself up above the meadows, and there, far, far below me, spreads out the war-infested plain. From where I stand it already looks ravaged, with its ploughed fields in disorder, its scars, and all the odds and ends cast up by the earth when it covers dead men — caps, shoes — here a pair of suspenders spread out as if for sale, there a stiff hand reaching up out of a furrow. I plod along. The day is to come when, looking back on this solitary walk after years in the trenches, I shall have much the same feeling as if I had walked one evening on the surface of the waters.

Now we are on our way back, in three groups. The first is bringing Captain Flamond, dead with a bullet in his neck. His arms hang down, the fingers purple. Soldiers die with bloodstained hands, just as the fingers of dead writers are stained with ink. The men carrying him walk with broken step, just as they have seen the stretcher-bearers do. Next comes the group with the German flag. (The men were uncertain as to whether they should stretch it over the captain's body, but they had a vague suspicion that this might not be the correct thing. Should they spread it, *under* him, perhaps?) It is a great purple flag, black-starred, and decorated with a cross which we remove before the eyes of the prisoners who are following behind. I walk at the end of the procession with a *Fähnrich*, who is already trying to air his French. Artaud points to me and says that I have been to Berlin. After that the fellow sticks to me like a burr. He comes from Berlin, it seems. I say nothing, but the smell and the accent of Berlin remain with me.

It is midnight when we come up with Captain Lambert, who is writing to his daughters while waiting for the bread convoys to arrive. He used to send one letter for all three of them, but since yesterday each has taken on a separate existence for him.

'Are we ever going to get bread?' he asks.

All night long he will get up to put this question to cavalrymen, quartermasters, dispatch-riders, who will feel obliged to offer him some chocolate or the remnants of a sausage. The rifle-bullets are making a tremendous racket; we have stuffed cotton in our ears to keep the sound out — all of us except the captain, whom we see jumping up every now and then, turning pale, and then settling down again. His agitation seems a bit absurd to us, just as Ulysses' excitement amused the sailors whose ears had been stopped.

Now and again, a blade of grass comes to life for an instant beneath my hand, against my cheek, and quivers like a woman's eyelash. Again, suddenly awaking, I see peering down at me a new, unknown face, the very sight of which wearies me, as if I were in some way responsible for it — as if I had to imagine for the first time goodness, suffering, or sadness, according as the face is good, agonized, or sad. The cotton makes these strangers believe that we have ear-ache, that we are threatened with inflammation, or that our teeth are giving us trouble; sympathetic, yet annoyed that so much suffering must be, they go away, shrugging their shoulders toward God.

Four o'clock. Everything is silent. The burning villages, with no one to watch them, flickered out sullenly before dawn. Cold, dew, everything that can turn a man's limbs to stone, has showered down on us out of the night. The quiet is astonishing; I remember

the cotton in my ears and remove it, fearing that I have been reveling in an artificial stillness; but nothing is to be heard here save the tick of a watch, and over yonder a squeaking barrow. Never did day in war-time come on more noiselessly. Here and there, out of the ditches and furrows, men are stumbling up and rising to their full height, just as though there were no such thing as war; then, remembering suddenly, they crouch down again and try to straighten their cramped fingers out of harm's way. Not a word. No one wishes to give the day an excuse for beginning; no one will betray these hundred thousand men who are trying, in the dawn's glow, to pretend that it is still night; no one brushes the dirt from his uniform, or grinds coffee, or starts off to fetch water. Turpin is snoring again. Then suddenly the first cannon goes off, the shell goes wailing over our heads; and all is up with our little make-believe.

I start forth to wake my scouts, who are scattered far and wide, like a shattered compass. They struggle up, growling oaths that gather force as they go the rounds: '*Ah, vingt dieux! Ah, millédieux!*' Their faces show swollen, moist, greenish, as though it had been necessary, to make them sleep, to hold their heads under water — in the river of oblivion, perhaps. Poor heads!

'Why wake us?' they all ask. Then they remember that they still have a crust of bread; that a few sardines still remain in that open box hidden under a tree: this modest bait suffices to lure them back into war once more.

We have not even the poor consolation of relaxing and stretching our limbs: the general in person has just taken up this position at our cross-roads; his leopard-skin dispatch-bag, swollen with papers, lies on the ground, and he kneels beside it, fumbling, like a priest consulting the entrails for omens. We are to attack, it seems. Major Gerard and his companies are to assault Nogeon.

The general takes each captain aside and shows him an order. All read quickly and bow assent, some smiling, others a bit pale, — all except Viard, who has to have the manœuvre explained to him on the terrain itself, the general making him count the poplar trees as if he were doing the multiplication table. Perret, always methodical and paternal, draws his men round him and repeats the order to each one; such is his custom.

'So much the worse for you,' says he to a couple of late-comers. 'Now you won't know anything.'

Then he makes every man hand over to Dolléro the odds and ends taken from the Germans, which would mean sure death if he were to fall into the enemy's hands. Dolléro is soon covered with helmets, spurs, and white sword-knots, striped with green.

'What would they do to me if they took me prisoner now?' he remarks.

Captain Jean passes the order on to his favorites; Viard, to his sergeants; Perrin, to the most intelligent; then off we go, led, according to the company we are in, by friendship, rank, or cleverness. Half-way to Nogeon, a lieutenant of dragoons asks Perrin for two subalterns to help cut off the stream of stray soldiers who are going and coming between the poplar trees and Fosse-Martin. Mourlin and I are chosen.

We follow the ditches by the roadside, stopping stragglers and questioning them.

'Where are you going?'

'To the village.'

'What for?'

They reply, guilelessly, that they are going to rest; and when we order them to right-about-face, they look at us as if we were traitors. A little bit ashamed of ourselves, we offer them a swallow

of cool water. They drink, and, thinking they have got on the good side of us, set out again for Fosse-Martin. We take them by the arm, however, and swing them round toward Nogeon, which is in flames. They start off, the surlier spirits shrugging their shoulders.

We keep on our way, using the haystacks for shelter and dodging this way or that, according as the shells come from Puisieux or Vincy or Bouillancy. At the bottom of each stack we find something to eat — leavings of the early breakfast: here a scrap of bread, there a spattering of jam; since they cannot in decency present us with their wheat, the stacks offer what they have. A stack with a letter. A stack with an unexploded German shell, and, on the French side, the mocking emptiness of a wine-bottle. A stack from which two motionless boots stick out. Mourlin takes hold of one, I of the other; we pull, cautiously at first, but we can feel that the soldier resists and is unwounded. He wriggles. He is wondering what he will catch if it is a colonel — two colonels, perhaps — tugging at his legs. Out he comes. He has been asleep there since yesterday.

'Sneaks!' he says to us. 'How much do they pay you to do their dirty work?'

We let fly a box on the ears, a kick or two; he tries to defend himself, but gets a couple of whacks for his pains, and makes off toward the poplars, horribly offended.

Along the roadside lie yesterday's wounded, overtaken by dawn and its shrapnel before they could get to cover. Here and there a soldier helps himself along with his rifle, the stock under his arm, the muzzle to earth. Groups of three, their arms entwined, struggle ahead, the most severely wounded man in the middle. They turn very slowly when some one calls to them; like Laocoön and his sons, they are hampered and tormented by an invisible serpent. We pass a mere boy of a corporal who seems to have strange ideas as to the fate of wounded men, for he tries to give us a letter for his family. Over yonder lies a thread of blood which, instead of coming away from the fighting, leads toward it. Here are two soldiers of my regiment, greatly amused because the same bullet wounded them both — one in the head, the other in the foot. Mourlin sends them into convulsions of mirth by asking what the deuce they were doing together.

We pass a bearded fellow, in agony, who drops to his knees like a stricken beast when he reaches the end of his strength, and falls full length on the ground. A big blond trooper comes along, walking slowly and evenly amid all his limping comrades, and taking infinite care, for he has a bullet in his lungs. In spite of this he flings himself down when a shell lands near-by; then, inch by inch, he rises again, as slowly as a child grows. Here is a lieutenant with his skull laid open, whose hand, groping for his eyeglass, flutters near his brain. Behind the haystacks which have been found out by the enemy's artillery lie heaps of terribly wounded men who, for fear of offering a better mark, drive away newcomers, as from a raft at sea. Some have stripped off their tunics and march along in their shirt-sleeves, hoping that the Germans will not fire on them. Above all the groans a loud cry rings out: a wounded man has been hit a second time, and so there is a jet of fresh blood, a fresh vivid scream amid all this dull whimpering.

Then, all of a sudden, a regiment of reinforcements charges by in close waves toward Nogeon, sweeping the highway and meadows clear of wounded men for a minute, as if they had been miraculously healed and had fallen into step. Strange faces, all; and in war-

time one somehow thinks of every unknown soldier that he has no personal interest at stake — that he is fighting for you.

The shadows of these newcomers cower to the left, away from the sun, as they enter Nogeon; almost immediately the distillery sticks out tongues of flame. In ten minutes it is all ablaze with a sullen fire, the tall chimneys doing their best with the smoke, out of sheer habit. The soldiers emerge again and withdraw to the rear; they are followed by stragglers, — the braver spirits, and those who best resist the heat, — a crimson-faced rear-guard, leisurely withdrawing, and yielding the fire a bare ten yards. Out leaps a fellow from the very flames. Here comes another. That is the end. Glowing papers and embers whirl about, the soldiers taking pains to catch them and put them out with a clap of the hands when they fall near an officer, just as children catch moths to please the mistress of the house.

Again the little procession of stragglers begins to trickle along over to the right of Nogeon; we must once more stop the poor fellows who have found a pretext for seeking a bit of rest. We requisition the services of a little corporal of the 60th Regiment, a timid lad of twenty-two, who ventures to accost only the younger soldiers, and who, instead of shouting his orders, runs and plants himself in the way of the man he is trying to stop, like a dog. We meet some wily stragglers who pretend they have been sent for water, and have unfolded their canvas buckets. Others, more modest, ask only for a little shade. Here is a zouave who, to distract my attention, shows me a Prussian revolver and tries to lead me to a shell-hole a hundred yards away where, he says, a lot of dead Germans are still wearing their spectacles. It is my turn to resist now. Then come some older men, with fine hard faces, who find it annoying to be sent about their business by two whippersnapper sergeants. One fellow takes his revenge by staring fixedly at the nose of Mourlin, whose sunburn has been concentrated there. (Every few minutes afterwards, Mourlin asks for my pocket-mirror.)

In this reflux there occasionally appears one of our own men, who says simply, 'So-and-so has been killed.' It costs one death, at least, to meet an acquaintance to-day. Here is a soldier, deathly pale, to whom I point out an aeroplane while slipping a rifle into his hand, just as one cajoles a child into eating soup. Now and then comes a scout, returning from the brigade full of hard words about the village, where he has found neither water nor bread — nothing but shrapnel and the general, who took him for a deserter and threatened him with his revolver.

We are holding the stragglers we meet now. Those who come up are amazed at being received as though we expected them, and take the places pointed out to them without a word.

'Forward, march!'

The lieutenant, who wishes to be rid of his horse, simply lets him go, and we advance. The bullets are flying lower and lower, so that we must crawl. Every so often a man gets wedged between two beets and extracts himself with difficulty.

Here we are at the poplars. We have fallen in with a company deployed as skirmishers, which receives us without enthusiasm in its ditch, for we have momentarily disturbed its comfort. The Germans are over yonder, thirty yards distant — among them a great hulking fellow who rises up every few minutes; nobody can succeed in sniping him. This interests us newcomers exceedingly. There he is: a gray-green back suddenly floats above the tops of the beets. Two shots go off; up he bobs

again. Many a Frenchman whose only sight of the enemy has been that poor jumping-jack. By evening, they get him.

All is quiet again. This is the hour when the first lines on both sides, worn out, form the only neutral zone in all the two countries; they mount guard only before battle. Let our second lines snipe at the German second line; let our cannon blaze away at their howitzers, let our civilians hate their civilians: we do not shoot. We reserve our wrath, rather, for a company of our own reinforcements, fifty yards behind us, which insists on taking us for wounded. The captain, greatly excited, shouts that he is coming to deliver us, and also keeps yelling, 'Vorwärts, vorwärts!' to stir up the Germans.

Mourlin, to calm them, yells still louder a German word which he wrongly believes to mean, 'Be quiet!' The two voices battle for the mastery, while the Saxons, fearing some trick, lie quiet before us, wondering what the French can be getting ready to do when they bellow forth in the Imperial language, 'Peace! Peace!'

Day has begun.

Tuesday, September 8.

The sun has set. A German aviator makes the most of the dying glow by coming to see what he can see just above my company. Full five minutes he wheels over us. He does not miss a single gesture. He can tell Von Kluck: 'Mourlin's nose is still sunblistered; Dolléro is reading a letter which begins, "My heart's beloved"; Giraudoux is munching beets as he waits for night to bring up her reinforcements.'

We close our eyes, starting sharply when our drowsiness clashes within us against sleep itself. No trenches here; we leave on the earth nothing save the imprint of our bodies; above ground we still find that resignation and confidence for which we shall later have to dig deep and still deeper.

Every now and then Jalicot shouts, 'Surrender!' to tease the Germans, who are unable to see the joke and reply, 'No, no!' in throaty French, so that there will be no possible mistake. Then, in their turn, they call on us to surrender, and we reply, in chorus, with one single word. They are annoyed: did they not answer us politely?

Midnight. We have sought sleep in a sort of pit, and those not on duty are joining us. Here comes the captain, the man of all men whom we are least eager to see, for he snores. All in a heap, our legs are pinned down by heavy legs; unknown arms — we prefer not to know whose — embrace us. Now and again one defends one's head stubbornly against a knee, a shoe, another head. Sometimes a newcomer, not knowing that weapons have been laid aside, drops down on us with his rifle. Violent and anonymous kicks are launched against an unfortunate leg which turns out to be the captain's. A soldier down at the bottom shivers, giving the whole living mass a feverish motion; two late-coming guests generously spread their cloaks over the whole crowded pit. An officer, on his rounds, orders us to get up; we answer not a word, whereupon he threatens us, so that our captain must needs stick out his head and command us, like the voice of our conscience, not to stir from our position.

From all four corners of the plateau the machine-guns are rattling like dead men's bones. One of our cannon is firing wildly in the direction of Germany. The bugle-blasts of the *chasseurs* ring out, then break off short, as though all the musicians had rushed forward to pick up a wounded man. One of the soldiers at the bottom of our heap tries to free himself; the others make themselves heavier, to keep him

quiet. He keeps moving convulsively, until, the resistance crushed out of him, he gives up.

One o'clock. We are returning to Fosse-Martin by the road — silent, sullen. Friendship keeps us close together, and each one leans on a comrade, but we have developed an unspeakable obstinacy. No one yields an inch to any one else. Dolléro tries to make me eat his remnant of bread.

'Eat this bread.'

'Keep it yourself.'

'You won't, won't you? Well, look!'

He throws it away; and God alone knows what bread meant to us that night.

'Throw it away. I don't care.'

Then he sees that the rheumatism in my shoulder is not improving, and insists on carrying my rifle. We struggle. He hurts me. I hurt him still more, it seems, for I can see the tears in his eyes.

The sky, the trees are dumb. Speech seems to have been torn from the far-flung brigades. Never has Night's silence been so breathless; those soldiers who rise for a moment to stretch their arms seem to be apostrophizing her in sign-talk. One wakes up suddenly, stung by the cold on some unprotected surface of wrist or calf or neck, and wraps a handkerchief round the spot as one dresses a wound. The man nearest the snoring captain whistles softly, not daring to touch him. A telegrapher has tangled a sleeping comrade in his wire; for a full half-hour he tries to work him free without waking him. Sleep everywhere — sleep, and that respect for life which one holds in times of peace. By way of reinforcement the dragoons, as soon as they have tended their horses, come and fling themselves down to the rear of us, forming a second snoring line of sleepers.

Four o'clock. I see a man who yesterday lost his dearest friend open vacant eyes, remember everything, and close them again. Sabots clattering down the road, greenish light, an acid breeze — a dawn-promise full of despair.

You get to your feet; you see the frontier marked out, so to speak, by that chain of exhausted soldiers. For a second a wave of ingratitude sweeps over you toward all those civilians back in France who are thinking of you. Why must they exist? But for them, war would be beautiful. Then comes repentance, and, out of sheer affection for them, you begin to think of yourself with a tenderness much like theirs. 'Poor old fellow,' you say to yourself. You call yourself by your first name. Courage flows back into you, and you steal the best rifle and the best bayonet from the men who are still sleeping.

A cheerful sergeant-major is waking his men by tickling them with spears of grass. 'Hey, old sport,' he says to each one, 'take a look at your watch.' The 'old sports' open yellow eyes and leaden mouths which seem to engulf the very morning. Then, in the dawn light, — a sundial without sun, — our matutinal cannon roars, while at the very same instant a big shell drops in from Germany, covering us with stones, dirt, and shreds of turf. The 'old sports,' stagger to their feet, cursing, and today begins.

A superb day. The sun leaps from cloud to cloud, gilding the one on which it rests for the moment. The sky is keenest blue. From those ash trees yonder the shells are bringing down showers of foliage; autumn is at work upon them, too, but to her touch the yellowing leaves yield only one by one. No orders as yet; that means an hour of idleness. The road is full of lightly wounded men who had no wish to get lost during the night, tramping gayly along now, each with his splinter of

grenade or bullet just under the skin, where one can feel it. Here comes Trinqualard, shot in the left arm. In exchange for the news that yesterday we took a hundred prisoners, he hands me over a real live German whom he is bringing back from Puisieux. We play with the fellow a moment; he becomes tame, and is anxious not to leave us. When a shell drops near-by, however, he groans and bewails his lot. We shout to him to be silent.

'How *can* one be silent in such a war?' he replies.

Now we are meeting new convoy men, new drivers who are under fire for the first time. They scurry about, their eyes full of curiosity and dread, asking where the Germans are. Is it the Prussian Guard? What are the commonest wounds? Are we winning? They wear little gaiters such as one sees in countries where there are snakes; and, in the midst of our dull life, they lead all day long a fevered existence, their *plaques d'identité* very much in evidence, rushing here and there to help carry any one's bag, any one's rifle — new servants of the battlefield, with the names of children, wives, relatives, everything they have to lose trembling on their lips, unexpectedly distributing tins of sardines and pineapple, and falling flat at the faintest breath from a bursting shell, as if they were lighter than we.

An unscented breeze drifts in from the east; not one of our words will be carried toward the enemy, so we talk and laugh, heedless of noise. The air is light. We expand in the freedom of it all, advancing as skirmishers through the fields in order to prepare the coming assault. We visit the haystacks, and from each one, — just as one extracts a bullet from under the skin by pressing on each side of it, — we squeeze out a groaning German, wounded yesterday or the day before. There can be no vestige of doubt about these fellows: did we not wound them ourselves? We have pierced their lungs, their heads, their thighs, or — by way of a little Christian lesson — the palms of their hands. Each one of them trails along behind a Frenchman — a little clumsier, a little weaker than his leader, but scarcely less calm. The lips of both are a trifle greedy and scornful, for they have just traded tobacco and are sampling it.

Our orders have arrived. The division commander has issued an urgent call for men who can speak Turkish. One need only know Turkish, it seems, in order not to be killed to-day. A mocking hope, this; for have we not been searching in vain in the depths of our souls for a single word — to say nothing of a whole language — which will be a talisman and give us the pledge of life? No one in our company knows Turkish; no one, in a prodigious effort to live, suddenly acquires it. Horn knows Danish, and offers himself rather hopelessly to the sergeant-major, who takes down his name. All day long he will be making trips to headquarters and coming back again — a poor spurned Hamlet.

'Bergeot knows how to talk the Auvergne dialect,' shouts Forest.

Each one then airs the accomplishments of his friends. Jalicot, we learn, speaks the language of the *Pions* of La Palisse; Charles knows Tunisian, Pupion the patois of Charlieu. Masseret makes sounds like a partridge, Dolléro imitates a motorbus. Then the captain whistles.

In five minutes we are off again toward the poplars. We get control of ourselves, we make everything ready; then, each man, as if he were taking the worst for granted, says good-bye to the captain in his best French, and calmly writes a last postcard, reading it over when he has finished, for mistakes in spelling.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FAIRIES

It was, perhaps, the pair of green rompers that began it. They were not entirely green, but a crinkly line of green ran through the material. 'Fairy green,' I said to Spriggins as I held it up to him.

'F-f-fairy green'; he caught me up quickly. 'Wh-wh-why fairy green?'

'Because it's the fairies' color. The fairies love green — they always wear it.' Then I recited to him, —

'Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.'

Just as I finished, Miss Kitten came up and had to hear it all over again. Her blue eyes grew very serious. Not so Spriggins's; in his an impish light danced.

'I w-w-want the g-green rompers! I want the green rompers!' he shouted, waving the stuff.

'But if you have them, the fairies may get you. When people wear green, it gives the fairies power over them.'

'I d-d-don't care! I w-want the fairies to g-get me! I want the f-fairies to get me!'

He danced off across the grass, in wild glee, whirling round and round, and finally tumbling in a heap on the grass and rolling over and over, his copper-colored hair swishing about his face.

The rompers were made, watched over by the would-be changeling with restless eagerness. When they were put on, one golden day in July, and little Spriggins raced off down the bright roadside, shouting, 'The f-fairies are g-g-going to get me!' it seemed to me that the fairies would show singular blindness to their opportunities if they let this one pass. It would, I thought, almost prove that there really were no fairies.

Spriggins's birthday was coming. 'Have a play,' the children begged; 'let's have a play!'

'What play?'

'Oh, just a play — any kind of a play! You can plan it.'

So I planned it. The children had a quaint way of coming to me now and then and saying, 'Mother, we're playing a game; will you make believe that you're our mother?' I was always willing to do this, and having had such practice, I framed the play along the same lines: I made believe I was Spriggins's mother. I made believe that I had to go away and leave him for a little while, and before I went I slipped on him a little tunic, of pale bright green — the fairies' color. I warned him not to wander away, and left him playing in the grass.

As soon as I had gone, out came a crowd of fairies, all dressed in green too; and when they saw a little green-clad mortal all alone, of course they danced round and round him, and sang to him, and begged him to join their band and be a fairy too. And of course he wanted to; so they put a flower-wreath on his head and took his hand, and whisked him away — away off into fairyland, which was the tall grass and weeds of the orchard.

Then, still making believe that I was his mother, I returned and found

my boy gone. An old witch, hobbling by, told me what had happened. But at twilight, she said, the fairies became visible, and if I could hide and lie in wait for them, I might seize one and hold it until they gave me back the stolen child.

I hid, the fairies trooped by, and I snatched one of the littlest — to wit, our Miss Kitten, very willing and cuddly and laughing softly all the time — and held her fast while I drove my bargain with her comrades. They disappeared into the orchard, brought back my Spriggins, received their own hostage, and with a last song melted away again among the tall grass and the long afternoon shadows of the orchard.

Now Spriggins himself, by reason of this play, — though his kidnappers were known to him as brothers and sisters and cousins and friends, — still felt himself ever afterwards, in a peculiar way, allied to those fairy bands of the woods and fields that he had never quite seen but always hoped to see. Not to have seen fairies proved nothing, of course. By the very terms of their being were they not invisible, save at certain magic hours? And those hours, as it happened, were always the ones when mortal children had fixed engagements with the sandman, which their mother would not encourage them to break.

Gradually there grew up among the younger children a certain tradition of fairy lore — how elaborate I do not know. Do we ever fully know the lore that is being woven by the children about us? We are lucky if we even catch a glimpse of some of its bright fringes!

Each child had his own fairy, a friend and protector, who came at night after he was asleep, and led him away to all manner of adventure. Among these guardian fairies there arose a certain rivalry, sometimes friendly, sometimes tricksy, as appeared when stories of the night were interchanged.

One of these stories I overheard. Spriggins began it.

'Stubbins,' he said, hugging his knees and rocking back and forth in an ecstasy of gleeful invention, 'do you know what a t-t-trick my fairy and I p-p-played on you last night?'

'What?' said Stubbins cautiously.

Stubbins was over a year younger, and had need of caution.

'Why, after you were asleep, my fairy and I came over to your crib and pulled the bed-clothes off you — all the bedclothes.'

Stubbins was quiet a moment, thinking hard. Then he said calmly, —

'Dat was n't any twick.'

'Wh-why not? Why was n't it?'

'Because — do you know where I was? I was n't dere at all.'

'Were n't you?' said Spriggins, too surprised and interested to see what was coming.

'No, ob course I was n't. I and my fair-wy were sitting way up high on de corner ob de porch, and we were watching you and your fair-wy all de time.'

With other children, who had not helped to create the tradition, they had occasional trouble.

'Mother,' said Spriggins one day, 'John Harrison says there are n't any fairies, and I've p-proved that there are, b-but still he says there are n't.'

'When was this, Spriggins?'

'Wh-when we c-came home from school.'

'And how did you prove it?'

'Wh-wh-why, I told him all the queer things that have happened — you know — how I lost my f-five cents and then found it again in that f-funny place, and nobody but a f-fairy *could* have p-put it there — and lots of things.'

'And what does he say?'

He says somebody else m-might have done it — and I can't make him b-believe — I just can't, mother.'

Sometimes I have wondered whether I ought to have let the fairy-lore go on weaving itself in those active little brains. And yet, I am not at all sure that I could have helped it if I had tried. For, if I set out to prove to them that it is not true — well, what is proof anyway? The cumulative weight of my experience. But the child has his experience, too, and already he has learned that it is very different from mine and tells him a different story. He knows that the world is big, and that life is indeed full of a number of things. Each turn in the road he is traveling brings so much that is new — why should he be surprised at anything? How can he tell what not to expect? When he is so often mistaken about what can happen, how is he, or anybody, to be sure what cannot happen?

I remember in my own childhood being told by other children that if we looked at a certain chair long enough, and wished hard enough, it would turn into a pony. Did I quite believe this? I cannot say, but I found it a pleasant thought to hold in the mind, and I remember spending many minutes gazing at the chair. And if the pony never came, what did that prove? Only that we lacked concentration.

To the children fairies stand for all the wonderful and unpredictable possibilities of life, for all the magic of it, its charm of unexpectedness. A child is a bit puzzled by the inevitable; in the fairy world it does not exist. In that world he slips away from the world of grown-ups, with its endless consequences remorselessly hounding the gay, irresponsible little-child doings. He loves the grown-ups and it is not from them that he wishes to escape, but from their world, their difficult, unyielding world.

'To-night,' says Spriggins, with those impish lights in his blue eyes, 'to-night my fairy is coming for me, and I'm going away — away — away off, and m-maybe I w-won't come back, and m-maybe I will. I don't know, but I *think* I w-will.'

He has always been impressed by the big happy chances in life. His favorite rejoinder is, 'But it *m-m-might*, you know,' meaning that all wonderful things are always possible, and that we are nearer the pleasantly miraculous than my superior wisdom can quite realize.

Of course he makes regarding it no such cool generalization as this. His is a warm feeling, pricking through his myriad activities. His mind, birdlike in its movement and its swift precision of clutch, perches on now this and now that tangible twig of symbol. The fairies are such symbols, the 'magic stick' is another, and then there is the moon.

'Mother,' he said one night, in a rare and swiftly passing mood of depression, 'I am sad all my days because I don't have a magic stick — y-y-you know — a m-magic stick, that will turn anything into anything else.'

'I see, but I have n't any, so I can't give you one.'

'But y-you m-might find one — you *m-might*, you know.'

'If I find one I'll give it to you.'

'Mother, I know where they come from. They come from the sun. The sun is full of m-magic sticks, and it whirls round and round, and it t-tries not to let the magic sticks whirl off, but it can't help it, and they wh-whirl away, and f-fall down on the earth, and the f-fairies f-find them. And some day I'm going to find one. And th-then I can turn y-you into a m-monkey if I want to.'

'But you won't want to. You would n't want a monkey for a mother.'

'No' (with a delighted chuckle). 'I would n't want a m-monkey for a m-mother. Only I m-might — only I guess I would n't.'

Yes, I think the children may safely be left to their own bright imagining. About them, ahead of them, lies the world of hard fact, of hard convention. They are marching into it, with their fairy banners flying, their white owl-feathers a-cock. Later on they may choose other banners and other plumes; but banners and plumes we must all have, or how could we march at all?

Once only Spriggins urged me further than I was willing to go. A new plan had occurred to him, and he raced to me to share it, hair a little redder, eyes a little bluer, cheeks a little pinker than usual.

'O, m-mother! I've j-just thought of something! W-w-won't you make me a pair of g-g-green pyjamas? And then the f-fairies, wh-when they see me at night will surely steal me away! G-green pyjamas, mother! M-make me some green pyjamas!'

But there I have been quite firm. I will not make him green pyjamas. The risk seems to me too great.

ON THE MIXING OF METAPHOR

THE other day, while groping among the serious, and, I regret to say, little used, pigeon-holes of my brain, I discovered the materials for a paper of the 'uplift' persuasion, which seemed to me beautifully appropriate to the *Home, Heart, and Hope Magazine*. Unfortunately, however, my pen had not led gracefully forth from the impalpable dark of the mind to the daylight of writing more than a dozen impressive sentences, when I discovered that it had committed itself to the words, 'This leads me to pursue the following train of thought'; upon which, a little uneasy devil within me stirred, opened an eye, and questioned, 'Can one *pursue* a *following* train?'

Immediately the serious gray clouds of my uplift article broke away, and there swirled into view the vision of myself, pen in hand, hair flying, in mad pursuit of a train that forever followed after me. Round again, and round again! Here we were like the snake with its tail in its mouth. In that wild dance, 'Out flew the web, and floated wide' of my beautiful serious article, its 'mirror cracked from side to side'; and when the dust settled a little from the shattering of all my good intentions, I found myself face to face with that old enemy of mine, Metaphor, who was licking down his fur and squeaking out his usual protest about my having mixed him.

'Look here,' I said, 'I set out to write an article that should have made the world a sweeter and a better place, when *you* came blundering in with your nonsense about not being able to pursue a following train, and threw me right off the track. *Now* I'm going to settle with you once and for all.'

I spoke with more bitterness because Metaphor and I have been at odds for very many years. Our first difficulty dates from as long ago as my second little trembling book, in which I described the remorse of one of the characters over the unhappiness brought about by her own unkind words by saying, 'The old woman was appalled by the terrible stone which her tongue had set rolling.' Fortunately I myself discovered this before my little book went forth into an unkind and critical world; but for weeks I was haunted by a mental picture of an old woman busily rolling stones along with her tongue. My own tongue was lacerated by the thought. Therefore, on this occasion I

abandoned the serious article with a certain gladness while I attempted the settlement of Metaphor once and for all.

Alas! this is the unexpected habit of my pen. It can no more pursue one straight line of thought than a terrier can trot along the street without being deflected down every alley, and after every cat which offers. Its waywardness, indeed, reminds me of my youthful rides on an old horse of long ago. We children like to pretend we rode that horse; in reality we knew, together with the horse, and all spectators, that he rode us exactly where he pleased. At the cross-roads, where one fork led to the stable and the other to the house, we were sure to find, no matter how much we might have been set upon going to the house, that the only dignified thing to do — under the amused gaze of grown-up spectators at the house — was to pretend that the stable had all along been our intention. Those childish tussles at the cross-roads with old Sol (in which he always won) so early broke my spirit that I have never been able to keep my pen from taking the bit between its teeth and bolting after every fresh idea which appears.

And if here any reader objects that pens have no teeth with which to take the bit, I can only say that doubtless he is right, and that this by a happy chance restores that wayward quill of mine to the subject in hand — Metaphor, and all its mixings.

I would not have it supposed that I am at odds with all the figures of speech. On the contrary, with most of them I am on the best of terms; like Saul and Jonathan, we are lovely and pleasant in our lives. Apostrophe, allusion, alliteration — I use them all; even metonymy, synecdoche, trope, I sometimes manage, although it is true, as with certain of my acquaintances, I am more familiar with their faces than with their names. My only quarrel is with metaphor. That figure appears to me to be as unbearably high-handed and dictatorial as a Hohenzollern. Particularly, it seems to mistrust me, and to be in a chronic state of apprehension for fear I should mix it.

But why should it set itself up as the only thing on earth that positively cannot be mixed? Plenty of other distinguished things suffer mixing without complaint. Look at pickles, for instance. Who ever heard of any pickle, no matter how exalted its station in life, making a fuss over being mixed? Then why should even the humblest of metaphors always assume this don't-touch-me air? Let an author's pen come anywhere near it, with the hope of its helping out a little in the decoration of ideas, and it is sure to give a nervous jump and squeak out, 'Now don't mix me, George!' — or Bill, or Sadie, or whatever the unfortunate author's name may be.

Metaphor's attitude, indeed, reminds me of that story of the insane gentleman who labored under the unfortunate impression that he was a glass pitcher, with the result that he was forever jumping away from people, exclaiming, 'Look out now! Don't break me!' This exceedingly fragile attitude toward society at last reacted upon the nerves of one of the other inmates, and suddenly pouncing upon the apprehensive gentleman, he slammed him violently against the wall, crying, 'Here now! We've had about all we can stand of *you!*' With the happy result that when the glass-pitcher person discovered that he was not shattered into a thousand fragments, he immediately recovered his sanity.

Now it seems to me that what metaphor needs is just some such firm and ungloved treatment. Undoubtedly its fear of being mixed has reached a path-

ological state: from having been merely an idiosyncrasy it has gone over into a phobia — an abnormal fear. Therefore, it seems to me that the only means of restoring its sanity and usefulness is for writers to combine to put it through a thorough and systematic course of mixing. Only when metaphor becomes resigned to seeing itself mixed from a figure of speech into a figure of fun, will its usefulness to the drivers of the quill be restored.

Dear fellow authors, in the furtherance of this much-needed campaign, and to set a good example — drawn somewhat from a classical model of the older rhetorics — I herewith send forth this little idea, like a young squirrel escaping from his cage, to navigate the sea of literature, sincerely hoping that it may bear much fruit.

MY ASSOCIATION HALL

How few of us can feel that our houses are true expressions of our own taste, any more than our characters are embodiments of the qualities we most admire! Both are cluttered up with hereditary odds and ends, good and bad, often mutually antagonistic and inharmonious, creating discords for which we are not responsible.

What a strange inchoate jumble my own living-room must present to an alien eye, yet how full of rich associations to an heir of the ages who sees the invisible threads which bind the incongruous objects into unity. The chaos is presided over by Great-aunt Deborah's old colonial highboy, which, I remember, always stood, an austere sentry, in the hall of the old Salem house. There, by the fireplace, stands an Italian marriage-chest which Cousin Elisha triumphantly imported from Florence, to be desecrated later as a wood-box. The Louis XV sofa, which a romantic family connection brought back from Paris, with its pedigree tied to its graceful ankle, gives a Gallic touch to my auction-room; and as for the Georgian mirror in the crowded corner there above the old settle — whenever I glance in it to straighten my cap, I smile to think of the strange scenes it reflected when it hung over the mantel in Uncle Timothy's fairy palace during the brief period of his meteoric splendor. As I write, I am seated in a heavy black walnut chair, 'a bold upholsterific blunder,' which reveals Queen Victoria's proportions in every line. Yet how can I harbor the thought of banishing this seat of the mighty in which my grandfather wrote all his sermons? — though, to be sure, it forms but a quaint companion to the graceful Chippendale desk given to me at my own marriage by a friend now forty years dead.

I look at the pictures on my walls and realize that a critic of art would wince at the exhibition and condemn my naïve innocence in assembling so tasteless a medley; but what do I care for his artistic tortures? That uncompromising old Puritan, with his hard chin and 'granite lip,' once hung on Aunt Sargent's wall in the Plymouth homestead, and she used to tell me with pride that it had been called 'as good as a Harding,' as if praise could go no further! The engraving of the Sistine Chapel is just as fine to me as though it hung in solitary confinement (the form of capital punishment recommended by our latter-day æsthetic reformers). Of course I know that that queer old lithograph of Niagara Falls is just as poor as my daughter-in-law tells me it is, but *she* does n't remember how my father used to point to it with shy pride as a reminiscence of his wedding journey.

I realize that it is not the fashion nowadays to have likenesses of one's friends smiling at one from every do-

mestic nook and corner — I am told that such things are mere dust-catchers, and I suppose that if friends themselves were proclaimed to be obsolete survivals they too would be banished from the heart. But oh, the difference to me, in my solitary old age, if I could not smile back, through tears, at all those young companions of my youth clad in the strange garb of half a century ago!

And so, when knowing ones of the new generation talk about their 'period rooms,' and show me, as object-lessons, their own white-paneled drawing-rooms with one perfect painting set like a gem into the woodwork above the fireplace, their harmonious — though slightly severe — furnishing, their restful draperies, the note of restraint intensified by the ecclesiastical candle-lighted gloom, I feel like exclaiming, 'Why, but this is a self-made room; and though I look on it with the same respect with which I look on a self-made man, I, personally, am very glad that I had ancestors!'

Of course, these ignorant young perfectionists imagine that they are teaching me something when they show me the products of their brains and their pocket-books; but their houses are to me, 'icily regular, splendidly null, dead perfection, no more,' like Maud's face. Give me *character*, don't give me taste.

If our rooms are supposed to express ourselves, how can they fail to reflect some of the queer incongruous inheritances that go to make us what we are? If I have Grandfather Black's hot temper and Grandmother White's cool judgment; if I combine Uncle Robert's irony and Aunt Sarah's sensitiveness; if my disposition shows a strange blending of my parents' contradictory traits, how can I claim to be anything but a complex being whose inconsistencies like to express themselves individually? Yet when I emerge from my 'Association Hall,' as I have christened my own house, crowded with heirlooms good, bad, and middling, like my own unbeautiful character; and when I go to the harmonious drawing-rooms of my young friends, I can exclaim, with real conviction, 'Charming, my dear, charming! How exactly it expresses your own nature!'

It is true — as true as the criticisms your pained eyes reveal when they turn sadly away from my chamber of horrors which is, to me, so full of the tender grace of a day that is dead. But oh, if my tongue should utter the thoughts that arise in me when I look at your beautiful impersonal backgrounds, you would never give me a chance to commiserate you again! Having shown me the house, you would show me the door, for little as you like my room, you would find it better than my company.

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AT VON BISSING'S HEADQUARTERS

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

TWENTY years ago the Samoan Islands belonged to England, Germany, and the United States. The Gordian knot of trouble inevitably tied by such a handling of Samoan affairs had its cutting hastened by the famous hurricane of 1895, which piled up some men-of-war of the ruling nations on the vicious coral reefs of Apia harbor, and drove others in safety out to sea.

This terrible common experience made temporary friends of the struggling English, German, and American sailors and Samoan boatmen, who had all been mutual enemies, and helped to hasten the arrangement by which England exchanged her interests in Samoa for another South Sea *quid pro quo*, and the four principal islands were divided between Germany and America, two to each. The Germans got Savaii with its volcano and Upolu with its cocoanut groves, while we got beautiful Tutuila with its harbor and little Manua without much of anything.

The money in use in Upolu, and in its chief town, Apia, had been, for years, English money, its lesser pieces known to the natives as 'shillins' (accent on the second syllable), 'seese-a-pennies,' and 'kolu-pennies,' *kolu* being the native word for three. When the Germans took full possession of Upolu, they, of course, introduced their own currency. But the natives persisted in calling a silver mark a 'shillin,' and a fifty-pfennig piece a 'seese-a-penny.' A mark looked like a shilling and it bought no more or less of anything than a shilling; the same with fifty-pfennigs and six pence. Why new names, then?

But though the natives persisted, the Germans insisted. The Governor of German Samoa — now head of a great department of the Imperial German Government at Berlin — gave much time and energy to trying to change 'shillin' to mark. But he never succeeded. So with a host of other trivial things. He could tell a German to say this for that, or do that for this, and it was said and done; why not a Samoan? He could not understand it. Apparently no German can understand it.

So it has been in all the other one-time German colonies. And so it has been in Belgium.

Governor-General von Bissing died from too much telling the Belgians to do things, — some important, many trivial, — and too much trying to make them do them. He fumed and worried and suffered because they would not behave properly. Why would they not? Why should not Belgians be managed

as Germans are managed? Why would they not? He died unenlightened. He had a large staff of subordinates; department heads, provincial governors, and what not. None of them enlightened him. None of them could enlighten him. I almost believe that no German could.

Von Bissing is dead and von Falkenhausen has stepped into his shoes, and is going on trying to rule Belgium in the same way. But he will succeed no better. He will never know the Belgians, as Solf did not know the Samoans, and the statesmen and rulers of Germany do not know the English, or the French, or the Americans. How often have I been asked, angrily, pathetically, always insistently, 'Why do you Americans do as you do? Germans would not.'

At first I tried to explain. But they could not understand. Some few understood that they did not understand, but even they could not understand why they did not, why they could not. I say some few; really I remember only one. He was a business man of proved capacity. For the moment, he was in an officer's uniform and head of an important department of von Bissing's government; a man of good mind, and university-trained. Most of the German officers and officials are men of good mind and university-trained.

He said, 'You say we can't understand other people, their minds, their points of view, their feelings. Look at us in South America. Our traders were getting the best of the English traders and your own keen Yankee traders. We understood better than you the wants and business methods of the South Americans. We made the goods the way they wanted them made; we packed them the way they wanted them packed; we gave them the credit in the way they preferred to have it. We were more adaptable than either you or the British. But — yes, it is true, our statesmen do not understand your statesmen or your people; our diplomats do not understand the people to whom we send them. Everything you do surprises them, disappoints them, dismays them. And we lose by it. We suffer by it. What is the reason?'

But he was the only one I remember out of the many I talked with who understood that they did not understand. And he himself did not really understand that he did not understand the Belgians whom he was helping to govern! He thought they were just insolent and liars and rebels! Yes, because they did not do, if they could help it at all, whatever and everything the Germans ordered them to do, they were 'rebels.'

Had not the German army beaten their army and occupied their land? Well, then, were they not rebels and traitors if they did not do things that the Germans told them to do, and did things that they were told not to do? Could they not learn to behave properly after having to have thousands of their civilian citizens and their women and children shot in groups at the beginning, and hundreds shot scatteringly along through the wearying months, and other hundreds sent to prison in Germany?

'Idiots and ingrates, these Belgians.' I use the word actually as used to me: ingrates. For had not His Excellency, Governor-General von Bissing, expressed in a score or more of proclamations his own interest and the interest of the Imperial German Government in the welfare of the people? Had His Excellency not actively displayed this interest by tangible things done for their advantage?

I studied earnestly for a moment, but I had to ask for help. 'What things, for example?' I asked.

'Well' — he studied too for a mo-

ment; then triumphantly, 'Well, for example, the reëstablishment of the Flemish university at Ghent. You ought to remember that, for I heard His Excellency tell you that you could lecture there.'

I remembered that saturnine jest. General von Bissing had reëstablished the old Flemish university at Ghent just as General von Beseler reëstablished the old Polish university at Warsaw — recently closed, by the way. In Poland this was a slap at Russophil Poles; in Belgium, a slap at the ruling Walloons. Von Bissing had arranged for fifty professors, some German, some Dutch, and a few renegade and bribable Flemish, to accept chairs at Ghent. The bribe for these men was a good immediate salary and a pension for life after cessation — for cause — of teaching. That cessation will come the minute that Belgium is free again, and the cause will be a swift flight from the country. For not one of these renegade Flemish professors can live in Belgium after the Germans go out, nor even anywhere within reach of Belgian vengeance. They will urgently need their pensions.

With a grand flourish — but an all-German flourish — the reëstablished Flemish university at Ghent opened with fifty professors — and forty students! These students will need pensions, too.

My companion's remark about the Governor-General's offer to let me lecture at Ghent had reference to a grim jest on the part of His Excellency. I had acted for a few months in 1915 as the Relief Commission's director in Brussels, on leave from my university in California, but had had to return for the second half of the college year. This finished, I went back, at Mr. Hoover's request, to take up the directorship again. Soon after my arrival in Brussels, I made my call of formality on von Bissing, in company with the German head of the department having chief cognizance of our relief work. The Governor-General received me not unkindly, in his stiffly pleasant manner, and said he hoped I would not have to leave again while the relief work went on, adding that, if I felt once more the need of giving some university lectures, I might give a course in the new university at Ghent!

It was meant as a jest, but, as he knew as well as I did what fate was in reserve for the lecturers in his new university, it had a grimness that made his smile, under the stiff clipped mustache, no less awry than mine. I had a horrible temptation, fortunately resisted, to return jest for jest by asking the figure of my pension.

All this great and affectionate interest in matters and people Flemish, exhibited by General von Bissing and his staff, and by the German Chancellor and his Berlin associates, and now by von Schaibele, the new special subgovernor for Flemish Belgium, is so simple and obvious in its reason and intent that it is nothing short of astounding that any Germans, 'of good mind and university-trained,' can, for a moment, believe that it could fool any one, least of all the people most immediately concerned. The naïveté of the whole performance is simply pathetic. To hire a few cheap Flemings to come to Berlin and do a stage chat with the Chancellor, and have their pictures taken in a top-hatted group with him, and then expect to palm off this infantile performance as evidence of German and Flemish-Belgian *rapprochement*, is to betray a simplicity that is past conception. Copies of that group photograph, as published in *Die Woche*, are being religiously kept by hundreds of Belgians as evidence, when the time comes, on which to hang these paid Flemish renegades. I hope

that they, like the professors, have been pensioned, and have reserved future lodgings in the heart of Germany. They will be safe nowhere else — perhaps not there.

That is the simple naïve side of German rule: there is another and fearfully contrasting side. It is the side of blood and iron. And Belgium has had full measure of laughable and tragic experience of both sides. Her keen wits have often bested the rule of naïveté — by paying a fine: her bravest hearts have often bested the rule of brutality — by paying their lives. No week has passed in all the many since Germany violated her own honor, and that of Belgium, three years ago, without a new *Verordnung* placarded on the hoardings, prescribing some trivial doing or not doing, — which meant smiles and shrugs and quick little schemes of avoidance to the reading Belgians; nor has a week passed without some grim court-martial running its fated course of judicial travesty, which meant imprisonment or death to some devoted woman or brave man of Belgium.

Some woman or some man, do I say? Some tens or twenties of women and men, I ought to say. The trials and condemnations at Hasselt alone are of scores at a time.

II

The German government of Belgium is three fourths strictly military and one fourth quasi-civil. There is a *Civil-Verwaltung*, or department of civil government; a *politische Abteilung*, or 'political' department, having to do with the diplomatic and general political relation of the government to the Belgian people generally, and the Belgian and American relief organizations specially; a *Bank-Abteilung* whose most conspicuous activities have had relation to the forced removal of 450,000,000 marks from the vaults of two great Belgian banks to those of the Reichsbank in Berlin, and the putting of proper pressure on all the Belgian banks to produce the huge monthly indemnity, first of forty million francs, then fifty, and now sixty, that is collected from Belgium by Germany; a *Press-Abteilung*, presided over by a capable sculptor, which looks after the editing of all the Belgian newspapers — except *La Libre Belgique!* a *Vermittlungsstelle*, or special bureau of the political department, through which all negotiations of the Belgian Comité National and the American Commission with the German government, either in Brussels or Berlin, are taken up; a Central Harvest Commission (*Central Ernte Kommission*) with special charge of the native food-crops and live stock (horses excepted); and last, but very far from least, the Military 'Intendance' which represents the army's interests and control.

In addition to these various chief departments — and I may have overlooked one or two; it does not matter — there is a series of bureaus or organizations of lesser rank, called *Centrale*, which take special cognizance and charge of different kinds of local foodstuffs and related commodities.

The Central Harvest Commission ought, perhaps, more properly to be listed as the first and most important of this group, rather than among the chief departments as noted above. It is composed of five German officials representing, respectively, the Governor-General himself, the civil department, the bank department, the political department, and the military department, and a Belgian representing the Comité National, and an American representing the Relief Commission. The Belgian and American members were tolerated rather than welcomed, and their voices, although heard, rarely carried

conviction to the already unanimously convinced German members. They had, however, full voting privilege, but the minutes of the bi-monthly meetings — solemn, formal affairs with an occasional relieving glimpse of uncovered feeling and humanness — record a monotonous list of motions carried by five voices to two, and other motions lost by two to five!

There are, in addition to the principal Harvest Commission, a barley central; an oats central, wholly in military hands; a sugar central; a general fats and oils central, with a special butter central; a vegetables central, with special potato and chicory centrals; a brandy central, for the controlling and taxing of all alcoholic production, this alcohol coming chiefly from the yeast factories; and, finally, a coal central, which, oddly enough, controls the fertilizers as well as the coal.

I may also have overlooked a central or two; but, again, it does n't matter. There were enough, if not too many; enough, that is, to give a very plausible seeming of what one expects from German organization, namely, careful and meticulous specialization and subdivision of labor, responsibility and authority, but all tied together and subject to the superior understanding and direction.

At a distance, the German government of Belgium seems admirably organized and even well managed. At close range, especially at the close range of personal contact and experience, it reveals itself as absurdly over-organized and inefficiently managed. The German government of Belgium has proved itself incapable, except in those matters where results were got by sheer brutal force alone, and in these the force has been too often used blindly as well as brutally, and has never satisfied the Germans themselves, either in Belgium or in Berlin. This is a statement that I can make with confidence and without breach of confidence. For it is well known in Holland, which sees and knows by one means or another practically all that goes on in Belgium and Germany.

Governor-General von Bissing wished to gain a certain measure of Belgian approval of his administration of the country. His first approval, naturally, should come from Berlin; his second, from Germany; his third, if there could be anything for Belgians to approve of what must first be commended by Berlin and Germany, was to come from Belgium. And he really wanted this approval.

Hopeless cynics might explain his desire simply as dictated by pure personal selfishness and ambition. A successful civil administration should receive some measure of approval from the administered. Von Bissing's government was always a quasi-civil government. He would commend himself and his administration to his over-lords if things went fairly quietly in Belgium. But he would not if Berlin's already fatigued ears had to be assaulted by the disquieting rattle of machine-guns in the streets of Brussels and Antwerp, and the screams, groans, and last sobbing coughs of the dying Bruxellois and Anversois. The world seemed inclined to give a too attentive ear to noises from Belgium, and Berlin's own ears, usually only too deaf to the cries of the tortured, had become, by virtue of this fact, a little sensitive also to sounds from Brussels. It is a popular belief that Berlin cares not a rap for the world outside. But this is not true. She does care, and does not at all relish being so continually and distressfully 'misunderstood.' What is true is that it is only with the utmost difficulty and only rarely that Berlin can understand what the reaction of the world outside is going to be to German behavior. I believe that it is chiefly this

limitation that is leading Germany to defeat and near-destruction.

But I am not a hopeless cynic — to get back to the matter of General von Bissing's rather pathetic desire for Belgian approval. And I think that the past governor's wish was based partly on less questionable grounds than pure selfishness. He had in some degree a feeling of personal responsibility for the five million or more human bodies and souls, nameless and hardly distinguishable to him, with social traditions and natural inheritance utterly uncomprehended by him, which had, by the inexplicable hazards of human fate, been thrust, willy-nilly, into his hands. It would be a bit too supermannish not to feel a little anxious, for the people's own sake, about the fate of individuals in such a mass of people hanging ever on the verge of starvation and kept from literal destruction only by the interference of an incomprehensible foreign neutral organization.

But, some way, for whatever Governor von Bissing was able to do, there was not approval enough to go around. After Berlin and Germany had approved, there was never any to come from Belgium. In the face of what he did, or allowed to be done, how in the name of humanity, of honor, and of what there is of God in man, could there be?

And so the Germans in Belgium have been an ostracized people. The Belgians on the streets look another way as they pass the spurred, field-gray officers. The German soldiers have learned to ride on the platforms of the tramcars; it is less chilling there than inside. The few open hotels and shops have become differentiated into places for Germans and places for Belgians. It is an odd victory that these conquered people win over their conquerors every day.

For the Germans feel it. They have wanted friendly civil treatment from the Belgians; they have tried in their uncomprehending, unsympathetic, stiffly patronizing, semi-contemptuous way to get it, and they have expected it. Indeed, it was more than civility, it was deference that they first expected, — in parts of occupied France the people have to salute the German officers, or get shot, — but when the deference was seen to be hopeless, they expected civility.

Well, they have not got it; they have not had it. And this complete withholding of Belgian approval of the German administration and the complete lack of any personal *rapprochement* between German officers and officials and Belgians during the long period of enforced relationship and companionship is, to me, vivid evidence of two things: Belgian spirit, and German mal-administration and utter lack of human consideration of the people and persons they are ruling and professing to be trying to placate, befriend, and elevate. For the Belgians are no more than human, and human consideration would inevitably have had its usual effect in some visible measure.

This condition is also a sufficient proof, if the world needs further proof, of the utter inability of the Germans to help the world in its efforts to humanize and socialize and lift up its peoples. Even were German *Kultur* that most desirable thing that the German intellectuals have said it is, — and that most of us are convinced it is not, — the Germans are utterly unable to make it over to any other people. The Ninety-Three Intellectuals were quite sure that Germany could spread and bestow its *Kultur* on the backward nations of the earth by conquering them by arms. But *Kultur* cannot be imposed on a people, even though its rule can. The Belgians are ruled by German *Kultur*, but they are not penetrated by it.

From the depths of their bleeding hearts they execrate it. They have seen what it does to a people, — to two peoples, the Germans and themselves. It makes brutes and martyrs: brutes of its possessors, martyrs of those who come in contact with its possessors. German *Kultur* stifles the good in man for the good of a man-made Juggernaut called the State.

Whatever headway any German singly might have been able to make in gaining the tolerance or friendship of the Belgians, — and there have been and are to-day individual Germans in Belgium of a certain warmth of heart and human sympathy, — this man, as member of the German administrative organization in Belgium, was no longer 'any German singly,' but a nameless, individual-less, rigid little cog on one of the myriad wheels of the Great German Machine. He could move only as his wheel moved, which in turn moved — or should move — only in perfect relation to the moving of the other wheels.

This 'any German singly' gave up, in all matters in which he acted as a part of the German administration, all of the thinking, all of the feeling, all of the conscience which might be characteristic of him as an individual, a free man, a separate soul made sacred by the touch of the Creator. And he did this to accept the control and standards of an impersonal, intangible, inhuman, great cold fabric made of logic and casuistry and utter, utter cruelty, called the State — or often, for purposes of deception, the Fatherland. There *is* fatherland in Germany, but it is not the German State. It is German soil and German ancestry, but not the horrible, depersonalized, super-organic state machine, built and managed by a few ego-maniacs of incredible selfishness and of utter callousness to the sufferings, bodily and mental, of their own as well as any other people in their range of contact.

But this machine is a Frankenstein that will turn on its own creators and work their destruction together with its own. Such sacrifice and stultification of human personality as national control by such a machine requires, can have no permanence in a world moving certainly, even if hesitatingly and deviously, toward individualism and the recognition of personal values.

III

The experience of our Relief Commission with this machine has been wearing. It has also been illuminating. For it has resulted in the conversion of an idealistic group of young Americans of open mind, and fairly neutral original attitude, into a band of convinced men, most of whom since their forced retirement from Belgium have ranged themselves among four armies devoted to the annihilation of that machine and to the rescue and restoration of that one of its victims, the sight of whose mangling and suffering brought unshed tears to the eyes and silent curses to the lips of these Americans so often during the long two and a half years of the relief work.

We were not haters of Germany when we went to Belgium. We have simply, by inescapable sights and sounds and knowledge forced on us, been made into what we have become. If we hate Prussians and Prussianism now, it is because Prussia and Prussianism have taught us to hate them. Whom have they ever taught to love them?

The work of the Relief Commission was carried on under a series of guaranties given by the succeeding German governors-general, the Berlin Foreign Office, and the Great General Staff of the German armies. These guaranties committed the German authorities,

from the beginning of the work, to the non-requisition of the food-supplies imported into Belgium and to non-interference with our distribution of these supplies. Later they included the non-requisition of the food-stuffs produced within the country, and the non-purchase of these native crops for the use of the German army. Also they contained the positive promise that the Commission should enjoy all reasonable facilities to do its beneficent work and to be able to satisfy itself that the guaranties as to non-requisition and purchase were strictly lived up to.

In general these guaranties have been maintained; the one respecting the non-requisition of the imported supplies in particular has been scrupulously regarded. Of course, if it had not been, the work would have stopped abruptly at the moment of its disregard. But in detail, in the relationship with German officialdom and German soldiery, made necessary in the carrying on of the work, difficult in itself under the most favorable circumstances, we were harassed and delayed and tricked and bullied in a thousand ways, but almost always under cover of a sophisticated and specious reasoning. A German official is no less plausible than brutal. There was always a protracted debate, a delaying argument, an exasperating show of consideration and conference, whenever we protested and pleaded and demanded that our work be not interfered with.

The dying of children, the weakening of women and men, the advance of disease, were not arguments that we could push forward to our advantage; there was always a convenient 'military exigency' to put these summarily out of court. The argument had to turn on the form of words in the guaranties; this was susceptible of debate, this was a matter to consider. The machine seemed to have a curious regard for our 'scraps of paper' except when it was more convenient to disregard them entirely, which was not often, although always possible. In this respect we were constantly surprised, having always in mind the original notorious scrap-of-paper incident. Perhaps the machine has become a little sensitive to paper troubles.

A prolific source of difficulty for us was the lack of clear demarcation among the many wheels and parts of the machine, and a lack of coördination among these bits of mechanism. But sharp specialization and thorough co-ordination are generally supposed to be exactly the basis of the reputed high organization and efficiency of the German government. Be that true of all the rest of German administration or not, I do not know; I only know it is not true of German administration in Belgium. A difficulty over the movement of canal boats; over the censoring and transmission of our necessary mails between the Brussels central offices and the provinces; over the circulation of our workers and their motor-cars; over the printing and posting of our protecting placards on warehouses and railway wagons; or over what not else — it made no difference. Never was there a well-defined course of procedure for us; never could we quickly find the proper department of the government to which to apply and from which to obtain decision in any of these and the many other cases of trouble.

It was indeed precisely because of this constant uncertainty, and a final recognition of the difficulty by Governor-General von Bissing, that there was finally established — just a year after the relief work was begun — the *Vermittlungsstelle*, to which all our troubles were first to be referred, to be in turn passed on by it into the whirring interior of the creaking machine, there to be whirled around until

some kind of final or provisional decision was ejected.

But these interior processes of digestion and resynthesis — for what went in always came out in a different form — took time, and time too often freighted with awful significance to the helpless, waiting, hungering Belgians. But the machine took little account of human suffering, or human lives, even. It took the time that its incapacity made necessary, and turned out its work in the incomplete or distorted form that its clumsiness assured. This must seem, in the face of the popular conception of German administrative organization, like unconsidered and exaggerated writing. But it is not. It is the revelation of simple truth.

Under whatever detailed guaranties, or on the basis of no matter how elaborate regulations, an inevitable requirement for the carrying on of our work was a certain element of trust by the German authorities in the correct behavior of our American workers. The struggle between German officialdom's need for an absolute control of us, because any or all of us were potential spies, — we were, of course, — and the impossibility, under existing circumstances, of establishing any such effective control, resulted in a state of affairs that was ludicrous when it was not too irritating to be anything else.

The control was attempted by a rigorous set of restrictive rules concerning the movements of the Americans and their cars, prohibitions against carrying any letters, except certain censored official ones, and a careful reissuing of passes each month for all of the men connected with the relief work. Our compliance with these regulations was checked on all motor trips by a regular inspection of passes, including the special ones of chauffeur and motor, a recording of the movement of the car, and sometimes an examination of the contents of bag and pockets, at all the sentry posts scattered along the roads. These posts were so abundant in the early days — when there were soldiers to spare — that we would be stopped a dozen times between Brussels and Antwerp, less than a two-hour trip. In addition to the regular inspection, there was another irregular one, which consisted of the sudden halting of the car any day anywhere along the road by a group of military-secret-service men, who made a close examination, not only of passes and papers, but of cars and persons. The cars would be fairly taken to pieces, tires deflated and searched, and gasoline tanks fished in. The examination of the clothing and bodies of our men was no less thorough — and more disgusting.

Now all this was good control to prevent — what? It prevented our carrying any persons unauthorized to travel by motor, or any dangerous information in letters, from one part of Belgium to another — from Brussels to Antwerp, say. But these possible would-be travelers could go without hindrance or examination from Brussels to Antwerp by any one of several trains a day or by a combination of tram-lines and buses, or on foot. What they might not do was to joy-ride! And if we wished to carry any dangerous information we certainly should not have confided it to letters, but should simply have taken it as told us or discovered by us, and made it over to whomever we cared to, provided he could understand our kind of French. We were allowed — the circumstances of the work made it absolutely necessary, as the German authorities recognized — to talk when and where and to whom we pleased.

More than this and much more important than this, we sent out — with the consent, of course, of the Germans — three times a week a mail courier

from Brussels through the electrified wire fence and across the Belgian frontier into Holland. The mails he carried had been censored and sealed, — the seals to be examined at the frontier, — and he was subject to search, regular and irregular, at any time before reaching the wire. But he was a very intelligent young man, who spoke French, German, Flemish, Dutch, and English, and when in Holland was free to tell to any one there, — and Holland's population is, at present, most interestingly cosmopolitan, — or write to any one anywhere — to a man in England, say, with an interest in matters in Belgium — anything he pleased. In Holland he had but one control — his honor. And there was an alternate courier with this same privilege, and several others of us had to go out often to Holland. Mr. Hoover and myself went back and forth often — Mr. Hoover very often and more or less regularly — between London and Belgium. In other words, if we could not be trusted, there was absolutely no hindrance in the German scheme of control to our conveying information at any time to the enemy. And yet the exercise of the absurd control attempted was evidence that we were not trusted. The repeated personal examinations, carefully planned to catch any guilty one off his guard, outraged our sense of honor — and decency. The whole situation might well have stimulated a man to accept the implication of dishonesty which it placed on him as a recognition that he might spy, if he could get away with it! All this absurd pseudo-control was stupid in the psychology that dictated it, and stupid in the method of its carrying out. It was inexpedient and inefficient.

And it was unnecessary. We were not spies, and the German officials knew it. If we were, or if they really thought we were, their only sensible and safe action would have been to remove us. But knowing that we were not spying, — in a few cases in which some over-eager 'flat-foot' thought he had found proof that we were, we were able brilliantly to prove the contrary, — they nevertheless treated us in a way to make us feel and seem suspect, but not in a way which would have prevented us from spying and informing had we really been inclined to. That is machinery, but not brains. And wheels can never really replace brain-cells in human functioning.

IV

However, a pacifist, or a neutral, is hardly to be made into an adherent of a war against any people on the basis of being ever so convinced of the stupidity of that people's form of government, or because of an ego-maniacal overestimate, on the part of this people, of its form of *Kultur*. And it was something more than any conviction of this kind that turned our group of American neutrals in German-occupied Belgium and North France into a shocked, then bitter, and finally blazing band of men wishing to slay or be slain, if necessary, to prevent the repetition anywhere of the things they had to see done in these tortured lands.

The Germans entered Belgium in August and September, 1914; we began to come in November. Hence we saw none of the 'atrocities' of the invasion — we saw only results of them. Among these results, as seen by us, were, I hasten to say, no women without breasts or children without hands. But there were women without husbands and sons and daughters, and children without mothers and fathers. There were families without homes, farms without cattle or horses or houses, towns without town halls and churches and most of the other buildings, and

even some without any buildings at all, and a few without many citizens. But there were cemeteries with scores and hundreds of new graves — not of soldiers; and little toddling children who came up eagerly to you, saying, 'Mon père est mort; ma mère est mort.' They were distinguished from some of their playmates by this, you see!

And we had to hear — and endure — the stories, the myriad stories, of the relicts of Dinant, Visé, Tamines, Andennes, and all the rest. Of course, there were stories exaggerated wilfully, and others exaggerated unintentionally, simply by the inevitable inaccuracies that come from excitement and mental stress. But there were stories that were true, all true.

If we had had but to make acquaintance this way with happenings of the days before we came! But there was no escape for us; the civilizing of Belgium did not cease with the terrible rush over the land to the final trench-lines in the West. It kept, and is keeping, everlastingly on. And we had to see it, and hear it, and feel it. We had to see the citizens of a proud and beautiful capital barred from walking in certain of its streets and parks, that elderly Landsturmers and *schneidige* boy officers might stroll and smoke there; and to be sent indoors to bed every night for a fortnight at eight o'clock to learn to be deferential and friendly to soldiers who had slain their relatives and friends, not in the heat of battle, but at cool dawn in front of stone-walls.

And we had to be there the fateful night of Nurse Cavell's death; and the days and nights of many other like deaths and travestied trials that preceded them. And we had to make the acquaintanceship of noble men and women, giving all the hours of all their days to the relief and encouragement of their people, only to have them disappear, carried off without an opportunity for a good-bye, for imprisonment in Germany, because of some trivial word or act of indignation at the sufferings of their people. Which carrying off brings us to the final word: *Deportations.*

There have been deportations of one kind or another from Belgium ever since the war began. Removal to Germany has been a punishment much favored by the German authorities for indiscreet or too uncomfortable Belgians. But most of these removals have been made of citizens singly or in small groups, usually after a military trial; and the official morning placards on the street walls have announced the alleged special reason for each removal and the particular period of years to be suffered by the victim in Germany. Or, rather, did until it seemed better — or worse for the friends — not to make any announcements at all.

But these removals are not what the world understands by deportations. The world knows hazily of the rapid gathering together and sending in large gangs to Germany — or to regions in occupied France near the west front — of thousands, tens of thousands, altogether a total of something more than one hundred thousand able-bodied Belgian men. With the exception of a few flax-workers from West Flanders, no women were sent away, as some sensational newspaper accounts have declared.

The world knows too, hazily, that these deportations were made in many, perhaps most, instances in a peculiarly brutal and revolting manner, with a treatment of human beings comparable only with that which might have been given to an equal number of cattle, sheep, or swine driven to the railways, held in yards in the rain or sun for a cursory examination for possible infectious disease and physical condition generally, — for the importers

wanted only sound animals, — and then packed tightly into box-cars with enough feed and water for the trip to the distant abattoirs — enough feed, that is, if the trains got through on schedule, which they never did.

The world knows this hazily, I say. Much has been written about this deporting; about its causes, the conditions that incited German authority to do it, — it was the highest military authority that decreed it, not von Bissing's Belgian government, — the manner of its doing, its results. But the world needs the whole story. Unfortunately it cannot yet be written. Among other things lacking is the knowledge of just how many of the hundred thousand Belgian slaves have died and are to die in Germany. Some have been sent back hastily, so that they would not die in Germany; they die on the returning trains, or soon after they get back. Or, what is worse, some do not die, but continue to live, helpless physical wrecks.

The deportations were not hazy to us. They were the most vivid, shocking, convincing, single happening in all our enforced observation and experience of German disregard of human suffering and human rights in Belgium. We did not see the things that happened to the deported men in Germany. But we could not help knowing some of them. When the wrecks began to be brought back, — the starved and beaten men who would not sign the statements that they had voluntarily gone to Germany to work! and the starved and beaten ones who would not work at all; and the ones who could not work even when, driven by fear of punishment, they tried to, on the acorn soup and sawdust bread of the torture camps, — when these poor wrecks came back, they brought their experiences with them, and revealed them by a few words and the simple exhibition of their scarred and emaciated bodies.

The deportations occurred near the end of the period of our stay in Belgium. They were the final and the fully sufficient exhibit, prepared by the great German Machine, to convince absolutely any one of us who might still have been clinging to his original desperately maintained attitude of neutrality that it was high time that we were somewhere else — on the other side of the trench-line, by preference. There could be no neutrality in the face of the deportations; you are *for* that kind of thing, or you are *against* it.

We are against it; America is against it; most of the civilized nations are against it. That is the hope of the world.

THE MAGICAL CHANCE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

'LIFE offered him the magical human chance and he took it. There was something in him for which the decorous and conventional life of Boston allowed no place in its scheme. *Two Years Before the Mast* belongs to the Literature of Escape.'

Is there any such literature nowadays? any escape? The magical chance was offered Dana far back in 1834, when escape was possible, and when, besides, he was a boy. This is the year 1917, and I would know if there are still such chances in Life's hand?

It was a young world a hundred years ago, and full of adventure. One could escape then because there was some place to escape into, but to round the Horn from Boston now is to land at San Francisco, a much more conventional city. East and West have kissed each other and exchanged cards. There are chances, of course, both there and here — decorous, censored chances to bathe in the surf and motor and sail through the Panama Canal; but where does Life offer us a magical chance?

About the time that Dana was escaping from Boston, Thoreau tried to escape from Concord. Instead of a brig around the Horn, he took a rowboat up the Merrimac River, and after a whole week of rowing, complains of finding no frontiers that way any longer. 'This generation,' he cries, 'has come into the world fatally late for some enterprises. Go where we will on the *surface* of things, men have been there before us.' (He had reached Concord, N.H.) 'We cannot have the pleasure of erecting the *last* house; that was long ago set up in the suburbs of Astoria City, and our boundaries have literally been run to the South Sea, according to the old patents.'

Born in 1817, a hundred years ago, and still fatally late. What of my own coming into the world? and yours, my son?

> The rainbow comes and goes,
> And lovely is the rose,—

but you and I have missed an early glory that hath passed forever from the earth. Out of my window I can see a low-lying meadow, a grove of pines, and a winding gleaming stream, but only common June sunlight over them, the celestial light that of yore was their apparel having faded back in Wordsworth's day, as the frontier disappeared in Thoreau's. Instead of frontiers we come to barbed-wire fences; and if we row out of Concord, Massachusetts, we row into Concord, New Hampshire — between such tame 'villantic' places have our lines fallen!

It was about ten years after Thoreau's too tame row up the Merrimac, however, that gold was discovered in California. Here was a magical chance as late as '49. But there are no more Outcasts in Poker Flat. Yet was it not about fifty years after this that they struck gold again on the Yukon, and another magical chance? True, but all of that is past and gone. Nothing of real chance and adventure has happened since — at least, not since Peary reached the North Pole, except, indeed, the finding of the South Pole, one

of the greatest adventures of the world. There are only two poles, however, and flags now fly from both, and from every terrestrial spot between — over Mount McKinley, over the River of Doubt, so that we are stopped from singing, —

> There 's one more river,
> There 's one more river to cross.

There is nothing now to cross. The frontiers are neither this way nor that. We have been born fatally late.

The earth's crust is cooling and thickening steadily, and so is the crust of circumstance and convention that has hardened about us. City and suburb spread over the early frontiers, and adventure finds no place in the valleys that are exalted, on the mountains that are brought low, in the crooked places that are straightened, and the rough places being made smooth with macadam. A magical human chance used to mean doing something, going somewhere, escaping. It has come to be something of an adventure to stay at home.

Why is there less magic in a high-powered automobile on the Lincoln Highway than there was in Dana's little brig, the Pilgrim, close-hauled on the wind? Why should this new motoring story, *Two Million Miles Behind the Steering Wheel*, strike one as dull compared with *Two Years Before the Mast?* I have never read an interesting automobile story. They all emphasize the miles, mere miles, — miles per hour, miles per gallon, miles per tire, — a stupid and unconvincing theme. I doubt if there ever can be so good a motor story as Dana's sea story; perhaps never another sea story so good either. For Mr. John Masefield, poet and sailor, says that romance has now been driven from the sea; that the Ship of Dreams is gone; that you may haunt the wharves in these piping times of steam, —

> Yet never see those proud ones swaying home,
> With mainyards backed and bows acream with foam.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> As once long since, when all the docks were filled
> With that sea beauty man has ceased to build.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> They mark our passage as a race of men,
> Earth will not see such ships again, —

which makes me thank heaven for my farm, where the same old romantic hoe remains about what it ever was.

Mr. Masefield is our contemporary, and his observations are dated 1912. Prior to that year real clipper-ships rode the deep, and real romance. There is no romance in a tramp steamer, in a whaleback oiler, or in a submarine. It was prior to 1839 that there were real frontiers and romance in the land, and a last house (a government lighthouse) still to be set up in the suburbs of Astoria City. Going a little further back, we find that prior to 1491 (B.C.), about the year 4000 according to the margin of the King James Version, there were giants in the earth, and the stories in the Book of Genesis show that there were romances as well as giants in those days. But, like Thoreau and Masefield, the author had been born fatally late. A goat-herd to his father-in-law, on the back side of the desert (a sterile locality for romance), he was slow of speech, without prospects or imagination, and quite out of humor with a call to go to Egypt. He would stay on the back side of the desert and dream of the good old days of the giants, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth; when the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair. There was something doing in those days.

From Moses to Masefield the times have been fatally late. Mine must be, too, with the clipper-ships, frontiers, giants, and daughters of men that are fair all gone. Yet I seem to see them

fair, but ought not, I suppose, my times being so late. Are there no more giants then, no more magical chances? Am I never to escape — from Hingham?

Lumber is still brought in boats to one of Hingham's old wharves, but the rest of her wharves are deserted, and her citizens, who used to do business in great waters, stop now in Hingham Harbor to catch smelts. Change and some decay one can see all about Hingham, but little chance of escape; for, coming or going, where is the frontier from Mullein Hill? Down at the foot of the hill runs a long, long road. I have traveled it as far as Philadelphia, going south, and could have gone farther, for there was no frontier out of Philadelphia: the next stop was Chester. I have traveled it as far as Skowhegan, going east, without finding, except where the steam-roller was at work, that there was any end, any chance to get off; you can keep on going after you leave Skowhegan. It runs on; it runs back as well, and off to the side, everywhere, every way, clear down the Cape to Provincetown, for this road was the ancient trail between Plymouth Plantation and Massachusetts Bay Colony, which now reaches to Aroostook and beyond; and over to the Imperial Valley and beyond; and circling the Everglades, climbs up Pike's Peak and down, and on and on — never finding the frontier.

This is an age of roads, and the day of good roads. Whoever is not building a road is building or buying a machine to travel over a road, or is already traveling. The mechanics for going have been refined far beyond those for staying; but going, even 'good going,' is not escaping, our National Good Roads Congresses notwithstanding. We already have more good roads to travel than good places to travel to, or good reasons for traveling. Good roads are needed to cart potatoes over. Who buys a super-six automobile to haul potatoes in? Macadam is for commerce. Romance must needs get stuck in a rut.

New ones, not good ones, are the roads of adventure and the magical chance of escape. Pathfinding, however, came to an end with the last frontier, and now we know by finger-board and odometer, to the tenth of the mile, just where we are: how far from Rome, or Butte, or the next Socony station. If there is any pathfinding left for us it is to find a road that has no Socony station; and if there is left us a single magical chance of escape it will be the chance, I think, of running out of 'gas.'

The frontier is gone, and the scalping Indian, the buffalo herd, the overland stage. 'Hank' Monks is gone. This most famous of stage drivers on the Great Divide sleeps in Carson City, his Concord coach of split hickory sleeping with him, for Concord town has ceased to make such coaches. From Hell Gate to Golden Gate overland there are only miles now, and so few of them that any three-hundred-and-sixty-dollar automobile makes a holiday of the trip. A young acquaintance of mine, driving her own car, has just made the coast-to-coast run, and had only three punctures to break the cushioned tenor of the way. It was pretty monotonous, she said, though there was much to see — one of Mr. Luther Burbank's 'spineless cacti creations' for instance; and another thing that interested and somewhat puzzled her: a petition, circulated by the native Arizonians, asking Congress to preserve for them and posterity a portion of their original desert.

Moses saw the giants pass away, Thoreau, the frontier; Masefield the clipper-ship; but it remained for us to see the irrigation ditch wipe out the Great American Desert — and with it

the gila monster and the need of a shovel on the trip across the sands.

Is it that we have eaten of the Casaba and gone melon-mad? To make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, and bring forth Casaba melons and alligator pears and spineless cacti, is to breed the prick from life, is to rob it of its adventure, and to exchange a fierce wild beauty in the mesa for a conventional beauty from the greenhouse. Ploughing the desert, turning the giant cacti into ensilage, as if to live were a silo — for fear of this the Arizonians are asking that a portion of the native desert and of life's romance be saved to them. And well they may; for who would take the oiled road across the desert if he could have the sand? Is it all of life to get through to San Diego on time? I had rather leave my bones to bleach beneath a mesquite bush than travel on and on by schedule, always making life's connections, and so missing always life's magical chances.

I am not going to miss many such chances. My very watches — I have three of them — know the adventure in being ahead or behind time; and the three clocks that I wind usually on Sunday run like lovers, too, or laggards, interesting individuals, eccentric, sentient things, that keep their own time, as we all should.

> A dillar a dollar,
> A ten-o'clock scholar,
> What makes you come so soon?
> You used to come at ten o'clock,
> But now you come at noon.

And he was the only scholar in the school who inspired a poem. Failing to connect would make a bad philosophy; yet I know by all experience that there is no escape, in the larger sense, for him who is on time.

The desert is doomed, no doubt, but we shall always have détours; and if 'on the surface of things men have been there before us,' we must go beneath. There are giants still in these days; the daughters of men are still fair; there are frontiers for those who will find them; and clipper-ships or no, I believe in the everlasting adventure of rounding the Horn. I believe in magical chances of escape, born though I was after my parents, which might have been fatally late had I not happily come before my children, each of whom is an adventure and an escape. Wherever I turn I see a chance to sidestep the decorous, the conventional. the scheduled, to dodge into the bushes and escape. Every day is an adventure if you will take it; as there is humor in most things if you can see it. Humor is a matter of point of view. Lincoln saw humor everywhere, — in a man spading his garden, in a clothes-line full of clothes, — in everything and anything. 'A point of view' — that is all. No one ever washed and hung comedy on one's own clothes-line. One's own wash out is tragedy. Now romance is not, like humor, an angle of vision, so much as the *color* of things; not their shape but their complexion; not a matter of position but of participation. You *have* your adventure, as Thoreau had in building his house on Walden Pond; but when some one else set up the last house beyond Astoria City it became, for Thoreau, a prison-house to Romance.

What Thoreau should have done was to take a wife out to that last house in Astoria City; for when there are no more houses to be set up, there will be plenty of wives to be had, and the romance of housebuilding is tame compared with the adventure of housekeeping. This last house was set up more than seventy-five years ago on the Oregon coast, but in Boston last year were filed 10,033 marriage intentions, notwithstanding the 9942 of the year before. What is adventure — to

make the crane or hang it? Suburban house-lots are scarce in Massachusetts, even in the country parts, like Pride's Crossing and Manchester-by-the-Sea; yet here are 20,066 adventurers seizing upon Life's magical human chance in the Old Bay State for 1916 — an actual increase of 182 over the record of the previous banner year.

There are magical human chances to go round, there is adventure and escape for everybody who will seize it. Youth is as young, the world as round, the earth as wild as ever it was, in spite of all our inbreedings; and, in spite of all those who have grown old, it is still appareled in celestial light, — sunlight, starlight, moonlight, — or else wrapped in ancient and adventurous dark. Life with the earth goes round, not forward, except to complete a circuit established when the stars were fixed, an orbit that all the forces of Heaven and human intelligence have been unable to warp. The only variation or shadow of new turning Earth herself can look forward to is from collision with some mad comet, which, if she lasts long enough, may happen possibly within 15,000,000 years, — a square head-on smash it may be, or only a side-swipe with a severe shaking up, — and then 15,000,000 years more of steady turning. Things outside are rather hard and fast despite appearances, and we who are parts of this even scheme, we find that our uprisings and downsittings have never varied much from rule, nor are liable to.

I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the stream and shall forever glide.

We are what we always were, and so are things what they always were, though they look different. We have changed the spots of a few leopards, the skins of a few Ethiopians, and shifted the frontier from the dark wild heart of the forest to the wild dark heart of the city; but we have not changed the darkness, or the wildness, or the Ethiopian, or the leopard.

If you do not find your fill of adventure with Davy Balfour in Appin, come down with him to Dean — to Edinburgh, and you shall see the face of such danger 'in the midst of what they call the safety of a town' as may shake you too 'beyond experience.'

If you don't find the frontier in the daylight, wait for the dark. Every night is a fresh frontier. There are no landmarks of the day but are blotted out by the dark as the lines are sponged in the wake of a steamer's keel. On the shortest night of this year wild rabbits were in my garden, fox-hounds were baying beyond the quarries, and through the thin early mist of the dawn we were all at the window watching a wild doe behind the barn. She nipped the clover nervously, twitched her tail, pricked her ears (for the day was approaching), and took the high wire fence at a bound. She was as wild and free as the wind.

The sun still knoweth his going down; and the wild heart of things still watches and waits. The circus lion obeys the whip, chokes back the roar in his throat and the savage rage in his heart, for fear — and waits. What else is civilization but putting the caged lion through his tricks?

'Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

'The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

'The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

'Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.'

Until the evening? and then what? The magic, the chance of escape in the end of the day, the end of the cage with its open door into the dark.

I have seen the evening come over the city, a night deep with darkness and wild with a great storm blowing salty from the sea. I have watched the streets grow empty till the shadow feet of Midnight echoed as they passed, and all the doors were shut. Then I have crept down along the dark wet ways that were bleak and steep-cut as cliffs, where I have heard the beating of great wings above the roofs, the call of wild shrill voices along the craggy covings, and the wash and splash of driving rains aslant the walls; I have tasted brine, spume, and spindrift on the level winds, flying through a city's streets from far at sea, — 'one-way' streets by day, and so crowded that traffic could barely move in the one direction; but here — in the hushed tumult of the storm and night — I could hear the stones crying out of their walls, and the beams out of the timbers answering them; the very cobbles of the pavement having souls that could not be squared by the chisel, and tongues that would speak when the din of the pounding hoofs was past.

The wild frontier, like the hunted fox, has doubled on its trail. Romance has slipped out of the woods into the deeper places of the city; Adventure has turned commuter; and here are the three to companion life, as they ever have — the Athos, Porthos, and Aramis to a bebundled D'Artagnan. And already it is more than 'Twenty Years Since.'

Twenty years, or a hundred years,—

> The year's at the spring.

Some one complained to Browning that Italy is the only land of romance now left to us. The poet answered promptly, 'I should like to include dear old Camberwell.' And I should like to include dear old Haleyville and dear old Hingham. And you would like to include dear old Wig Lane, if you were born there, and Jersey City, if that happens to be your living place. Life for the patriarch Abraham, from the time he left Ur of the Chaldees to the City-with-Foundations, which he died seeking, was one long adventure. He was a hundred years old when Isaac was born, and a hundred and forty when he married Keturah! I left Haleyville at the age of eight and have only lately come to Hingham, but all the way from Haleyville to Hingham, as all the way from Hingham to Heaven, — let me hope, — there has been and shall be, held out in both of Life's hands, the magical chance of escape.

The beasts of the forest creep from their dens at night and seek their meat from God; and so do the souls of men seek theirs of God — in love, and war, and Wall Street; in books, in art, and in the hoeing of their garden corn.

Those preachers imagine a vain thing who think we ever cease to sow wild oats (at least there is many a late crop, as Thackeray says). The truth is there are no oats but wild ones. The seed-catalogues for 1917 are advertising a 'Regenerated Swedish Select Oat,' but to read a seed-catalogue you would think that every seed and tuber, from artichoke to zinnia, had been to a revival since last summer and 'hit the trail.' Great revivalists are the seedsmen. Their work, however, is not permanent. For they know, and we know, that every regenerated Swedish select oat in their bins is a backslider at heart, as wild as the wild ass of the wilderness that scorneth the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pastime — and yours and mine and every 'improved' regenerated seed's of the gardener's catalogue.

This spring I brought in from the garden a frozen lump of earth, a bit of some regenerated improved soil that I had been subduing for years: that I had sweetened with lime, had fed with

nitrogen and potash, and planted with nothing but improved, regenerated, select seeds from catalogues. I put this lump of soil in a pot by a south window and tenderly planted more regenerated select seeds within its breast — tomato seeds, the Jewel, Earliana, and Bonny Best. Then I looked that it should bring forth tomato plants, and it brought forth within the pot, at the end of two weeks, pig-weed, chick-weed, smart-weed, white-weed, rag-weed, knot-weed, tumble-weed, crab-grass, old witch-grass, foxtail grass, sheep sorrel, and purslane, besides some other unfamiliar things whose infant cotyledons seemed innocent enough, but whose roots I knew were evil.

Life offered that lump of mother earth its magical chance and the lump took it. The innate badness of it, this cared-for, chemically pure, subdued piece of garden soil! Its frozen heart was a very furnace of smouldering fires; its breast, that suckled the nursing salsify in the summer, a bed of such wild spores as would sow a world to weeds! If this is the fatty clod of the garden, what must be the spirit in the flaming care of creation? And in your care? and mine?

> Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
> And born unholy and unclean;
> Spring from the man, whose guilty fall
> Corrupts his race and taints us all, —

sings Watts with Augustine, with gusto too, and with great truth; though doctrinally on this head I hold with Socinus. But our question is not of original sin, it is rather of the original Adam, an ancienter question, with Adam *in puris naturalibus*, and with the ancestral *domum superadditum* which he passed down to us; and on this head I am a Darwinian, holding that our inheritance is from below, showing simian, and even remoter, lower leanings, that we were and are, of the earth, and full of weeds.

The heart of man is not less constant than a lump of earth. What it was, it is, and will be — wild, and ever seeking to escape the routine, the decorous and conventional of our subdued and ordered life. How constant the heart of nature is to itself one may see at Walden Pond. I was out at the pond recently and recalled that Thoreau wrote, 'But since I left those shores the woodchoppers have still further laid them waste, and now for many a year there will be no more rambling through the aisles of the wood, with occasional vistas through which you see the water.'

But the many years have now passed, and had Thoreau been with me he would have found a cairn of stones for his cabin, and for bean-vines and the stumps of the woodchoppers, tall stranger trees, under which we had rambled down to catch a sight of the beloved face of Walden, calm and pure as when he last looked upon it.

'Why, here is Walden!' to quote what he once actually exclaimed; 'the same woodland lake that I discovered so many years ago; where a forest was cut down last winter another is springing up by its shore as lusty as ever; the same thought is welling up to its surface as was then; it is the same liquid joy and happiness to itself and its maker, aye' — And snatching his words away, I cry, 'Aye, and it may be to me!'

Change is constant, but it is the change of the ever-returning wheel. Thoreau's little cabin is gone, and the great trees have come back as he said they would. Any day a new house may be built by the pond, and that too in time will crumble away, with not so much as a cairn of stones to mark where it stood. It will pass, and tall stranger trees will spread their roots within its cellar and cover the grave with shade.

So will the frontier come back. Pushed past the suburbs of Astoria City into the Pacific, it is seen crawling out on the sandy shores of Cape Cod with the next great storm. The single line of human footsteps across the polar snows has not left too packed and plain a trail. New snows have covered it, as new trees have shadowed the shores of Walden.

Peary's footprints, and Dr. Cook's, too, would be very hard to follow.

Von Baer's Law is as true backward as forward. We not only develop, but revert, and we remain all that we ever were. We are not different from the rest of nature.

It was more than twenty-five years ago that I started from Savannah over the old stage road to Augusta, finding my way by faint uncertain blazings on the tree-trunks through a hundred and thirty-odd miles of swamp. They were solemn miles. Trees thicker than my body grew in the ruts where wheels had run; more than once the great diamond rattle-snake coiled in my path, chilling the silence of the river bottoms with his shivering whirr. Once I heard the gobble of the wild turkey and the scream of the bob-cat; and at night, while sleeping in an old abandoned church on the river bluff, I was awakened by the snuffling of a bear which had thrust its muzzle underneath the church door in the foot-worn hollow of the sill.

It was a lonesome place. A faint road led away from it off through the swamp; but aside from the gravestones near-by, there were no other human signs around. How long since human feet had crossed the threshold, I do not know.

The chintz altar-cloth that I tried to draw over me (the night was chill) crumbled at my touch. I had meant no desecration. I was very weary and had crept in through a window from the night and cold. A slow rain had settled down with the dusk, attended by darkness indescribably profound. And beneath the long-draped pines outside slept those whose feet had worn the threshold — slept undisturbed by the soughing of the wind, wrapped in the unutterable loneliness of the coiling river and the silent sombre swamp.

Yet here had passed a highway between two great cities just a few years earlier, before the railroad was built farther out through the state. Already the swamp and the river had taken the highway for their own, and from human foot given it again to adventure, to the gliding form, the swift wing, and the soft padded foot.

The giants of old, the frontiers and clipper-ships of old, are gone. Still, what is this news of fleets of wooden ships abuilding, with sails of canvas to speed them? They went out with the ebb tide, and here already they come back with the flood! Lay aside the rifle and you pick up the camera — to creep with it into the lion's den; or to climb with it into the top of a towering oak, on some sheer mountain wall; and, pushing it before you along a horizontal limb, feet dangling in space, a stiff wind blowing, eagles screaming overhead, canyon wall below you, and far, far down the narrow canyon bottom, you hold on, body balancing camera, but nothing over against the swaying brain, and grind out a hundred feet of movie film. This is to shoot a good many lions.

The magical human chance? Life offers it us with both hands, and millions of men in the trenches are seizing it as a way of escape. There is plenty of old primordial war left yet. Its appearance is changed, that is all. Its pomp and circumstance have been reduced to shovel and overalls. Even the shouting and tumult is done as the sappers

burrow into enemy trenches to fight with poison gas and club. But the story of it all reads more like Hell than ever, and must prove to be the substance of another Iliad, —

> The vengeance deep and deadly; whence to the world
> Unmeasured ills arose;

but what of blessings, I wonder, when another and a greater Homer shall seize the magical chance to sing it?

Life offers us all the chance of escape. Go where we will on the surface of things, men have been there before us; but beneath the surface we need go no deeper than our own hearts to find a frontier, and that adventurous something for which the decorous and conventional allows no place in its scheme.

CARNOT'S STORY

REPORTED BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

A FRENCH barrack-room, in these days of January, 1917, is as full of heroes — in the strict, military sense of the word — as it is of beds. This is particularly true of a barrack-room at the École d'Aviation Militaire, whither many Frenchmen are sent for training as *pilotes*, as a reward for distinguished service at the front in other branches of army service.

There is Lagnoir, for example, whose cot is next to mine. I have not been able to learn how he won his *médaille militaire*, but this much information I have secured from his comrades. In August, 1914, he took an important part in one of the few cavalry charges of the war, and in one day of glorious adventure he was wounded, taken prisoner, and recaptured by his squadron. All of this was so long ago, and Lagnoir has had such a variety of war-experiences since, that the story is lost, in so far as his recollection of it is concerned.

Cardonal, next bed but one, was an observer and *mitrailleur* during 1914, 1915, and 1916, and has to his credit more than a thousand hours of flight over the German lines. His experiences cry aloud to be related under some such title as 'Tales of a Thousand Hours,' and Cardonal has n't an inkling that they are unusual or particularly interesting.

Bordonauve is across the aisle. I had known him for more than two months before he told me of his most thrilling contact with the horrors of modern warfare. He was reminded of it one night when the gloom of the barrack-room after 'lights-out,' recalled an hour when he was 'very sad to be buried alive' by a mine-explosion, as he expressed it in his quaint English. His life was saved by a piece of corrugated iron which gave him 'breathe time to be rescued.'

But it is impossible to go down the room bed by bed. There are forty Frenchmen to be counted, all of whom have seen from six months to more than two years of service at the front. Less than three years ago they were

following commonplace civilian occupations — none, surely, more commonplace than that of Carnot. He is the only man in barracks who has the distinction of having escaped from a German prison-camp. It was not until his third attempt that he finally succeeded in reaching the frontier of Holland. I should never have had the story, had it not been for his eagerness to learn English, and for the frequent urgings of Poulain, who is very proud of his accomplishments as a linguist and wished to help him in writing the narrative. It leaves, perhaps, much to be desired in the matter of explanatory detail, but, for this very reason, abundant room for the excercise of the imagination. What is omitted, or, at most, barely hinted at, is often more important than what is told. As for altering the often quaint and picturesque phrasing, the matter was not to be thought of for a moment. And so the story stands just as it was written during the long evenings of January, 1917, when Carnot held the pen and Poulain the French-English dictionary, the two of them puzzling out the meanings, and working by candle-light long after the rest of us were asleep.

J. N. H.

As soon as I have been transport from the hospital infirmary to F——, and when my shoulder do not hurt me too much, I have only one idea in the head: the escape. Prisoner always dream of the liberty. They are all candidate of this title, less or more distant, to resolve this great problem, arrange everything, and make departure.

The experience proved me that generally they are always the same ones who escape or attempt to do it. It has been from the 25th to 26th of November, 1914, that I try first venture to F——, which is 28 kilometre near Holland. The camp is 5 kilometre from the city of W——. The Rhine is to the ouest of the camp; the river L—— which trow itself in the Rhine was at 1 kilometre at north. It should be necessary to pass the river L—— to rejoin Holland, then direct each self by the *boussole* (instrument to inquire which way is Nord) in the middle of the woods till the frontier.

I had decided with two of my friends, Pitau of Tours and Réjane of Lillers, to try everything which is possible to creep under the three belts of 200 kilometres of wire thread (*barbelé*, means with sharped little pieces of iron on it) which is surround the camp, and under the electric current (or stream) which flows through this, to 6 or 8 thousand volts. Then it is necessary to pass without wake up our guardian's attention. Every sixty steps around the camp is one guardian who has the order to kill everyone who will be able to pass this closing, which, at first appearance however, appears like it is impossible to get over.

This is very exactly how the closing are made: some posts are deeply sink in the ground, and exceed from the ground top, over two metres. They follow themselves every two metres of distance, and on them is the *barbelé* (wire thread) running from one post to the other, and superposed to ten centimetres of height since the level of the soil till the picket top. At three metres of distance, and parallelment to this first closing exist a second one, exactly the same. Between these two is the famous electrocuting current, dispose in this way: some pickets, every six metres, are fix in the ground. They are running between the closings of iron. On the pickets, one iron hand on the top and one down support some chinaware insulators, very strong. On this chinaware an electric cable is adapted. Another cable touch the soil. Between this two cables is fix a simple wire work

like the one they use to surround the poultry. If some one is throwing the electric current upon it, the first human being who will touch it is destroy immediately. In the night lamps light very well this place. For this reason how it was necessary to not wake up our guardians!

I had thought that if we were leaving the camp at six o'clock of the evening, we would go the 28 kilometres which separate us from the frontier during the night, and we will arrive in Holland before to be mark out. The rain and storms which had fall down on the camp during the 22 and 23 of November had cause some *affaissements* (means the soil moved on by going down), and it was by one of these little *affaissements* that we decide to risk everything for liberty.

It was decide that I will slide the first, then Pitau, then Réjane. Everything was moving like we want it. The guardians were talking together and at distance. Pitau and I escape outside without to touch the electric death wire thread, but how we must be careful! Then a shout resound in the dark. Bullets whistle in the air. Jump out from the lighted part of the camp has been done in a minute. The guardians are excite. They miss us at only a few metres of distance, but we are mark out.

No news at all about Réjane. We think he is dead and so direct ourselves on swiftly by the river. But unlucky at this time (it was not to late) there was Germans all around us. The man pursuit is begin. Shouts ring and we observe many small lights dance around. It was some small pocket lamps which everybody adapt to his vest to find us. But they do not see us. We were hoping arrive till the river by a turning. It was only far of 100 metres when some police dogs trow themselves over us. Pitau had been bite to the leg and to the arm. I try to help him and have been bite very badly to the hand. Our presence is thus discover by the dogs and we are captive immediately.

Some of them try to rifle on us but they were frighted to kill the dogs, and so they do not touch us except a bullet which hurt me a little in the left hand. Then one guardian give the order to bring us living to know how we have been doing to escape from a so strong camp. When he said this the gun blows and the foot blows had been dancing on us, but they stop. They take us to the guard corps. I do not know how they bring us there. I find myself, when I wake up, with foot and hands binded. I have aches all over and my face is fool of blood. My comrade Pitau was like me on the other side of the office, and he is looking dead. On meantime, the lieutenant attach to the camp commandant send orders to take my ties away, and he compliment me on my hard skull. I observe and feel with pleasure that I have nothing broke in me, and I remark too, with great pleasure, that Pitau is not dead, only faint. The major arrive and see with stupefaction that we have not been hurted by the bullets. Unfortunately, it have not been the same thing for some of our comrades in the camp who are wounded by bullets not destinated for them. One have been killed.

Pitau and me, we assurate the commandant that we are only two. After we are questioned, they give us back easily our trousers. The lieutenant say, 'You will be shooted to-morrow in front of all the camp, for an example. A German soldier have been wounded and it is because of you.' They ask us if we want a priest. They inspect our chains to see if they are well closed with keys. They leave a guardian in the office we are, and another before the door. The night pass like this.

Hundred and hundred people are

walking pass the little window to try see us. I was like a stupid fellow and all my members are violent. My head was like a boiled stuff and my feet were bloating [or *clating*] more and more. Pitau was like dead. He was more worn out than me. I find out later that he do not suffer at all. He do not know what happen because his senses are stifled.

The same night about eleven o'clock, a great noise. I hear shouts and guns. It is the end! They are going to *fusiller* [kill] us! No. There are five fellows who try the escape by an underground passage, the first one which has been make here. The initiative of this passage has been give by Signac, a French adjutant. It commence in a cave use for necessary physical purposes, and the end was outside the camp in a building which was not quite finish. It take a very long time to finish this passage and I never thought they would do it. One day the German officers inspect the cave and I am sure they will make a discovery. But as they have all the place surround with the electric death thread, perhaps they do not admit that it is possible for Frenchmen to escape under the mor through them. However, the luck was not for these men who make the attempt after so long labor. They are stopped except one or two who reach the frontier. One or two also have been killed, and the other ones are, like us, put in heavy chains. This night have been terrible one for many of us.

The day who follow, an order come to suspend our execution, for many Boche officer are coming to inspect the underground passage. We prisoner are all chained, but they unlock our hands to eat.

The 27 of November is well remembered day, for then the execution parade take place. But we are delighted, truly, when we find we are not to be shooted. Why this we do not know. Time pass to the first of December, when we are unchain and go to the central prison at B——, where we are given 14 days strict decrees. It consist to be lock in cell without any light. We have 200 grammes of bread to eat, and to drink, a water's jar. After this, we go to the great fortress of W—— where we have been judge.

Now this is a strange thing. A sentinel was wounded the night we have escape, but he can never say whose of us two have wounded him. And there is cause, for we have not touch him at all. His report is read to us. Here it say that a man appear hastily, trow himself at him and rain down blows with a hammer. First he denounce Pitau as the author of this, but at the confrontation he call me the culprit. His deposition of the 25 of November do not agree with this later one he make before the *conseil de guerre*, and so we are given a lawyer for our defense. After listening to this sentinel and to us, the instruction judge say that we may be right, for no hammer is found at all, and it appear strange that we could attack a soldier armed with loaded rifle and bayonet, with empty hands. By consequence, the general, who understand French very well, acquitted us as not guilty of this attack on the sentinel, but with this mention: 'Dangerous. Keep in cell.' He say too, that they are not savages and if the proves are not sufficient we could be thankful, for we may have been *fusillé*. We do not think this is unfair judgement.

Pitau and I are in a mystery about this sentinel. I believe he has been so much surprise to see us next of him, leaving the prison surround by the electric wire thread, that he do not know what he has been doing. In his violent emotion he hurt himself on the face, and is shy to say how. So, to not be punish, he invent this story.

In the end of February, Pitau and me rejoin our cells in the central prison at B——. In the interval, come about 200 French and British prisoners who are sent there to be punish for some small mistakes. They work in the day to the Maison Krupp's branch establishment. The civil guards are replace by soldiers. One day the second lieutenant who look after us is a Pole. He talk to us and open our cells during the day. How he was good to us, and how we are happy!

Next day we try to pass with the ones who are going to work at their factory, but we are seen and they denounce us. Even with this, we find a wonderful trick for means to flee (escape). A Frenchman was working to the *chaufferie* (warming-place) of the prison. This communicate outside by means of a long tube where the charcoal was arriving. It is close by a grating with lock. The Frenchman take an imprint of this lock, and a key was made by an accomplice who is working by the Maison Krupp. Then another, of our cell, has not been too difficult for us.

One of us was to be lock up in the *chaufferie*, and he was to call us during the time when the guards are playing cards. We decide to make the new escape. The plan, so easy, was missed because of four fool French boys who make attempt without say anything to us. They wait all day in the *chaufferie*, and in the night, they pass away through the tube, and try to jump the wall. Their stupidity do not succeed to them. One of them, an Alsacian boy, has been killed when they bring them back to prison, and the others sent to the central prison to V——.

In April we are dispatch to the camp at S——. 'You will be too far here to try again the escape,' say to me some of the prisoners. But three of us are not willing to be overcome by the distance, and we decide to escape by the Holland and England way. We have 300 kilometres to go, and there have never yet been any escape from here.

With the accomplicity of our barraque chief, we buy some clothing and a *boussole* (instrument to direct each self by looking North) and some preserve food. It is a real story, the way we could leave this immense camp. We are new arrival here, and our faces are not familiar. At five o'clock of the morning, we succeed to join with some religious people who are going to the church which is next the camp. Then we were watching 4 butchers, who go with a guard, every morning, to the slaughter-house at P——. We have plan for all this, and so arrange ourselves with the butchers after we are outside the camp. We have cape, with hood, like theirs, so we could hide our faces and all our provisions of escape.

We walk with the butchers till a little café which is on the road. Here there is a chance to disappear, for the guard must make viséed his passport. We go to the café which is kept by a Hollander fellow, but unfortunately we are discover by a second lieutenant who advance on us to make inquiries. We explain that we were thinking we could have a cup of café before to go to work. He say, 'You know very well this is not allowed. Come with me to the commandant to explain yourselves.'

We had, all three, civil trousers with red stripe like the Belgians have, a military jacket and a képi, all under our coats. In our *musettes* [knapsacks] we had our civil clothes. What shall we do with them is the serious problem, for if they are discover by the lieutenant, he will know we are trying to escape. We seem to follow him with docility and make signs together that the first troop of French working prisoners we will see (it was just departure time for the obligatory work), we will let our *mu-*

settes slide to the floor. We are lucky to pass a troop from camp No. 2. We let slide secretly our provisions of escape, and these fellows of the camp are thinking we smuggle them tobacco, like that often happen.

We arrive to the commandant and tell our story. They look all over us to try find something on our bodies, and we bless the French working prisoners we meet on the road who receive our *musettes*. Then we are bring to the work station where we tell them we belong. The *Feldwebel* call a guard, and tell him we are to be punish severely. We are all three conduct by this guard and we explain to him that we only try to buy the cup of café, and he must not say anything to the work chief like the *Feldwebel* tell him to do. I give him three bank-notes of five marks and he is very very pleased, and he tell us that he is going to said we are three prisoners who work only in the morning, as this is a good excuse, for this work was done by the prisoners of camp No. 3, who are unloading and bringing the grain-sacks in an old theatre.

Our next idea is, go back with the work people at noon, stop before we will arrive at camp No. 3, stay in camp No. 2, take back our *musettes* which should come when the prisoners we meet in the morning will return, then leave camp No. 2, and mixt ourself in the theatre equip. Everything succeed, but now we are only two. Boudoin say he is ill. All the emotions of the morning take his strength away and we must not wait for him. He is giving us his food, and know we are desperate and will try everything to escape.

When we arrive to the old theatre we hide ourselve in an old closet. Boudoin help us, and come to us to say that everything goes right. No one knows we are there. We decide, Lefèvre and I, to wait for the night. Eight o'clock strike, then nine, and we make the beginning. On the station way, we see the docks which are lighted by arc lamps, and a guard walking slowly back and forth. We creep through the garden which enclose the theatre, and step on a board which crack with a loud sound. Immediately dogs barked terribly. How we despise these dogs! We did not know that there were some detached at night in the theatre, for we did not see them in the day. It was impossible to go away. Lefèvre wish to take the chance, but I, who have attempt the escape before and have been found by dogs, refuse. We discuss this matter and nearly fight together, but my opinion prevail at last. It was to wait for twenty-four hours in this old closet, then steal out, but with no sound at all, and walk between the night and day as we have proposed. If we are signalated at the camp [missed] everyone will think we must be far by this time, and no one will try to find us at the town of S——. If we are not mark out, it will be only a few hours to wait, and of endurance.

Next evening at seven o'clock, we risked what we said. Lefèvre acts as a hunchback and me as a lame old fellow. We were looking like two poor workmen, very miserable and tired. In this way we pass behind the theatre, take the little lane which leads on the road, and going very slowly we pass through the whole town of S——. We pass Boche soldiers, singing and a little bit gay, because they were going to the front. (It is to remember that this is at the beginning of 1915.) We see the music halls full of lights and the cafés, and though we are very thirsty, for nothing in the world would we ask for a drink. We hear pianos going and music, but at last the sounds die away, and we are in the country. Our joy is a big one to have come through the entire city and to have not been stopped.

The night was clear with stars. We walked 35 kilometres, and hide ourselves, before daylight, in the fields about 5 kilometres from B——. In this way we pass the week, walking at night and hiding ourselves in the day in the fir wood which are numerous till the city R——. It must be peculiar to see us, sliding as shadows, along the shores of the roads, looking sometimes our *boussole* to direct ourself and consultating our *carte géographique* at the doubtful places. Everything being right till R——, we had encamp the last day at 3 kilometres from the river, and decide to cross the city at nine o'clock of the evening. In this way it would be easy to pass the bridges and take the large road to S——. All goes well. We are out of the city, when at the railway there was a train arriving and we have to wait before to cross. Three young boys look at us very ostensibly. They pass next of us and say, 'Gut abend.' We answer the same thing, but they are not satisfied and go to talk with a soldier who was taking a walk with a young woman. With him they come back to us by running. He look at us with curiosity and ask us who we are. We say that we are working Holland men. We let him open our capes and show him our boots, trousers and vests. While he is talking to the young boys who are not satisfied of our answers, we leave so quickly it is possible. The city is behind. Fortunately we see a little street not lighted at all. We run very very far. We can say that we have been very lucky.

We decide to not walk any more on the road. The hardest part of our journey is done. It is only 20 kilometres till the frontier when we find a little wood where it seems propitious to wait see what is going to happen. We are very tired but do not notice it, for we think, to-morrow, to-morrow, the Holland!

We start again at $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours of the night, and decide to direct ourselves with the *boussole* only. The night is very dark. We cannot see a tree to one metre of distance. It is very difficult to go across the fields. We fall down in a pool, but go on through it. Impossible. It does not have an end. We remember it on the *carte*. It is shallow and so we wade in it. We are just looking our *boussole* with a pocket lamp when we hearded in the night, 'Wer da?' (Who is there?) We don't answer it and try to go away in the other direction to the voice. It is useless. They are customs officers, and we hear very plainly the dogs barking. Always dogs! We have fall in an ambuscade during the dark night. We are in mud till the knees and the dogs rejoin us very soon. Resist at this moment will be useless, so we decide to be sly, like with the soldier night before. This has been best, for when we are bringed to the guards we have not been hurted at all.

The story about being Holland men could be a possible one, if one of us was able to speak the Holland language. But the guards remark that it is peculiar two Hollander working man cannot speak the language of the country they come from. They accept the hypothesis that we are very particularly fraud men, and we could easily be the two Russian officers who have made escape from the fortress prison at O——.

'Have you some papers?' ask to us a soldier who was looking to be a kind of chief. It was the one who was speaking Holland.

We answered that we don't have some papers and that was the reason we try to join Holland without passing the guardhouse, because we lost them. They decide to keep us till the morning, and lead us till a little room behind where are the guns. Imagine what our emotions are, being so near to the

end of our weary walking, and to be stopped!

While we were seeming to sleep on the floor we remark that the dogs have been taken away to the embuscade post. Two men were talking about us, and two more were playing cards and smoking a long pipe. They were in the next room with the communication door half open to watch us. We decide when they think we are sleeping, to jump, both of us, over the fellow who were nearest the door, push him very hardly on the table which will also push over his partner who is opposite him, and to escape so quick it will be possible. It was about one o'clock of the morning. At half-past one we must be out. We succeed but the fate is not with us. Again we hear, 'Wer da?' We are taken and the order is given to chain up our hands and conduct us to S—— prison. One hour later we are there. We are feeling stupid, without courage. They dechain us in a room with only one window four metres from the soil. I am crying like a child and Lefèvre is sick. 'You see you bungle this!' he shout to me; and nearly we are going to fight again. We are both two miserables.

Two o'clock striking over us to the belfry, made us remember the reality of things. We undress ourself completely, hiding everything we have in the pocket. Nothing prove we are *militaires*, not a letter, not a paper, not a mark, nothing, nothing at all, not a label to our shoes, not a tailor man or hatter's address. We wash ourselves with the jar's water and decide to say always, always that we are Holland men, borned and educated in Belgium, who have worked in France and in Birmingham, England, and reduced to the distress (misery) we went to engage ourselves in Germania because we could not find any work in Holland since the war.

Next morning they conduct us to the little fortress at B——. We see the frontier of Holland. How it is hard for us to be so near, at the very approach of our freedom, and to be captured! The Boches question us. Nothing doing! We act like very stupid fellows, and are glad in ourselves to see that they are doing everything with no result. It is for our obstination, to not answered to them, that we could succeed an escape six months after this, for we were bring to the office of the *commissaire* where on the wall we see the staff map. We remark secretly all the place where there is a customs or a guard along the frontier. I think it will be possible for me all my life to remember these places.

For six days they keep us here and then decide to make us visit all the camp where French prisoners have attempt the escape. At S—— we have been formally recognize, and we pass before the war council at same time with two others escape men (who later escape definately with Lefèvre and me). Now we are dress in a peculiar custom. They cut us half of the moustache on one side, and half of the hairs on our head on the other side. We were like for a carnival, one blue sleeve and the other one red, different color strokes (lines) in the breadth of our trousers, and one large yellow stroke of ten centimetres in the middle of the back. We had to answered six roll-calls every day, and we were very severely punish if one of us was late for a minute. We were all together and it was interdict for any reason for us to leave the camp with the other prisoner work people.

It was very difficult to succeed an escape from this camp. On the contrary to the former one, it was divided into different sections and each section surround by a strong electric current. The whole camp, with all of these sections, was surround with the camp of the

Boche soldiers including their canteens, warehouses, etc. An immense wire thread net close up completely this immense place. The doors are kept by sentinels who are turning all the time around this mighty net. However, we did succeed in this way: we have excavate a long underground tunnel (passage) going from the cabinet, sliding under the *barbelé* wire thread, and under the electric current, under the other *barbelé* wire thread, under the sentinel's passage, and end in an artillery park.

On the night of the 25 and 26 of September, 1915, we decide it is now or not at all for us. We were four of us, Lefèvre, myself, and two others. One after one we creep through the tunnel and emerge at the artillery park. So far so good. Not a sound, not a shot, not a dog bark. This seem almost like Heaven to Lefèvre and me, who know what are the German camp dogs. We proceed in diagonal across the artillery park till we reach closing No. 2 and here we feverishly dig a hole under the lozenge wire net. We creep through swiftly and are then on the road to S—— and to the liberty!

With us we had our *musettes* full of food — chocolate, bread and preserved things. Besides this, we had, each one, a *boussole* and a pocket lamp. We decide to separate and to walk at 200 metres in intervals in the dangerous parts, and to go always under the woods, in the middle of the fields, but never on the roads. The first night, in spite of the hard kind of travel we go more than 20 kilometres. The second night we had to cross very important shod roads of B——, in shunning the prisoners' camps. We have to be very cautious, for we know very well, in what bad temper the Boches are, and that they will do the impossible to rejoin us. They have propose a much bigger premium than they generally give, to the soldier who will detect us making the escape, for they are sure that we will not rest in prisoner camp if we can elude it. We heard fire strokes that same night, and were follow; but we were shy, and for once the moon has been our accomplice, by going under the clouds at the right times.

Without anything more very extraordinary, except that we have been follow by some guards who thought we were marauding, we have been walking nearly to the city of R——, where we arrive in 10 days, walking the nights, hiding the days, eating very little, and benefiting of everything we find, carrots, potatoes, beet-roots, cabbages. With our daggers [knives] we kill two dogs, one in a farm near L——, and one in a forest which was belonging probably to a customs officer. We were beginning to have a great habit of this kind of sport. It is peculiar how we were able to distinguish from very far all kind of different sounds at night, and the nature of every noise we hear. The ear becomes very exact when one is walking for his life. We cross fields, woods, lanes, rivers, and at last reach the Ems, which we cross by swimming, and not as before, on the bridges. It taked us four days to go the last 30 kilometres from R—— to the frontier, for we are very cautious, like salvages after our great difficulties. At last, on the 9 of October, 1915, at the dawn, we cross the Dunker without undress ourself and we are in Holland.

Our joy, our madness, were indescribable. In spite of the opposite temper between Lefèvre and me, we kiss each other like we were brothers. For the first time in all of our travels together, we agree completely to the same idea, and we decide to walk on the road. The first person we see in Holland was very young woman with rosy cheeks. We shaked hands with her with the greatest pleasure, and we

asked some bread, and some milk and butter which were things we had not seen for a year. This excellent woman bringed us to her father, and he did not accept that we pay for what we eat and drink. Our clothes, which were very worn and wet, we dried out. Then we left this nice people and took the road in the direction of Ooldenzaahl. It was so nice to walk in the daytime and on a real road.

We have not been very far when a man on a bicycle, without uniform, showed to us his police card, and try to explain that we must return with him for we have not any papers. We understood that it was to the office to arrange our situation. It is just by the frontier. There we look across the bridge and see the Boches! They regard us in a very strange way, like they hungry for us. It was a great privilege and joy to be on this side of the bridge and not on the other. We feel like to sing in our happiness. Fifty metres away from us were the Boches and the servitude. We bless this little distance which separate us.

At the office they bringed us tobacco and chocolate and clothes and linen and water to wash ourself. Everybody compliment us. Orders came from Ooldenzaahl to conduct us till that city. Something I remarked was that in the customs house we thought we were very strong, but when we wanted to walk again — impossible. Our nervous tension was gone and we were very weak. We had to have a car to go the nine kilometres to Ooldenzaahl. It was a delightful journey. Everybody was cheering us. They knew that we was two prisoners who escape away after a long captivity and two attempts escape. We were something very curious for the people, and we could remark that in this part of Holland they don't like the Boche.

From Ooldenzaahl, where we have a little rest, we are conduct till the French consulate where they receive us very gently. We had the order to go till the Holland Chief of Staff, where they explain that we may stay in Holland if we want to, and quite free, like civils, or we may join France. We request that we wish to go back to our native land to make our duty. The Holland man, a colonel I think, complimented us, and we were as free as the air. At the English consulate they give us a passport to embark on the Orange Nassau ship. We embark, but we had not yet seen the last of the Boches. They even pursue us in the sea, for we sight a German submarine which immerse almost immediately. But fortunately we are not sink.

So end our adventures. We arrive in France safely. Now my comrades are again on the front, and I am in the aviation. We promise ourselves that whatever happen we will never again be in a German prison.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS.[1] II

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

THE PROFESSOR was free, alone, and on the open road. Looking forward at breakfast to the first morning of his holiday in the open, he had thought of any number of problems to which he might now devote unlimited periods of consecutive speculation. Only, as he walked, he found that nature is not conducive to sustained thought. The stage-setting is too big, the lights are too strong, there are all sorts of distracting sounds and odors and colors. After several brave attempts to force his mind into action upon a set topic, he surrendered and let the road do with him as it pleased. The road thereupon proceeded to drug his soul into a peace such as it had not known for months.

He had set out at a good pace, unwisely. Within an hour he grew painfully aware of his legs. The road rose steadily in a succession of long, teasing loops, to the crest of the divide he had set out to cross. Some distance from the top he pulled up — not from fatigue, oh, no; but for the view, as we all do. The hills were lifting up in front of him and on either side, and the next turn in the road would throw a green barrier behind him. The hills were playing riot across country, chasing, outflanking, tumbling into each other. Or in the background a green promontory would thrust forward into the sunlight, like an enormous dog at rest with his head on his paws. The woods ran up to the very ridge like the heavy nap of a carpet. Latimer felt very little and tired. He had breakfasted too heartily for a first day's journey. It was careless in Harriet.

He sighed, and went on, sparing himself. He reached the summit with a fair reserve of breath, but the steep descent to Elk Creek was a sore trial for his ankles. In his preliminary studies on the map he had fixed upon Westville as the first halting-place; that was four miles away. The road crossed Elk Creek on an ugly red iron bridge and swung south, parallel with the stream. He trudged along with much less vim on the level highway than he had put into climbing the hills. As an abstract proposition, he fell to wondering how long a mile would be in these parts.

He was tiring rapidly. The early morning breeze had died away, and the sun beat down on him. After all, why be a slave to schedules? Just off from the road a great willow stood deep in the grass. He would lie down for a few minutes and read. Before doing that, it would be good to cut across the field and bathe one's face and hands in the creek; but even that short détour was too much of a task. He unlimbered his knapsack, lowered himself painfully to the ground, pulled out *Quentin Durward* from the bag, and, turning to the fourteenth chapter, fell asleep.

He had scarcely closed his eyes when he was awake again. The earth was rocking under him in the most disturbing fashion. On further consideration, it was not the earth at all, but himself.

[1] A synopsis of the earlier chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column.

A young woman in an automobile duster was bending over him and shaking him vigorously by the shoulder. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

'Are you ill?' said the girl.

'Not at all,' said Latimer, half asleep; 'can I do anything for you?'

'You've been carrying on like anything — moaning and tossing about.'

'But that can scarcely be,' said Latimer. 'I have just lain down to rest after a fatiguing journey and was preparing to take a short nap.'

'You have another guess coming,' said the young woman. 'You were fast asleep when we came by in the machine an hour ago, and you were still going strong when I spied you on our way back. My arm's tired.'

In fact Latimer saw the sun high over his head. His limbs ached. His palate was dry.

'Do you want anything?' said the girl.

'I should greatly appreciate a drink of cold water.' He started to rise.

'Don't stir,' she said. 'Archibald, bring a cup of water.'

She turned to two men who stood close by, looking down upon Latimer with only the faintest curiosity. The elder of the two was a heavy-jowled figure in a dust-coat which was sufficiently open at the throat to show a fat diamond in a crimson scarf beneath the blue of a desperately shaven chin. Archibald was a very tall and sad-eyed young man, with a two days' beard and only on the most indifferent terms of friendship with his clothes. He had no motor-coat and his derby was tilted back at an angle so as to bring a tall forehead into the general scheme with a prominent Adam's apple. He strolled meditatively to the car, searched for the drinking-cup without haste, and in due course made his thoughtful way to the edge of the creek and back again to the little group under the tree.

'Thank you,' said Latimer; and Archibald nodded. Even without the sleepy friendliness in his eyes Latimer was prepared to like him much better than the heavy man with the blue-black jaw.

The latter pulled out his watch and growled.

'It's late, Gladys. Let's move on.'

Gladys did not bother to answer.

'Quite sure you're all right?' she said to Latimer.

'Beyond question,' he said.

But the effort with which he got to his feet did not please her.

'Which way are you going?'

'I am bound for Westville, where I purpose to take lunch,' said Latimer.

'We're going the other way,' said the man in the duster. Archibald had picked up *Quentin Durward*, and was reading with evident interest.

'But we could take him back, Baby,' said Gladys. 'It's only a minute in the machine, and I don't like the idea of letting him start off by himself.'

'I assure you, madam, there is no occasion for anxiety,' said Latimer. 'The fact is I very rarely dream.'

'The old man's all right,' said Baby. 'Come on.'

'Go ahead, if you like,' said Gladys, eliminating him from her consciousness.

'I will,' said Baby; and, stalking off to the car, he plunked down into the driver's seat with superfluous energy.

'Madam,' said Latimer, 'I really stand in no need of assistance, and I should greatly regret to make myself a source of contention between husband and wife. Permit me to thank you for your kindness and to go my way.'

Gladys laughed aloud, not unpleasantly, Latimer thought. Archibald looked up from the pages of *Quentin Durward*, and a grin spread over that Hamlet countenance which Latimer was getting to like more and more.

'No offense,' said Gladys.

'I suspect none,' said Latimer.

'Only I hate to let you go off by yourself,' she said.

Archibald closed the book and handed it back to Latimer with a nod of thanks.

'Suppose I walk back with the gentleman?' he said. 'It's all the same to me if I wait in Westville or at the hotel.'

'Good for you, Archibald,' she said; and to Latimer, 'You don't mind having him trot along? Archie is a nice child, and it would make me feel better.'

'Nothing would please me more.'

'Fine!' said Gladys. 'See you again.'

She tripped away to the car, where Baby was manipulating enough levers to start half a dozen automobiles, and took her place beside him. As the car shot away she turned and blew a kiss to Latimer.

II

Latimer silently acknowledged the thoughtfulness of his long-legged companion in accommodating himself to his own cautious pace.

'A woman of good heart,' said Latimer. 'Something in her, no doubt, of that modern touch which is apt to merge into frivolity, but essentially a womanly woman.'

'Recognize her?' said the sad-eyed one.

'How? From her picture, you mean? In the public press?'

'Everywhere,' said Archibald. 'Miss Gladys Winthrop, Intercontinental Film Corporation.'

'The lady is an actress for the —'

'Yes. She is the Intercontinental star. They know her all over the world. In the Fiji Islands people pass up a cannibal feast when they put on a Winthrop film.'

'Miss Winthrop,' said Latimer. 'So the gentleman with the red cravat is not her husband?'

'Baby is chief stage-director for the Intercontinental. We are screening Mexican war-scenes a couple of miles down the river, and Miss Winthrop comes down every day from her hotel at Sumnerville.'

'And you —'

'I am deputy assistant scenario editor.'

'It is an art with which I regret to say I have only the most superficial acquaintance,' said Latimer. 'The strain on the eyes is trying.'

'It is a rotten business,' said the other, with a savage intensity Latimer did not think him capable of.

'And yet, my dear Mr. Archibald—'

'My name,' said the other, 'is Perkins; William Henry Perkins. Archibald is Miss Winthrop's pet name for me.'

'Like Baby?'

'Exactly. If you don't mind my saying it, I suspect she is now referring to you as Grandpa.'

'I am sure I bear her no ill-will,' said Latimer. 'But your opinion of your own profession puzzles me.'

'It is not my profession,' said Perkins. 'I write plays, real plays.'

'You have had them produced?'

'One. It's been tried out on the road and we are now licking it into shape for New York. In the meanwhile I do scripts for a living.'

'You are to be congratulated,' said Latimer. 'I have myself on occasion experienced a strong impulse toward the theatre. I went so far as to purchase a textbook on the technique of the drama. And to think that you have actually had a play produced!'

'I've been writing them ever since I can remember,' said Perkins. 'This one was finished five years ago. It was a melodrama; five acts and fourteen characters; pretty large order, I admit.'

'Many of Shakespeare's plays exhibit more than that number of personages,' said Latimer.

'That so?' said Perkins. 'It's some time since I have looked into Shakespeare. The manuscript was kicked about in the usual way till McClintock got hold of it. That was about a year ago in Chicago. McClintock was crazy about it. "It's the big idea," he said. "It's a wallop." Only he balked at the list of characters. A cast of fourteen means a pretty healthy salary list. So we cut out three of them, a boodle politician, a woman social worker, and a comic policeman. McClintock hated to lose some of the lines, so we gave them to the leading man, who is the candidate of the Reform League for district-attorney. We then went into rehearsal.'

'I envy you the experience of seeing for the first time the creatures of your imagination in the flesh,' said Latimer.

'Quite so,' said Perkins. 'Only McClintock's leading woman got an offer from the movies. The only available substitute was a much younger woman. This made it necessary to eliminate the heroine's children. It meant quite a bit of rewriting, but you must be prepared for that. Then we went on the road. McClintock believes in building up his shows before real audiences.'

'I am of the same opinion,' said Latimer. 'The audience is joint-author in every successful play.'

'That is what the textbook says.' Perkins spoke without the intention of satire, but Latimer blushed. 'The first night we put it on somewhere in Indiana. The third act is tensely dramatic, with a good bit of pathos. Only the crowd laughed. I was in the back of the balcony when that laugh came and you can imagine how I felt.'

Latimer stopped short and held out his hand. 'I am sorry,' he said.

'Oh, that's all right,' said the author. 'McClintock thought differently. He confessed that at first he felt it was all up with us; but as the crowd went on laughing he brightened, and when the show was over he ran up and slapped me on the back. "We've got them, Perkins," he said; "it don't make any difference whether they laugh or cry so long as they do it strong. Get busy and tickle them some more, old man." I set to work.'

'But the logical structure of the piece was bound to suffer.'

'It is n't so hard once you put your mind on it,' said Perkins. 'We took that court-room scene where the audience got away from us, and lightened it up considerably. Strange to say, in the next town they did n't laugh very much. McClintock thought it over and said a court-room with judges and lawyers and turnkeys was too sombre. So we changed it to a private dining-room in a Broadway restaurant. That forced us to cut out the first act.'

Latimer was confused but correspondingly sympathetic.

'At any rate the play has now assumed final shape?'

'Practically,' said Perkins. 'It comes to Broadway in September; a whimsical farce in three acts and nine characters.'

'The labor must have been great,' mused Latimer.

'Labor is no word for it. Lots of times I was ready to quit. But McClintock would n't hear of it. McClintock was splendid. "Perkins," he 'd say, "I'll stake my head on that play. There's a big idea in it. All we have to do is make 'em see it." And McClintock usually knows what he is talking about.'

III

'We should be close to Westville,' said Latimer.

They stopped to inquire of a big man

in rusty city garb, with a fishing-rod, who, from a rock in the stream, was casting with a short line into the pools under the opposite bank. He threw his line with a lazy swing as if utterly indifferent to the destination of the fly; almost as if he were of half a mind to withdraw the bait while it was still in the air. When the fly lit and brought no response he withdrew the line and cast again, without interest and without disappointment. Latimer thought of a drowsy man going through his morning exercises in his bedroom.

'What luck?' said Latimer.

'They never bite much around here,' said the fisherman.

He had turned toward Latimer with the same graceful calm he gave to his fishing. If the stranger stopped, he was perfectly willing to give up fishing and talk. If the stranger went on, he would be just as glad to go back to his rod. He had a soft drawl that was more of the South than of the New York hills.

'Westville is far off?' said Latimer.

'I should n't call it very far,' said the fisherman. He pondered on the exact distance and his judicial manner aroused Latimer's fears.

'A couple of miles?'

'No, not that far,' said the other. 'When you make the turn yonder by that barn you are 'most there.'

'Why, then, it is only a matter of a few minutes,' said Latimer.

'Well, about that,' ruminated the fisherman.

'I am exceedingly obliged,' said Latimer, and started off briskly.

They were around the curve of the road in less than ten minutes and found themselves on the edge of the village. Straight ahead was the whitewashed steeple of the little wooden church. Facing it stood the smithy and wagon-shop, with the village hall above — the 'Assembly Room' during the summer-boarding season.

They stopped at the first house in the village. It stood back from the road, on a wide stretch of lawn checkered with sunlight through the maple trees. A garden on one side ran down to the brook, which here came within a hundred feet of the road. There was about the house an air of confirmed invalidity. The open veranda, which ran all the length of the broad front, sagged in places, and the trellis-work underneath showed gaps. A shutter on the upper floor hung slightly out of line. The paint had peeled in places and everywhere was toned to a yellow gray that was not altogether displeasing. About the lawn and garden there was the same suggestion of decay which had not progressed so far but that to the summer boarder it would all be quite romantic.

'I never eat in the middle of the day,' said Perkins. 'If you don't mind lending me your Scott, I will wait for you outside.'

Neither, it appeared, did he take coffee or resort to tobacco, and Latimer decided that a one-sided feast would, indeed, be rather disconcerting. He climbed the porch-steps and knocked.

Back in the house, in the region of the kitchen he surmised, some one was coughing violently. He knocked again and the sound of coughing came nearer. The door was opened by a tall, broad-boned woman in a checked apron, the corner of which she held to her mouth. From her flushed cheeks Latimer inferred that she had just come from the kitchen fire. In her eyes he thought he discerned a resemblance to the misty gaze of the fisherman by the creek, the same languid grace which might be the sign of a temperament or of low vitality. She was breathing rapidly, and he conjectured that it was the after effect of the prolonged coughing-spell.

Latimer doffed his hat.

'If it is not inconvenient, madam, I should appreciate a simple luncheon. Eggs and a glass of milk would be quite enough.'

'Come in,' she said. Her voice reminded him again of the soft drone of the man with the fishing-pole.

She opened a door on her right and showed him into a large dining-room with half a dozen tables. The place spoke of summer boarders and had been little used since the going of the last guest seven months ago. She made to throw open the windows, but it was an effort, and Latimer came to her aid. The inrush of sweet air was a delight. He sank into a chair and sighed happily.

'Will you have tea and muffins with your eggs?' she asked.

'Pray, don't put yourself out for me,' said Latimer.

'I am making some for dinner,' she said, and withdrew.

In the kitchen he heard that long, harassing cough. It troubled him, but in his pleasant state of lassitude, he hesitated to embark on disturbing conjectures. Then a rustle at the door made him turn in his chair. A little girl was peering at him from the hallway. As Latimer's eye fell upon her she whisked away, but he had seen a brown head with ringlets and blue eyes alight with curiosity. Her furtive coming and going were in consonance with the dreamy silence that hung over the house.

'I should not have consented to the muffins,' thought Latimer. 'Whether they are ready or not, it means additional work over the kitchen fire; if not now, then later.' He rose to countermand his order and stopped. 'The house within is spotless. The child is fresh from soap and water and the comb. The life of this home is functioning normally. Why be officious? She might resent it.'

He sat down. He was very fond of corn-muffins.

He ate with relish. The hostess moved about the business of the table efficiently but with the suggestion of a strong will driving a reluctant body. She was plainly not so hearty as her robust frame would lead one to suppose, and her face was hollow beneath the cheek-bones.

'I trust you are doing something for that troublesome cough,' said Latimer. 'How long have you had it?'

'It's been hanging on over the winter,' she said. 'The doctor has given me something for it.'

'And is it doing you good?'

She hesitated. 'Yes, I think I am better.' But in her eyes Latimer saw a fear which made him turn away and look out of the window. In a swing chair on the lawn the little girl was standing on tiptoe, spying on the stranger. He snapped his fingers at her and held up a stick of chocolate which he drew from his pocket. The child scurried round the corner of the kitchen but did not make her expected appearance.

When he had done eating, Latimer went in search of the little one. He found her in the shelter of her mother's apron in what had once been a barn, but was now empty of cattle or wagon-gear and given up to miscellaneous storage. The mother was splitting faggots with a hatchet the handle of which was always coming loose. She declined Latimer's offer to fetch in the wood for her, laughing meanwhile at his ardent courtship of the little one, who managed, all the way back to the house, to keep her mother's skirts as a bulwark against the predatory stranger. Ultimately she succumbed to the lure of the chocolate. Prolonged and shy negotiations led to a *modus vivendi*, with Latimer established on the kitchen steps leading down to the garden

and the child close to him with a hovering eye on mother.

'Pretty soon,' said Latimer, 'this will be a big girl and helping mother about the house.'

The child shook her head with quick decision.

'I won't. I'll go squirrel-shooting with daddy.'

In the great heat from the stove the woman's face was crimson. Latimer wondered how it would be with her in midsummer when she was cooking all day for a houseful of boarders.

'Won't you come with me to the city?' Latimer pleaded with the child. 'We will live in a big house and go to the circus every Saturday.'

'Babe was born in the city,' said the woman. 'We've been here only two years.'

'Do you like it?'

She stared down at the floor.

'It is better for me,' she said.

It probably would be, Latimer thought, if she were spared the rough man's work that had fallen to her. The head of the house must be exceedingly busy elsewhere to make it necessary for the woman to split her own kindling-wood and be continually running out of the kitchen on errands that should have been anticipated for her.

'In the city they don't grow cheeks like these,' said Latimer, pressing his finger into the firm, brown flesh of the little face beside him.

'It's been best for Babe and myself,' said the woman. 'But it's hard on my husband. He's city-bred and there's nothing in farming up here in the hills. It's mostly rock and scrub and he is n't very strong.'

'There should be some one to help you about the house,' said Latimer.

'The girls here are more a nuisance than a help,' she said. 'I can get on very well.'

'The proof is here,' said Latimer, tugging gently at the child's curls.

She threatened him with her clenched fist.

'You do think Babe looks well?' said the mother.

Her tone and the recurrent pain in her eyes told him of the dread that was gnawing at the woman's heart.

'I have n't the least doubt of it,' he declared with a confidence not at all justified by his knowledge of the subject. 'She'll soon be a big woman; as big as this,' addressing himself to the child and pointing to the roof of the kitchen-shed.

The little one, passing easily from shyness to intimacy, made a face at him. The next moment she was crying, 'Daddy!' and whirling down the path. It was the man with the fishing-rod. The child rushed at him, buried her face in his trouser-leg, caught his arm, and came dancing back with him, radiant.

Latimer rose. The husband greeted him with that now familiar smile of easy acceptance of things as they are. That the stranger of the road should be sitting there on his own kitchen steps was no more odd than if he had not been there.

'Dinner is 'most ready, Sam,' said his wife. 'I wish you'd fetch me a bucket of water.'

He brought the pail languidly in one hand, with Babe clinging to the other. Latimer settled his account while the husband turned decorously aside.

'It has been a great kindness,' said Latimer, holding out his hand.

She stared a little while before extending her own. He offered to shake hands with Babe, who immediately retired behind her father; but, with her father, she escorted the visitor down the path to the street.

'You have a charming place,' said Latimer. 'One might be happy here.'

For the first time the man's languor fell from him. His eyes were almost wolfish.

'I'd be glad to sell, for half what it cost me,' he said. 'You don't know of any one who'd want it?'

'Unfortunately, no,' said Latimer.

The big, placid face was now twisted with anger at fate and himself.

'It's a hole, a cursed, rocky hole,' he cried. 'It's no place for a man. In the city I had a large store and there were people you could live with.'

He stopped short, nodded farewell, and went back to the house with his grievance. He had been walking close to Latimer and left behind him the odor of cheap whiskey.

From the kitchen came the sound of coughing. Latimer's lips tightened and he found himself walking in the wrong direction, until hailed by Perkins, whom he had utterly forgotten. They walked on in silence.

'She has a great many more puzzles to work out than I have,' thought Latimer. 'Only she has the answers close at hand. That bright-eyed, cleanly child is one answer. The husband who must have his warm midday meal is another. — Yes,' he said aloud, 'undoubtedly she will get well.'

'Who will?' said Perkins.

Latimer stared at him a moment without understanding.

'Oh, the world will,' he said. And Perkins would not press him for details.

IV

Half a mile beyond the village they were overtaken by Miss Winthrop and Baby in the car. Gladys was on her way to the moving-picture camp for an afternoon's work before the camera.

'Now won't you let me give you a lift?' she demanded, registering childish imperiousness.

Latimer was tempted, but fell not.

'Thank you, no,' he said. 'The impulse to ride is always strong at the beginning of a pedestrian journey. For that very reason it should be resisted.'

'But it's nearly four miles,' she persisted. 'Mr. —'

'Professor Latimer,' Perkins told her.

'That means only an hour and a half at the most leisurely pace,' said Latimer. 'If you will lend me the company of Mr. Perkins for that additional length of time, it will be an easy walk.'

'Just as you say, professor,' registering queenly complaisance. 'Giddap, Baby.'

The car shot away.

'How long do you think the war will last, Professor Latimer?' said Perkins.

'It is not a question of men. Financial exhaustion perhaps —'

'Well, now, I wonder,' said Perkins. 'Money is n't everything.'

'No,' said Latimer. 'You have in mind, I suppose, the classic case of the Ottoman Empire which has always been bankrupt and always at war?'

Perkins said no; he was thinking of last winter in Chicago when both the children and Mrs. Perkins were ill and there were two trained nurses in the house. When the children took to bed, first the little one and then the boy, Perkins said, the strain was all the harder upon his wife because they were out in the suburbs and without a permanent cook. That is to say, a satisfactory servant can always be obtained for a price, but this price Mrs. Perkins was loath to pay, for obvious reasons. So they had seven kitchen-workers in eight weeks, and managed somehow before the doctor came into the house. Then it did n't matter how things went on downstairs. Mrs. Perkins gave herself entirely to the children, until she broke down completely, and for several weeks was ill enough to require a double shift of trained nurses.

Thereupon Perkins did the wise and inevitable thing. He went to the employment office and demanded the best cook obtainable. She was obtained. Her wages would have made poor Mrs. Perkins thoroughly unhappy if she had known, but he took good care not to let her know. Left entirely to her own devices, the new servant was reasonably content, and Perkins was at last free from the horror, under which they had lived for months, of a sudden demand for passports from the kitchen. The tradesmen's bills were enormous, but he gave them no thought. His mind, poor fellow, was with the very sick woman upstairs. The money for everything was forthcoming somehow — just how, he could not tell himself.

'Now, war,' said Perkins, 'is just like that. The world takes sick and goes to bed and there is plenty of money for everything.'

But more than that, said Perkins. He could understand, not only how bankrupt nations can somehow find the means for carrying on war, but how for the time being they actually enjoy it. He could understand crowded movie theatres and expensive automobiles in war-time. Never, he said, had he experienced so acute a sense of social well-being as during the weeks after his anxiety for his wife had been relieved, but when she was still too ill to dispense with her nurses. Perkins found himself at the head of an establishment. An efficient cook was functioning downstairs. Two handsome young women in uniform were continuously about the house; and as the pressure in the sick-room relaxed, the nurses were occasionally at his own service. Out of pity for the spiritual strain he had been under, these tall young women in uniform petted him. They prepared special desserts for him and went on errands to the tobacco-shop. And when Mrs. Perkins was strong enough to sit up in bed and he might have sent away one of the nurses, he waited until the very last, his wife ultimately intervening. How pleasant it was to have a gracious young woman in white gown and cap alert to the least call with tray, pillow, book, an offer to open the window, or pull down the blind!

Perkins said he felt like the aristocracy in a fashionable London comedy, where you pull a bell-rope and tell Hobson to have the motor ready in ten minutes. For the next two years, Perkins said, he would be paying bills, but while it lasted it was exhilarating. And that was war finance.

But Latimer had not been listening.

'Mrs. Perkins and the children are quite well now?' he said, stopping short.

'Never better,' said Perkins.

'That's splendid,' cried Latimer and held out his hand. 'When you write you must tell them how glad I am.'

'I certainly will.'

'And they are coming down, of course, for that first night on Broadway?'

'I hope so,' said Perkins. His sallow face went pink. 'You know, Dr. Latimer, the reason we could not afford a good cook was —'

'Because it takes a lot of unremunerative labor to turn a five-act melodrama into a three-act farce,' cried Latimer.

They laughed like schoolgirls.

In a village of tents along the river-edge and up the slopes of the hill lay the army that was fighting the battles of Mexico for the Intercontinental Film Corporation. Smoke came from the field kitchens. A long row of stables, fresh from the carpenter's hand, sheltered the two hundred horses upon which the Intercontinental's

Mexican raiders carried havoc into American territory. Add a fleet of motor-trucks; mountain-heaps of provisions, of forage for the remounts, and of fuel for the motor-drays, all under canvas; cabins of pine and corrugated iron scattered over the hillside, which were studios, developing rooms, storerooms for the raw and completed film; add a Red Cross tent, with two doctors and several nurses appropriately grouped; and then remember that all this represented only the operations of the left wing of the Mexican army. If you will recall that the Mexican right wing was at the same time operating in an open-air studio in Pennsylvania, and that Obregon's main forces were conducting a pitched battle with the Villistas around Los Angeles, you will realize the scale upon which the Intercontinental Film chronicled the agony and revival of the Mexican nation.

'There may be a chance to see Miss Winthrop in action,' said Perkins.

He hastened toward one of a group of raw wooden barracks in the centre of the camp. To Latimer the first glimpse of this mammoth factory of make-believe brought back in a burst of pungent, wistful memory, the sensations of a boy's visit to the circus half a century ago. Perkins, his play, his wife, his children, the woman coughing in the kitchen, were swept away in a rush of carnival spirit.

From the outside it was an ugly wooden barn they were entering. Within, it was the courtyard of a *hacienda*, complete with fountain, orange trees, and ancient Indian squaws in costume. There they found working itself out an episode in the tragic love of Juanita, daughter of the fiery Don Alvarez, for the handsome young American lieutenant. It is not necessary to enter into the details of the plot. It was a prize scenario selected from three thousand manuscripts. At the precise moment, Juanita was striving to guard her fatal secret from the searching questions of the stern old hidalgo. Juanita was Miss Winthrop; but Latimer's attention went first, not to her, but to Baby.

That infant stood beside the camera operator, a florid, perspiring bulk in shirt-sleeves, and shouted orders — at whom? Yes, at the great Miss Winthrop, among others. It was a different Baby from the surly, half-tamed mastiff whom Gladys paraded in her auto and forced to eat out of her hand. This was his hour, his regular daily hour of mastery; in a professional way, to be sure, but still, mastery. To Latimer at that moment Baby was overwhelming, Napoleonic.

Juanita was registering indignant amazement at the drift of her stern parent's inquiries.

'Scorn! scorn!' shouted Baby. 'That's it! You're a daughter of the Tropics and you'd as soon as not slip a knife into the venerable greaser. Blaze at him! Shrivel him up! I know you are innocent, but you've got to convince Jones.'

('Jones,' whispered Perkins, 'is the father.')

It was evident to Latimer that a great deal of the Winthrop magic that had enthralled six continents and Polynesia, must be credited to this transformed, demiurgic Baby. In justice to Gladys it must be recorded, however, that she did not fall too often under the hot rain of Baby's reproof. For minutes at a stretch she went through her absurd mummery with a fluency of gesture, a lightning play of those world-famous eyes, that fascinated Latimer.

'Superb,' he said. 'But as for the other, impossible!'

He was referring to Jones, whom even Latimer's untrained judgment found a rather wooden Alvarez.

Baby raged at the hidalgo.

'Snarl, for God's sake, snarl, Jonesy! Look as if you'll eat her if she don't out with the truth. My God, no! You ain't making love to her! You ain't trying to sell her a bungalow on Flushing Bay. You are telling her that if she be false to her country and her faith, then, by the memory of her sainted mother, you'll show her! There's royal blood in your veins, Jonesy; you're a descendant of kings; bite her — that's better — oh, gosh!'

'A pitiful performance,' hissed Latimer. 'Not a trace of the fire and dignity of the Castilian strain. Why any one —'

This time Baby caught his words and turned. A flush of gratification colored that heavy countenance, and his greetings were cordial. Miss Winthrop broke out of the scene to seize Latimer's hands in her own and beam welcome. She was far less pleasing in her ghostly make-up of powder and pigment than in her normal self, and she knew it; but they were the trappings of her fame.

'Do you like me, Professor Latimer?' she demanded.

'You are wonderful, *mi Juanita*,' he said patting her hand. 'But your father, if I may venture to say so, fails to do you credit.'

'Then suppose you play Don Alvarez to me?'

He hesitated, looked about him, received an assenting smile from Perkins, and was lost.

'I dare say, with a knowledge of the Spanish character and the elements of Latin-American history, one might —'

'Fine!' said Baby, who was quite as eager as Gladys to exhibit himself in action. 'You'll find all the clothes you want in the next house. Archibald will show you.'

'But is it essential to array one's self in all this?' said Latimer.

Miss Winthrop insisted that the sense of being entirely in the picture would react favorably on his art. When Latimer emerged from the dressing-room in the habiliments of Alvarez, Baby's professional eye gave approval. Latimer was not of the Quixote build, but the vivid, massive face in its frame of white beard, the eyes alight with the zest of adventure, were eloquent of the noble blood of Spain. Jonesy, quite free from resentment, whispered to Perkins, —

'The old boy has my job whenever he wants it.'

Latimer took his stand near the fountain. Perkins, in his capacity as deputy assistant editor, read out the script for the scene. Baby gave him a few hints as to distance and attitude. Latimer strode forward, raised his arm in menace over his daughter, and balked.

'What do I say?' he asked.

'What do you want to say?' said Baby.

'I distinctly recall seeing Miss Winthrop and Mr. Jones address each other.'

Baby grinned.

'I am afraid the author forgot to put in the dialogue. It's up to you, professor.'

'Say anything that comes into your head, Dr. Latimer,' counseled Perkins.

Miss Winthrop showed him how. She swam forward, threw one arm around his neck, and said, —

'Good-morning, father. Do you think it will rain to-morrow, Professor Latimer? You sent for me?'

He was an apt pupil. Pulling the fatal letter from his pocket, he flourished it before her eyes, tapped it with a menacing finger, and said, 'Daughter, we the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, what is the meaning of this?'

In Juanita's wondrous eyes affection

gave way to the first premonitions of peril.

'I don't understand you, father. One times two is two, two times two is four, three times two is six, father, you do not mistrust me?'

'Punch, professor, more punch!' shouted Baby.

Latimer tore Juanita's hand from his neck, glared at her from beneath lowered eyelids, and thundered, —

'Juanita, last week the U-boats sank twenty-three ships of over 1600 tons and thirty-seven ships of less than 1600 tons. Will you answer?'

She clasped her hands in entreaty.

'Four times five is four times five is four times five. Won't you believe me?'

Latimer seized her by the shoulders. In his face paternal love and fanatic hatred of the Americanos contended for mastery.

'Daughter,' he cried passionately, 'if the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides, by the memory of your sainted mother, it will be so.'

And then confusion overtook him. He stammered, laughed, went hot with shame, and ran for the dressing-room amid the plaudits of a hilarious audience.

V

Miss Winthrop in her boudoir tent gave them tea out of a silver urn presented to her by a prince of Siam.

'Now that you are one of us, Dr. Latimer, what do you really think of our work?' she asked.

Latimer was diplomatic.

'In respect to range of appeal, the history of art has seen nothing like it,' he said. 'Yet I must confess that to me the one thing in the theatre is the spoken word. Now a voice like yours, Miss Winthrop — what might not one do with it?'

She beamed upon him.

'Some day, Dr. Latimer, perhaps —'

She was about to honor him with her confidence, but Latimer suddenly put down his tea-cup, jumped up and turned to the door.

'Your indulgence for a moment, Miss Winthrop, but I must see Jones.'

She wondered and gave regal consent.

He found the Mexican father drinking bottled beer in the shadow of the oleanders. At the sight of Latimer, the old hidalgo, with perfect muscular adjustment, cleared a space on the table with one hand, reached behind with the other for another bottle, and pushed forward a chair with his foot.

Latimer's face was red and he breathed rapidly.

'I am afraid I cannot stay, Mr. Jones, but I want to ask your pardon.'

'Sure,' said the noble Castilian. 'For what?'

'I came into the camp a guest,' said Latimer. 'I presumed to speak in criticism of your work without the justification of the most elementary acquaintance with your art. It was a procedure which I feel was neither intelligent nor decent.'

The hidalgo got to his feet.

'There's nothing to pardon, Dr. Latimer. In the first place I *am* a rotten actor. In the second place I had forgotten what you said.'

'It was wanton impertinence on my part,' declared Latimer. 'I insist that you recognize it as such and forgive me.'

Jones held out his hand.

'I trust we shall always be friends,' he said gravely.

Latimer took the hand in both his own.

(To be continued)

OXFORD IN WAR-TIME

BY LAURENCE BINYON

WHAT alters you, familiar lawn and tower,
Arched alley, and garden green to the gray wall
With crumbling crevice and the old wine-red flower
Solitary in summer sun? For all

Is like a dream; I tread on dreams. No stir
Of footsteps, voices, laughter! Even the chime
Of many memoried bells is lonelier
In this neglected ghostliness of Time.

What separation, what remoteness numb,
Absents you? Yet my heart springs up to adore
The shrinking of your soul, that is become
Nearer and oh, far dearer than before.

It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place;
She is gone out into far lands unknown.

Because that filled horizon occupies
Her heart with mute hope and divining fear,
Therefore her hands so calm lie, and her eyes
See nothing; and men wonder at her here;

But far in France, on the torn Flanders plain,
By Sinai, in the Macedonian snows,
The fly-plagued heat of Tigris, heat and rain,
On wandering water where the black squall blows,

Less danger than the bright wave ambushes,
She bears it out. All the long day she shares
And sudden hour's imperious challenges
To act, that searches all men, no man spares.

She is with her sons, leaving a virtue gone
Out of her peaceful places. What she bred
Lives other life than this, that sits alone,
Though still in dream starrily visited.

For oh, in youth she lives, not in her age!
Her soul is with the springtime and the young;
And she absents her from the learned page,
Studious of high stories yet unsung,

More precious to her now than wisdom's book
Because her own. Her faith is in those eyes
That clear into the gape of hell can look,
Putting to proof ancient philosophies,

Such as the virgin Muses would rehearse
Beside the silvery, swallow-haunted stream
In their gray cloister. But immortal verse
Is now exchanged for its immortal theme,

Victory, proud loss, and the enduring mind;
Youth that has passed all praises and has won
More than renown, being that which faith divined,
Reality more radiant than the sun, —

She gave; she gives. A gift more than all days
Of dedicated lore, of storied art!
And she resigns her beauty to men's gaze
To hide the riches of her bleeding heart.

FINANCIAL IMPERIALISM

BY FREDERICK C. HOWE

Dollar diplomacy is the American equivalent of financial imperialism. It is a phrase which came first into use in this country during the administration of President Taft, in connection with the activity of the State Department in the promotion of loans, contracts, privileges, and concessions in Central and South America, and especially in relation to the Chinese six-power loan negotiated by the bankers of Europe in 1912. The propriety of the enlistment of the State Department and our diplomatic service in the promotion of overseas interests, and especially the policy that our government should pursue in the protection of investors and concession-seekers in weaker countries, was much discussed prior to the entry of the United States into the war, owing to the rapid shifting of the centre of the world's finance from London to New York.

Dollar diplomacy, or financial imperialism, should not be confused with international trade or international banking. International trade is a function of the commercial classes. It differs from domestic trade only in that it is carried on across national boundaries. And international banking is but an agency of international trade. Trade and commerce, the exchange of goods and merchandise, are to be encouraged. They promote better relations. When free from favoritism, the 'closed door,' and other privileges, they advance the cause of peace.

Dollar diplomacy is an activity of finance rather than of trade. It is carried on in all the creditor countries by a few great banking houses having close connections with the government. It consists of a variety of related activities, among which are (1) the lending of money, often to weak or dependent countries or to rulers of doubtful legitimacy; (2) the building of railroads, canals, and public utility enterprises; and (3) the development of mines, plantations, and other resources. Closely allied with the lending of money and the securing of concessions is the sale of munitions, which in all the European powers is carried on with the coöperation of the great banking and exploiting houses which are identified with the making of munitions.

Stated briefly, dollar diplomacy is a merger of finance, economic development or exploitation, and the foreign office. In all the greater powers of Europe it has been an agency for the promotion of imperialistic ambitions and conquest. Almost all the territory annexed by Great Britain, France, and Germany in the last fifty years has been taken over in connection with the activities of the exploiting classes. For it is the financier rather than the trader who demands the flag for protection.

Financial imperialism had its origin in surplus wealth seeking investment. As the rates of interest fell in England, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, accumulated capital sought investment in countries needing development, where higher returns were to be

secured. It flowed first into the United States, Canada, Australia, and India. Here it was peaceful and the returns were reasonable. Later, surplus wealth began to venture into the undeveloped places of the earth; into Turkey, the Balkans, North and South Africa, Persia, South and Central America, and China; where local banking was generally under the control of the great financial houses of Europe.

For many years England, France, and Holland were the only lending and developing countries, and they for the most part kept in separate spheres of influence. England and France were primarily interested in lending money to other governments, building railroads, opening mines and plantations. English capital has financed her colonies and dependencies. Vast sums have been placed in South Africa in connection with gold and diamond mining; in Egypt, India, and Mexico. The total over-seas investments of Great Britain amounted to $20,000,000,000 in 1913, a sum equal to the foreign investments of France, Germany, the United States, Holland, and Belgium combined.

France, like Great Britain, is primarily a money-lending country, and the great banks at Paris are largely devoted to foreign investments. Her surplus wealth has gone to Russia, the Balkans, Turkey, Tunis, Morocco, and Mexico. French imperialism, unlike that of Great Britain, is participated in by all classes; for the loans of France, amounting to about $9,000,000,000, are made up from the savings of millions of peasants and the middle classes, who purchase foreign securities in small denominations of $30 and $50 through the great investing banks of the capital.

German imperialism is of a somewhat different kind. Germany wants raw materials, especially iron ore, copper, oil, and lands for the raising of wheat and cotton. And her agents have been searching out concessions to supply her with these necessities in Morocco, Turkey, Asia Minor, and China. She wants to sell munitions, iron and steel products, and the output of her industries. She has penetrated into many of the countries of South America, where her financiers own or control the public utility corporations in many of the large cities. She controlled or was ascendant in the banking operations of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Turkey, and was also very influential in Italy and Greece. The sale of munitions is intimately connected with the activities of German over-seas finance, while the Foreign Office is quite frankly identified with all these interests. The over-seas investments of Germany in 1913 amounted to about $6,000,000,000.

Financial imperialism is thus only incidentally identified with trade and commerce, although it is frequently confused with it.

The modern movement toward financial imperialism had its beginning in Egypt, into which country Great Britain and France poured immense sums of money. The penetration into Egypt began with the purchase of the control of the Suez Canal by Disraeli in 1875. During the next few years over $400,000,000 was loaned by the investors of Europe, mostly English and French, to Khedive Ismail, a spendthrift prince who contracted colossal debts for private and public enterprises. Foreign contractors overcharged him from eighty to four hundred per cent for construction work, and his creditors often got as much as twenty-five per cent on their loans. Out of a single loan of $160,000,000 in 1873 only $100,000,000 ever reached the exchequer. And this was but typical. Interest rates were usurious, as were the discounts and commissions

charged. A considerable part of the loans was wasted. To meet the charges against the indebtedness the Egyptians were taxed to the limit. Their crops were seized. Starvation was not uncommon. There was internal protest. Representatives of the foreign press clamored for protection. The lenders insisted that the loan was insecure. English and French officials intervened in local administration, and in 1882 an English fleet was dispatched to Alexandria and the English occupation began.

This was the beginning of financial imperialism on a large scale. The scramble for the division of the earth among the great creditor nations followed. It was a scramble, not for territory to colonize, not for trade as such. It was a struggle for spheres of influence and opportunities for exploitation. Growing out of the English occupation of Egypt controversies were started which have kept Europe in a state of tension ever since. Here began the estrangement of Turkey from Great Britain, which country had long been dominant in Turkey. It led ultimately to the ascendancy of Germany over the Sublime Porte. There was long-continued friction between England and France over Egypt, culminating in the Fashoda incident. The struggle for the control of the Mediterranean began at this time, as did the absorption of territory in Africa. France and England finally reached an understanding by which French influence became predominant farther west, in Tunis, and as a result of the activities of the money-lenders Tunis lost her independence. French, English, and German interests later turned their attention to Morocco as a rich field for exploitation.

The Morocco incident, which nearly precipitated war in 1911, was primarily traceable to the conflict of bankers and concession-seekers in that country. The Sultan, who was a weak and spendthrift prince, was induced to borrow colossal sums of money on which he paid usurious interest. In seven years the indebtedness of the country was increased from $4,000,000 to $32,500,000. On this loan extortionate commissions were charged, while the bonds were taken at a very low rate. The customs revenues were set aside to meet the interest demands, and the internal taxes imposed upon the natives to meet the burdens of the indebtedness led to disaffection. In addition to the activities of the bankers, German and French concessionaires secured rights for the iron ore deposits in the Sus Valley, which were claimed by the Krupps and Mannesmanns of Germany. These grants were of great value, by virtue of the fact that Germany was desirous of increasing her supply of iron ore. Other concessions for docks, railroads, banks, and other privileges were being sought by the several nations, and in 1911 England, France, and Germany were on the verge of war over the diplomatic controversies which were traceable to the attempts of these governments to protect their subjects, their privileges, and their concessions in Morocco.

The experience of Egypt, Tunis, and Morocco is the experience of Persia, Turkey, Asia Minor, South Africa, Central America, Mexico, and China. In fifty years almost the whole undeveloped world has fallen under the dominion of the greater powers.

In connection with foreign loans and concessions a new doctrine, that of 'spheres of influence,' came to be recognized. This is the second step toward ultimate conquest, the first being peaceful penetration. Spheres of influence are not set aside for colonization. They are not primarily for trade and commerce. Spheres of influence are for

two objects: (1) the exclusion of the concession-seekers and money-lenders of other countries; and (2) the reduction of the debtor country to more complete dependence on the demands of the power claiming such territory as its exclusive 'sphere.' This makes exploitation easier. It permits the lending country to act with a free hand. It also frees it from complications with other powers.

The final step in financial imperialism is conquest, sometimes peaceful and by treaty, more often by force. Very frequently the financiers have compelled the borrowing country to spend a great part of their borrowings in munitions which were purchased from companies controlled by the financiers who negotiated the loan.

How completely the foreign activities of the European powers had been absorbed in the promotion of high finance and exploitation is indicated by the expansion of England, France, and Germany during the generation which coincided with the outpouring of capital from these countries. During these years over 100,000,000 people were made subject to these three powers, and 10,000,000 square miles of territory were added to their possessions. The only thing that protected Central and South America and Mexico was the Monroe Doctrine, which came in conflict with the accepted doctrine of Europe, that the flag follows the investor.

The lending of money was the primary cause of the entrance of England and France into North Africa. The struggle for concessions explains the penetration of these countries and Germany into Persia, Turkey, South Africa, and Mexico. The Russo-Japanese War is now asserted to have been directly traceable to the refusal of the Czar and his ministers to abandon very profitable timber concessions in Manchuria in which the royal family were interested; while it is quite generally admitted that the South African War was traceable to the activities of the gold- and diamond-mine owners seeking special privileges in the Transvaal. Persia was divided and placed under the joint suzerainty of Russia and England, partly as a political expedient to control the route to the East; and partly as a result of the struggle between Russian, German, and English interests to control the transportation systems and resources of that country.

The home governments of the European powers were all involved in financial imperialism because of the doctrine, first enunciated by the British Foreign Office, under Lord Palmerston, about the middle of the last century, to the effect that the flag of the creditor nation follows the investor. The issue arose over the claim of an alleged British subject against Greece, which was disputed by the government of the latter country. The claim was referred to the British Foreign Office, and a British battleship was sent to enforce the claim. Out of this action and the principle enunciated by Lord Palmerston the doctrine of extra-territoriality became identified with international law. It is a principle that is not applied as between the greater nations. It is applied only by a strong against a weak nation, and it is usually called into action on some apparently reasonable pretext, such as the protection of foreign residents in the country.

Under this doctrine, which has been accepted by all the greater powers, with the exception of the United States, and which has been greatly amplified in the intervening years, the occupation of territory all over the world has been justified. As a result of this doctrine, endless conflicts have arisen between the greater powers; for

if the foreign office is justified in protecting a loan or concession against the action of a borrowing or concession-granting country, it is also bound to protect its own citizens from any other power. And during the last fifty years endless diplomatic controversies have arisen between all of the powers of Europe over conflicting rights in every section of the globe. When finally the history of this war is written, it is probable that the irritations and conflicts growing out of disputed claims and concessions in Turkey, Asia Minor, Morocco, Persia, and elsewhere, and with them the struggle to control the Mediterranean, will be found to be among the primary causes of the war. Political considerations, the expansion or protection of empire, are involved in all these territories; but these considerations followed and grew out of the economic conflict which began in the eighties of the last century and has been going on ever since.

At the time of the Morocco incident, when Germany sent the Panther to Agadir, and Lloyd George delivered the celebrated Mansion House speech, many persons in England and France predicted war as a result. This was the first open rupture, although the diplomacy of Europe had been engaged in a secret warfare for twenty years over the rights of their respective investors and exploiters, especially about the Mediterranean and in Africa. It is highly probable that, when the impartial historian gathers together the hidden secrets of the foreign offices of Europe, he will date the beginning of the struggle in the year 1911 rather than 1914, when the governments of Europe realized that diplomacy had reached an *impasse*, and the speeding up of armaments and army enlistments were voted by Germany, France, Russia, and Great Britain. The beginnings of the many controversies which ultimately became nationalistic in character are to be found in these titanic conflicts of high finance. Mr. H. L. Brailsford, an English writer, has described the conflict as the 'War of Steel and Gold' — steel being one emblem of imperialism and gold the other.

The European war has shifted the burden of over-seas finance to the United States, and our financiers have eagerly embraced the opportunity. We are becoming the great creditor nation of the world. Over $2,000,000,000 has already been loaned directly by our bankers to Europe, to South America, to China, and Africa; and as much more credit has been extended in other ways. Surplus wealth, so-called, has made its appearance here, and the lure of high interest rates has attracted the money of America out of the nation into other lands. With the appearance of surplus wealth and the beginning of over-seas investments the demand arose for a 'firmer foreign policy' in dealing with weaker nations, and a closer coöperation of the State Department with the banking and concession-seeking classes. This demand is in direct ratio with the size of our over-seas claims. There is no doubt that the primary motive behind the demand for intervention in Mexico was the fact that American investors claimed privileges, concessions, and investments in that country in excess of $1,000,000,000, or an amount greater by more than $200,000,000 — according to Consul Marion Letcher — than the property and possessions of all the Mexicans combined. The protection of such investments involves a great navy for the enforcement of our demands. This explains in part the rapid growth of navalism in the United States in recent years.

Up to the present time President Wilson has declined to lend his sanction to the European doctrine that the

flag follows the investor, or that our diplomacy can be used for 'financial penetration.' He has declined to sanction the Old World idea of extra-territoriality when weaker nations are involved. One of his first acts upon taking office in 1913 was to refuse the support and protection of the United States to American participation in the Chinese 'six-power' loan, — a refusal which led to the withdrawal of American bankers from the group. As a countervailing gain this action secured for us the affection and confidence of China, for the action of our government relieved China from the demands of the syndicate of bankers of the other great powers, and enabled her to make a loan on much more favorable terms. It is quite possible, too, that the assistance given China by the President at that time saved that country from bankruptcy and possible dismemberment by the powers which were seeking to enforce a loan far in excess of China's needs; for among the terms insisted on was the demand that the customs and excise taxes, the administration of the salt monopoly, and the control of the auditing department of China should be placed in the hands of foreign advisers, who were to administer the revenue system of the country for the payment of the interest and principal of the loan, as has generally been the practice where loans were insecure or the government unstable. Had these terms been acceded to, and had China been divided into spheres of influence as further indemnity, it is not impossible that she would have fallen under the dominion of the great powers of the world just as have Egypt, Persia, Tunis, Morocco, and Turkey.

One of the most serious questions to be determined by the peace conferees on the termination of the war will be the rights of weak and dependent peoples, who during the last fifty years have fallen under the dominion of the greater powers. Shall they, too, be given their liberty? Shall autonomy be assured to Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, Tripoli, Persia, Turkey, China, and the African states, under some sort of a joint protectorate? Shall they be permitted to administer their internal affairs and exclude foreign concessionaires with as much freedom as a greater power? Shall a tribunal be created to represent the lending and the borrowing nations and to insure coöperation of interests, including the dependent and concession-granting countries? Or shall the old game of scramble, struggle, secret diplomacy, and, finally, armed intervention and conflict, be resumed? A proper recognition of the rights of these peoples will demand new international formulæ and a new kind of international equity, which has been sadly lacking in the dealings of creditor nations with their weaker sisters since the advent of surplus wealth and the doctrine of Lord Palmerston already referred to.

So long as the financial and concession-seeking interests are as powerful at home as they are to-day, they will be clamorous for a continuation of the old game. They will insist on protection. They will urge their claims as they have in the past. They will not willingly submit to disarmament if it means that the many billions of investments by English, French and German people are left to such protection as is offered them by the borrowing and concession-granting countries.

The United States has not yet become seriously involved in the scramble for privileges and concessions, nor are our loans to weak or revolutionary governments of any considerable amount. Such over-seas investments as have already been made (except the loans recently made to the Allied powers) are for the most part in Mexico

and Central America; and we are able to deal with the issues there with a comparatively free hand. But with Europe unable to extend aid as she has in the past, with the United States almost the only nation in a position to extend it, to develop concessions and accept contracts for the building of railroads, opening of mines, and the like, we shall be confronted with the necessity of formulating a policy. What will this policy be? Shall we blindly accept the diplomatic traditions of Europe — of secret diplomacy, the doctrine that the flag follows the investor, and with it all the consequences of complications and wars which have followed this doctrine all over the world? Or shall we rather adopt the doctrine that the investor must take his own risks; that, if he ventures forth into foreign fields, he has no right to demand that this country should police his investments, or that we should interfere with other governments, and as a last resort should send American marines to collect his debts? Should not democracy establish the doctrine that the flag is a symbol of freedom rather than of slavery; that it will safeguard liberty rather than destroy it; and that other peoples — no matter what their stage of development may be — have an equal right with ourselves to establish and maintain their own governments free from outside interference?

It seems to me that this country ought to reaffirm, and if necessary strengthen by Congressional action, the principles laid down by President Wilson in connection with the Chinese loan, and definitely declare that the State Department is closed against concession-seekers and those who would make use of it for the promotion of their private interests, whenever their demands involve any intervention in the domestic concerns of other people. The United States, it should be established, is not a collection agency; we are not in the insurance business. Moreover, our efforts about the green cloth of diplomacy should be directed toward establishing and securing freedom of all nations, be they in Europe or elsewhere; and especially of those nations which have lost their freedom through the activities of individuals and corporations engaged in high finance. Political freedom is not a privilege of the great nations alone. It is the right of small and dependent peoples as well. And the subjection of nations, countries, or peoples in the interest of exploitation has less to defend it than any other justification of imperialism thus far put forth. Yet, as stated before, in fifty years' time one hundred million people have fallen under the dominion of England, France, and Germany as a result of activities, intrigues, or military conquest, traceable to financial imperialism and the identification of the foreign offices and diplomatic service with concession-seekers and financiers.

That some provision will be made, and should be made, at the peace conference for the development of backward peoples and their protection there is no doubt. Students of this subject have suggested various kinds of tribunals to control and allot the opportunities for investment which the undeveloped peoples of the world offer. Such a tribunal should contain representatives of the debtor countries, which should be protected from forced loans or coerced concessions. All financial dealings should be with the full and free consent of the debtor country, whose sovereignty should be safeguarded as fully as that of a greater power. The terms of the loans must be fair; provision must be made to guarantee that the money is not wasted; that the interest can be paid; and that the political integrity of the coun-

try is not lost as a result of its necessities. This is the first consideration.

The jurisdiction of such a tribunal should be extended to all the countries now under foreign influence, including Egypt, South Africa, Persia, Turkey, Asia Minor, Morocco, Tunis, Central America, and possibly China, if China should so elect. All existing spheres of influence should be internationalized in the same way, and opened to the investors of all countries. The tribunal should possibly have powers of policing and of emergency administration, and the greater powers, including our own, should pass whatever claims they have to control such territories to this tribunal for settlement. This would involve an end of 'spheres of influence,' and the closed door. Instead, the investments and concessions would be approved, and then opened to all comers on equal terms, the loans or participation in the financing of the concessions being allotted according to the prior interests of certain countries in the territory — or, far better, according to the wealth or population of the greater nations.

This procedure is now followed in the financing or underwriting of railroads, mines, and industries in all countries. It has been worked out in part in China and Morocco. Russia and Great Britain divided the Persian loan of 1912 in this way, and England and France have had somewhat similar understandings as to Egypt and Africa. And if the principle of the open door for trade and commerce, of equal opportunity to all nations to trade with dependent countries on equal terms, is provided for, we shall have gone a long way toward insuring the permanent peace for which the whole world is crying. For each of the greater powers has made use of priority of conquest to exclude its competitors from their spheres of influence. And, in order to make their claims impregnable, they have not only destroyed all semblance of political liberty of the exploited countries, but have sown mines of jealousy, hatred, and war in every chancellery in Europe.

Back of the immediate causes of the European war lie big economic conflicts which have been going on for a generation. They are on a titanic scale and involve almost every important financial and economic group within the greater powers. And the peace which comes must be an economic peace. There can be no permanent quiet among the great powers so long as the strategic waterways, the opportunities for trade and commerce, for foreign investment and exploitation, are under exclusive monopolistic control, with the foreign offices, the diplomacy, the press, and the ruling classes in each of the countries bent on the protection by force, if need be, of the privileges which the ruling classes enjoy. For the classes which rule the European powers are the classes which own or profit by these privileges, whether in the realm of finance, of exploitation, of concessions, or of trade.

Freedom is the corrective of these monopolistic conditions. Freedom is the principle on which all the democratic countries can unite. And freedom in international affairs means freedom of the straits and waterways; it means freedom or equality of colonial trade, freedom in the matter of concessions, and with freedom the relinquishment of all special privileges, monopolies, closed doors, and exclusive spheres of influence, which have been acquired, usually by force or intrigue, during the past fifty years. And along with freedom in the economic field, there should be a new Declaration of Independence which would grant political liberty to all the subject-peoples of the world.

THE WAR AND THE CONSTITUTION

BY HENRY JONES FORD

I

On April 2 the President asked Congress to 'take immediate steps, not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power.' Congress, as a body, did not begin to act until April 19, when the House Military Affairs Committee reported a bill. In less than half that length of time, in 1866, Prussia had beaten Austria at Libenau, Türnau, and Podell. In two days less than that entire length of time, the decisive battle of Sadowa was fought, resulting in the complete overthrow of Austria.

Congress did not finish with the army bill until May 17 — forty-five days after the President's call for immediate action. In the War of 1870, only that number of days had elapsed when the battle of Sedan was fought, making Louis Napoleon a captive and overthrowing his government.

It is obvious that, if the United States were exposed to like conditions, it would be beaten in war before it could even start to defend itself. That much is clear, whatever weight may be allowed to the reasons which it is the habit of Congress to offer in defense of its methods. The issue is of a character that takes no account of abstract considerations. The existence of the State, like that of every form of life, is dependent on provision for the fundamental needs of subsistence and defense, and therein lies the only principle of constitutional value that is practically decisive. Everything else is secondary. This is no new doctrine in American politics, although it is so commonly forgotten and so habitually ignored that it may seem to be new, and, indeed, intrusive. The case could not be put more strongly than it was by Madison in No. 45 of *The Federalist*, in which he laid down the principle that 'the safety and happiness of society are the objects at which all political institutions aim and to which all such institutions must be sacrificed.'

We have a constitution with which the country has prospered and grown great, but those results have been obtained with immunities that have been peculiar to the United States and are now disappearing. Indeed, it may be said that nearly the whole continent of America, in its political forms, bears a close analogy to Australia in the field of natural history — a shelter of archaic types elsewhere superseded by more highly developed forms, but there preserved by seclusion from the conditions of stress which elsewhere had to be met and surmounted in order to keep alive. This is the fundamental explanation of the continuance of methods whose profuse and wasteful character is often confessed and deplored in Congress, although rarely assigned to its proper cause.

Consideration of Congressional procedure from the standpoint of comparative politics causes a feeling of blank amazement at the national tolerance. Viscount Bryce correctly interpreted the matter, in his *American Commonwealth*, by pointing out that Britain,

'like the Powers of the European Continent, must maintain her system of government in full efficiency for war as well as peace, and cannot afford to let her armaments decline, her finances become disordered, the vigor of her executive authority be impaired, or sources of internal discord continue to prey upon her vitals. But America lives in a world of her own. . . . Safe from attack, safe even from menace, she hears from afar the warring cries of European races and faiths, even as the gods of Epicurus listened to the murmurs of the unhappy earth spread out beneath their golden dwellings.'

That was written about thirty years ago. The situation it describes now belongs to the past as completely as the age of the dinosaurs. It is now a tremendous question whether the political system which took its shape under the old conditions can be adjusted to the new conditions. The constitutional organ of adjustment is Congress, so that its behavior assumes an importance that it has never had before.

At this writing Congress is struggling with this task. From the matter of defense it has passed on to the associated matter of subsistence, which, while equally vital, exhibits itself in many more aspects, thus producing a large group of legislative problems, affording many lines upon which class interests may form to influence action. While results cannot be computed until a complete record is available, the display of method has been such as to show that opportunities exist for obstruction, delay, and miscarriage that might have fatal consequences.

Public opinion shows a tolerance of Congressional method which is in part reasonable and is in part due to misconception. It is reasonable to make allowance for lack of facilities to attend to an extraordinary press of business, provided due effort is made to improve facilities. But public indulgence may be carried too far through failure to realize how bad the situation really is. People are apt to judge the public business by the analogies of private business, even though it be recognized that great differences exist. Without troubling themselves about details of constitutional theory, and simply going upon the assumption that common sense sets bounds which after all must be respected, people are apt to think that the way Congress wrangles and boggles over its business is a superficial defect, not without substantial compensations, and that it does not meanwhile preclude the making of arrangements required for the public safety.

It would be difficult to persuade the average citizen that the President of the United States is denied means of caretaking such as attach as a matter of course to any important administrative position in private business. For instance, it would be regarded as simply incredible that the President should have no power to arrange for clerical aid and secretarial assistance in planning the organization of the new services required in the present emergency, pending legislation by Congress. As the people generally view the case, the work of arrangement is supposed to be going on while Congress is deliberating, so that matters can be put in such readiness that the passage of the necessary laws is in effect like the word 'Go!' at the start of a race — a climax of preparation and not merely the beginning of it.

That, of course, would be the case in any private corporation with respect to any important decision of the board of directors. Not only would the general manager have the power to make the initial arrangements, but he would be regarded as unfit for his position if he failed to do so. But in such matters the manager of a grocery store is al-

lowed more authority than the President of the United States. It is the policy of Congress, tenaciously adhered to and industriously pursued, to confine the President to the narrowest possible limits of action. The Constitution stands so massively in the way of this policy, that in carrying on services authorized by existing laws, the President may exercise a discretion which is the principal factor in shaping public policy. But in all matters requiring the concurrence of Congress the President is subject to dictation and interference carried to lengths that would be unbelievable if the indisputable record did not exist. The truth is that the President has not had the power to give to the new boards and commissions that have been organizing so much as the help of a single clerk or typewriter. An act of Congress which has been a great public nuisance in this emergency is fortunately so short that it may be quoted in its entirety, since otherwise the fact that it really existed would hardly be credited: —

'That hereafter no part of the public moneys, or of any appropriation heretofore or hereafter made by Congress, shall be used for the payment of compensation or expenses of any commission, council, board, or other similar body, or any members thereof, or for expenses in connection with any work or the results of any work or action of any commission, council, board, or other similar body, unless the creation of the same shall be or shall have been authorized by law; nor shall there be employed by detail hereafter or heretofore made, or otherwise, personal services from any executive department or other government establishment in connection with any such commission, council, board, or other similar body.'[1]

In established departments some latitude of action exists within narrow bounds, which permitted considerable activity in preparations for enlarged functions; but in the case of new offices and services, official activity was debarred by law. To some extent the situation has been relieved by private enterprise. It so happened that there was in Washington an institute for government research maintained by private subscriptions. Its resources were turned over to the government, and numerous details of office-system, with a supply of the forms and records essential to the organization of any large business, have thus been attended to at private expense. Some of the men whom the President called to Washington for the public service have been able to supply out of their own means the necessary clerical help and office supplies to carry on the work of preparation. But such alleviations are partial in their application and limited in their effect, and they have the incidental disadvantage of imparting an appearance of caprice and inconsistency to the general situation. Here work has been advancing, there nothing has been done; here were signs of preparedness, there mere chafing and ineffectual complaint.

The administration may be criticized for incompetency when the true defect is its impotence; and nowhere is the attitude of criticism stronger than in Congress, which is the creator and maintainer of that impotence. Since the President has to deal with things as they are, it will be quite impossible for him to come up to standards set by the pretensions of demagogues and by the universal genius of the press, and he thus becomes liable to imputations upon which Congress will act, not so much in the way of criticism, as in the capacity of a reverberator. In thus behaving, Congress has a license which does not exist as regards its own mem-

[1] Act of March 4, 1909. *Statutes at Large*, ch. 299, sec. 9.

bers. It is out of order to make a disrespectful allusion to one of them, but there is no such protection for the President of the United States; and, since in no sense is he present to defend himself, the situation exemplifies the proverb that the absent are always at fault.

II

Meanwhile the plight of Congress is even worse. At least the President can reach the nation; but Congress cannot do that, although theoretically it represents the nation. Congressional proceedings are not reported by the press; the official record is not read, and is indeed not readable. The situation had a curious result in January, 1909, when there was an open quarrel between President Roosevelt and Congress. In order to get its side of the case before the public, it was actually proposed in the House to print for distribution two million copies of the reply of the House to the President's charges, but the proposal was defeated because of its futility. It was admitted by Mr. Williams of Mississippi, the minority leader: 'We knew, when we took up the cudgels that the President threw down, that he could get the ear of the country for a message, and that we could not get the ear of the country for speeches made in opposition.' On the particular point that caused the quarrel Congress had to yield, but it avenged itself by the passage of the law now obstructing national preparedness. It was put through as a rider on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill. This is the usual mode of Congressional encroachment upon the President's authority, as it puts the matter up to him in such a way that he can hardly use his veto power.

By means of riders Congress has largely superseded the President in the custody of executive power, although the Constitution expressly vests it in his office exclusively. The appropriation bills of every session give instructions to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, and other officials, to do things, and to make preliminary expenditures on undertakings that involve many millions of dollars. The surveys and reports for what are commonly known as the 'pork-barrel bills,' are usually arranged for in this way; and, meanwhile, officials charged with the administration of the services affected by such action may not be consulted at all. Postmaster-General Meyer once publicly stated that at the previous session, Congress had appropriated more than twenty million dollars for post-office buildings which had not been recommended by the Department. The present Postmaster-General has repeatedly protested against the unnecessary expense and inconvenience of buildings thus made part of his business plant against his judgment. It is the regular thing for Congress and the Post-office Department to be at cross purposes, for Congress defers to interests that favor a grand central building which shall be a show place, while the Department desires to be close to railroad terminals, its business being essentially one of transportation. The effect of Congressional policy is to increase the cost and reduce the efficiency of the postal service.

This is a fair sample of the sort of direction and management now attaching to the extension of government functions required by present conditions. The late Senator Aldrich, speaking on April 10, 1909, as Chairman of the Committee on Finance, computed the waste of public money as then amounting to fifty millions a year. What will it amount to as Congressional administration extends to the new services?

Nor does there appear to be any

means of limiting the process by any restrictive rule or legal check. A written constitution cannot guard itself against interpretation. No provision could be more explicit than the clause of the Constitution which says that 'every order, resolution or vote, to which the concurrence of the Senate and House of Representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment), shall be presented to the President,' and be subject to his veto. Nevertheless, what is termed a 'concurrent resolution' has been invented, which, it is held, does not have to be presented to the President. By this device Congress makes a large distribution of gratuities, perquisites, and offices among members at every session. But even if the veto power were practically available, what could it accomplish save to add to constitutional resources for obstruction and delay? In the new era which the United States has now entered the main question can never be what not to do, but what to do and how to do it. Hence the veto power is now nowhere a feature of government except in the United States. It has not been exercised in England since the age of Queen Anne. It is a survival of mediævalism quite incongruous with modern conditions, and any attempt to retain it and build upon it in the United States would be a grave national peril.

Popular approval of the veto power is now strong in this country because the people have acquired the habit of regarding a legislative assembly as a public enemy to be kept in bounds by intimidation. Sundry individuals in Congress may have strong and cordial local attachments, or may occupy positions of such advantage and opportunity as to inspire deference if not respect; but the prevailing attitude toward Congress is one of distrust, contempt, and hostility. Congressmen are constantly rated below their proper standing in character and capacity because the defects of the constitutional system in which they have to work are laid to their personal account.

Everywhere else in the world there is a close correspondence between private and public business in principles of organization. The administration, like the general manager of any business concern, is in possession of means to prepare all needful measures, to submit them to consideration with unrestricted facilities of statement and explanation, and to obtain a decision from the representative assembly, whose functions are analogous to those of a board of directors. So far as the mere legal power to introduce bills and to make legislative proposals is concerned, members of Congress are situated much as members of other national assemblies; but except in the United States the administration appears directly before the assembly with the power to propose and explain its measures. Such a situation makes criticism of the government's measures the most advantageous way of obtaining personal distinction, and the natural tendency of members is to leave to the administration the work of preparing bills. This tendency has attained its most extreme development in Switzerland, where it is the habit of members to leave all bill-drafting to the administration, and it is the practice of the administration to publish the text of the bills it intends to offer. Should the administration fail to present a measure which members may desire, the ordinary expedient is the passage of a resolution requesting the administration to prepare that measure. Although the Swiss Congress alters and amends freely, in that matter too it makes use of the administration, which retains charge of the bill and shapes its language in accord with the

instructions voted. It is obvious that the system precludes 'jokers.'

British commonwealths are not quite so open and precise in legislative methods, and their procedure is rather more voluminous and cumbrous than is the case in Switzerland, but nevertheless the number of bills introduced is comparatively small. During the sessions of the British Parliament extending from November 11, 1914, to January 27, 1916, — a period of over fourteen months, — 182 bills of all descriptions were introduced in the House of Commons and 49 came over from the House of Lords — a total of 231, most of them government measures. The last long session of Congress of which the complete record is now available, began December 6, 1915, and ended September 8, 1916 — a period of two days over nine months. In that time, 17,798 bills were introduced in the House and 7,020 in the Senate — 24,818 in all. In addition there were 477 joint resolutions and 86 of the 'concurrent resolutions,' whose flat opposition to the Constitution has been noticed, but which are probably indispensable to Congressional management under present conditions.

To deal with this mass of business the Senate has seventy-five standing committees and the House has fifty-nine. Each of these committees is virtually a fractional administration with a staff of subordinate officials; and as each pursues its views and purposes independently of the others, there may be a contrariety of aims in parts of the same service. Such differences are ordinarily settled by negotiation and compromise behind the scenes, but occasionally they break out on the floor. On February 15, 1909, there was a controversy in the Senate in which the advocates of battleships accused the committee in charge of the navy yards of failure to provide docks roomy enough for such vessels; and in reply it was contended that it was not the fault of the navy yards but was a consequence of 'the folly of Congress in ordering these monsters.' Such is the system of committee administration of government services under which our people are to risk their fortunes and their lives in the present war! As these lines were written proposals were pending to create some more of these committees.

Such conditions inevitably affect the ability of members to keep to a regular order and to take deliberate action. Hence the growth of special privilege and exclusive opportunity in the management of legislation. Hence the multiplication of offices and the distribution of 'pork' to keep members tractable and obedient to the exigencies of the situation. Once in a while the nature of the control exercised over Congress is nakedly revealed. On May 30, 1908, a committee chairman bluntly informed the House, 'I have the report of the conference on the Public Buildings bill in my pocket, I am going to keep it there until a satisfactory currency bill is passed.' Soon after the standing committee system was introduced, Fisher Ames predicted that the functions of Congress would be 'impaired and nullified by the monopoly as well as the perversion of information by these committees.'

The growth of the system has tended to convert the House into a mere registration machine and the Senate into a diplomatic assembly whose open proceedings are mere pageantry. The place in which conclusive action is taken is the committee of conference, whose theoretical function is to adjust differences between the two Houses, but which in practice may put in, leave out, or recast at its discretion; and its report must be accepted or rejected as a whole.

In No. 58 of *The Federalist*, Madison observed that 'in all legislative assemblies the greater the number composing them, the fewer will be the men who in fact direct the proceedings.' This is a fact inherent in the constitution of human nature, and no political arrangement can alter it. It is as true of private affairs as it is of public affairs. A few persons acting together can move freely; a large procession can move only on an appointed route and under designated leaders, or else it is certain to fall into disorder. The only open question is, who shall be the few that in fact direct the proceedings. A sound constitutional system makes this clear, and puts the responsibility for everything where it belongs. No such system exists in Congress; casual opportunity and interest decide everything, and members simply have to take such place and act such part as is open to them in the scuffle. Their success in extracting tolerable results from such conditions is really the most remarkable feature of the case. Acting under a system whose guiding principle is, not what will benefit the nation, but what will please the districts; bound to service as employment agent, pension agent, seed-distributor, or district solicitor; dependent for position on success in these particular activities and not on service to the nation; immersed in the low morality and exposed to the capricious moods which always ensue when public opinion is so situated that it cannot know to whom to give praise or blame for the character of public service, members as a class exhibit higher patriotism and greater capacity than have ever before been associated with assemblies of the type of our Congress.

The system naturally tends to select for itself men whose abilities are conformable to its nature, and a characteristic product is frank, humorous, impudent scoundrelism; but the fundamental source of evil is the system itself. The propensities displayed by our Congress and by our State legislatures have always been displayed by bodies of their type. Like the European diets of the Middle Ages, and like the Parliament of the Commonwealth period in England, they are organized as a representation of particular interests. Instruments of rapacity by the nature of their constitution, the tendency of such bodies has always been to become more corrupt, more noxious, more detestable, until they are swept away by the development of some form of Cæsarism.

III

It so happens that the outbreak of the war occurred at a stage of our constitutional development in which there was general recognition, among thoughtful political observers, of the breakdown of existing arrangements and of the necessity of radical treatment of the situation. Distrust of democracy, fear of the power of the people, is now the chief obstacle to the needed reforms, for it is the mainstay of the mediævalists whose influence is the more dangerous since it may be personally respectable. No difficulty whatever is presented by the case of the candid Congressmen who frankly avow that the present system is a grab game in which they intend to get their share. That is an intelligible position which can be dealt with. But there is nothing intelligible in the position which the mediævalists take in maintaining the conditions which produce the grab game. A distinguished Senator — who may perhaps be regarded as the leader of this element, in whose ranks he is certainly the most eminent — is always on the alert to see that the administration shall not propose measures directly to Congress. He has made solemn protests in the Senate

against even allowing the heads of departments to lay drafts of bills before committees — a practice whose convenience makes it of frequent occurrence. It would puzzle him to state specifically what public interest would be endangered. There is not an instance in all history of any public injury from direct communication of administrative proposals to the legislature; but doubtless plentiful discourse would be forthcoming as to the importance of checks, balances, and limitations of power.

That is the characteristic trait of mediævalism — its insistence upon the limitation of power. It is a political absurdity which the world has outgrown. It is as nonsensical for a statesman to complain about power in the government as it would be for an engineer to complain about the existence of force. The element of truth contained in the mediæval fallacy is that the irresponsible exercise of power is dangerous, and that is just what the present system provides. But there cannot be too much power in government. The advance of democracy is everywhere putting upon government tasks which require for its use all the power that can possibly be supplied. The ideal to which democratic progress is everywhere tending, with the United States lagging behind, is plenary power in the administration, subject to absolute control by the representatives of the people.

This situation is now the general one in democratic countries. It is exemplified in the legislation of a neighboring commonwealth belonging to the same constitutional stock as that from which our own constitution was derived. A Canadian statute requires the administration 'to do and authorize such acts and things' as may be deemed 'necessary or advisable for the security, defense, peace, order, and welfare of Canada.' The statute proceeds to instance particular requirements, but expressly declares that they are to be construed 'not so as to restrict the generality of the foregoing terms.' By putting this statute beside the statute of the United States heretofore cited, there is obtained a typical contrast between modern democratic government and mediævalism. The Canadian statute can be abundantly paralleled in the legislation of England, Switzerland, Australia, New Zealand, and indeed in every modern state. To find a parallel to the law on our own statute books it will be necessary to go back at least two centuries; indeed, the archives of Poland or the records of mediæval diets might have to be searched before an enactment of like tenor could be found.

It should be observed that public necessities do not abate because legal provision for them is refused. The inadequacy of the statutory powers of the President of the United States is causing his office to have a strong tendency to assume the character of a dictatorship, acting without regulation or control in the exercise of the vague and illimitable war powers of the Constitution. It is true that such an enactment as the Canadian statute confers all the powers a dictator could employ, but with the all-important difference that those powers are a legal trust, exercised under responsibilities enforced by a representative assembly in direct contact with the administration and thus in a position to maintain supervision and control. No such organ of control now exists in the United States; and here we reach the heart of the situation. The cure for all our constitutional defects, the remedy for all the varied ills of our politics, is the conversion of Congress into an organ of control. It is at present what Burke described as 'a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency.' Every assem-

bly tends to fall into that situation unless precautions are adopted which are simple in their nature, but exacting in their requirements and difficult to apply. The cardinal principle is that the representative body shall have absolutely no share in the administration; then, and only then, will it form a system of national control over the administration in behalf of the people. It cannot share in the administration and hold control over it at the same time. It is quite obvious that, if members can distribute offices and appropriations among themselves, they will be interested in profusion rather than in economy, and they will practice the one while they may talk the other.

It is a singular piece of good fortune in this emergency that the proper course of action was distinctly traced by the founders of our government. No more is required than to carry on the work of reform which they began, and by the same expedients that they recommended. It is still as true as when Hamilton said it, that the way to correct the defects of Congress is to increase its powers, enlarge its functions, and augment its responsibilities. It is still as true as when he said it, that by making it the business of the administration to initiate legislation, 'a million of abuses now existing would be corrected, and judicious plans would be formed and executed for the public good.' *The Federalist* will still serve as the textbook of constitutional improvement. Statements of correct principles for present application abound in its pages. The fallacies which now bewilder some well-meaning publicists will be found analyzed and refuted there. The pet argument of the mediævalists, to the effect that the principle of the separation of the powers forbids direct connection between the executive and legislative branches, was dissected by Madison in Nos. 47 and 48. He made an observation which goes to the very root of the matter when he pointed out that a proper separation between the executive and legislative branches cannot be maintained in practice without such connection as will enable each to discharge its functions by its own proper authority. All the evils now experienced in Congressional procedure spring from defect at this point. If that defect can be corrected, everything else may be safely disregarded. It will have the effect of lifting Congress to a plane of dignity and power to which its character will inevitably respond, through the ordinary working of political force even while moving only on lines of party convenience. It will hold the government up to the full measure of its duties and keep it within the proper bounds of its authority, by subjecting all the details of its conduct to direct, minute, and continuous responsibility. It will establish in their integrity the functions both of administration and of control on which the health of a constitutional system depends.

There is therefore just one demand which need be made by public opinion. It is this: that the administration shall have the right to introduce bills into Congress and obtain its decision upon them without unreasonable delay; and that no appropriations shall be made by Congress except upon executive recommendation. This implies that the administration shall have complete access to the House, and that it shall have the powers over time of debate now wielded by the Committee on Rules. No more than this is required to cure the defects of our system of government; nothing less will suffice.

Present conditions are intolerable. Some change must take place. The one open question is, whether it will be brought about by reflection and choice or by accident and force.

IN TURKISH QUARANTINE

BY GALENE PHILADELPHEUS

It was late afternoon when we caught the first glimpse of the quarantine camp pitched on one of the higher peaks of Kara-Dagh — the Black Mountain. An hour or so later we left the dusty road and, turning aside, drove up to the official shanty which displayed impartially the red flag with the star and crescent and the bilious banner of quarantine authority.

Behind the shanty, some hundred or more dirty-looking tents lifted pointed peaks to the blue sky. I saw little more. One does not meet with joyful expectancy the prospect of three days' detention in camp with camel and pack-mule drivers, gypsies and Kurds, and men, women, and children of all sorts, ages, and classes — especially at a time when a cholera epidemic levies a life-tax.

With the help of our Turkish driver, my two companions and I moved our things from our wagon to the tent assigned to us. Covering the earthen floor with layers of newspaper, we spread our rugs and bedding over them and made ourselves as comfortable as we could under such circumstances. Some supper and a cup of tea, precariously made over an alcohol lamp, added an adventurous tinge to our situation.

After supper, with my spirits restored, I lifted the flap-door of our tent and stepped out. The last lingering glow of sunset had faded, and clear starry night had settled upon the broad expanse. For miles about, as far as the eye could see, the mountains sloped away. Peak upon peak, in varying shades of darkness, the ranges vanished in the dim distance, touched only in the east by the gleam of the rising moon. The mountain-tops rose bare above intervening valleys, which were darkened by forest growth. Here and there, white ravines gashed the mountain-sides, ending abruptly where the forests began. From the northeast, a sharp, cool wind blew in gusts that did not spare our exposed position.

Immediately about me, the tents gleamed white in contrast to the night, and, interspersed among them, the black, empty, round-topped wagons pointed long shafts at all angles and in all directions. Dim lights flickered in the triangular openings of the tents, making the passing figures appear as silhouettes against them. In a clearing, in the centre of the camp, a fire blazed. Its flames leaped high in the wind, but higher still rose the flying sparks before they vanished in the darkness. In the light of the flames a queer figure of a man dancing was revealed, with a circle of spectators about him.

Drawn by the strange scene, I approached. By the green turban which the dancer wore I knew him to be a dervish.[1] A prominent forehead, a clean-cut nose, and deep-set eyes whose blue shone even in that dim light, were all that I could see of his features, and this only fragmentarily as flashes of firelight, from moment to

[1] A member of any of various Mohammedan orders of a fanatical and more or less ascetic character. — The Author.

moment, fell on his face. The rest of it was covered by a thick, bristly, red beard. Under his white cap and green turban, long, reddish-fawn-colored locks fell in curls and mingled with the glossy fleece of a sheepskin which he wore suspended from his shoulders and covering his back. The fleece was the exact color of his hair, so that one could not distinguish where one ended and the other began. This gave him a strange, half-wild appearance.

At first, the dancer's motions were slow and rhythmic, accompanied by a low chant that heaved now and then into greater volume. His feet tapped the ground and his body swayed. As though waiting for some power to come to him out of the vast night, he fixed his eyes in absent expectancy on the starry distance. He invoked it and appealed to it, till slowly and by degrees its influence seemed to steal over him and, through him, to bind us also in its spell. Now he danced in an ecstatic frenzy. Louder and louder rose his monotonous song as he stamped his feet one moment and whirled on his toes the next, now bent low and again leaped high, sending the fantastic sheepskin flapping behind him like a thing alive. The veins on his forehead stood out; he labored for breath; his song broke into detached hoarse notes; then abruptly he stopped. He cast a look about him as though awaking suddenly to the fact of our presence; then, with a quick movement, he put his hand to his belt and drew out a narrow two-edged lance about a foot and a half long.

A backward spasm ran through the crowd as we caught the gleam of the thin blade. What might not a frenzied dervish do? Yet, he was calm. He removed his cap and laid it on the ground before him. Then, placing a large stone beside his cap, he kneeled and lifted the weapon over his head. Turning it point downward and holding it so that it touched the crown of his head, he called for some one out of the crowd to go forward and drive it in. At his repeated call, several made a movement to go and then drew back. But finally, a rough-looking fellow slouched forward with a self-conscious grin which ill-disguised his superstitious fear, giving the lie to his nonchalant scorn. He lifted the stone from the ground and started pounding on the short handle of the lance. Thud after thud drove the blade in. Our hearts echoed each stroke with a dull grating pang, but the dervish knelt perfectly still, except for the jar of the blows which shook the thick locks that rested on his shoulders. The distant look once more crept to his face and transformed it, lending to it a strange grimness. The heat and frenzy of the last dance were replaced by a cold rapture, while a steely look came into his eyes.

At last he rose, with the lance fastened firm and upright on top of his head.

'Humbug! Deceiver!' voices broke out among the crowd. 'There is no blood! We want to see blood!'

The dervish made no answer. Undisturbed, he swept us all with a look of stolid contempt, and then abandoned himself once more to his religious emotion. With rhythmic intonations he swung into a dance which was fierce in restraint and rugged reserve. His motions cast the shadow of that upright lance now here, now there, making it touch now one and then another of the spectators like a grim, black, gruesome finger. I shuddered when once it swung suddenly round and pointed accusingly at me.

Whether the second dance lasted ten minutes or half an hour, I do not know. The immediate situation held me so in its spell that I could judge nothing —

estimate nothing. I only felt; and what I felt had no parallel or counterpart in my previous experience. At such times the primitive and elemental prevails. The soul sees itself divested of the accumulations of centuries. It recognizes the origin of thoughts, and moods, and feelings which, before, had seemed incongruous and perplexing. It emerges out of such experiences strangely sobered and enlightened. Enlightened, I say, because it has looked into its own mysterious depths. As I stood there that night, I felt as if the fire, the mountains, the stars overhead, and the crude inarticulate call in that man's soul were all a part of my very being. In the strength of that primal affinity, a whole world of artificial distinctions seemed to vanish away.

When he paused, the dancer's face was haggard. He raised his arm and drew the weapon from his head. Then he brought the point to the right side of his face and, keeping the blade level, with an artful twist of the hand he thrust it into the cheek. Another twist, and yet another, until the lance pierced the left cheek also and showed through on the other side.

One solitary hoarse taunt was heard, calling again for blood, but it was suppressed by the crowd.

The dervish resumed his dance. His emotion rose to a white heat as once more he whirled on his toes, flung his arms, flapped his sheepskin, and tossed his heavy locks. The blade interfered with his tongue and reduced his chant to broken, guttural sounds. Finally, exhausted, he stopped. He drew the lance out of his cheeks and held it up, calling to the unbelievers to inspect it.

The dance was over. The fire dropped low in crumbling embers. The moon hung above in its pale, distant light. The chill breeze still swept the mountain-side. From one of the tents there came the wail of a sick child and the low murmur of a mother's voice. A horse whinnied in the outskirts of the camp. Our surroundings resumed their reality, and we dispersed to our tents.

The next morning, the sun shone once again upon the dirty camp. The twentieth-century doctor rode from the neighboring village to inspect us as we filed past him. Those who had completed their three days of quarantine were dismissed; the rest of us returned to await our time.

A skirted figure, with a sheepskin over its back and the sole outfit of a walking stick, set out alone upon its onward journey. All that remained of the previous night's experience was a weird memory and a circle of ashes and charred bits of wood in a clearing at the centre of the camp.

POETRY INSURGENT AND RESURGENT

BY O. W. FIRKINS

HENRY JAMES, the beloved recreant, became an English citizen for the sake of the right to say 'we' after a victory. Without copying his bold step or war-like motive, I shall use 'we' in this essay to comprise both Englishmen and Americans, and what is said of the English applies largely, though not strictly or evenly, to my own countrymen.

Some weeks ago, I remarked in conversation that the English tongue, like the English mind, in its daily use and wont, was unpoetical, and that this circumstance was a hardship and a drawback to our poetry. My friend observed that with Spanish, his mother-tongue, this was not the case: Spanish in daily use is half-poetry, even as certain voices, in common speech, are half-music. In English two evils result: we have to go twice as far to get our poetry, and our poetry, when reached, is twice as far from our hearts, our habits, our simple ease and cheer. A dilemma ensues: either our verse, obedient to the ideals of poetry, maintains a high, unbroken level of ornament and distinction, at the cost of a troubling estrangement; or, obedient to the temper of the language, it achieves ease and fellowship at the price of marked inequalities, frequent descents, and a liberal inclusion of the rugged and commonplace.

My thesis is that, during the last two centuries, English poetry has accepted a principle which is Spanish or Italian rather than English — the principle of uninterrupted beauty and distinction; that, while we still want poetry, we do not want that kind of poetry; and that the unrest, the discontent, and the revolt which have unsettled the poetical composition of the last fifty years are aimed at the replacement of English poetry on its primitive and rightful English basis. The law which governs our poetry today is the acquired and alien law of constancy in beauty with variations and inequalities in life; the ancient and native law for English verse is constancy in vitality with interruptions or disparities in charm.

The principle is not confined to Britain: it is the basis of primitive poetry everywhere; we may surmise that the Greeks, conforming to a like expectation, found in Homer a vivid and spirited novelist, in the *Iliad* a sublimated *Treasure Island*, in the *Odyssey* a glorified *Robinson Crusoe*. But the mark of the tendency is clear on our earlier and larger poets. Chaucer, with his ingratiating ease and his cheerful shedding of responsibility, flutters from grave to gay, from plainness to ornament, with the unconcern of a bird for whom the ownership of wings has made the world a plane. Shakespeare recalls his own Prince Hal in his adaptation to all levels. He can say in one place, —

> 'By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,' —

and, thirty lines farther on, can talk in this fashion: —

> 'But that I think his father loves him not
> And would be glad he met with some mischance,
> I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.'

This is no shift from scene to scene or from mouth to mouth; it is the same mouth in the same scene, and the instance is not untypical either of Shakespeare or of his brother Elizabethans. Even Spenser, though a sumptuous and opulent writer, is the opposite of finical.

The evil began, I think, with Milton. That studious and meditative mind, in the bright seclusion of its youthful scholarship and the dark seclusion of its uncherished age, found leisure to perfect and mature its English until every word took on the potency and pregnancy that words possess in an oath or a spell. Later on, in the mid-eighteenth century, came those literary illuminators of missals, Collins and Gray. Then came that tender effulgence of the Georgian awakening, the dearest, though not the highest, moment in our literature, when English became for a few years almost a Romance tongue, and when, in Shelley and Keats at least, spontaneity became for once, not the adversary, but the associate and ally, of the principle of undeviating beauty.

In this world the exquisite is the momentary. The shades of the prison-house closed around that heaven in which the infancy of the nineteenth century had found a Wordsworthian cradle. And then came Tennyson, to whose diversity my concision is unjust — Tennyson the gifted, the regal, to whose magic and whose sovereignty we may perhaps largely refer the *impasse* in which English poetry at this crucial moment finds itself. He took up the work of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley: of their outcry he made his ritual; of their impulse he made his law. The belt of style was tightened round the shapely figure of the gasping but submissive Muse. Matthew Arnold, a man of high poetical ideals, with which his practice occasionally caught up, wrote a verse which on the whole confirms the æsthetic stringency of Tennyson. The tendency was prolonged, if not augmented, in the mingled nectar and narcotic of Rossetti, and in Swinburne's unearthly effect of league on league of dancing phosphorescence. How strongly the influence survives may be proved by a reference to such Americans as George Sterling, William Rose Benét, Brian Hooker, Alexander Percy, Grace Hazard Conkling, Olive Tilford Dargan, and Josephine Peabody Marks.

Meanwhile the race and its poetry drift apart. Books of verse find authors, publishers, critics: the reader alone is coy. This reluctance transcends the proletariat or *bourgeoisie* of letters; it attacks the educated, the cultivated, the lovers of beauty, the lovers of literature, in a sense the lovers of poetry itself. I love poetry if the proneness of lines to burrow and nest in my memory be an index of that love; yet for my own will or weal I would not read one twentieth, one fiftieth, part of the matter which I consume in the penance of reviewership. I would not willingly read even the poetry that I respect and applaud. If this be set down to the peevishness of satiety, let me ask any reader if, in that baptism in Castaly with which no man of culture would dispense, he would not in all candor prefer sprinkling to immersion. The reason is not dark. The dean of American letters has hinted, in words which I paraphrase, that poetry is an interspersion, even an aspersion, in the normal life of man. Perusal means unbroken poetical sensation. Why should I, who doubt if actual living ever yielded me five minutes of unqualified and consecutive poetical experience, demand that sensation by the hour, when the vehicle is literature? For me poetry dots life; I could wish that it dotted literature also.

I cannot read poetry long with comfort unless it be mixed with other elements. I adapt myself to the Shakespearean drama, because Shakespeare, good fellow that he was and is, allows me so often to forget the poetry. But modern verse-drama is scantily read, in spite of the premium offered by the presence of a story in action. In this favored field, where drama might have expected to preside at the resurrection of poetry, poetry officiates at the interment of drama. ''T is a very excellent piece of work,' said that incisive judge of arts and letters, Christopher Sly; 'would 't were done.' Even narrative poetry is respectfully forsaken. Our lads are unresponsive to Scott, and the poetic treasure of *Paradise Lost* is deposited in a safe of which posterity has mislaid the combination.

How far this incapacity is peculiar to our race, I have no leisure to discuss. It is not improbable that the intensity of our labor, the insalubrity of our climate, the opacity of our senses, the terrible omnipresence of that death-in-life which is known as organization, may have sapped our power of continuous receptivity. Nor shall I ask how far the defect is confined to our era. It seems probable enough that the vast expansion of business and of science, two forces which in their ripeness and complexity are churlish to that poetry with which their infancy was sociable, may have impaired a sensibility which brightened life for our ancestors. It is probably true, as Lowell suggested, that the language has lost its docility to the tutelage of verse. Words lose their poetic values in daily speech, and the restoration of this forfeit virtue in the hour of demand becomes increasingly difficult. Types of English unfriendly to poetry leave their finger-marks on the words that poetry must use — newspaper English with its resonant vacuity, technical English with the Libyan monotony of its waterless and featureless expanse, statutory English, the legal *sentence*, symbolic in its length and dreariness of that other object of the same name to which its contents so often warningly point. The outcome is natural enough; the poet is tempted to recast the refractory language, and in the recast it becomes a foreign tongue.

But even while the coil was tightening round poetry, protest and revolt could not be quieted. There is one not inconsiderable section of poetry, comprising the dialect poem, the humorous poem, the military poem, and the adventure poem, which has remained intractable to the æsthetic yoke. This type, which reverts to the mediæval ballads, if not to Beowulf, has been possibly the lustiest and healthiest section of English poetry since the departure of Shakespeare and the advent of Milton. 'Horatius,' of bridge-keeping fame, is neither so high nor so fine as 'A Dream of Fair Women,' but it is firmer-pulsed and warmer-blooded. 'Danny Deever' is less refined but more racial than 'Lamia' or 'Isabella' or even the 'Ode to Melancholy.' The debt we owe to sheer dialect for the maintenance of robuster ideals of poetry is considerable. Burns was a loosening, if not a liberating, influence. The Muse, who had grown ladylike with Gray and Collins, in her scamperings over gorse and heather with Robert Burns put on freckles, which her resumption of veil and parasol in the ensuing century never quite removed from her expressive face.

The Biglow Papers, published in the crucial forties and sixties in our own country, proved the capacity of dialect to set forth lofty purpose and vigorous thought, and to skim lightly up and down the long scale that divides the grotesque from the sublime. That problem of rising, sinking, and rising

again with ease, which is well-nigh insoluble for Miltonic and Tennysonian verse, is solved by dialect with curious deftness and dispatch. Dialect can entertain that rudeness which is often a half-virtue without falling into that cheapness which is universally a sin. Its part in poetry is that of an elevator in a building, which, keeping its headquarters in the basement, makes itself in succession contiguous to all levels. If it be asked why its universal adoption should not lead us out of all our difficulties, the answer is simply that the virtue of dialect is occasional; on becoming standard it would lose its freedom. You cannot keep house in an elevator.

Many things in our day have exalted the muscular and manly lyric, the lyric of furrow, shaft, and trench. There were Bret Harte's Californian narratives, to which Eugene Field's later experiments were related as treble to baritone; there were John Hay's few but widely read *Pike County Ballads;* there was the fiery onset of Mr. Kipling's troopers before which the routed public made way in unconditional surrender; and, still later, the thronging arrows that sang and glinted in Mr. Chesterton's battle-shaken verse. But, useful as these poems were in keeping alive the tradition of an unshackled and adventurous poetry, they could not solve the major problem. They constituted an enclosure, a bounded plot of verse, subject to its peculiar customs, and the freedom of their methods influenced the stricter poetry hardly more than the waiving of the dress-suit in the entertainments of the Bronx impairs its obligation on Fifth Avenue. The higher and prouder verse had to reform itself from within, and I ask you to follow with me a few steps in its self-renovation.

The first place in the record belongs to Wordsworth's plea, enforced by precept and example, for a poetic diction which should reflect the language of actual men when that language was swayed by emotion. The theory had its infirmities, and Wordsworth, in whom, as everybody knows, the genius and the prophet made common house with the simpleton and the prig, was clumsy both as exponent and illustrator of its virtues. His specimens sometimes justified, more often caricatured, his theory, and new methods in his later poems impeached the soundness of his earlier doctrine. An enemy or satirist, wanting my own reverence for Wordsworth, might declare that the brayings of his ponderous and Latinized maturity were intended to drown out the bleatings of his youth. I content myself with the remark that his retreat had all the poignancy of retractation.

Wordsworth, with his great name and sound intent, accomplished little for the cause; far more was achieved by the headstrong impulse of that dauntless gladiator, Robert Browning. The service did not come from the eccentric and acrobatic Browning, and it found no sustenance in his crabbedness, his obscurities, his verbosities, and his circumlocutions. It was the sane and normal Browning, the Browning of 'My Last Duchess' and 'Andrea Del Sarto,' who served us stoutly by the demonstration that poetry, without abandoning its final reserves of elevation and distinction, might be generously inclusive, both in the range of its topic and allusion and the varied graduation of its tone. This was true help, and simplified the problem.

The next person to be dealt with is Whitman. That curious being was a sort of Krishna,—or perhaps only a Krishna Mulvaney,—and the homage which one element of our public pays to his godship may be correlated with that devotion which a less lettered sec-

tion offers on the shrine of Mrs. Eddy. Some injustice was done him in his lifetime, and a compunctious posterity has been increasingly liberal of expiations. In the conflict between himself and public opinion, Whitman incurred rather than achieved a victory, and we have complied with military usage by paying him indemnity ever since. In my judgment Whitman's positive contribution to the movement has been meagre. No doubt his peculiarities and his reputation, acting in concert, have been negatively helpful in giving a powerful jolt or concussion to the old narrowly limited and stubbornly intrenched conception of poetry. But we must bear in mind that Whitman's innovations are referable less to the breakdown of the tradition before his powers and demands than to the breakdown of his capacities before the strength of its requirements. Whitman went barefoot, if the metaphor be forgivable, not from that conscientious and deliberate preference for bare feet which is the index of self-respecting boyhood in America, but because he could not get his foot into the shoe. He shirked metre, and the shirker cannot help us. I grant him scattered inspirations, but no competence; and no man can strike a new and lasting balance between inspiration and skill who is not at the same time skillful and inspired. Whitman's bulkiness, his prattle, his laxity, the piling-up of formless lists, like family furniture in the mover's van (the least reputable and seemly objects in the ménage putting on a dismaying prominence in the portentous load), all these things are signs of an inaptness for leadership in a literary reform.

Thomas Hardy's recklessness in the support of freedom took half the value from his courage. A born artist, in a mood of recalcitrancy toward art, at the very moment that he vivified his poetry with energy and passion, he allowed it to become almost churlish in its refusal of amenities. In our advanced epoch poetry admits rawnesses that careful prose would hardly tolerate, as advanced women listen composedly to utterances that are rather disconcerting to men. Mr. Hardy's verse repoints the lesson that poetry, in doffing the purple, need not and should not put on the wolfskin.

George Meredith, with his rich poetical endowment, his fearlessness, and his serene command of the impossible, might have seemed the destined renovator of our verse; but unluckily he outran the tradition in the very points of diction and ornament in which the tradition itself was peccant. By contrast with his remoteness our Tennysons and Rossettis grew neighborly and familiar, as a European impresses us like a compatriot when we meet him in the presence of an Asiatic.

Meredith, then, hardly figures in the return to Lebanon, and Hardy's aid is checkered if not dubious. A third Englishman, Mr. John Masefield, their fellow in scorn of convention and plenitude of temperament, outdid them in efficiency of service. I do not include in this service the violent and ribald diction which supplied his early narratives with a flaring advertisement for which he atoned in the double penalty of narrow blame and shallow praise. This was an incidental error. He was right in his perception that the specific for our poetic ills is the shift of emphasis from beauty to life, — I would personally add without effacement of beauty, — and a man of his origins must not be too roughly chidden if he put the headquarters of vitality in the bar-room and the prize-ring. He helped us by showing that the sorry and homely face of common life is to be ameliorated, not by the application of salves or unguents to the surface, but

by the lighting-up of its rude features through the infusion of new blood-warmth from the heart. I add in frankness that my approval of the tendency does not embrace all its illustrations.

To recross the Atlantic (I regret in these critical times to expose the civilian reader so often in a single hour to the risks of ocean travel; I can only say that the fragile bottom in which they sail contains, so far as the skipper knows, no explosives, and nothing, he fears, which rigorous German standards would classify as food-stuffs), — to recross the Atlantic, two American poets, so unlike that their names are probably now coupled for the first time, have done strange and daring things with the most patrician of English measures — blank verse. They have stripped that august metre of its trappings and its trammels; they have warped and wrung its feet; they have replaced its ancient oratorio harmonies with a rude and hearty music not unrefreshing to the pampered ear; they have pared diction, in an emphatic sense, *to the quick*, and have shown how the language of poetry can largely recover, through passion, the dignity it has lost through homeliness. The first of the two men is our foremost academician, W. D. Howells, whose recent blank-verse dialogues, like 'The Father and Mother' and 'The Mother,' were offered to the half-reluctance of a drowsy public, incredulous of the possibility that a man who wrote placid verse in his twenties and thirties should make his seventies vibrant by original and moving poetry. The second is Mr. Robert Frost, a younger writer, with more drama and more incisiveness, who in his remarkable *North of Boston*, undertook, not without success, the surgery of our inflated literature. In his latest volume, *Mountain Interval*, he has sometimes reminded us that the surgeon is related to the executioner.

From *Spoon River*, on the other hand, with its institution of a post-mortem on a civic scale, I think we draw no solid help. I do not complain of Mr. Masters for serving poetry to me in an earthen jug; my complaint is that in *Spoon River* at least, in pouring the precious liquid from the Venetian chalice into the earthen jug, he has spilled the poetry. I would not deny to Mr. Masters the honor of enrollment in the great uprising which tends to renovate the conduct and the aims of poetry; and the free-verse people in general must be credited with enlistment, if not with achievement, in the cause. Their post on the battle-front has been unhappily chosen. They are a sort of Roumania, cleaving to the right side, as sides go, in their late entrance into the enlarging conflict, but unwise in the choice of an antagonist, and likely to incur humiliations which may prove to be a stumbling-block to their allies.

While I would on no account deter any man from writing any kind of verse which he can make agreeable to other men, I do not think that metre has been a prime offender in the transactions which subject poetry to attack. The prime offenders are diction, tone, and subject. Metre in English is a good creature, a decent body, exempt from aristocratic predilections; the very existence of the word 'doggerel' connotes its friendly openness to all kinds of homespun and hearty affiliations.

The career of free verse has been marked by a diverting irony. Adopted in France as the fine extremity of a long process of refined æsthetic evolution, and transmitted with due solemnity to elect recipients in England and America, it was acclaimed in our simple-minded country as a release from artistic toil and a signal to expectant myriads. We hailed the tardy fulfilment of the Biblical prediction, 'Then

shall the lame man [the man limping in his prosodic feet] leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.' Every one could now write verse, and Parnassus was safe for democracy. We surpassed our redoubtable precursor, Molière's M. Jourdain, in the discovery that we had all been talking *poetry* all our lives.

I shall not linger on the various follies which grimace and chuckle on the edges of the particolored movement. In revolutionary or rebellious times the fools are perennially active; they want another chance. The leaders are of another class, and my main point is that even efforts which are puerile as outputs are respectable as symptoms. They afford an illustration of the reach and scope of the movement for the restoration of our displaced poetry to its proper basis.

Let me sum up the situation briefly. During the last two centuries a gap has arisen between the poetry that we want and need and the poetry that is supplied by our artists. The true English note in verse is heartiness, lustihood, marrow; the note of our recent poetry has been fineness, rarity, distinction. I would not say that our masters of finish have actually wanted life, but they have so far embosomed and secreted that life as to place it beyond instant and general reach. The watch has continued to tick, but the massiveness of the gold casing has made its beats barely audible to the quick ear. Now, the return from cunning to nature is by no means infrequent in literature, but the movement was embarrassed in our case by the fact that the daily speech, perhaps the hourly thought, of a stock inherently poetic, was leaning more and more toward the pedestrian. We found ourselves in the dilemma of a man obliged to choose between a costly and luxurious habit which cramped his breath and impeded his movements, and a plain working-suit too homely to be presentable. The public attitude bred a further complication. Reform could be final only when the changing practice of poets was met half-way by the changing taste of readers. A division had grown up between the *taste* of the public and its *appetite*, and our tongues hankered for piquancies which we felt to be innutritious to our systems.

These points are aggravations of a problem which at this hour is not fully solved or even assured of solution. Its mere existence, however, testifies to the strength and soundness of the enduring English instinct, and imparts to the history of poetry in our day that dramatic vigor which its solution may hand on to the poetry itself.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

BY CORNELIA THROOP GEER

UNDER the pensive Irish moon swayed a tattered blackthorn tree; under the blackthorn tree an old white sow sprawled among her eager, parti-colored litter.

But the placid pigs were not alone, deserted to the mercy of the first light-fingered wanderer who should pass that way. Nor were the young ones left to the heedless tramplings of their heavy-footed parent. A guard was set upon them; but the guard was asleep. Outside the pen two little figures lay, wrapped in the thin, impressionable dreams of childhood. The girl's long, unkempt hair was spread upon the grass like a shadow; the wind blew, and the shadow seemed to move. Bridgie sat up, blinking her black-fringed eyelashes as a black moth moves its wings.

'Michael! For shame!'

She kneaded the boy's back with two worrying fists.

He sat up too, and rubbed his crisp hair and his eyes.

'A Sidhe could take away the little pigs, and we not know it.'

She knelt by the sty and peered in.

'They're there,' she reported.

Sullen grunts and happy squeals proclaimed them safe. Michael stood up and stretched his slim body toward the moon; Bridgie saw his tense arms upraised against its quiet disc.

'Is th' ould one lying on any?' she asked. 'Granny'd be annoyed if one should be crushed, and we sleeping.'

The boy leaned over the edge of the sty, waving his bare feet in the air and poking each little pig in turn. The squealing increased to the excited pitch of an auction sale.

'They're all alive. Th' ould one is in the corner and the little ones sucking. Are n't they the comical things!'

Bridgie joined him. They see-sawed back and forth on hardy little stomachs. The white sow lay on her side, serene and somnolent. The little ones were lined up in action; only an even row of wriggling tails was visible to the children.

'Do ye know, Michael,' panted Bridgie, 'there's one of thim pigs that maddens me. It does be always causing trouble among the others. It's that black one, the only black one in the whole lot.'

'Why does he madden ye? He's an innocent pig enough.'

'He's so black — and so gay. — Oh, ye divil!'

'What is it?'

'He has me heart destroyed entirely with jumping and squealing the whole night through. Not two times but forty I've thought he was under the feet of th' ould one.'

'He's no worse than the rest.'

'But he is, Michael.' Bridgie stamped one tough little bare foot. 'How would you know whether he was or he was n't, and you lying on the ground like a lump. Sure, it's only now I went to sleep. I've been watching all the night the way th' ould one would n't lie on any.'

Michael yawned and stretched again.

'I seen a Sidhe,' announced Bridgie in a whisper.

She looked like a Sidhe herself, standing there with her bare legs, her wild, dark hair, and elfish, moonlight-colored face.

'Bridgie Farley, mind what ye say. That makes twice ye 've said ye seen a Sidhe. Ye remember what Father O'Shaughnessy said.'

'What did he say?' asked Bridgie, swaying her lithe body back and forth in assumed nonchalance.

'That every lie ye'd tell would trace a black finger-print on yere heart. They'll all be known one day. And besides — what did it do?'

'It — sang.'

'And what did it sing, Bridgie?' Michael leaned against the pen and looked at her out of round eyes, half-fascinated, half-accusing.

'I could n't be sure that it sang, Michael. It might have been the wind passing through the thorn tree.'

'But if it had sung, what would it be singing?' He leaned closer, enthralled.

'If it had sung, Michael — and mind, I don't say it did sing and I don't say it did n't sing. But if it did, it would be "The Black King of Tara." '

'Sing it you, Bridgie.'

Bridgie sang from curving, childish lips, from nothing deeper. But it sounded like the sob of a broken spirit.

'The Black King of Tara
Was lord of many lands;
He'd gold and jewels plenty
And rings to his hands.

'He'd a fairy queen to wife,
And her eyes were mild;
But her arms were empty,
She had no child.

'The king's wife of Tara
Had thirty gowns of silk
And a milk-white cow
To give her milk.

'She'd a necklace of pearls,
And her eyes were mild;
But her arms were empty,
She had no child.'

The last note died out among the unkempt trees.

'Is there any more?' Michael's voice was hushed.

'There is not, dearie. How could there be more? Or if there is more, I don't know it.'

A food-riot ensued among the little pigs, accompanied by a series of disgusted grunts from the source of supply.

'That's that black divil again, Michael. I'm sure of that.' Bridgie rose up as lightly as a water-reed. 'Ah,' she exclaimed, peering in upon the greedy family group, 'if I could reach him, I'd smack him!'

With a superhuman effort she once more threw her body on the shaky fence, and leaning far over administered a deft but very forceful punishment. 'Now, will ye be good!'

There was a sharp squeal and a pathetic little huddled heap of what had once been a pig.

'Mind, Bridgie! Ye've hurted him!'

Bridgie straightened up with a white, scared face.

'Is it dead he is?'

'He looks dead, Bridgie, and he acts dead. That's sure.'

'What will Granny say, Michael?' sobbed the wilted Bridgie. Then she raised a proud, black head. 'I don't care what she says. But I feel bad for the pig, a little thing as full of life as a bird.'

'Perhaps he's only sleeping.'

'I don't think a pig would be such a sudden sleeper, Michael. It could n't be a natural sleep, after a smack like that.' She paused, and rubbed her bare, round arm across her eyes. 'Perhaps it was th'ould one did it after all,' she added as an afterthought.

'Oh, it was n't th' ould one.'

'How do you know it was n't? It's night; sure, you can't see everything plain.'

'I thought I seen ye hit it.'

'Ye thought! Thinking's an easy thing.'

'But Bridgie —'

'Are ye sure, Michael?' asked Bridgie, with a quaver in her voice. 'Granny'll beat me.'

'I thought I was sure.'

'But ye're not sure.' Bridgie paused, and went on slowly, 'And I'm not sure. And look at th'ould one itself — sniffing it and feeling it with its nose. It's clear the mother thinks it was herself done it.'

'What's the matter, Bridgie?' faltered Michael in a daze. 'What difference does it make what the mother would be thinking?'

'All the difference in the world, Michael. Because the little one thought it was the mother done it.'

'What if it did?' asked Michael blankly.

'But, Michael, if you think it, and I think it, and th' ould one thinks it, and if the little one itself thought the mother did it —'

'What then? I don't see, Bridgie.'

'But if we all think the pig done it, who is there thinks I done it?'

'I do,' was the dogged reply.

'But ye said ye were n't sure.'

'Did I?'

'Ye did. And if ye were n't quite sure, Michael, I should think the three of us would be enough to make ye sure.'

'What three?' queried Michael, now thoroughly bewildered.

'Why, the two pigs and myself.'

Michael put his hand to his head in confusion. Bridgie looked into the pen with sad and dreamy eyes.

'That's a terrible thing, Michael. A pig to kill its own child, and it the only black one in it and the liveliest of all.'

'And did she?' The boy steadied himself against the side of the pen.

'She did. Don't ye see her grieving for it now?'

Michael turned away, and scratched his baffled head. Bridgie continued to gaze into the scene of the disaster, — at the inert body of the little victim. When she looked up, tears were in her eyes.

'Michael,' she said reproachfully, 'ye should n't let on to a pig that she did a thing she did n't do. Not even to comfort me, Michael. That pig feels very bad.'

'But she did do it,' stammered Michael with a note of pleading in his voice.

'She did not then. You know it, Michael, and I know it. Never mind,' she murmured to the bereaved, 'never mind him, ould mother. Ye did n't do it at all.' The tears began to flow unchecked. 'I did it; but it was an accident, dearie, and I'm sorry I did. And Granny can beat me if she likes.'

Michael put both hands to his little tumbled head, and turned away in deep perplexity. Bridgie gave a cry and clutched his arm.

'It stirred, Michael! Did ye see it? It's up now and walking away and th' ould one nipping its ear. Did ye ever see the like, Michael? It was only stunned it was. Is n't th' ould sow pleased! And are n't you pleased, Michael, that it is n't dead!'

'I am,' admitted Michael dully, 'pleased enough.'

'So am I,' chanted Bridgie, dancing about like a fire-fly. 'And I'm glad, too, that I did n't deceive th' ould mother. It would be a low thing to deceive a pig.'

Michael shook his young head in bewilderment.

'I was sleepy enough, Bridgie,' he muttered, 'before ye wakened me. But ye're making me twice as bad, talking about things I don't understand at all.'

Bridgie watched the little black pig with happy, incredulous eyes.

'I wish the Sidhe would come again,' said Michael wistfully. 'I never seen

as much as one. What did it look like, Bridgie?'

Bridgie smiled.

'It was a little thing, sure, no bigger than a thimble. It had a red cap on it and two gold shoes with curly toes. It had on a coat, too, as green as an apple, and its little breeks were as blue as Granny's eyes.'

'Did it have a high voice, Bridgie? It must have been a light singer, and it so little.' Michael was bashful in contributing.

'It did not, then,' said Bridgie, annoyed at the interference. 'But it sang in a big voice as deep as an organ. It sang as deep as Padric Fallon sings when the whiskey's in his head.'

'But, Bridgie! It could n't, and it such a mite.'

'Tell it you, then, if you seen it and heard it.'

Michael was silenced, but as nearly incredulous as he had ever been of Bridgie. His sister stooped and gathered up an acorn. Taking out the kernel, she blew into its crisp, brown cup, and gave a pensive sigh.

'When I seen that Sidhe, Michael,' she said slowly, 'the wind was blowing through the trees and stirring them bushes beyont the pen. It might be — mind, I don't say for sure it was and I don't say for sure it was n't — that it was the leaves moving I saw, and it looked like a Sidhe. That might be it, Michael.'

'Oh, I guess ye seen it.'

'Not many people has seen a Sidhe,' murmured Bridgie. 'It would n't be likely I to see one twice.'

'If it came to any one, it would come to you.'

'Why so?' asked Bridgie, flattered.

She sat down and leaned her back against the thorn tree, holding out the acorn-cup as if to catch the moonlight. Michael stood rigidly before her, and rubbed a knuckle in his eye.

'Because ye can make a story out of it and sing as good as any Sidhe.'

He crumpled up in a sleepy little bundle at her feet and thumped his tousled head into her lap.

'Let me go to sleep again, Bridgie.'

'Do,' said Bridgie with scorn. 'Much good y' are as a watcher! I'll sit here meself and watch for two. I can see all through the crack in the fence.'

Her voice grew drowsy, and her eyes drooped. She half smiled at Michael's curving mouth and quiet limbs, swayed a little, then a little more. An audacious cloud blotted out the moon. When it reappeared, Bridgie's head lay once more upon the grass, and both were fast asleep. And if there was any Sidhe at all in Ireland that night it would be a slow old party to miss the breezy pair under the blackthorn tree.

THE RETINUE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Austrian Heir-Apparent,
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone knight errant,
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon millions,
Armies of the battle-slain, hordes of dim civilians;

German ghosts who see their works with tortured eyes, the sorry
Spectres of scared tyrants, Turks hunted by their quarry,
Liars, plotters red of hand — like waves of poisonous gases
Sweeping through the Shadow Land the host of horror passes;

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for truth and honor,
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who have won her
Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French defiance,
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's proud alliance.

Through that hollow hush of doom, vast, unvisioned regions,
Led by Kitchener of Khartoum, march the English legions:
Kilt and shamrock, maple-leaf, dreaming Hindoo faces,
Brows of glory, eyes of grief, arms of lost embraces.

Like a moaning tide of woe, midst those pale battalions
From the Danube and the Po, Arabs and Australians,
Pours a ghastly multitude that breaks the heart of pity,
Wreckage of some shell-bestrewed waste that was a city;

Flocking from the murderous seas, from the famished lowland,
From the blazing villages of Serbia and Poland,
Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by war's blindness,
Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human lovingkindness,

Tamburlane, Napoleon, envious Alexander
Peer in wonder at the wan, tragical commander,
Archduke Francis Ferdinand — when shall his train be ended? —
Of all the lords of Shadow Land most royally attended!

WE BECOME PIONEER SETTLERS

BY ALICE TISDALE

I

THE moment had come when, like our forefathers, we were to leave behind us the life of our own people and go forth alone to reconstruct it anew in a frontier land. So far, although we had wandered far and wide over this outlying province of ancient China, at each journey's end we returned to a wholly westernized port and to a conventional occidental house. But now we were to go to a far corner of Manchuria and settle in a town of which few outside of China ever heard — and which those who have seldom remember. In that great sprawling town, Oriental from gate to gate, where there is no white man's quarter, no white man's house, it was our task to create, out of the fabric of an alien civilization, a home. This land had made known to us the carefree joy of the vagabond, the wild sweet spirit of the wanderer; now we went to it for the high adventures of the pioneer settler. Close to my heart lay this great experiment of home-making.

Many a time, as true pilgrims, we had set out in this country with light hearts and few possessions; now we were to venture forth as a pioneering household, stout of heart and laden with many possessions. And when the evening of our going came and we stood in the long frame building that did duty as a railway station, we were not only able to survey with entire equanimity a surprising number of boxes and bundles of our own, but, with equal composure, we beheld, nestled close to them as if for protection, a pile of Chinese bedding-rolls, with our 'boy's' family asleep in the midst of them. It mattered not that we had been prepared only for the little Chinese wife and the baby that slept at her breast. To be sure, when the business of departure had descended upon us and we had called on our trusty forty-year-old boy — the companion of our pilgrim days — to share with us the hazards of this new enterprise, he had responded that if he left the patriarchal roof he must take with him his wife 'and one piecee son just now born.' That in true Oriental fashion he had neglected to mention four small girls who now lay sleeping with the 'one piecee son' did not dismay us one whit. The settler, as well as the vagabond, finds nothing in the unexpected to daunt him; and so when the little puffing train tooted its warning, we rushed to our places, smiling benignly at these now active

new possessions of ours that were hurrying obediently towards the third-class carriage, each bearing reverently a bit of our household goods.

Once more we were on that Oriental night express, moving slowly out into the dark to what lay beyond. Above the noise, the pitching, the jarring, my heart sang its new song of adventure, a song that seemed to find its birth in a shadowy memory of old adventures, of old strivings of pioneer ancestors whose spirits must in some strange way have lived anew in me. I knew that night of ancestors of my own long forgotten in the world, who had fared forth across the wide Atlantic, building their log cabins, sowing their fields; of their offspring, who later had answered the call of 'Westward ho!': a long procession working their way straight across to the farthest extremity of America. And here was I, a member of the last generation, still going forth to pioneer. Our call carried us westward until we were east. Those ancestors had left an old civilization to brave the perils of a new one; we were leaving a new civilization to try our fortunes in one almost as old as the world. And yet those experiences were deeply akin.

I peered through the car-window into the moon-flooded night outside. On the vast plain stood great brown shocks of *kaoliang*, or giant millet — the abundant harvests that the Chinese frontiersmen had made the land yield them. By and by there loomed up sturdy square-built houses that looked like fortresses; these were the houses of the Russian frontiersmen, with their high narrow windows to shut out the cold. Now they were deserted, and the autumn moonlight streamed through the glassless windows and across the empty floors. From all nations under the sun there step forth those who follow a vision known only to the pioneer. Some reap plenty and some win lonely graves, but all have their moment of creating vision. And the train with its sleeping load of wayfarers moved on through the vast frontierland.

In the first faint light of morning the joggling Eastern train was ready to set us down at our wayside station. As it came to a long shuddering halt, the sleeping quiet of its coaches was suddenly gone; the doors flew open and there tumbled from them a seething multitude, every man furiously bent on the business of going somewhere. It was a sight to make glad the heart of a Kim — and such hearts had we. Straightway we forgot everything but that hurrying motley crowd; forgot our own business in our absorbing curiosity in theirs. O bean-buyers, with all your shrewdness hid behind your inscrutable Oriental features, what of your last gamble on the bean-market? Dignified long-gowned merchants, what is your fine dream for this outlying province? Swarming peasant families, weighted down under your bundles and your babies, we know your dream: on this borderland of opportunity, away from your over-crowded town in one of the ancient provinces of ancient China, you are looking for enough to eat and wear. But here comes the disciplined tread of the Japanese soldier. God grant that he may not take your dream from you!

In a moment they were all gone; and as another throng came pouring in from the gateway to take their places, we awoke to our own glorious venture, and began looking for our possessions and our black-eyed family, even unto the last little girl that the boy had neglected to mention. But when the train gave its last toot and puffed away into the distance, with its new wayfarers bound to all the corners of the globe, we all stood in a dumb group in the doorway of the station, looking off over the gray straggling town — the creation of the Chinese frontiersmen; the train, our last

link with the old order of things, was irretrievably gone. Then we looked up to the blue sky, that wonderful northern sky, spreading out above the low-curved roofs, free and unhampered, clear to the sun just rising over the horizon, and our spirits leaped to meet our adventure for

> Who would stop or fear to advance,
> Though home or shelter he had none,
> With such a sky to lead him on?

Bundles and babies, we stowed them all away in the corners of our agent's shop; then we were ready to start on the search of our hearts. At the door stood the equipage for the journey, the ghost of a Russian droshky, a relic of the Russian frontier life that was now no more, to attend us on our way. It was old in limb now, with its years of service. All the glories of this sad relic of the prosperous days of the Russian advance had been stripped from it. The great imposing arch over the horse's head had long since gone; from the moth-eaten cushions the padding stuck out in tufts; the springs on one side of the seat were broken, giving the wretched old vehicle a perceptible pitch, like a hard-pressed ship at sea. As for the harness, there was only one fragment of leather left; the rest consisted of a complicated mass of knotted string. It was a melancholy ghost, surely, but it dampened not a whit the ardor of the absurd little pony in the big shafts, or the ragamuffin driver on the high perch in front. As for us, the new would-be settlers who clung to the sloping rear seat, we were in no mood to be disheartened. The driver gave a grand flourish, a crack of his whip, and the frisky pony broke into a lively gallop. Up one street and down another we rattled, in this city where tall gilt signs stretched up almost into the sun itself, and the willows cast lace-work shadows in the dust. We were caught in a jumble of squeaking wheelbarrows; we were extricated only to be brought up short in another tangle of pack-mules and other Russian carriages more dilapidated than ours.

We were light of heart as we clung to that sloping seat, because that gay moment was sufficient for our vagabond natures; we were stout of heart, because we knew, instinctively, that we should need all our endurance before our search was ended. In the few minutes since our arrival we had, with the optimistic adaptability born of much wandering in far places, accepted the fact that there were not even Chinese residences in this new city of China. This was the commercial outlet for vast farming lands, and the advance guard of Chinese men who had come here had left their families safe under the patriarchal roofs in Shantung. No matter whether we had a hasty glimpse as we galloped, or a calmer inspection during our numerous entanglements with the traffic in the streets, we beheld only dismaying rows of shops and warehouses, never the high wall that signifies for all China that there is a house and home within. We had therefore given up the idea of a real Chinese dwelling and begun looking simply for an empty *hong* which by dint of much imagination might be coaxed into the semblance of a home. Ah, there was the rub! It was the busiest time of year in this thriving town; its streets were thronged with woodsmen who had not yet left for the winter's work in the forests farther north; it was full of craftsmen making the sharp blades of axes, the heavy, stiff leather moccasins, the padded garments for the woodsmen, and of small shopkeepers selling these wares. We beheld all the storehouses piled high with winter supplies of coarse flour and sugar; and in the sunny courts large groups of men were working over cocoons which were not ready for shipment to the south. Not an extra inch of space was to be found

in all that great market of the frontier.

As we entered each new street hope rose anew, only to die at the end; for not one boarded-up shop did we see. On the second day we began going over the streets we had traversed the previous day, insisting this time that the driver should make the exuberant pony walk; thus we could scrutinize possible opportunities more closely. The day came to its end, however, with our quest still unfulfilled. The third day we began investigating buildings in course of construction, but each time we were informed that they had been rented last Chinese New Year, or that they would not be rented until this New Year. New Year was the time, we were told. Why did we not wait? There would be plenty of opportunities then, and everything could be done in decency and order, as custom decreed.

'But that is four months away, and winter is coming,' we replied in consternation.

Our protest meant nothing in this land of an alien civilization. Custom is sacred law here, and alas, a Chinaman can always wait.

We were driving rather disconsolately down the 'Great Stone Street,' when just ahead of us, barring the way, there rose a low gray wall with one great sweeping pine leaning over it! 'That long stretch of wall may mean — yes, it surely must mean a house,' we cried excitedly. 'Yes, the gate is shut tight. It looks unused. It must be an unoccupied house, too. Stop, driver!' we called, and poked frantically at the ragamuffin's back.

We climbed out and skipped up the stone steps to the black door in the gate. We refused to ask the driver even one tiny question; since none of the Chinese had told us about this place, it should be our very own discovery. The black door stood ever so slightly ajar, and we could peer in. There was not a soul to be seen, so hand in hand we entered boldly, closing the door behind us. What a paradise of soft stillnesses and shadowy quiet! The swarming streets from which we had just come might have been a thousand miles away. We stood in a court flagged with slabs of stone, between which wild grasses and mosses grew, all hemmed about by the old gray wall, over which peered twisted pines. Standing there in the sunshine, we looked and looked until our sight at last reached the farthermost flaggings, where lay a still blue shadow, the perfect image of a beautiful curved-roof temple beyond. For such it was; we knew by the bronze incense-burner, taller than a man, that stood in the sun just outside the blue shadow.

'A paradise ready-made!' we cried. 'Our quest must end here. This temple is neglected, forgotten amid the busy commercialism of the town. Why not ask the few priests who must be about if we might not live in one of the many courts of the priests? Surely they would not refuse us.'

The Chinese, we knew, live very comfortably with their gods, and many a foreigner in other parts has often been offered their hospitality and for years shared the same building with them.

'Think of it!' we cried. 'Who would have dared hope for a chance to create a home out of the things of the gods? At the end of each day in the market-place, we could leave it behind and come home by the way of the incense-burner, on past the gods of soft gold, sitting on their golden lotus leaves, to an inner court, our sanctuary. To the pioneer, as to the vagabond, chance happenings are his inspiration. Therefore we sat on the corner of the temple veranda with the still blue shadow at our feet and knew again that we had caught the gay child of adventure. We dreamed and planned and dreamed

again, until the sunshine crept right up to the temple-door. Then we ran blithely back to our ghostly chariot, and drove back to the workaday world in search of a middleman, in order that all might be done in accordance with decent custom.

II

Many are the snares, many the pitfalls that beset the road leading to the Splendid Adventure. Three weeks had passed since that day of discovery and inspiration; and our enthusiasm had battered itself to death against the wall of Oriental indifference. Evidently the only creatures in the town that can ever be in a hurry are the Chinese pony and ourselves. We waited for the middle-man to consult the city elders; we waited for the elders to consult the priests. All of them — elders, priests, and gods — move in a mysterious way unknown to the Occidental; we could not understand why they had said us neither yea nor nay. Meanwhile, we lived in two tiny rooms up under the eaves of a shop. That did not matter so long as we had our vision to keep us company. (One can live anywhere with a vision.)

But the day came when it faded. One evening the Manchurian autumn ended with the twilight. In the night the wind crept under the tiles of the roof and rattled them, and next day the threat of the cruel northern winter was in the air. We must forget our vision of the temple and house ourselves against the cold. Our landlord, too, served notice that he needed even the little loft we occupied. Just what was to be done we did not know. If only we had some inkling whether the middle-man, the elders, and the priests did or did not intend to rent us a corner in the temple! But for this knowledge we dared not wait. We had come to our last resource — the boy. Perhaps his Oriental brain, now well steeped in the ways of the Occidental, could solve the problem.

'Boy,' we cried, 'what can do? No can stay here; no have got other place.'

'I think. By and by I talkee.'

This was at breakfast, as in some miraculous way he managed to serve us by squeezing himself between the wall and the table. Whatever happened to his already over-thin person, the boy was bent on keeping up the 'face' of the family, his duty just then consisting in the proper serving of breakfast so that all should seem well before the Chinese, who never passed our door without looking in. He could save our face in only one way at a time. Later he would attack the problem of saving our face in the matter of winter abodes.

Late in the forenoon he reappeared before us, saying, 'Just now can talkee. Proper Chinaman wait long time; Savee white man no can wait. He talkee wait, wait; master no likee wait, so pay big money so can catchee temple chop, chop. Very bad, master lose face. I think fool Chinaman. This shop got one big godown. Just now have got plenty piece room. We takee one little piece godown. Makee proper house. Chinaman see all things white man do. Then perhaps talkee temple. No talkee, mascee; makee godown one piecee fine house. Master, missie come look, see,' he pleaded, finally ending this unprecedentedly long speech.

So this was the game. 'After all, the gray wall around the temple does not shut out the commercialism of the town,' I said, as we followed the boy down the steep stairs, through the many rooms of the shop below, across the street, through another shop into a court.

How different from the great discovery, which, it seemed, we must now

turn our backs upon! We stood in the doorway and surveyed, not stone flagging, but dirt packed hard by the many feet that tramped across to the warehouses. There was no tree overhanging a wall here, no incense-burner. The only thing relieving the dreary barrenness of this court was a rough bench made out of bricks topped with a row of wash-basins, where in the early morning the apprentices went through the form of cleansing their hands and faces.

'Come; look, see!' cried the boy, leading us toward a building where the paper panes of the windows were torn and frayed and the tattered ends flapped disconsolately in the wintry wind. As he pushed open the door that moved heavily in wooden sockets, we looked into a long room that extended the length of the court. Three solid walls of masonry, a few narrow windows in the fourth wall (the side toward the courtyard), and a dirt floor, gave the place a melancholy resemblance to a shed.

'So this is where our vision really leads!' I was thinking somewhat bitterly; when I suddenly remembered that I was a pioneer woman, and pioneer women are equal to anything. I remembered just in time, for at that very moment my husband came anxiously toward me.

'Do you think you could do it for a little while?' he said. 'If not, you might go to Shanghai until we can do better. I won't ask it of you.'

'Never!' I cried, holding my head high. 'I was thinking of the woman out West who could create a home out of a geranium and a tomato-can! We have n't a geranium, but we've got a beautiful curved roof to our shed. I'm glad the Chinese put curved roofs on their warehouses; they offer inspiration. And then, you know, there is always the alluring, if somewhat vague, hope that the priests and elders may give up the game of trying to outwit us.'

There was no sign from the priests, however, although we dallied a few days longer in a last vain hope. Then one morning, when there was an unmistakable nip in the air, we walked, with those stout hearts which we now so much needed, right up to the warehouse, and boldly started on the task of breathing life into that long, thin godown — a task that would test the prowess of any settler. It was all more discouraging than may be supposed, for the long forbidding building would not lend itself to any comfortable partitioning. One could do nothing with its business-like portions but string the rooms out in a row. There was a certain cold aloofness between the kitchen at one end of the house and the bedrooms at the other.

However, we were undaunted. 'We will make it come right to-morrow,' we said, as the workmen departed that night after finishing the last thin partition. 'To-morrow we will give the house its breath of life. We'll build a fireplace on that long bare wall at the back of the living-room, and then the warehouse will no longer be a dead, soulless thing.'

We passed out through the shop in front, where the day's accounts were being balanced, where yellow faces leaned over the open braziers. The light glowed up into their faces and over the shoes of silver, curious rough-beaten masses of shining metal, the solid currency of the town.

'*San-shi-er, san-shi-san*,' rose the voices of the shopmen singing aloud the accounts; and the abacus balls, flying backward and forward like shuttles under their touch, clicked an accompaniment. As we went on across the street, through the other shop with its antiphonal chorus of chanting voices, clinking abacus balls, and piles of roughly

wrought silver, our hearts again entered with zeal into our new adventure. 'We are pioneers building our cabin,' I thought, 'and these yellow men with their cadenced voices and clinking abacus balls, are crowding close, as the wilderness crowded round our ancestors.' Yes; to-morrow we should surely begin the fireplace.

On this frontier there were of course no masons who had ever built a fireplace. Our own ignorance was just as great, except for a magic formula which we kept repeating that night as we went to bed in our garret up under the eaves. 'The opening of the firebox must be five times that of the flue.'

Next morning, when we descended upon our warehouse, aglow with creative zeal, the masons were already there, squatting on the dirt floor, smoking their tiny pipes with quarter-inch bowls. We explained our plans carefully: the opening of the fire-box must be five times the flue — *exactly*. In a moment every man of them became a stolid lump of unresponsive human clay. By nature they opposed exactness; by nature they opposed innovation. Now, there is nothing in the wide world so unyielding as a stubborn Chinaman. Hour in and hour out, that day and the next and the next, we took turns sitting shivering on an overturned box, coaxing, prodding, scolding, until our charmed formula took shape in brick and mortar. There it stood, at last, a thing complete! We piled it with wood; the boy, masons, apprentices of the shop, heads of shops standing by in skeptical silence. We touched the match. Puff, puff — the room reeked with smoke. 'I told you so,' was the undeniable meaning of the head mason's expression. He had expected as much from two barbarians trying to tell him his business — and one of them a woman at that. So spoke his very contemptuous features.

In the midst of this strange human wilderness, we had wrought and failed. We had lost face before the Chinese! That night we took no delight in the world-old life of the shops through which we passed. It was a strange and alien thing, pressing in and swallowing our pitiful little attempt to make a home of our own. The spark of hope dies hard, however; we began chipping off a little of the fireplace here, putting on a little there, and trying it again and again.

'Some day we'll strike the lucky combination,' we said, working doggedly, and refusing to notice that, day by day, winter was creeping down from the north. And was there ever one calamity that did not breed others? When we came to unpack our kitchen stove, we found it was broken past repair. Like everything from hairpins to pianos, there was not another obtainable any nearer than Shanghai. Then, as I tinkered with Chinese braziers, trying to evolve an oven, and my husband lay flat on the floor chipping away at the mysterious insides of the fireplace, there came a Chinese merchant with urgent business and my husband had no choice but to start on a two-weeks' trip 'up country,' and that immediately; and the boy must of necessity go with him.

When the hurry of their departure was over, I stood in the centre of the living-room, thinking of broken stoves, surveying the smoke-blackened fireplace, the dull mud walls, the dirt floor, my little cook, who in turn was surveying me, and the homesick wife of the boy, who stood in the doorway gazing at me like some dumb animal. It was a barren moment. Suddenly I bethought myself that in the commotion of leave-taking we had neglected to try our fireplace after the last scraping. Once more I gathered sticks and struck a match. What magic had my husband

wrought in that final bout of chipping? The fire burned brightly, and with the glowing light the rooms of the house seemed knit together in a new harmony. In my moment of greatest need the warehouse had become a living home, offering me warmth and shelter!

How I worked in the days that followed to make a fitting habitation for that spirit of home which had come so mysteriously at my bidding! It was a lovely sprite, which I must keep alive and offer congenial surroundings. Obviously it could never be happy with those mud walls and dirt floors. 'They must be changed,' I said to myself; and after due bargaining on the part of my middle-man and much waiting on my own part, the paper-hangers descended on my little cabin in the clearing. Two Chinese, their queues wrapped round their heads for greater efficiency, came bearing scaffolding large enough to use in scaling a three-story house, and absurdly small sheets of paper about the size of a man's two hands. They filled the rooms with a mass of intricate scaffolding, which stuck out of the windows and doors, again reducing my house to a formidable object that denied me shelter. On the top of this scaffolding the workmen squatted, and little by little, square by square, ever so slowly, covered walls and ceiling with the tiny sheets of paper which, thanks to many years on the shelf of a dingy shop, had yellowed to a fine old ivory.

At last there came an evening when the scaffolding that made my house bristle like a porcupine was taken down and the tender light from the fireplace played over rafters of roughly hewn logs, and walls that looked soft and benign, as the walls of a home should. Then I hurried to work some marvel with the dirt floor which, despite the leaping flames and the mellow enfolding walls, still made the place look like a hovel.

'Cook!' I cried, 'it is late and the curfew has rung, but I cannot wait. Run quickly to the back door of a matting shop and tell them the foreigner wants a great many straw mats.'

He sighed softly. Why the impatience of this barbarian? But he went as he was bidden, and came back with a great roll of mats. Soon there was not an inch of the brown dirt to be seen, but the hungry winter, still unabashed, crept up through the matting, gripping us in its chilling clutch as we stood there. Then I brought out our thick camel's-hair rugs of beautiful Chinese workmanship, their soft deep surfaces still holding the warm colors of the desert where they had been wrought. The fire flickered comfortingly. Hungry winter was at last shut out; even the windows refused it admittance, for the new panes of paper we had put in that day were strong and tough, offering staunch resistance to the rough hand of the Manchurian wind that now beat against them. I wanted to work on, until the final touch of home was there, but one look at my cook, and I knew that I had outraged custom far enough; the packing cases must wait.

The next day, as soon as the shutters were down from the front of the shop which mounted guard over my clearing and my cabin, I hurried back to work. The sunlight was shining on my paper panes so that they glowed warm with welcome; the curving roof brooded over my house; and when I passed under the door's rough lintel, I found a small remnant of life left in my fire.

Day in and day out I worked over the magic thing taking shape under my hand. In each room I met and solved anew the problem of transforming a bleak Chinese warehouse into a Western home; but the kitchen almost defied me. Its mud floor, its smoking braziers that gave off no heat to dispel the gnawing Manchurian cold, and its

Chinese cook who went about in a coat and a foreign derby hat which gave him a disquieting air of imminent departure, seemed to have no connection with the warm sweet-smelling kitchens that I felt sure my ancestors had in their cabins. However, I finally achieved an oven — made out of twisted wire for the grate, and a bent tin to cover it — which I could use over the brazier, and which was soon filling the kitchen with the sweet smell of baking bread and roasting fowl.

But this wee progress toward the kitchen of my dreams nearly brought upon us dire calamity. I was forced to remember that the way of the inventor is thorny in a land of ancient civilization. The cook threatened to leave! He had through successive years become used to a foreign stove, only to be confronted with such an innovation as this! Custom was altogether too sacred; he could not change twice inside of a dozen years. He must go.

'Remain just a few days,' I pleaded, 'until the master returns.'

The strategy worked! Like all his race, he was a fatalist; and before these days which I begged of him were finished, he had ceased to struggle against the inevitable.

And now my cabin is finished: here it stands in the midst of this city of another civilization. In the shop in front, in every shop all up and down the streets of the town, men of another race lean over the counters warming their hands over the braziers. All day the abacus balls click, and each night singsong voices chant the day's accounts as the men pile up the shoes of silver and stack the last copper. But now it is late; the curfew has rung, hushing all the manifold sounds of this strange civilization into a deep stillness which only an Oriental city can know, a city with no roaring trains or clanging machinery. And here my home stands, complete, with this mysterious other life pressing close round it. As I look into the glowing coals of my fire, a host of faces appear — my own ancestors who have struggled to settle some far-away cabin on ranch or clearing in the forest. To them I say, 'This is my home; I have done my best.' And they nod approval to me across the years. In this moment the warehouse has become for me the beloved creation, the work of my own hands. I do not need to explain to those faces in the fire; they know 'the wonder and the joy' that went to build their own.

In the deep stillness I am startled by the sudden sound of the great wooden bolts of the shop-door grating in their sockets and a shutter being taken down. There is a sound of steps in the court. My husband throws wide the 'wind doors' of this new strange home and strides in. He too falls under its spell. 'Why, it is n't the warehouse at all!' he cries. He pauses, and then walks straight to the fireplace, saluting his new hearth with the old Turkish salutation: 'At your feet I lay my heart and my conscience.'

Just as that final seal is put upon my beloved cabin, the boy comes in with an air of triumph. In his rapid passage through the front shop, it seems, he has acquired a marvelous amount of knowledge; the stamp of success has been put upon his sagacity. In his very best Chinese he announces, —

'Most worthy master, the priests have decided that it is of no value to wait longer. It gives them great pleasure to grant to you the hospitality of the gods and protection under the temple roof. It is well, for although the hospitality of this shop is great, there is need of the space for the silk cocoons, now that the hospitality of the gods has been offered you.'

OUR SOLDIERS

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'EVERYBODY ought to fight for their country — or anyhow have the *heart* to do it!' Maggie burst out as she went around the dinner-table in her blue checked apron, handing the potatoes. (Mr. Hoover says to eat freely of potatoes.)

It was the day after the drawing of the numbers of the registered men in Washington, and every one among us was asking which of our boys had been drawn. Our State motto is '*Montani Semper Liberi*,' and in this war for liberty our West Virginia men are living up to the words. So many volunteered from the State capital that the draft, when it came, hardly took any from here. One of the sons of our own very small village is on General Pershing's staff; from the town next to us sixty-five have offered themselves, out of a total population of three thousand; and here in the 'Big Draft' five have volunteered out of a possible twenty-five. It all seems to bring 'Somewhere in France' poignantly close to home. The boys who have volunteered are to go 'o' Wednesday,' I am told. I wish the prefix of the vowel, to which some of us still cling, did not make Falstaff's 'Where's he who died o' Wednesday?' throb so through the mind — for to-day is Wednesday, and they are gone.

Our little gray church, with its war-potatoes beside it, is to have a roll of honor bearing the names of those who have gone forth from the narrow green walls of the Big Draft into the larger life of the Nations. I sometimes think the mothers' names ought to head the list. The boys may travel far both in soul and body, but the mothers — though they may live all their lives, and die all the many deaths that come to every human being, here in this pocket of the mountains —took a very extended journey indeed when they beheld their sons set forth. Their names may not be written in black and white beside their sons' for the world to see; but there, just beyond our sight, doubtless the Great Historian emblazons them on the tablets of the spirit.

Mothers are mothers all the world over; but I think some of our mothers of men in the Big Draft have shown as fine a spirit as the best. I happened to drop in at the log cabin of one of these mothers just as a rickety old automobile lurched down the rough road, and left an official summons for one of the sons who had volunteered. The mother's face was lean and brown, with magnificent black eyes, high cheek-bones, a fierce clean-cut chin, and not an extra pound of flesh anywhere upon her. Two of her sons have volunteered. She has five boys; three are of the fighting age, and the other two will soon be if the war keeps on. I offered some uncertain murmurs of sympathy, but was met by the proud retort, 'Mothers have *got* to make sacrifices. I figure it out that's the way it's always been, an' so it'll always have to be, an' if you hold yer sons back yer don't git nowhere.'

Viewing her words in retrospect, it seems to me now that she was really talking more to herself than to me, ar-

guing it out passionately, seeking earnestly the right road to travel. And I think in a sense she had come to her journey's end, and had found what she was seeking, when she added, 'There's a-plenty lays right down an' carries on, an' thinks they can't stand it, but'—and here her fierce little chin went up, and the whole lean face set itself in a high determination —'*you kin ef you will!*'

Oh! I hope that in little roadside cabins all over America, there is a spirit as high and fine as that blazing up in the face of the times! 'You kin ef you will!' Somehow the touch of vernacular thrusts the phrase down into the bedrock of the nation, taking it away from all the surface oratory of the moment, and laying it deep and secure in the very foundations of the country. I hope it is something of this spirit that the other nations are to see now. Heretofore they have known us in our hours of ease, care-free, superficial holiday-makers, but now, please God, they are to see something different — an America with her fierce chin set square, and the light of consecration and vision blazing from her eyes. O my country! I *know* 'you kin ef you will!'

When the general spirit is so fine, one can hardly blame the mothers if they catch hopefully at their sons' physical defects.

'Eddy, he's got a kind of a limp, I don't think for a moment they'd take *him*.'

'My Sam's eyes ain't so very good, an' I don't keer ef they ain't.'

For one of the men from our county of Greenbrier has already been killed in the ranks of the Allies, so the mothers are not making an absolutely ignorant sacrifice. They know — oh, yes! they are quick enough to leap to the worst! When mothers such as these demand, 'I want to know ef they're takin' the rich boys too?' it is a pleasure to be able to answer that rich man, poor man, beggar-man, chief, they are all the same now — they are all Uncle Sam's nephews.

The night before the boys went, a farewell prayer-meeting was held for them, at which some among us who have always delighted in the dissipation of weaving the red-hot emotions of religious gatherings into tears and hysteria, played so upon the tenseness of the moment, and drew such a picture of the horrors of war, that some of the boys' relatives went wild with grief. Not so the little brown mother whose two boys are going. She stood firm amid all the waves of emotion and stoutly declared that *she* was *proud* to have men to send. Only readers who know something of the crowd-hysteria of a shouting prayer-meeting can have any idea of what she — accustomed all her life to that type of religion — withstood at that moment for the sake of her sons. And those sons will have something fortifying to remember, something heroic on which to anchor their souls in the face of a night assault or of a gas attack.

And what about the rest of us? Is that mother the only one among us who has shown a great spirit to match the greatness of the times? Let us see how it is, skipping about from ridge to ridge, and going along the narrow road that wriggles up the Draft, with the mountains almost treading upon it at times.

Here on this ridge, at the first house, is a young fellow who volunteered, but could not pass the physical examination. He honestly wanted to go for the sake of France, and also, he hoped, if he was taken, it might excuse his younger brother. What shy and touching bits of affection between brothers, usually so jealously hidden, war drags into the light! At the next house on this ridge, a mile and a half away, there

lives another man who, though over age and having a wife and child, has declared his intention of volunteering if he finds that his younger brother has done so.

'Yes,' I am told, 'he's certainly a-goin', if Andy's went. You know how set all that family is, once they take a notion. He says him and Andy never had one word in all their lives, an' now if Andy 's went he 's certainly a-goin' too.'

Leaving this ridge and descending into a branch of the Big Draft, one comes to a cabin from which one of our four volunteers has gone. Jumping across a ridge from there, is a house where two little people of about ten and twelve have asked their mother to give them corn-bread for dinner for the sake of the saving of wheat flour. From the house next below that, another volunteer has gone. At the next house lives the mother who is proud to have men to send. Directly across the road from her dwells a mother and daughter, both of whom belong to our Red Cross class. I sat next to the mother at one of our last meetings, and while we cut scraps for pads, we talked about the war. My mind must have wandered for I was suddenly aroused by hearing her say,

'Oh, well, it's all right for us to fight over here, but it don't seem like we ought to go to France.'

I flared up at that, only to find to my amazement that she thought I was advocating sending an army of women to France; and while she thought she could fight on her own ground, she did doubt a bit whether we should go abroad. There was no question in her mind as to the men's going, and this though she has four sons who may be drawn.

There are, no doubt, some among us who have not risen to great heights — who, true to the instincts of their whole lives, have not been able to burst through the shell of self and emerge into the greatness of the hour. But these are the ones who have always considered themselves a peculiar people, who have always thought to claim exemption from Fate. Their neighbors know them, and when they whine now, they receive scant consolation.

'Your boys ain't no different from anybody else's,' they are told uncompromisingly.

And what about the boys themselves? Well, they all look different to me in these days. Boys whom, a few short years ago, I looked upon somewhat askance, fearing that their outward and visible signs of innocence might cloak inward knowledge of our plums, are all seen now through the glamour of the great adventure. But I am a spectator, and perhaps a sentimentalist. How do the boys look to themselves, I wonder, there in that golden haze? Why, very much as usual, I should say. If they are aware of a golden haze, they doubtless see it just beyond themselves — over there in France, no doubt. If there is any great thrill of excitement running through them, they keep it for the most part to themselves. Yet I suspect, when they lie together in little knots under the trees, that fighting in France is the main topic of conversation. How did Joey, for instance, who milks our cow and grooms our Ford, take last Saturday, the day on which the numbers of the conscripted men were out? Why, with the utmost calmness. If his pulses went a beat or two faster, or if he wondered whether or not he had been drawn, there was certainly nothing in his outward manner to suggest it. It may have been, it is true, a suppressed excitement that made him report to Maggie that they was havin' awful trouble in Dry Creek (our village), an' would maybe have to send for a guard. And perhaps the indignant thrill of horror

which his report drew from Maggie — who is of Irish descent and volatile — relieved his feelings, and repaid him for endangering his immortal soul with one of the most outrageous untruths of a checkered career; for *never* in the whole course of its history did our village present a more peaceful and everyday appearance. Why, any little two-for-a-cent election could have engendered more disorder than was bred on the day when the nation decreed which of her sons were to be called upon to risk their lives for her defense, and her ideals.

One is tempted to pause here and wonder what perverse devil at such a solemn moment could have inspired Joey — who, together with every young man of the neighborhood, so far as I know, is perfectly willing to serve if called — to paint that lurid picture of our youths being dragged off to war by an armed guard. Truly, one could find it in his heart to shake Joey! Perhaps, however, it is just this very unexpected, wholly outrageous, freakishness in the Joeys all over the country which so constantly throws out all the careful German calculations. Can one not imagine an efficient German spy reporting Joey's tale as evidence of serious disaffection in the country districts? Whereas, as a matter of fact, it is an evidence of the country's absolute loyalty, for it is only those between whom there is complete confidence who dare outrageous jokes.

No doubt Uncle Sam will understand Joey, but what German could? I am sometimes afraid it may even require a good deal of affection on the part of our French friends to understand this lack of seriousness on our part — or rather our lack of the appearance of seriousness. But I am completely sure that Tommy Atkins will understand. What else save this very trait made English soldiers — when dying daily for their country — so rejoice in singing the 'Hymn of Hate'? Of course that threw Fritz off the track, but may it not throw our two armies into the closest of hilarious friendships? To believe in the same ideals lays a sure foundation on which to erect a friendship, and to laugh at the same jokes carves delightful finishing gargoyles to the sacred edifice.

But now our old Ryefield Hill is haunted. Just behind the curtain of its yellow sunshine, of its grass and blue sky, is something else. Something which I had almost forgotten, but which circumstances have dragged suddenly so vividly into the foreground of memory, that all the afternoon, digging among the larkspurs and foxgloves in the garden, I have felt that at any moment the veil of the years might be rent and through a rift I might still catch a glimpse of twinkling bare legs, or an echo of flying laughter, of that gay, that whimsical and vivacious picture which surely only painted itself a moment ago up there on the skyline of the hill. First, there comes a big barrel bounding drunkenly down the slope; then in hard pursuit a string of four little boys, one after the other; and in the rear two dogs — the old black one who went on three legs, and the terrier whose emotional temperament could always be counted upon to go off into hysterics of barks and enthusiasm over the least excitement. The great barrel bounds and leaps over the rough places; the dogs gallop after, with flying ears and canine applause; the little boys run and cheer, and now — Time has winked just once and three out of four of those little boys have volunteered. One does not really have to go back over so many years to hear one of them inquire earnestly, 'If George Washington was a-livin' now, would he fight any one who said anyfing to him about vat cherry tree?' Or to see another, —

always a passionate seeker for obscure bits of information, — eyes snapping with excitement, demand, 'If a minnow had the strength of two whales could he jump up Niagara Falls?'

Oh, well, I knew war always caught youth on the very crest of its wave. They say in the Civil War there were two hundred thousand soldiers of sixteen years and under; eight hundred thousand of eighteen years and under, and only forty-six thousand of twenty-five and over. But it is one thing to realize a fact through cold black figures treading solemnly across a printed page, and quite another to see it visualized up there on Ryefield Hill in the persons of merry little boys chasing a barrel.

Now, as I write, glancing up, I can see on the mantel-shelf, beside the black Chinese idols, the photographs of four small boys. We call them 'Our Soldiers,' for though they are far away now, they all lived in the Big Draft when they were little, and two of them, indeed, lived here with us. Two of them are English and two American, and beside them on the mantel is the picture of my little niece, aged five, hugging her pussy cat, and looking out upon life very gay and confident. None of these children knew one another, and between the boys and the little niece, who still plays with hollyhock ladies and toy balloons, there is a stretch of many years; and yet it seems to me that the great giant War has come striding up, and, suddenly pouncing upon these children, has bound them all inextricably together. The two English brothers have been at the front, fighting desperately, for many months. They have both been wounded, but are both back again, still 'carrying on.' I suppose out there in the battle-line they are grown-up men, grim and hard and determined; but here on our quiet mantel-shelf, they are just 'Reggie' and 'Mike,' two chubby children with no more knowledge of war than that embodied in the toy cannon which Reggie displays. O fierce fighting men! Do you never have a moment's respite out there in the shock and tumult of war, to come back in your dreams to your little boyhood, dressing yourselves for your refreshment in the peace of the forgotten years? Oh, come back again sometimes in sleep to the Big Draft, and gathered into the everlasting peace of the hills, rest here a while beneath the outspread wings of its wide sky!

And what of the other pair of brothers, the little Americans, standing up in their very fresh suits, with their arms about each other's necks? Your feet are set now upon the same track, you are all traveling now to the same goal. The Englishmen are well ahead of you upon the fiery way, but I hope they have a moment in the breathless conflict, to glance behind over their shoulders and know that you and your kind are on the way, that presently, saluting them, you will swing into your place at their side. Look across now in your pictured selves, and tell them so — those brothers of yours there, brothers in arms and brothers in race. I do not doubt that this is what you and all of you who are coming now from the North and South, from the East and West — from all the length and breadth of the nation — would say, if your hearts could speak to all your comrades before you in the great conflict. I know, for some of you have spoken already, have known how to offer your homage, and to make your promises for the future — even through the barrier of a foreign tongue; in witness of which let a French mother, whose two sons, her only children, have died for France, give her testimony: —

'There have been here, in Paris,' she writes, 'many touching expressions of the gratitude of our French people to-

ward America. The first soldiers who arrived here have been greeted with extraordinary manifestations of the most ardent patriotic joy. In return, those fine, handsome men have endeared themselves to us by traits which reveal the nobility of their character.

'I myself have been by a mere chance the object of one of these manifestations, and it has moved me so deeply that I must tell you all about it.

'I was waiting at the corner of l'Avenue du Trocadéro, all alone, standing on the edge of the sidewalk, wrapped in my sombre mourning clothes. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. I was not thinking of the rides organized through Paris for the American boys, when, all of a sudden, an auto-bus appeared, decorated with the American and Allies' flags, and carrying at least forty of your soldiers. A *poilu*, one of our men, was driving, and next to him sat a non-commissioned American officer, who, seeing me, took off his hat and, with a deep gesture, saluted me. All the soldiers in the bus rose and repeated the salute.

'Behind this car at least twenty more autos followed, the occupants of which, one after the other, repeated the beautiful and touching homage to my dead sons, while smiling to me with an air both sad and resolute. I saluted them also, and understood well that they wished to say to me, "We have come to fight for them, to complete the task they have begun!" And I wished to tell them, "Courage et merci!"

'Was not this a beautiful beginning for all those valiant fellows? You can well be proud of them, for we feel it a glory to have at our side such soldiers in this struggle for Right and Liberty.'

What may one say of an incident so beautiful? It is a deep spontaneous tribute offered from the heart of one nation, and received into the heart of another, and is beyond words or comment. And one is glad to note that the salute was given by a non-commissioned officer, and by the rank and file. Fate has all at once touched a hidden spring, and the old quiet times of yesterday have suddenly shot up very tall and very terrible before us. But thank God! He has touched an answering spring in the hearts of the young men, so that they too have leaped up, tall and heroic, to face the terror and greatness of the hour. The youth of the world is seeing and hearing something to-day that many an older person has failed to perceive. It is sad for those who are left behind, but it is not sad for the men themselves to offer their lives at the climax of youth, for the sake of a great adventure. It is sad to fear to make the offer, or to make it grudgingly, not knowing that there is a great adventure afoot, that the kingdom of Heaven has come nigh unto us.

Maurice Barrès in his paper, 'Young Soldiers of France,' says, 'Tracts of the French soul which had long lain fallow in us are beginning to be fruitful once again; and these young men have won inner riches which we, their elders, had lost. . . . Acceptance of sacrifice, the consciousness of a great Presence at one's side — we come across these again and again. . . . To-night we leave for the trenches. To-night I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand. You know who is watching over me.' Shall our young soldiers fail to climb to the heights to which these others have ascended? And who would dare to hold them back from the attempt?

O little company of boys romping down Ryefield Hill! My eyes are dazzled by the glory that you are faring forth to meet! That old picture of the past is caught now and flashed upon by the splendor of the present. That is not our old Ryefield, it is the field of honor that you are racing down; and that which bounds on before you is not a barrel, it is a shining ideal of the

nations set a-rolling for all time, and for all humanity! O little company! Good luck to you! Good luck in the Great Adventure!

And what about you, little niece, looking forth from your picture so gay and so confident, with your kitten in your arms? How has the war-giant bound you to these little boys? What does it all mean to you? It means that those soldiers there beside you are fighting to preserve that look of confidence and gayety on your small face; that they are fighting to make the world safe, not only for democracy, but for other things as well—for little nieces, for instance, and for all the warm and lovely things of life and the spirit.

Little girl, stop hugging your kitten for a single moment and bestow upon the little boys at your side a look of admiration and gratitude! No, you will not do it now, for you are only five and are still too busy with your hollyhock ladies; but in the years to come, when your skirts are lengthened and your curls put up, I know that you, together with all the maidens of that time, will take the cup of life from the hand of youth with a certain high reverence and a deep and passionate consecration, knowing that it is a sacred communion cup, a gift to you from the little boys beside you; and, lifting it high, you shall pray that you may be enabled to quaff it worthily in remembrance of the death and passion of all the glorious young men whose blood was shed for you and for many, in the years of the great agony.

AUF WIEDERSEHN, BERLIN!

BY ADELE N. PHILLIPS AND RUSSELL PHILLIPS

I

He was tall, and of that distressing thinness which we had come to know so well. His carriage was most military, although the painful limp with which he walked interfered with the habitual stiffness of his bearing. The right sleeve of his coat hung empty from the shoulder, and two fingers were missing from the hand thrust through the left. There was a profusion of bluish powder marks clustered about the disfiguring scar of his student days at the side of his jaw. He was a petty officer, who had been disabled in the first terrific rush through Belgium, already ensconced in a niche in the government service. He saluted with military precision, and awkwardly fumbled in the inside pocket of his coat with his poor, maimed hand, and drew forth a sheath of formidable-looking documents.

'The respected American Frau has a summer villa at Wannsee, not?' he boomed in a great bass voice, the one thing left to him of his former impressiveness. 'It is forbidden that she occupy it. The respected American Frau has a sister living in —— Strasse, not? It is forbidden that she visit this sister without a permit from the police. The respected American Frau has a number of friends living in —— Strasse,

not? It is forbidden that she communicate with them, with or without a permit. The American Frau has her food-card registered, not? The card must be changed for a *Bezugschein* [buying permit]. The American Frau and her husband must report twice weekly at the police station to sign an *Ausweis*. Above all, the American Frau and her husband are forbidden to express themselves in any way to friends or neighbors.'

He again salutes with a trace of his former grandeur, and is gone.

It was our first real taste of war. Hitherto we had been living as quietly in Berlin as in any city in America. We had not been molested in any way, although we could not fail to notice the increasing bitterness toward the 'silent enemy,' as the people termed America. We had watched with anxious eyes the gathering clouds and had dreaded the breaking of the storm. To the very last moment we had hoped that diplomacy would find some way out of the difficulty.

Contrary to the general expectation in this country, that the authorities would repress President Wilson's great message or blue pencil it into a harmless scrap of paper, the message was printed in full. For several days after the declaration of war and the publication of the message, the Americans in Berlin were very nervous. Knowing well the temper of the populace, we expected an outbreak. But there was no demonstration of any kind, and in a day or two we walked the streets without fear. It seemed as if the people had become so used to ultimatums and declarations that they took them as a matter of course.

As for the message as a whole, it was resented as an impertinence. Whatever comment it did arouse, its critics could not say that the noble phrases of President Wilson were not received with respect. Bitterly as they have come to hate him, deep in their hearts the German people respect the President. They know him as a teacher and a philosopher, at one time the president of a great university, and as such receive his word with deference. Time and time again in intellectual circles of Berlin we have heard the relative merits as leaders of Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson discussed, with the verdict always in favor of the President.

In his message President Wilson said that America 'had taken up the gage of battle with the natural foe of liberty . . . to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of the peoples, the German peoples included.' These phrases were the ones most resented in Berlin. The German people have the same erroneous opinion of their freedom that they have of their democracy. A country in which a Bundesrat represents the government of the individual states of the Empire, and the legislative functions are invested in a body — the Reichstag — elected by universal suffrage, and in which ministers can be changed at will, — they do not say whose will, — the Germans claim is a true democracy and free in every sense of the word.

The consensus of opinion at the time of the receipt of the message was that the Germans were cultured enough to select the form of government which they best liked, and wished no other thrust upon them. They claimed that theirs was the only true democratic spirit, and that if it were not, the country would not have thrived so prodigiously. They alluded with pride to the fame of their universities, and to the respect with which their teachings and doctrines were received. If a truer democracy or a superior form of government could have been devised, it would have emanated from these great institutions. They never could be

brought to realize that the whole world has armed itself for protection against the insufferable doctrines preached in these same institutions.

They openly scoff at the charge that the destiny of the universities is directed by the Emperor's mighty hand, and that no law or philosophy of which he disapproves may be promulgated. By the simple removal of the exponent of the particular principles which are distasteful to him, the Emperor maintains the form of democracy which pleases him. Thus has he reduced his people to mere units, who are content with the doctrines he dictates, and do not recognize the 'selfish and autocratic power' that he holds over them.

If there shall be a revolt against this august personage, it will not have its origin in Berlin. Rarely are the harrowing phases of the war revealed to the people of the metropolis. Berlin is coddled, pampered. The burden that is imposed on her is not as heavy as that borne by other municipalities. Her food-supply is greater, and the restrictions are not as tightly drawn. The cities in the extreme North are lifeless. Unable to contribute their share to the great conflict, they are neglected, a greater toll of man-power being exacted from them. Photographs were shown in private circles of the 'longshore women of Cuxhaven being driven like sheep to load the ships with supplies; mere shapeless snags of women —flat-chested and devoid of feminine grace, slouching along with unwomanly disregard of their appearance. And yet, only three years ago these coarse, frowsy creatures were noted for the sturdiness of their carriage and a certain rugged voluptuousness. The government considered these photographs of sufficient importance to make a house-to-house search in the district for copies of them and to arrest the holder of the negative.

The bitter discontent of the Southern cities is not apparent in Berlin. The poverty is more successfully hidden. Fewer bread and fuel riots have been reported in this city than in other places, where the factories have turned blank fronts for the past two years. Now and then there is an attempt by the authorities to force things, 'whoop her up,' as one hears at the camp-meetings; to make people forget their troubles. Shortly after Mr. Gerard's departure a slight military gain, which had been magnified by the government into a great victory, was seized upon as an occasion to enhearten the burghers. Berlin broke into bunting, and there was a great deal of handshaking and a mighty chorus of 'Hochs' in the neighborhood of Wilhelmstrasse, with a feebler echo from the people. Restrictions were removed for the day, and an attempt was made to revive the old street-dancing. 'Berlin *wachelt* [fox-trots] in the face of her enemies,' was the way the papers described it next day. Yes, the city was gay; but it was like a re-dyed carpet, brilliant in spots, with the worn and faded portions painfully visible at the seams and edges.

The shops of Berlin, once the most splendid in the world, show a more complete line of goods than is carried in most cities of Germany. In many of the departments the merchandise displayed is very little less than in normal times: but that, perhaps, is due to the government restriction of purchases. One may not buy what one wishes without governmental sanction. In other towns the depleted stock has not been replenished, and the stores have had to close in consequence. Goods for which merchants in other large cities have clamored in vain are freely displayed in Berlin, and in some cases the restriction is publicly winked at. All discontent primarily radiates from a centre of opinion and sentiment. Ber-

lin is the fount from which dissatisfaction would naturally flow. Therefore, the official hand is not as heavily placed on her as on her sister cities.

What really bothered the Germans more than the declaration of war by America was the fear of the embargo on food shipped from the United States to neutral countries, which has since gone into effect. Official Germany, while secretly raging at the English blockade and openly sneering at it as ineffective, had no real fear of it so long as the adjoining neutral states could import American food and ship their own across the borders. The man on the street was keenly aware of this, and eagerly scanned the bulletins for news of the establishment of the American embargo.

The food bought on government cards was of the coarsest, the simple necessities which we had come to regard as great delicacies being shipped or smuggled into the country from Denmark or Holland. Naturally, if the embargo on food shipped to these countries was established, the shipments to Germany would decrease, and both the army and the people would suffer.

When we left Berlin this subject was being widely discussed, as the date set for the proposed embargo was fast approaching. The people had been glutted on the so-called victories, which had never resulted in getting anywhere, and were beginning to recognize the seriousness of the situation. The official hand cannot chuck Berlin under the chin much longer.

II

It is not food only that is lacking in the city. Fuel is very scarce, and the inhabitants await with much dread the coming of the winter. Last winter we practically lived in one room; the children dressing and undressing in it, then scuttling into the cold bedrooms and jumping into bed. Ours was supposed to be a steam-heated apartment; but early in the winter the landlord made a sweeping reduction in rent, providing us with a stove that was more often gray than red. We are very close observers and have a wide experience, and in view of the lack of fuel and the protracted shortage of food, we do not see how the civic population can hold out another winter.

As for ourselves, we had fared better than the majority of the natives, who, despite the food-cards, influence, or social position, were unable to obtain the simple delicacies at our command. In the first year of the war and in face of the growing shortage, no unusual restrictions were placed on the supplies, although the dictatorship was immediately established. Confidence in a short and victorious war was unshaken and undue economy was not thought essential. No one really suffered, and there was no appreciable decrease in supplies; nothing but a rapidly rising wave of indignation at the increasing prices.

It was not until the second year of the war that we felt the taut rein, and then it really did not touch us. Our government card enabled us to buy at the stores, and also we could buy in greater quantities on the side, from dealers who would not sell to most German housewives for fear of being reported for extortion. While our neighbors bemoaned a shortage in everything, very rarely were we refused anything.

The beginning of the third year of the war found the shortage acute. The rigid mathematical lines of people maintained by the police before the stores were very difficult to control, and more than once they broke away and gathered in ominous groups to discuss the situation. Sometimes, after hours of weary waiting, the purchaser departed empty-handed, the supplies

in that particular shop having given out. It was bad enough to wait for hours in a line for the privilege of paying 2 marks 40 pfg. for a pound of horse-meat, only to be gruffly told that there was no more; to rush madly to the stores which sold broth made from the same meat at 40 pfg. a quart, and find that it also was all sold.

About this time the much-spoken-of substitutes for food were placed on the market: ill-tasting messes, which contained little or no nourishment and from which one turned away in disgust. They were all very wonderful, these concoctions of German science and efficiency, greatly impressing the commissioners, newspaper correspondents, and investigators sent by other governments. But they did not have to subsist on the messes. They could get out of the country.

The cheapest and most popular of these were the mussel sausage, a terrible concoction of ground mussels and spices which had been subjected to some chemical process, and in which lingered a trace of the combination; fish sausage, slightly different in taste and most unappetizing; and rabbit sausage, about the most palatable of the sausage substitutes, and, consequently, prohibitive in price.

Chunks of dried sea-lion meat were shipped into the country in the manner of jerked beef. Soaked for a number of hours, and cut into small pieces, it was made into a stew with onions. Some people thickened the gravy and served it with *Spetzel*, a South German dumpling made of flour, but, alas, no eggs as in the past. After one or two attacks of nausea people came to like the concoction. It filled a vacuum, and that is everything when one's head is light from a still lighter diet. The same meat corned and called *Robbin's Fleisch* was sold, and served in slices, at four marks a pound. It was a very good imitation of corned beef, better than stewed, and could be eaten cold on bread. As the potatoes became scarce, the bread which had been doled out on allowance began to deteriorate in quality. As long as it was composed of twenty per cent of potato-flour it was not bad, and served to satisfy the children when spread with malt extract, in place of sugar or syrup, or with the famous *Kriegsmarmalad*, a marmalade made of saccharine, beets, tomatoes, and turnips, colored red. With the reduction of the potato-flour in the bread, coarser grains were added; but now five per cent sawdust and five per cent flour ground from straw are used. In consequence people are suffering greatly from anemia; stomach-troubles are on the increase, especially ulcers of the stomach, and thread-worms, *spitze-schwanzwurm*, unusual in adults, are increasing past human endurance.

The famous *Süsse*, or fresh butter, entirely disappeared from the tables in the second year of the war. A very poor quality of Danish butter, such as is exported from Denmark to the tropics in tins, was smuggled into the country and sold as high as 8 to 10 marks the pound tin. It had the consistency of vaseline, which it resembled, and to our minds tasted very much like it. Spread beneath the sticky and sickeningly sweet preparations, it passed. For frying purposes it was useless, ruining everything that was fried in it; for, no matter how much it was shaken, dried out, or flavored, the rancid flavor clung to it still. A pound tin was very small and did not go very far; but by a judicious adding of a quantity of flour and the yolk of an egg it could be doubled in quantity.

Chickens became very rare and beyond reach of the poor. Crows and seagulls, shown and plainly labeled in the markets, were considered great delicacies and were eagerly purchased by

the people who could afford them. No venison had appeared in the markets for months, and when a lone haunch was temptingly displayed, ten to twelve marks a pound was asked. For that matter, all the better cuts of meat brought the same price. The cheaper cuts, sold on government cards at two to three marks a pound, were very coarse and tough, and could be used only for stews and goulash. As it was, these cuts were bought by many of the best families in the city.

The government, once so strict in the regulation of the slaughter-houses, is winking at the use of diseased cattle for food. Rigid inspection is a thing of the past. Slightly tuberculous beef was sold in the poorer districts, and meat that would have been rejected as too dangerous to use in any form was boiled and condensed to a gelatine for broths and soups, and sold to the very poor.

An occasional hog was smuggled into the city and fattened in the cellar. This was the greatest violation of regulations that the authorities had to contend with — cellar-hoarding. Lately they were inclined to wink at it if the government got its share on a fifty-fifty basis. If a hog was kept on the premises, the government meat-card was confiscated, and the owner was required to feed the animal according to government regulation. If the householder was the fortunate possessor of a cow, he was not permitted to buy milk or butter. In the past year a cow has been an honored member of more than one palatial residence, leading a pampered existence in the courtyard. Permits to raise chickens on the balconies were granted; but the eggs had to be handed over to the government.

There has been no coffee in the market for two years, its place being taken by a preparation of browned barley, acorns, and white carrots, called *Rote-bega*, the aroma of which is very much like coffee, but the taste, oh, so different! The government allowance of sugar was one pound a week for a household. We experienced no difficulty, however, in buying large quantities from the hoarders at four to five marks a pound. Rice too has disappeared from the shelves in the stores; rice which the German Hausfrau loves, and which she served in so many tempting forms: boiled in cream, fruit-puddings, frozen rice-custard, and rice gelatine *à la crême*. In the early part of the year the head of our house became ill and was ordered on a rice diet. After days of weary hunting and much whispered direction, five pounds of rice were discovered in a distant store and forty marks gladly paid for them.

Throughout the city small laundries have slowly closed up. There was no laundry soap to be had at any price, and the preparations of potash substitutes furnished by the government rusted and rotted the clothes. Soapstone was used for a time, and it was not an unusual sight to see some muscular laundress vigorously soapstoning a dainty piece of linen until it fell into holes in her efforts to get it clean. Toilet soap was almost as rare as the dodo bird, eight to ten marks being asked for a piece of the commonest kind.

The leather-supply also reached a low ebb. The inferior leather used in the shoes did not last very long. A shoe-card was issued by the government, allowing one pair of shoes to each family every two months. If the card was presented within the time-limit marked, the dealer, in fear of a heavy fine, referred the purchaser to the police. Last winter we were refused in every instance, and were compelled to rake through the closet for discarded shoes whose uppers would warrant soling. As it was, we could not find a whole pair of soles in Berlin. The shoes were

patched with six pieces of leather, held together by rivets manufactured for the purpose, for which the shoemaker charged us twelve marks, more than the original cost of the shoes. The same small pieces are sold in sets of ten, eight for the sole and two for the heel, thereby enabling the women to make the repairs at home.

As has been stated, we had no trouble in procuring supplies, such as they were. Having no fear of being reported by an American family, one dealer sold us at one time one hundred pounds of an American cereal and two hundred and fifty pounds of onions. The latter were a godsend, and although we were compelled to eat them in every form, — boiled, fried, stuffed, and creamed, — we were very grateful. Then a friend, also an American, made frequent trips to Denmark, returning with delicacies which the wealthiest German would have bartered his soul for, and which he smuggled into the country with the greatest ease because of his being an American.

This gentleman's fondness for news from the outside world more than once came near being his undoing. He bought all papers and traveled any distance to get news. All papers were procurable at the hotels up to May of the present year. People have marveled that, with so rigid a censorship, foreign papers were permitted to be sold. The German people bear a marked resemblance to the ostrich. They do not read the foreign papers, and the few who do would not believe the reports printed therein. On occasions when the German army met with a reverse, the papers were seized and the newsdealer bore the loss.

On a day when supplies were very scarce and the patience of the people was being sorely tried, our neighbor came along the street reading his English paper. Happening to stop in front of a store before which a number of people were lined up, he was approached by the policeman in charge, who asked for the news. His eye lighted on a full-page advertisement of the Selfridge Department Store in London, and he asked the American to translate it.

'Ham, one shilling and sixpence a pound,' he read; 'not more than ten pounds to a customer.' '*Ach Schinken!*' exclaimed the policeman, throwing his arms aloft in an ecstasy of despair. 'When have I tasted *Schinken! Hören Sie,*' he called to the waiting people, '*die Schweine, die Viecher,* still sell ten pounds of ham to a person.'

And amid a chorus of incredulous *Achs!* our neighbor passed on. Looking backward, he saw that the once corpulent policeman was being supported by a couple of men. The thought of ten pounds of ham sold all at once was too much for him.

III

The declaration of war made very little difference in our social life. We had been always freely received, and only occasionally did we run across any person who resented the American attitude in the great conflict. Naturally, there were individuals who felt strongly enough in the matter to take exception to our presence; but none of our family was openly affronted. We attended Red Cross meetings and worked beside women who had been bereft of husbands, sons, and brothers.

At one of these meetings we met an American girl, Dorothy Seiter, whom for the longest time we could not understand. She had come to Berlin in 1915, to study music. She was more German than the Germans, surprising the ladies present by her radical criticism of the land in which she was born.

She declared in very emphatic tones that she was wholly ashamed of Amer-

ica's performance in the war; that it was nothing more than a mercenary attitude; that it was criminal to ship ammunition; that the politicians were controlled by English capital; and that if she were behind that old President Wilson she'd bet he would put an embargo on the ammunition to the Allies.

We did not understand her attitude, but reserved our decision. Soon after we learned that the girl had fallen in love with a certain Herr Leutnant, who was at home on furlough. She was hopelessly in love with her bronzed soldier, and would have blown up every ordnance plant in America which manufactured the bullets which some day might deprive her of her lover.

Dorothy visited us very frequently, and once came in company with her Herr Leutnant, an exceedingly disagreeable man, who seemed to think that he was committing an act of treason by entering the house of an English-speaking family. Shortly after the visit he returned to the front, and the girl came to us broken-hearted. She was more anti-American than ever, and one or the other of us would have given her a sound shaking if we dared. As it was, she met with a very cold reception, which did not seem to embarrass her. As long as we permitted her to babble of the bravery of her Herr Leutnant, she was oblivious to anything else.

It was the Dorothys in Berlin that gave the German people a most erroneous impression of the true state of affairs. On their vaporings the people built up great hopes of internal intervention, and the assistance of the five hundred thousand reserves supposed to be residing in the United States. The people had come to regard the great German-American municipalities as colonies, which could be relied upon in an emergency. How else could things go in a land where newspapers printed in German daily published criticism of the government? The awakening was very rude and sudden.

About this time the news was printed in the Berlin papers of the arrival of American soldiers in France. The people were disinclined to believe it, having the same respect for our military preparedness which they had for the English, whose miserable first hundred thousand they had speedily wiped out. Very eagerly we studied the papers for news of the disposition of these soldiers, and the ink had not been dried before we read of the terrible slaughter which had occurred. The German soldiers had welcomed with joy the coming of these 'recruits,' who had been rushed to the front as soon as the clothes were provided to cover them decently. And this report was published in the face of the first letter we had read in a Berlin paper, from a mother who passionately protested against boys of seventeen and eighteen being sent to the front after only six weeks of training. In a day or so we read reports of the congestion of the field-hospitals with the American soldiers, who had been mowed down as soon as they entered the trenches. We were not very much distressed by these reports, as we had learned to take all great German victories with a grain of salt. On our arrival in this country we learned that similar rumors had been spread here, and, what seemed strange to us, had been credited, an official denial being necessary to put them to rest.

Toward the end of June we were reported to the police as anti-German. At first we suspected Dorothy; but, later, we found that it was our Fräulein, a governess whom we had had in our employ for five years. In a thoughtless moment the head of the house had boasted that as far back as two years ago the *Auswärtigen Amt* was afraid that American engineers would be sent to rebuild and reorganize Russia. Also he

begged to differ when the Fräulein emphatically said that the U-boats would finish England in six weeks. Therefore, she indignantly rose from the table and stalked from the room. We had no idea that she would report us, as she was so very pleasant next day. We were sure that she loved the children too dearly to jeopardize the liberty of their parents. She is what General Hindenburg called a *Miesmacher* (trouble-maker), not a peacemaker.

But report us she did, and the police appeared at our door and ordered us to report at once at the station house. Here we were questioned closely and dismissed with a warning. We had been calling twice weekly at the station to have our *Ausweis* stamped; now we were commanded to appear twice daily, morning and evening, to report. When we reached home we found that some one had been there in our absence, and while the Fräulein had enticed the children into the *Frau Portier's* rooms, had thoroughly searched the apartment.

Now that we had been drawn into the meshes of the great German secret service, we felt strangely helpless. The head of the house called the Fräulein in and questioned her; but she denied any knowledge of the presence of the searchers. Indeed, despite indisputable evidence of strangers having been in the apartment, she openly scoffed at the idea, reluctantly admitting that, if searchers had been there, they were, perhaps, hoard-inspectors. Only the week before, she said, glibly, inspectors had made a raid in the apartment of the family above and secured a quantity of flour, sugar, and cereals. But the fact did not reassure us, and after a whispered consultation we decided to pull stakes and, after an absence of fifteen years, return to our native land.

We knew that we were watched; each day we became more aware of it. Not only did we suspect the Fräulein; but certain dark-clothed men had a way of springing unawares out of dark corners of the hall and apologizing profusely after staring suspiciously at us. The children were becoming frightened and we were growing very nervous under the strain.

Judge, then, the joy that we felt when Señor ——, an attaché of the Spanish Legation in Berlin, called on us and reported that an inquiry had been made by the United States Government at Madrid concerning our welfare and asking for full particulars about us. Oh, the blessings we showered on the strong arm which stretched across the sea in protection of its citizens absent these fifteen years.

We informed Señor —— of the true state of affairs and asked his advice. He was non-committal, but said he would return in a day or two and inform us of the intention of the government. He did return within that time and with a copy of a cablegram from the State Department, requesting us to leave Berlin immediately.

The same day the name of Dorothy's Herr Leutnant appeared in the list of those reported killed, and the girl came to us weeping bitterly. With the cause of her unnatural bitterness against her native land removed, there seemed to awaken in the girl a strange and intense longing to see its shore. After her grief had subsided, we informed her of our intended departure. She immediately announced her intention of returning also, and asked permission to travel with us.

On the first day of July we applied for permission to leave the country. The day after, we were summoned to the police station and went through the same rigorous examination as to our purpose in leaving the country. We had a long and elaborate excuse pre-

pared; but when the question was bluntly put to the head of the house, he forgot all about it and as bluntly replied that the State Department in America had cabled us to come home. This seemed to impress the official and he asked no further questions. He gave us the permission to leave, at the same time forbidding us to remove from the city any of our household belongings. He also informed us that an inspector would call upon us and personally destroy all commercial books and stationery. No papers except those furnished by the police would be permitted to be carried, and all cards, even to 'At Home' announcements, must be surrendered. No more than a thousand marks was to be allowed to each person, which, considering the depreciation of the mark, seemed a ridiculously small sum of money to allow a person for a journey of four thousand miles. However, we realized the uselessness of argument and left the station promising to obey all commands.

Luckily for us there was a Red Cross meeting at our house that afternoon. When the members were called to order we announced our intention of leaving Berlin for all time. In the fifteen years we had resided in the city we had made some very charming friends, and there was great regret expressed at our determination to return to America. True to the frugal instincts characteristic of the German people, the ladies seemed as greatly worried about the fate of our furniture as about the perils that might arise on the long voyage.

Up to that time we had not given much thought to our worldly goods; but now we announced that we would take an inventory of the furniture and dispose of it at private sale. We had refurnished just before the war, at great expense. Thanks to the care of the well-trained German servant, the stuff was in splendid condition. In the eagerness of the women present to inspect the furniture, we realized for the first time to what straits the people of the city are reduced to secure necessaries for the household.

Some of the ladies ran into the drawing-room — ours was an eight-room apartment, and we did the Red Cross work in the nursery — to inspect rugs, paintings, piano, and furniture. Here was an opportunity to make purchases without the everlasting card, and they proposed to make them. It was not until a more considerate friend warned us to keep secret all information of the proceeds realized, that the limitation of the amount of money we could take out of the country occurred to us. After that we conducted things very quietly.

There was some very active bidding among the ladies for the furniture, and some little feeling was aroused. Frau Komerseinrat Spengler implored us to reserve the dining-room set for her. Frau Geheimrat Asch begged us to save it for her, informing us in an impressive whisper that her husband had made a great fortune in governmental *Lichtspiel*, — moving-pictures advantageously representing the government cause, — and was able to pay any price we asked. She was about to buy a new dining-room set when war was declared; but upon advice she decided to wait. Now there was not a decent set of furniture of any kind in the stores, nothing but veneer and lacquer.

Frau Sanitätsrat Wiederholt, the wife of one of the leading physicians in the city, who was suspected of fattening geese in her cellar and selling them at an exorbitant price, offered to buy all the rugs on the spot. As in all wars, the rich have grown richer and the poor, poorer; but the great middle class of Berlin had discovered ways to equalize their incomes. One of them is fattening creatures of any food-value in

the cellars of their homes. Like Frau Sanitätsrat Wiederholt, another of our friends, the widow of a member of the Bourse, who fell in the first year of the war, has made a tidy little fortune from fattening pigeons and raising rabbits.

In the early stages of the war, when the government demanded all household copper, in company with others we had surrendered ours, although as foreigners we were not called upon to do so. In its place we had bought aluminum — an ordinary set such as you see displayed in any department store. A couple of months before, the government had issued an order forbidding the use of metals in kitchen utensils and confiscating all on sale. Never shall we forget the almost wistful eagerness of these women to possess our one little set of aluminum pots. We have left some very good friends behind; but none who will think of us more kindly than the half dozen women to each of whom we gave one aluminum pot, and who smuggled them out of the house as carefully and secretly as if they had been the crown jewels.

We received fabulous prices for our goods. An oriental rug that had cost us one thousand marks brought five thousand; another, which we had picked up in Florence for fifteen hundred marks, we parted with reluctantly at eight thousand. The dining-room set, which had originally cost four thousand marks, sold for just double that sum. The wall tapestries in our living-room, which were most unpretentious for a Berlin home of its class and had been acquired at various times, at a cost to us of eight thousand marks, were considered a bargain at fifteen thousand.

It seemed a shame to take such excessive profit; but when you think of the great depreciation of the mark and the length of time it may take to recover anything like its real value, the sale of household goods will not seem quite so much like the betrayal of our friends. The mark has fallen into disfavor throughout Europe. In Denmark they still accept it at fifty per cent of its face-value; but in Norway and Sweden, the countries which have profited most by Germany's misfortune, they positively refuse to accept it at all. It was well for us that we were able to get some American gold in exchange at the Spanish Embassy, or we should have fared badly.

It was our last day in Berlin. Our numerous friends had called and bidden us a tearful farewell. Our meagre little stock of wearing apparel was packed, and we were waiting for Dorothy, who proposed to return to America with us. But the authorities would not permit the girl to leave the country. They were suspicious of her excessive pro-Germanism, her great zeal in behalf of their own cause, her continual disparagement and condemnation of her native land. They thought that it masked a deeper and more subtle motive. Therefore, Dorothy must live within a proscribed area in Berlin, report twice daily at the station house to sign her *Ausweis*, and is forbidden to communicate with her friends. But she had obtained a special permit to accompany us to the railroad station, where we left her standing, weeping bitterly, as we said, '*Auf wiedersehn*, Berlin.'

THE CHALLENGE TO NAVAL SUPREMACY

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

I

In a letter to William Pitt, of January 6, 1806, relating to his invention of a submersible boat, Robert Fulton wrote prophetically, 'Now, in this business, I will not disguise that I have full confidence in the power which I possess, which is no less than to be the means, should I think proper, of giving to the world a system which must of necessity sweep all military marines from the ocean, by giving the weaker maritime powers advantages over the stronger, which the stronger cannot prevent.'

It is interesting to note that, about a hundred years later, Vice-Admiral Fournier of the French Navy stated before a Parliamentary committee of investigation that, if France had possessed a sufficient number of submersibles, and had disposed them strategically about her coasts and the coasts of her possessions, these vessels could have controlled the trade-routes of the world. He said also that the fighting value of a sufficient number of submersibles would reëstablish the balance of power between England and France.

The history of naval warfare during the last few months has confirmed the opinions of these two authorities, although in a manner which they in no way anticipated.

Direct comparison is the ordinary method by which the human mind estimates values. We would measure the strength of two men by pitting them against each other in physical encounter; in the same way, we are prone to measure the combative effect of weapons by pitting them in conflict against other weapons. But modern warfare is of so complex a nature that direct comparisons fail, and only a careful analysis of military experience determines the potentiality of a weapon and its influence on warfare. Robert Fulton and Admiral Fournier both indicated that they believed in the submersible's supremacy in actual encounter with capital ships. The war, so far, has shown that, in action between fleets, the submersible has played a negative part. In the Jutland Bank battle, the submersible, handicapped in speed and eyesight, took as active a part, as a Jack Tar humorously put it, 'as a turtle might in a cat fight.' Not even under the extraordinary conditions of the bombardment in the Dardanelles, when the circumstances were such as lent themselves strikingly to submarine attack, did these vessels score against the fleet in action.[1]

It is easy to understand why the submersible did not take a vital part in any of the major naval actions. In the naval battle of to-day we have a number of very high-speed armored craft fighting against each other over ranges extending up to 17,000 yards. There is a constant evolution in the position of the ships which it is impossible to follow from the low point of vantage of a periscope, for the different formations

[1] The Majestic was torpedoed at the Dardanelles, while at anchor. The Triumph was torpedoed while moving slowly; both war-ships had out their torpedo nets. — The Author.

of ships mean nothing to the submersible commander. He is so placed that his range of vision is extremely limited, and, on account of the low speed of his boat while submerged, he can operate over only a very limited area of water while the other vessels are moving many miles. Then, too, he is extremely vulnerable to the effect of enemy shells and to the ramming of enemy ships. Under these conditions, the submersible commander is more or less forced to a policy of lying ambushed to surprise his enemy. It is said that the Lusitania was decoyed into a nest of submersibles. There was but little chance of torpedoing her in any other way. There is also the statement that Admiral Beatty passed with his battle-cruisers through a flotilla of enemy submersibles without being touched.

Submersibles cannot attack their target in definite formations as do surface vessels, and therefore they cannot operate in numbers with the same effectiveness as the latter. They must manœuvre more or less singly, and at random. Being limited to the torpedo, which, when they are submerged, is their sole weapon of attack, they have an uncertain means of striking their armed enemy. The eccentricities of the automobile torpedo are well known; but, even eliminating the fact that this missile is unreliable, the important question of accuracy in the estimate of range and speed which the submersible commander has to make before firing the torpedo must be considered. There is usually a large percentage of error in his calculations unless the submersible is extremely close to its target. Realizing these limitations, the German submersibles are equipped with small torpedoes, which are generally fired at ranges not exceeding eight hundred to two thousand yards. The necessity of approaching the target so closely is, of course, a tremendous handicap in the general operation of these boats. In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the submersible should not have been able to sweep the capital ship from the seas, as was predicted by certain experts before the war.

II

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge regards the functions of defense by a navy as divisible into three main classifications. He says, 'The above-mentioned three divisions are called in common speech, coast defense, colonial defense, and defense of commerce.' From this classification we are given a hint as to what a sailor means by 'naval supremacy,' 'freedom of the seas,' and other terms so misused that to-day they mean nothing. 'Coast defense' means defense against invasion; 'colonial defense' means the safeguarding of distant possessions against enemy forces; the 'defense of commerce' means such supremacy on the seas as will insure absolute safety of the mercantile marine from enemy commerce-destroyers.

To-day every great nation is waging a trade war. The industrial competition of peace is as keen as the competition of war. All the great powers realized years ago that, to gain and keep their 'place in the sun,' it was necessary for them to construct navies that would insure to them a certain control of the seas for the protection of their commerce. In this way began the abnormal naval construction in which the powers have vied with one another for supremacy.

A simple way of looking at the question, what constitutes the power of a fleet, is to look upon the warship as merely a floating gun-platform. Even though this floating platform is the most complex piece of mechanism that was ever contrived by man, nevertheless its general function is simple. The war

has given us enough experience to convince us that the backbone of a navy is, after all, the heavily armored ship of moderately high speed, carrying a very heavy armament. This floating gun-platform is the structure best fitted to carry large guns into battle, and to withstand the terrific punishment of the enemy's fire. The battleship is to-day, notwithstanding the development of other types, queen of the seas. It is therefore not difficult to estimate the relative power of the fleets of different nations. In fact, a purely engineering estimate of this kind can be made, and the respective ranks of the world's naval powers ascertained. Germany has shown all through the war that she thoroughly appreciated British naval supremacy. Her fleet has ventured little more than sporadic operations from the well-fortified bases behind Heligoland. It was probably the pressure of public opinion, and not the expectation that she would achieve anything of military advantage, that forced her to send her high-sea fleet into conflict with the British squadrons off Jutland.

If one should examine the course of this battle, which has been represented by lines graphically showing the paths of the British and German fleets, one could easily see how the British imposed their will upon the Germans in every turn that these lines make. It reminds one very much of the herding of sheep, for the German fleet was literally herded on May 31, 1915, from 5.36 in the afternoon until 9 o'clock that night. Admiral von Scheer, however, fought the only action which it was possible for him to fight. It was a losing action, and one which he knew, from a purely mathematical consideration, could not be successful.

Through the very definiteness of this understanding of what constitutes naval strength, Great Britain's navy until recently has remained a great potential force, becoming dynamic for only a few hours at Jutland, after which it returned to that mysterious northern base whence it seems to dominate the seas. Because of the potentiality of these hidden warships, thousands of vessels have traversed the ocean, freighted with countless tons of cargoes and millions of men for the Allies. Even at that psychological moment when the first hundred thousand were being transported to France, Germany refrained from a naval attack which might have turned the whole land campaign in her favor.

To-day, however, the world is awakening to a new idea of sea-power, to a new conception that will have a far-reaching influence on the future development of naval machinery.

Sir Cyprian Bridge has stated that one of the functions of a fleet is the defense of commerce. There is no more important function for a fleet than this. A nation may be subjugated by direct invasion, or it may be isolated from the world by blockade. If the blockade be sufficiently long, and effectively maintained, it will ruin the nation as effectually as direct invasion. Thus, in the maintenance of a nation's merchant marine on the high seas, its navy exercises one of its most vital functions. There can, therefore, be no naval supremacy for a nation unless its commerce is assured of immunity from considerable losses through the attack of its enemy. It is idle for us to speak of our naval supremacy over Germany, when our navies are failing in one of their most important functions, and when our commerce is suffering such serious losses. The persons best qualified to judge are those who are most anxious regarding the present losses in mercantile tonnage.

While it has been shown that the submersible of to-day, as a fighting machine, is considerably limited, and

in no sense endangers the existence of the capital ship, nevertheless in the new huge submersible it seems that the ideal commerce-destroyer has been found. This vessel possesses the necessary cruising radius to operate over sufficient distances to control important routes; it makes a surface speed great enough to run down cargo steamers, and has a superstructure to mount guns of considerable power (up to 6-inch). It embodies almost all the qualifications of the light surface cruiser, with the additional tremendous advantage of being able to hide by submergence. To be completely successful, it must operate in flotillas of hundreds in waters that are opaque to aerial observation. Germany has but a limited number of these submersibles, otherwise she would be able to crush the Allied commerce.

The ideal submersible commerce-raider should be a vessel of such displacement that she could carry a sufficient number of large guns in her superstructure to enable her to fight off the attack of surface destroyers and the smaller patrol craft.[1] She should be capable of cruising over a large radius at high speed, both on the surface and submerged. The super-submersible flotillas should comprise fifty or sixty of these units. The attack on the trade routes should be made by a number of flotillas operating at different points at unexpected times. To-day Germany has concentrated her submarine war particularly in the constricted waters about England. It is here that the shipping is most congested, and therefore the harvest is richest, but it is also easier to protect the trade routes over these limited areas of water by patrols, nets, and so forth, than it would be to protect the entire transoceanic length of the steamship lanes. If the submersible were capable of dealing directly with the destroyer in gun-fighting, a tremendous revolution would take place in the tactics of 'submarine swatting.' Then it would be difficult to see how the submersible could be dealt with.

Improvement in motive machinery is the vital necessity in the development of the submersible. The next few years may see unexpected strides taken in this direction. A great deal will also be accomplished in perfecting methods of receiving sounds under water, particularly in relation to ascertaining the direction of these sounds. When this is done, it will be possible for the submersible commander to tell a great deal about the position of the vessels above him, and thus his artificial ears will compensate to a great extent for his blindness. By the addition of a greater number of torpedo-tubes, and the improvement of their centralized control in the hand of the commander at the periscope, along lines which we are now developing, it will be possible for the submersible to achieve a greater effectiveness in its torpedo fire. Probably torpedoes will then be used only against the more important enemy units, such as battleships, cruisers, and the like. To be certain of striking these valuable targets would be worth expending a number of torpedoes in salvo fire.

Whether the German U-boat campaign succeeds or not will be largely a question of the number of submersibles that the Central Powers can put into service, and to what extent the submersible will be developed during the present war.

III

German submarines have sunk over 7,250,000 tons of the Allied shipping. In December, 1916, it was stated in

[1] The Germans have in operation submersibles of 2000 tons displacement. — THE AUTHOR.

the British Parliament that the merchant marine of Great Britain had at that time over 20,000,000 tons. Within the first three months of the unrestricted submarine warfare, 1,100,000 tons of British shipping went to the bottom. At this rate, Great Britain would lose twenty-five per cent of her merchant marine per annum. It is for this reason that the attention of the entire world is concentrated upon the vital problem of the submarine menace. On land the Central Powers are still holding their ground, but there is a continuous increase of the forces of the Allies which should lead finally to such a preponderance of power as will overwhelm the forces opposed to them. The Allied armies, however, depend for their sustenance and supplies upon the freedom of the seas. The trade routes of the world constitute the arteries which feed the muscles of these armies. Germany is endeavoring to cut these arteries by the submarine. Should she even appreciably limit the supplies that cross the ocean to the Allies, she will bring about a condition that will make it impossible to augment their armies. In this way there will inevitably be a deadlock, which, from the German standpoint, would be a highly desirable consummation.

Obviously, the first method of handling the submarine problem would be to bottle the German undersea craft in their bases. There has been a number of proposals as to how best to accomplish this. It has been stated that the British Navy has planted mines in channels leading from Zeebrugge and other submarine bases; but it is necessary only to recall the exploits of the E-11 and the E-14 of the British Navy at the Dardanelles to see that it would not be impossible for the Germans to pass in their U-boats through these mine-fields into the open sea. It will be remembered that the E-11 and the E-14 passed through five or more mine-fields, thence through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora, and even into the Bosphorus, under seemingly impossible conditions. Yet, in spite of the tremendous risks that they ran, these boats continued their operations for some time, passing up as far as Constantinople, actually shelling the city, sinking transports, and accomplishing other feats which have been graphically described in the stories of Rudyard Kipling. And again, if the mine-fields were placed in close proximity to their bases, it would be comparatively easy for German submersibles of the Lake type, possessing appliances to enable divers to pass outboard when the vessel is submerged, to go out and cut away the mines and thus render them ineffective.

Nets also are used to hinder the outward passage of the submarine. These nets can in like manner be attacked and easily cut by devices with which modern U-boats are equipped. The problem of placing these obstacles is a difficult one, in view of the fact that the ships so engaged are harassed by German destroyers and other enemy craft. Outside of Zeebrugge, shallow water extends to a distance of about five miles from the coast, and it has been suggested that a large number of aircraft, carrying bombs and torpedoes, should be used to patrol systematically the channel leading from that port to deep water, with the intent of attacking the submersibles as they emerge from this base. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Germans would not be able to concentrate an equally large number of aircraft, to be supported also by anti-aircraft guns on the decks of destroyers and by the coast defenses. We have not yet won the supremacy of the air, and it must inevitably be misleading to base any proposition on the assumption that we are masters of that element.

The problem of bottling up the submersibles is enormously difficult, because it necessitates operations in the enemy's territory, where he would possess the superiority of power. I believe that the question of operations against the submarine bases is not a naval but a military one, and one which would be best solved by the advance of the Western left flank of the Allied armies.[1]

The second method is to attack the submarines with every appliance that science can produce. In order to attack the submarine directly with any weapon, it is necessary first to locate it. This is a problem presenting the greatest difficulty, for it is by their elusiveness that the submarines have gained such importance in their war on trade. They attack the more or less helpless merchant ships, and vanish before the armed patrols appear on the scene.

Almost every suitable appliance known to physics has been proposed for the solution of the problem of submarine location and detection. As the submarine is a huge vessel built of metal, it might be supposed that such a contrivance as the Hughes induction balance could be employed to locate it. The Hughes balance is a device which is extremely sensitive to the presence of minute metallic masses in relatively close proximity to certain parts of the apparatus. Unfortunately, on account of the presence of the saline sea-water, the submersible is practically shielded by a conducting medium in which are set up eddy currents. Although the sea-water may lack somewhat in conductivity, it compensates for this by its volume. For this reason, the induction balance has proved a failure.

But another method of detecting the position of a metallic mass is by the use of the magnetometer. This device operates on the principle of magnetic attraction, and in laboratories on stable foundations it is extremely sensitive. But the instability of the ship on which it would be necessary to carry this instrument would render it impossible to obtain a sufficient degree of sensitiveness in the apparatus to give it any value. The fact that the submersible is propelled under water by powerful electric motors begets the idea that the electrical disturbances therein might be detected by highly sensitive detectors of feeble electrical oscillations. The sea-water, in this case, will be found to absorb to a tremendous extent the effects of the electrical disturbance. Moreover, the metallic hull of the submersible forms in itself an almost ideal shield to screen the outgoing effect of these motors.

Considerable and important development has been made in the creation of sensitive sound-receiving devices to hear the propeller vibrations and the mechanical vibrations that are present in a submersible, both of which are transmitted through the water. There are three principal obstacles to the successful use of such a device: when the submersible is submerged, she employs rotary not reciprocating prime-movers, being in consequence relatively quiet when running under water, and inaudible at any considerable distance; the noises of the vessel carrying the listening devices are difficult to exclude, as are also the noises of the sea, which are multitudinous; finally, the sound-receiving instruments are not highly directive, hence are not of great assistance in determining the position of the object from which they are receiving sounds.[1]

[1] Since this paper was written, we have seen with interest that this is the strategy of to-day. — THE EDITORS.

[1] Big strides, however, have been made lately, in overcoming these shortcomings, and it would appear that the principle of sound-detection is the most hopeful one for us to follow. — THE AUTHOR.

To locate the submersible, aerial observation has been found useful. It is particularly so when the waters are clear enough to observe the vessel when submerged to some depth; but its value is less than might be supposed in the waters about the British Isles and Northern Europe, where there is a great deal of matter in suspension which makes the sea unusually opaque. The submersible, however, when running along the surface with only its periscope showing, is more easily detected by aircraft than by a surface vessel. Behind the periscope there is a characteristic small wake, which is distinguishable from above but practically invisible from a low level of observation. Many sea-planes are operating on the other side for the purpose of locating enemy submersibles and reporting their presence to the surface patrol craft.

In order to overcome the disadvantages of creating the periscope wake which I have mentioned, it is reported that the Germans have developed special means to allow the U-boats, when raiding, to submerge to a fixed depth without moving. To maintain any body in a fluid medium in a static position is a difficult matter, as is shown in the instability of aircraft. One of the difficult problems of the submersible has been to master the difficulties of its control while maintaining a desired depth. The modern submersible usually forces itself under water, while still in a slightly buoyant condition, by its propellers and by the action of two sets of rudders, or hydroplanes, which are arranged along its superstructure and which tend to force it below the surface when they are given a certain inclination; but should the engines stop, the diving rudders, or hydroplanes, would become ineffective, and, because of the reserve buoyancy in the hull, the vessel would come to the surface.

In order to maintain the vessel in a state of suspension under water without moving, it would be necessary to hold an extremely delicate balance between the weight of the submarine and that of the water which it displaces. Variations in weights are so important to the submersible that, as fuel is used, water is allowed to enter certain tanks to compensate exactly for the loss of the weight of the fuel. To obtain such an equilibrium, an automatic device controlled by the pressure of the water, which, of course, varies with the depth, is used. This device controls the pumps which fill or empty the ballast-tanks, so as to keep the relation of the submersible to the water which it displaces constant, under which condition the vessel maintains a fixed depth. The principle of this mechanism is, of course, old, and was first embodied in the Whitehead torpedo, which has a device that can be set so as to maintain the depth at which it will run practically constant. With the addition of a telescopic periscope, which can be shortened or extended at will, it will be possible for the U-boat to lie motionless, with only the minute surface of the periscope revealing her position.

IV

To attack the submersible is a matter of opportunity. It is only when one is caught operating on the surface, or is forced to the surface by becoming entangled in nets, that the patrol has the chance to fire upon it. Against this method of attack, modern submersibles have been improving their defenses. To-day they are shielded with armor of some weight on the superstructure and over part of the hull. They are also equipped with guns up to six inches in diameter, and, affording, as they do, a fairly steady base, they can outmatch in gun-play any of

the lighter patrol boats which they may encounter.

One of the important improvements which have been made has resulted in the increased speed with which they now submerge from the condition of surface trim. A submersible of a thousand tons displacement will carry about five hundred tons of water ballast. The problem of submerging is mainly that of being able rapidly to fill the tanks. On account of the necessity of dealing with large quantities of water in the ballast system, the European submersibles are equipped with pumps which can handle eight tons of water per minute.

Again, the speed which the electrical propulsion system gives the vessel on the surface greatly increases the pressure which the diving rudders can exert in forcing the submersible under water. This effect may be so marked that it becomes excessive, and Sueter emphasizes the point that vessels at high speed, when moving under water, may, on account of the momentum attained, submerge to excessive depths. To eliminate this tendency, there is a hydrostatic safety system which automatically causes the discharge of water from the ballast-tank when dangerous pressures are reached, thus bringing the submersible to a higher level where the pressure on the hull will not be so severe. From this it follows that the opportunity of ramming a submersible, or of sinking it by gunfire, is greatly minimized, since the vessel can disappear so rapidly.

A great deal has been attempted with nets. Fixed nets extend across many of the bodies of water around the British Isles. Their positions doubtless are now very well known to the Germans. The problem of cutting through them is not a difficult one. Moreover, the hull of the submersible has been modified so that the propellers are almost entirely shielded and incased in such a way that they will not foul the lines of a net. There has also been a steel hawser strung from the bow across the highest point of the vessel to the stern, so that the submersible can under-run a net without entangling the superstructure. Some nets are towed by surface vessels. The process is necessarily slow, and to be effective the surface vessel must know the exact location of the submersible. Towing torpedoes or high explosive charges behind moving vessels has been developed by the Italian Navy, but the chances of hitting a submersible with such devices are not very great.

Bomb-dropping from aeroplanes can be practiced successfully under exceptional conditions only. In view of the fact that such bomb-dropping is exceedingly inaccurate, and that the charges carried are relatively small, this form of attack ordinarily would not be very dangerous for the submersible. Surface craft have also employed large charges of high explosives, which are caused to detonate by hydrostatic pistons upon reaching a certain depth. Patrol boats carry such charges in order to overrun the submersible, drop the charges in its vicinity, and by the pressure of the underwater explosion crush its hull. Since the pressure of an underwater explosion diminishes rapidly as the distance increases from the point of detonation, it would be necessary to place the explosive charge fairly close to the hull of the submersible to be certain of its destruction. To accomplish this, it would seem that the ideal combination would be the control of an explosive carrier by radio energy directly from an aeroplane. Thus we would have a large explosive charge under water, where it can most effectively injure the submersible, controlled by the guidance of an observer

in the position best suited to watch the movements of the submerged target.

The third method by which to frustrate the attack of the submersible is to give better protection to the merchant marine itself. While a great deal of ingenuity is being concentrated on the problem of thwarting the submersible, but little common sense has been used. While endeavoring to devise intricate and ingenious mechanisms to sink the submersible, we overlook the simplest safeguards for our merchant vessels. To-day the construction of the average ship is designed to conform to the insurance requirements. This does not mean in any way that the ship is so constructed as to be truly safe. Thousands of vessels which are plying the seas to-day are equipped with bulkheads which are absolutely useless because they do not extend high enough to prevent the water from running from one part of the ship to another when the ship is partially submerged. Then again, the pumping system is so arranged as to reach the water in the lower part of the hull when the ship is up by the head. Should the ship be injured in the forward part and sink by the head, these pumps would be unable to reach the incoming water before her condition had become desperate. There is a vessel operating from New York to-day worth approximately a million dollars, and if she were equipped with suitable pumps, which would cost about a thousand dollars, her safety would be increased about forty per cent. Her owners, however, prefer running the risk of losing her to expending a thousand dollars!

If the merchant vessels were made more torpedo-proof, it would be an important discouragement to the U-boat commander. During the past two years of the war, nineteen battleships have been torpedoed, and out of this number only three have been sunk, showing that it is possible by proper construction to improve the hull of a ship to such an extent that it is almost torpedo-proof. While it may not be practicable, on account of the cost, to build merchant vessels along the lines of armed ships, nevertheless much could be done to improve their structural strength and safety; and since speed is an essential factor in circumventing torpedo attack, new cargo-carriers should be constructed to be as fast as is feasible.

So radically have conditions changed that to-day we have a superabundance of useless dreadnaught power. The smaller guns of some of these vessels, and their gun crews, would be far more useful on the merchant vessels than awaiting the far-off day when the German fleet shall venture forth again. The submersible must be driven below the surface by a superiority of gunfire on the part of the merchant marine and its patrols. In this way, the submersible would be dependent upon the torpedo alone, a weapon of distinct limitations. In order to use it effectively, the submersible must be not more than from eight hundred to two thousand yards from its target, and must run submerged at reduced speed, thus greatly lessening its potentiality for destruction. To-day submersibles are actually running down and destroying merchant vessels by gunfire. If merchant vessels carried two high-speed patrol launches equipped with three-inch guns of the Davis non-recoil type, and these vessels were lowered in the danger zone as a convoy to the ship, such a scheme would greatly lessen the enormous task of the present patrol. In the event of gunfire attack by a submersible, three vessels would be on the alert to answer her fire instead of one: an important factor in discouraging submersibles from surface attack!

The future of the submarine campaign is of vital importance. The prospect is not very cheerful. Laubeuf states that at the beginning of the war Germany had not over thirty-eight submersibles. This statement may be taken with a grain of salt; the Germans do not advertise what they have. It is probable, however, that to-day they have not more than two hundred submersibles in operation. Over four thousand patrol boats are operating against this relatively small number, and yet sinkings continue at an alarming rate. It is estimated that Germany will be able to produce a thousand submersibles in the coming year and man these vessels with crews from her blockaded ships. This will be a tremendous addition to the number she has now in operation. The greater the number of submersibles she has in action, the greater the area the submarine campaign will cover. The number of patrol vessels will have to be increased in direct proportion to the area of the submarine zone. Since a large number of patrol boats has to operate against each submersible, it will be seen that a tremendous fleet will have to be placed in commission to offset a thousand submersibles.

Thus the problem becomes increasingly difficult, and the protection of the trade route will be no more thoroughly effected than it is to-day — unless we overwhelm the enemy by a tremendous fleet of destroyers.

FRANCE, 1916–1917: AN IMPRESSION

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

It was past eleven, and the packet had been steady for some time when we went on deck and found her moving slowly in bright moonlight up the haven toward the houses of Le Havre. A night approach to a city by water has the quality of other-worldness. I remember the same sensation twice before: coming in to San Francisco from the East by the steam-ferry, and stealing into Abingdon-on-Thames in a rowing-boat. Le Havre lay, reaching up toward the heights, still and fair, a little mysterious, with many lights that no one seemed using. It was cold, but the air already had a different texture, — drier, lighter than the air we had left, — and one's heart felt light and a little excited. In the moonlight the piled-up, shuttered houses had coloring like that of flowers at night — pale, subtle, mother-o'-pearl. We moved slowly up beside the quay, heard the first French voices, saw the first French faces, and went down again to sleep.

In the Military Bureau at the station, with what friendly politeness they exchanged our hospital passes for the necessary forms! but it took two officials ten minutes of hard writing. And one thought, is victory possible with all these forms? It is so throughout France — too many forms, too many people to fill them up. As if France could not trust herself without recording in a spidery handwriting exactly

where she is, for nobody to look at afterward. But France *could* trust herself. A pity!

Our only fellow traveler was not a soldier, but had that indefinable look of connection with the war that is wrapped round almost every one in France. A wide land we passed, fallow under the November sky; houses hidden among the square Normandy courtyards of tall trees; not many people in the fields.

Paris is Paris, was, and ever shall be! Paris is not France. If the Germans had taken Paris they would have occupied the bodily heart, the centre of her circulatory system; but the spirit of France their heavy hands would not have clutched, for it never dwelt there. Paris is hard and hurried; France is not. Paris loves pleasure; France loves life. Paris is a brilliant stranger in her own land. And yet a lot of true French men and French women live there and many little plots of real French life are cultivated.

At the Gare de Lyon *poilus* are taking trains for the South. This is our first real sight of them in their tired glory. They look weary and dusty and strong; every face has character, no face looks empty, or as if its thought were being done by others. Their laughter is not vulgar or thick. Alongside their faces the English face looks stupid, the English body angular and neat. They are loaded with queer burdens, bread and bottles bulge their pockets; their blue-gray is prettier than khaki, their round helmets are becoming. Our Tommies, even to our own eyes, seem uniformed, but hardly two in all this crowd are dressed alike. The French soldier luxuriates in extremes: he can go to his death in white gloves and dandyism — he can glory in unshavenness and patches. The words *in extremis* seem dear to the French soldier; and *con amore* he passes from one extreme to the other. One of them stands gazing up at the board which gives the hours of starting and the destinations of the trains. His tired face is charming, and has a look that I cannot describe — lost, as it were, to all surroundings; a Welshman or a Highlander, but no Englishman, could look like that.

Our carriage has four French officers; they talk neither to us nor to each other; they sleep sitting well back, hardly moving all night; one of them snores a little, but with a certain politeness. We leave them in the early morning and descend into the windy station at Valence. In pre-war days romance began there when one journeyed: a lovely word, and the gate of the South. Soon after Valence one used to wake and draw aside a corner of the curtain and look at the land in the first level sunlight: a strange land of plain, and far, yellowish hills; a land with a dry, shivering wind over it, and puffs of pink almond-blossom.

But now Valence was dark, for it was November, and raining. In the waiting-room were three tired soldiers trying to sleep, and one sitting up awake, shyly glad to share our cakes and journals. Then on through the wet morning by the little branch line into Dauphiné. Two officers again and a civilian, in our carriage, are talking in low voices of the war, or in higher voices of lodgings at Valence. One is a commandant, with a handsome old paternal face, broader than the English face, a little more in love with life, and a little more cynical about it, with more depth of coloring in eyes and cheeks and hair. The tone of their voices, talking of the war, is grave and secret. '*Les Anglais ne lâcheront pas*,' are the only words I plainly hear. The younger officer says, 'And how would you punish?' The commandant's answer is inaudible, but by the twinkling of his eyes one knows it to be human and sagacious.

The train winds on in the windy wet, through foothills and then young mountains, following up a swift-flowing river. The chief trees are bare Lombardy poplars. The chief little town is gathered round a sharp spur, with bare towers on its top. The color everywhere is a brownish-gray.

We have arrived. A tall, strong young soldier, all white teeth and smiles, hurries our luggage out, a car hurries us up in the rainy wind through the little town, down again across the river, up a long avenue of pines, and we are at our hospital.

Round the long table, at their dinner-hour, what a variety of type among the men! And yet a likeness, a sort of quickness and sensibility, common to them all. A few are a little *méfiant* of these newcomers, with the *méfiance* of individual character, not of class distrustfulness, or of that defensive expressionlessness we cultivate in England. The French soldier has a touch of the child in him — if we leave out the Parisians: a child who knows more than you do perhaps; a child who has lived many lives before this life; a wise child, who jumps to your moods and shows you his 'sore fingers' readily when he feels that you want to see them. He has none of the perverse and grudging attitude toward his own ailments that we English foster. He is perhaps a little inclined to pet them, treating them with an odd mixture of stoic gayety and gloomy indulgence. It is like all the rest of him: he feels everything so much more quickly than we do — he is so much more impressionable.

The variety of type is more marked physically than in our country. Here is a tall Savoyard cavalryman, with a maimed hand and a fair moustache brushed up at the ends, big and strong, with gray eyes, and a sort of sage self-reliance; only twenty-six, but might be forty. Here is a real Latin, who was buried by an explosion at Verdun; handsome, with dark hair and a round head, and color in his cheeks; an ironical critic of everything, a Socialist, a mocker, a fine, strong fellow with a clear brain, who attracts women. Here are two peasants from the Central South, both with bad sciatica, slower in look, with a mournful, rather monkeyish expression in their eyes, as if puzzled by their sufferings. Here is a true Frenchman, a Territorial, from Roanne, riddled with rheumatism, quick and gay and suffering, touchy and affectionate, not tall, brown of face, brown-eyed, rather fair, with clean jaw and features, and eyes with a soul in them, looking a little up; forty-eight — the oldest of them all — they call him *grandpère*. And here is a printer from Lyon, with shell-shock; medium-colored, short and roundish and neat, full of humanity and high standards and domestic affection, and so polite, with eyes a little like a dog's. And here another, with shell-shock and brown-green eyes, from the 'invaded countries'; *méfiant*, truly, this one, but with a heart when you get at it; neat, and brooding, quick as a cat, nervous, and wanting his own way.

But they are all so varied! If there are qualities common to all, they are impressionability and capacity for affection. This is not the impression left on one by a crowd of Englishmen. Behind the politeness and civilized bearing of the French I used to think that there was a little of the tiger. In a sense perhaps there is, but that is not the foundation of their character — far from it! Underneath the tiger again there is a man civilized for centuries, and this pervades all alike. The politeness of the French is no surface quality: it is a polish welling up from a naturally affectionate heart, a naturally quick apprehension of the moods and feelings of others; it is the outcome

of a culture so old that, underneath all differences, it binds together all those types and strains of blood — the Savoyard and the Southerner, the Latin of the Centre, the man of the North, the Breton, the Gascon, the Basque, the Auvergnat, even to some extent the Norman, and the Parisian — in a sort of warm and bone-deep kinship. They have all, as it were, sat for centuries under a wall, with the afternoon sun warming them through and through, as I so often saw the old town gossips sitting of an afternoon. The sun of France has made them alike: a light and happy sun, not too southern, but just southern enough.

And the women of France! If the men are bound in that mysterious kinship, how much more so are the women! What is it in the Frenchwoman that makes her so utterly unique? A daughter, in one of Anatole France's books, says to her mother, 'Tu es pour les bijoux, je suis pour les dessous.' The Frenchwoman spiritually is *pour les dessous*. There is in her a kind of inherited, conservative, clever, dainty capability; no matter where you go in France, or in what class, — country or town, — you find it. She cannot waste, she cannot spoil, she makes and shows — the best of everything. If I were asked for a concrete illustration of self-respect I should say — the Frenchwoman. It is a particular kind of self-respect, no doubt, very much limited to this world, and perhaps beginning to be a little frayed. We have some Frenchwomen at the hospital: the servants who keep us in running order; the dear cook, whom we love not only for her baked meats, proud of her soldier son, once a professor, now a sergeant, and she a woman of property, with two houses in the little town; patient, kind, very stubborn about her dishes, which have in them the essential juices and savors that characterize all things really French. She has great sweetness and self-containment in her small, wrinkled, yellowish face; always quietly polite and grave, she bubbles deliciously at any joke, and gives affection sagaciously to those who merit. A jewel, who must be doing something *pour la France*.

And then we have Madame Jeanne Camille, mother of two daughters and one son, too young to be a soldier. It was her eldest daughter who wanted to come and scrub in the hospital, but was refused because she was too pretty. And her mother came instead. A woman who did not need to come, nearly fifty, but strong, as the French are strong, with good red blood, deep coloring, hair still black, and handsome straight features. What a worker! A lover of talk, too, and of a joke when she has time. And Claire, of a *languissant* temperament, as she says; but who would know it? Eighteen, with a figure abundant as that of a woman of forty, but just beginning to fine down; holding herself as French girls learn to hold themselves so young; and with the pretty eyes of a Southern nymph, clear and brown and understanding, and a little bit wood-wild. Unself-conscious, — unlike the English girl at that age, — fond of work and play; with what is called 'a good head' on her, and a warm heart. A real woman of France.

Then there is the 'farmeress' at the home farm that gives the hospital its milk; a splendid, gray-eyed creature, doing the work of her husband who is at the front, with a little girl and boy rounder and rosier than anything you ever saw; and a small, one-eyed brother-in-law who drinks. My God, he drinks! Any day you go into the town to do hospital commissions you may see the hospital donkey-cart, with the charming gray donkey, outside the Café de l'Univers or what not, and know that Charles is within. He beguiles our

poilus, and they take little beguiling. Wine is too plentiful in France. The sun in the wines of France quickens and cheers the blood in the veins of France. But the gift of wine is abused. One may see a poster that says — with what truth I know not — that drink has cost France more than the Franco-Prussian War. French drunkenness is not so sottish as our beer-and-whiskey-fuddled variety, but it is not pleasant to see, and mars a fair land.

What a fair land! I never before grasped the charm of French coloring: the pinkish-yellow of the pan-tiled roofs, the lavender-gray or dim green of the shutters, the self-respecting shapes and flatness of the houses, unworried by wriggling ornamentation or lines coming up in order that they may go down again; the universal plane trees with variegated trunks and dancing lightness — nothing more charming than plane trees in winter, their delicate twigs and little brown balls shaking against the clear pale skies, and in summer nothing more green and beautiful than their sun-flecked shade.

Each country has its special genius of coloring — best displayed in winter. To characterize such genius by a word or two is hopeless; but one might say the genius of Spain is brown; of Ireland green; of England chalky blue-green; of Egypt shimmering sandstone. For France amethystine feebly expresses the sensation; the blend is subtle, stimulating, rarefied — at all events in the centre and south. Walk into an English village, however beautiful, — and many are very beautiful, — you will not get the peculiar sharp spiritual sensation that will come on your entering some little French village or town — the sensation that one has in looking at a picture by Francesca. The blue wood-smoke, the pinkish tiles, the gray shutters, the gray-brown plane trees, the pale-blue sky, the yellowish houses, and above all, the clean forms and the clear air. I shall never forget one late afternoon rushing home in the car from some commission. The setting sun had just broken through after a misty day, the mountains were illumined with purple and rose-madder, and snow-tipped against the blue sky, a wonderful wistaria blue drifted smoke-like about the valley; and the tall trees, poplars and cypresses, stood like spires.

No wonder the French are *spirituel*, a word so different from our 'spiritual,' for that they are not; preëminently citizens of this world — even the pious French. This is why on the whole they make a better fist of social life than we do, we misty islanders, only half-alive because we set such store by our unrealized moralities. Not one Englishman in ten now *really* believes that he is going to live again; but his disbelief has not yet reconciled him to making the best of this life, or laid the ghosts of the beliefs he has outworn. Clear air and sun, but not so much as to paralyze action, have made in France clearer eyes, clearer brains, and touched souls with a sane cynicism. The French do not despise and neglect the means to ends. They face sexual realities. They know that to live well they must eat well, to eat well must cook well, to cook well must cleanly and cleverly cultivate their soil.

France! Be warned in time by our dismal fate! Do not lose your love of the land; do not let industrialism absorb your peasantry, and the lure of wealth and the cheap glamour of the towns draw you into their uncharmed circles. We English have rattled deep into a paradise of machines, chimneys, cinemas, and halfpenny papers; have bartered our heritage of health, dignity, and looks for wealth, and badly distributed wealth at that. You were trembling on the verge of the same precipice when the war came; with its

death and wind of restlessness the war bids fair to tip you over. Hold back with all your might! Your two dangers are drink and the lure of the big towns. No race can preserve sanity and refinement that really gives way to these. You will not fare even as well as we have if you yield; our fibre is coarser and more resistant than yours, nor had we ever so much grace to lose. It is by grace and self-respect that you have had your preëminence; let these wither as they must in the grip of a sordid and drink-soothed industrialism, and your star will burn out. The life of the peasant is hard; peasants are soon wrinkled and weathered; they are not angels; narrow and over-provident, suspicious, and given to drink, they still have their roots and being in the realities of life, close to nature, and keep a sort of simple dignity and health that great towns destroy. Take care of your peasants and your country will take care of itself.

Talking to our *poilus*, we remarked that they have not a good word to throw to their *députés* — no faith in them. About French politicians I know nothing; but their shoes are unenviable, and will become too tight for them after the war. But the *poilu* has no faith at all now, if he ever had, save faith in his country, so ingrained that he lets the life-loving blood of him be spilled out to the last drop, cursing himself and everything for his heroic folly.

We had a young Spaniard of the Foreign Legion in our hospital, who had been to Cambridge, and had the 'outside' eyes on all things French. In his view, *je m'en foutism* has a hold of the French army. Strange if it had not! Clear, quick brains cannot stand Fate's making ninepins of mankind year after year like this. Fortunately for France, the love of her sons has never been forced; it has grown like grass and simple wild herbs in the heart, alongside the liberty to criticize and blame. The *poilu* cares for nothing, no, not he! But he is himself a little unconscious bit of France — and for one's self one always cares. State-forced patriotism made this war — a fever-germ that swells the head and causes blindness. A state which teaches patriotism in its schools is going mad! Let no such state be trusted! They who, after the war, would have England and France copy the example of the state-drilled country which opened these flood-gates of death, and teach mad provincialism under the nickname of patriotism to their children, are driving nails into the coffins of their countries.

Je m'en foutism is a natural product of three years of war, and better by far than the docile despair to which so many German soldiers have been reduced. We were in Lyons when the Russian Revolution and the German retreat from Bapaume were reported. The town and railway station were full of soldiers. No enthusiasm, no stir of any kind, only the usual tired stoicism. And one thought of what the *poilu* can be like; of our Christmas dinner-table at the hospital under the green hanging wreaths and the rosy Chinese lanterns; the hum, the chatter, the laughter of free and easy souls in their red hospital jackets. The French are so easily, so incorrigibly gay; the dreary grinding pressure of this war seems horribly cruel applied to such a people, and the heroism with which they have borne its untold miseries is sublime.

In our little remote town out there — a town that had been Roman in its time, and still had bits of Roman walls and Roman arches — every family had its fathers, brothers, sons, dead, fighting, in prison, or in hospital. The mothers were wonderful. One old couple, in a *ferblanterie* shop, who had

lost their eldest son and whose other son was at the front, used to try hard not to talk about the war, but sure enough they would come to it at last, each time we saw them, and in a minute the mother would be crying and a silent tear would roll down the old father's face. Then he would point to the map and say, 'But look where they are, the Boches! Can we stop? It's impossible. We must go on till we've thrown them out. It is dreadful, but what would you have? Ah! Our son — he was so promising!' And the mother, weeping over the tin-tacks, would make the neatest little parcel of them, murmuring through her tears, 'Il faut que ça finisse: mais la France — il ne faut pas que la France — Nos chers fils auraient été tués pour rien!' Poor souls!

I remember another couple up on the hillside. The old wife, dignified as a duchess, — if duchesses are dignified, — wanting us so badly to come in and sit down that she might the better talk to us of her sons: one dead, and one wounded, and two still at the front, and the youngest not yet old enough. And while we stood there, up came the father, an old farmer, with that youngest son. He had not quite the spirit of the old lady, or her serenity; he thought that men in these days were no better than *des bêtes féroces*. And in truth his philosophy — of an old tiller of the soil — was as superior to that of emperors and diplomats as his life is superior to theirs.

Not very far from that little farm is the spot of all others in that mountain country which most stirs the æsthetic and the speculative strains within one. Lovely and remote, all by itself at the foot of a mountain, in a circle of the hills, an old monastery stands, now used as a farm, with one rose-window, like a spider's web, spun delicate in stone tracery. There the old monks had gone to get away from the struggles of the main valley and the surges of the fighting men. There still were the traces of their peaceful life; the fish-ponds and the tillage still kept in cultivation. If they had lived in these days, they would have been at the war, fighting or bearing stretchers, like the priests of France, eleven thousand of whom, I am told, — untruthfully, I hope, — are dead. So the world goes forward — the Kingdom of Heaven comes!

We were in the town the day that the 1918 class received their preliminary summons. Sad were the mothers who watched their boys parading the streets, rosetted and singing to show that they had passed and were ready to be food for cannon. Not one of those boys, I dare say, in his heart wanted to go; they have seen too many of their brethren return war-worn, missed too many who will never come back. But they were no less gay about it than those recruits we saw in the spring of 1913, at Argelès in the Pyrenees, singing along and shouting on the day of their enrolment.

There were other reminders to us, and to the little town, of the blood-red line drawn across the map of France. We had in our hospital men from the invaded countries without news of wives and families mured up behind that iron veil. Once in a way a tiny word would get through to them, and anxiety would lift a little from their hearts; for a day or two they would smile. One we had, paralyzed in the legs, who would sit doing *macramé* work and playing chess all day long; every relative he had — wife, father, mother, sisters — all were in the power of the German. As brave a nature as one could see in a year's march, touchingly grateful, touchingly cheerful, but with the saddest eyes I ever saw. There was one little reminder in the town that we could never help going in to look at whenever we passed

the shop whose people had given her refuge. A little girl of eight with the most charming, grave, pale, little gray-eyed face; there she would sit, playing with her doll, watching the customers. That little refugee at all events was beloved and happy; only I think she thought we would kidnap her one day, we stared at her so hard. She had the quality which gives to certain faces the fascination belonging to rare works of art.

With all this poignant bereavement and long-suffering among them, it would be odd indeed if the gay and critical French nature did not rebel, and seek some outlet in apathy or bitter criticism. The miracle is that they go on and on, holding fast. Easily depressed, and as easily lifted up again, grumble they must and will; but their hearts are not really down to the pitch of their voices; their love of country, which with them is love of self, — the deepest of all kinds of patriotism, — is too absolute. These two virtues or vices (as you please) — critical faculty and *amour propre*, or vanity, if you prefer it — are in perpetual encounter. The French are at once not at all proud of themselves and very proud. They destroy all things French, themselves included, with their brains and tongues, and exalt the same with their hearts and by their actions. To the reserved English mind, always on the defensive, they seem to give themselves away continually; but he who understands sees it to be all part of that perpetual interplay of opposites which makes up the French character and secures for it in effect a curious vibrating equilibrium.

Intensely alive, is the chief impression one has of the French. They balance between head and heart at top speed in a sort of electric and eternal see-saw. It is this perpetual quick change which gives them, it seems to me, their special grip on actuality; they never fly into the cloud-regions of theories and dreams; their heads have not time before their hearts have intervened, their hearts not time before their heads cry, 'Hold!' They apprehend both worlds, but with such rapid alternation that they surrender to neither. Consider how clever and comparatively warm is that cold thing 'religion' in France. I remember so well the old curé of our little town coming up to lunch, his interest in the cooking, in the practical matters of our life, and in wider affairs too; his enjoyment of his coffee and cigarette; and the curious suddenness with which something seemed 'to come over him' — one could hear his heart saying, 'O my people, here am I wasting my time; I must run to you.' I saw him in the courtyard talking to one of our *poilus*, not about his soul, but about his body; stroking his shoulder softly and calling him *mon cher fils*. Dear old man! Even religion here does not pretend to more than it can achieve — help and consolation to the bewildered and the suffering. It uses forms, smiling a little at them.

The secret of French culture lies in this vibrating balance; from quick marriage of mind and heart, reason and sense, in the French nature, all the clear created forms of French life arise, forms recognized as forms with definite utility attached. Controlled expression is the result of action and reaction. Controlled expression is the essence of culture, because it alone makes a sufficiently clear appeal in a world which is itself the result of the incalculable interplay of complementary or dual laws and forces. French culture is near to the real heart of things, because it has a sort of quick sanity that never loses its way; or, when it does, very rapidly recovers the middle of the road. It has the two capital defects of its virtues. It is too fond of forms, and too mistrustful. The French nature is

profoundly cynical. Well, it is natural! The French lie just half-way between north and south; their blood is too mingled for enthusiasm, and their culture too old.

I never realized how old France is till we went to Arles. In our crowded train *poilus* were packed, standing in the corridors. One, very weary, invited by a high and kindly colonel into our carriage, chatted in his tired voice of how wonderfully the women kept the work going on the farms. 'When we get a fortnight's leave,' he said, 'all goes well; we can do the heavy things the women cannot, and the land is made clean. It wants that fortnight now and then, *mon colonel;* there is work on farms that women cannot do.' And the colonel vehemently nodded his thin face.

We alighted in the dark, among southern forms and voices, and the little hotel omnibus became enmeshed at once in old, high, very narrow, Italian-seeming streets. It was Sunday next day; sunny, with a clear blue sky. In the square before our hotel a simple crowd round the statue of Mistral chattered or listened to a girl singing excruciating songs: a crowd as old-looking as in Italy or Spain, aged as things are only in the South. We walked up to the Arena. Quite a recent development in the life of Arles, they say, that marvelous Roman building, here cut down, there built up, by Saracen hands. For a thousand years or more before the Romans came Arles flourished and was civilized. What had we mushroom islanders before the Romans came? What had barbaric Prussia? Not even the Romans to look forward to! The age-long life of the South stands for much in modern France, correcting the cruder blood which has poured in these last fifteen hundred years. As one blends wine of very old stock with newer brands, so has France been blended and mellowed. A strange cosmic feeling one had, on the top of the great building in that town older than Rome itself, of the continuity of human life and the futility of human conceit. The provincial vanity of modern States looked pitiful in the clear air above that vast stony proof of age.

In many ways the war has brought us up all standing on the edge of an abyss. When it is over, shall we go galloping over the edge, or, reining back, sit awhile in our saddles looking for a better track? We were all on the highway to a hell of material expansion and vulgarity, of cheap immediate profit, and momentary sensation; north and south in our different ways, all 'rattling into barbarity.' Shall we find our way again into a finer air, where self-respect, not profit, rules, and rare things and durable are made once more?

From Arles we journeyed to Marseilles, to see how the first cosmopolitan town in the world fared in wartime. Here was an amazing spectacle of swarming life. If France has reason to feel the war most of all the great countries, Marseilles must surely feel it less than any other great town; she flourishes in a perfect riot of movement and color. Here all the tribes are met, save those of Central Europe — Frenchman, Serb, Spaniard, Algerian, Greek, Arab, Kabyle, Russian, Indian, Italian, Englishman, Scotsman, Jew, and Nubian rub shoulders in the thronged streets. The miles of docks are crammed with ships. Food of all sorts abounds. In the bright, dry light all is gay and busy. The most æsthetic, and perhaps most humiliating, sight that a Westerner could see we came on there: two Arab Spahis walking down the main street in their long robe uniforms, white and red, their white linen bonnets bound with a dark fur and canting slightly backwards. Over six

feet high, they moved unhurrying, smoking their cigarettes, turning their necks slowly from side to side like camels of the desert. Their brown, thin, bearded faces wore neither scorn nor interest, only a superb self-containment; but, beside them, every other specimen of the human race seemed cheap and negligible. God knows of what they were thinking, — as little probably as the smoke they blew through their chiseled nostrils, — but their beauty and grace were unsurpassable. And, visioning our western and northern towns and the little, white, worried abortions they breed, one felt downcast and abashed.

Marseilles swarmed with soldiers; Lyons, Valence, Arles, even the smallest cities swarmed with soldiers, and this at the moment when the Allied offensive was just beginning. If France be nearing the end of her man-power, as some assert, she conceals it so that one would think she was at the beginning.

From Marseilles we went to Lyons. I have heard that town described as lamentably plain; but compared with Manchester or Sheffield it is as heaven to hell. Between its two wide rolling rivers, under a line of heights, it has somewhat the aspect of an enormous commercialized Florence. Perhaps in foggy weather it may be dreary, but the sky was blue and the sun shone, a huge *foire* was just opening, and every street bustled in a dignified manner.

The English have always had a vague idea that France is an immoral country. To the eye of a mere visitor France is the most moral of the four Great Powers — France, Russia, England, Germany; has the strongest family life and the most seemly streets. Young men and maidens are never seen walking or lying about, half-embraced, as in puritanical England. Fire is not played with — openly, at least. The slow-fly amorousness of the British working classes evidently does not suit the quicker blood of France. There is just enough of the South in the French to keep demonstration of affection away from daylight. A certain school of French novelist, with high-colored tales of Parisian life, is responsible for the reputation of his country. Whatever the Frenchman about town may be, he seems by no means typical of the many millions of Frenchmen who are not about town. And if Frenchwomen, as I have heard Frenchmen say, are *légère*, they are the best mothers in the world, and their 'lightness' is not vulgarly obtruded. They say that many domestic tragedies will be played at the conclusion of the war. If so, they will not be played in France alone; and compared with the tragedies of fidelity played all these dreadful years, they will be as black rabbits to brown for numbers. For the truth on morality in France we must go back, I expect, to that general conclusion about the French character — the swift passage from head to heart and back again, which, prohibiting extremes of puritanism and of license, preserves a sort of balance.

From this war France will emerge changed, although less changed very likely than any other country. A certain self-sufficiency which was very marked about French life will have sloughed away. I anticipate an opening of the doors, a toleration of other tastes and standards, a softening of the too narrow definiteness of French opinion. The French will benefit by moderation of their *amour propre* — a desirable quality only when not pushed to excess.

Even Paris has opened her heart a little since the war — and the heart of Paris is close, hard, impatient of strangers. We noticed in our hospital that, whenever we had a Parisian, he introduced a different atmosphere, and

led us a quiet or noisy dance. We had one whose name was Aimé, whose skin was like a baby's, who talked softly and fast, with little grunts, and before he left was quite the leading personality. We had another, a red-haired young one; when he was away on leave we hardly knew the hospital, it was so orderly.

The sons of Paris are a breed apart, just as our Cockneys are. I do not pretend to fathom them; they have the texture and resilience of an india-rubber ball. And the women of Paris! Heaven forfend that I should say that I know them! They are a sealed book. Still, even Parisians are less intolerant than in pre-war days of us dull English, perceiving in us, perhaps, a certain unexpected usefulness. And, *à propos*, one hears it said that in the regions of our British armies certain natives believe that we have come to stay. What an intensely comic notion! And what a lurid light it throws on history, on the mistrust engendered between nations, on the cynicism that human conduct has forced deep into human hearts. No! If a British Government could be imagined behaving in such a way, the British population would leave England, become French citizens, and help to turn out the damned intruders.

But *we* did not encounter anywhere that comic belief. In all this land of France, chockful of those odd creatures, English men and women, we found only a wonderful and touching welcome. Not once during those long months of winter was an unfriendly word spoken in our hearing; not once were we treated with anything but true politeness and cordiality. *Poilus* and peasants, porters and officials, ladies, doctors, servants, shop-folk, were always considerate, always friendly, always desirous that we should feel at home. The very dogs gave us welcome! A little black half-Pomeranian came uninvited and made his home with us in our hospital; we called him Aristide. But on our walks with him we were liable to meet a posse of children who would exclaim, '*Pom-pom! Voilà Pom-pom!*' and lead him away. Before night fell he would be with us again, with a bit of string or ribbon, bitten through, dangling from his collar. His children bored him terribly. We left him in trust to our *poilus* on that sad afternoon when 'Good-bye' must be said, all those friendly hands shaken for the last time, and the friendly faces left. Through the little town the car bore us away, along the valley between the poplar trees with the first flush of spring on their twigs, and the magpies flighting across the road to the river-bank.

The heart of France is deep within her breast; she wears it not upon her sleeve. But France opened her heart for once and let us see the gold.

And so we came forth from France of a rainy day, leaving half our hearts behind us.

THE WAR SITUATION IN CANADA

BY BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD

I

HAD the end of the war come within the time generally expected at its outset, there could have been no question as to the high place which Canada would have earned in history for brave, immediate, and effective performance of national duty. There was no hesitation in Parliament in accepting a share in the war and in acknowledging that all the British peoples must stand together. Even that element in the Dominion which holds most vigorously that the self-governing dominions ought to be represented in the councils of the Empire recognized that, as the Empire is in fact at present constituted, war declared by the British Parliament is war declared by the whole British Empire, and that Germany would not await the formal entry of the dominions into the war if it were possible to gain advantage by attacking them. Germany was in fact at once at war with Canada, and hence it was impossible that Canada should not be at war with Germany. The piping voices of the Nationalists in Quebec, led by Bourassa, were utterly drowned by the clamor of popular applause, and there was at least the appearance of greater unity in the country than at any time since Confederation.

This recognition that Canada was at war did not, however, in any way define the extent to which Canada should participate. Great Britain could not as a matter of right demand from Canada a single man or a single dollar; all that Canada has done and will do is entirely voluntary. This fact must always be kept clearly in view in considering Canada's title to fame for what has been accomplished.

The military response of Canada to the call to arms was instantaneous and inspiring. Existing militia regiments at once organized battalions, and the immortal 'Princess Pats,' made up of veteran soldiers, including many Americans as well as men who had fought in every recent war, was formed — formed to be again and again cut to pieces and practically destroyed, and again and again to rise like a phœnix from the drum-fire, to hurl itself with new men and new officers, but with the old indomitable spirit, again and again into the battle line.

The Minister of Militia, Colonel — later General Sir Sam — Hughes tore official red tape into tatters; he secured action even perhaps at the cost of efficiency; the first contingent, largely composed of the British-born, awake more than native Canadians, not only to the seriousness of war but to the necessity of victory, was organized and equipped as well as the unpreparedness of the nation would permit, and it sailed promptly from the great war-camp at Valcartier, most of its men, alas, to return no more.

It was, however, in 1914 that the government made the mistake to which in my opinion all its present difficulties are attributable. It was of course necessary at that time that the army should consist of volunteers. No

one dreamed that the numbers of men needed from Canada would be high in the hundreds, rather than in the tens, of thousands. None saw that the effort required from Canada would be so great that it could be effectively performed only by allocating every human unit to its due position, whether in the army or the factory or the field. No one perceived that it was fundamentally necessary for the preservation of Canadian unity that the contributions to the strength of the army should be from every part of Canada in a proportion as just as possible. The government therefore was content to take the men who were easiest to get, and did not demand either that they should be geographically distributed or that each man should be examined, not only as to his military fitness, but also as to whether he could be of greater economic service in mufti or in khaki.

But, most serious of all, the government made the organization of volunteering voluntary. There was no uniform recruiting campaign directed from Ottawa, but at first the men came forward on their own initiative, and later the various recruiting leagues and associations sprang up spontaneously from the people and were effective and numerous according to the temper of the various localities.

The government in fact did little more than train and equip the men who offered themselves for service, and the spreading of the propaganda of Canadian duty was left unguided to the self-constituted activities of each community. The consequence of this was inevitably that, where the tradition of British deeds and British prowess was strongest, there most was done, and the meaning of the war was best understood; in those places where the need of patriotic inspiration and patriotic education was greatest, least was either attempted or accomplished.

II

The crux of the situation was of course the attitude of the French-speaking Canadians, and it may be well to point out why this attitude was different from that of the people of the English-speaking provinces. To many persons who have not analyzed the matter it is a cause of wonder that the Province of Quebec did not enter the war with double fervor, as British citizens and as a people rich in the blood of France, which at such sacrifice and so gloriously was upholding civilization. Many fail to see that there exists no such bond between the French-Canadians and France as ties the English-speaking provinces to the British Isles. The French-Canadian is rooted to the soil. He does not travel away from his place of birth, he lives his life within sight of the church-spire of his native village, he does not think or speak of France as home in the same way that Canadians of English, Scotch, or Irish ancestry think and speak of the British Isles as home. There is no constant tide of immigration from France to keep the French blood and the French spirit warm. It is only the extraordinary fertility of this blood on Canadian soil that has caused it to increase until it constitutes about one quarter of the people of Canada. Our French-Canadians not only have, almost without exception, been themselves born in Canada, but their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers also were Canadian-born; in fact they are the seventh and eighth generations of native sons who are to-day tilling the farms of Quebec. France is to them a myth, a story, a fable, a name, not a living fact with which they hold personal contact. Their ancestors did not even come from democratic France but from pre-revolutionary France. Moreover, there has come down to

them a tradition of resentment against France because at the time Lower Canada came under the British flag the French monarchy was unwilling to pay the cost of repatriating those who wished to return, and these early settlers felt themselves deserted, sold, and delivered over to an alien people.

Nor is it possible to ignore the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Nowhere in the world are the people more religious or more devoted to this church than in the Province of Quebec, and the kindly and earnest, but often narrow-visioned and provincial, curés guide their parishioners, not only in things spiritual, but in the everyday affairs of life. The mass of the people, if not unlettered, are at least lacking in breadth of education, and instinctively turn to their priests to decide their outlook on every such public question as the national duty of Canada. To many of the priests France had before the war become anathema because of the disestablishment of the Church and the expulsion of the religious orders. Many priests and nuns expelled from France had come to Canada, and the natural bitterness felt by them was communicated to the French-Canadians, until by some this war was even regarded as the retribution of Heaven upon France because of her sacrilegious treatment of the Church.

The attitude of the higher clergy toward the war was in almost all cases correct, but frequently perfunctory. The people, however, have but slight contact with bishops and dignitaries; they look to their parish priests for guidance, and there is no question but that these priests were in the majority of cases strongly opposed to having the people of Quebec take up the burden of war. They had become largely tainted with the political heresies of Bourassa. They did not want to see their friends and neighbors go forth to danger and perhaps to death. They knew that service abroad in the army would tend to break their hold over those parishioners who returned. They saw that active participation in the war would entail financial burdens which would tend to diminish the revenues of the Church. They were opposed to anything which might lessen that racial multiplication by means of which they hope to see their people and their faith dominant in Canada. They entirely failed to understand the real meaning of the war; they could not see that freedom and civilization, not only abroad, but in their own province as well, were at stake; they did not appreciate, and to this hour do not realize, that the whole structure of the British Empire is in actual danger.

The relations between Quebec and the rest of Canada, particularly Ontario, were far from cordial. Nothing is dearer to a people than its native tongue, and rightly or wrongly Quebec believed that there was a conspiracy afoot against the French language, and that the desire to prohibit the use of French as the language of instruction in other Provinces might even ultimately lead to attacking its use in Quebec itself.

As a result of the controversy over bilingualism in the schools there had developed in Quebec a strong feeling of suspicion and resentment against the English-speaking provinces. Added to this, Bourassa had for fifteen years been preaching the dangers of 'Imperialism,' and Quebec failed to see that the vast majority of the people in the other provinces are just as much opposed to imperialism as is Quebec itself. She did not see that — at least so far as the self-governing dominions are concerned — the British Empire is not an empire at all, but a federation of commonwealths, and that nowhere would there be more earnest opposition

to any real imperialism than among the liberty-loving people of English-speaking Canada.

And worst of all, there existed among certain small-minded politicians in the governing party a desire to 'put Quebec in wrong in the war.' The election of 1911 had been won by what is often spoken of as an 'unholy alliance' with the Nationalists in Quebec, together with a jingoistic flag-waving in the other provinces on the reciprocity issue. These politicians believed that, if that election could be won on a cry of loyalty which in fact had no foundation, much more could a future election be won on such a cry with a real basis for raising it. The Conservative Party could never hope to carry Quebec; if it could show Quebec unpatriotic, it might hope elsewhere to couple its own party name with the Union Jack and so sweep to victory. None of the really big men in the Conservative Party would for an instant dream of descending to such depths, but I am convinced that the low cunning of some politicians saw in a Quebec unresponsive to the call of duty a prospect of future party advantage, and that they were willing to intensify the racial cleavage for their own selfish ends. It is only fair to add that they did not imagine that the need for men or the necessity for united effort would approximate what it has proved to be.

It is evident, therefore, that in the Province of Quebec more than elsewhere there was immediate need of an active propaganda of Canada's place in the war. If a campaign of education had been at once started there and vigorously and continuously conducted, no such situation would have arisen as that which now confronts Canada. The French-Canadian may be just as brave and just as loyal as any other Canadian, but he does not see eye to eye with us, he does not understand the real meaning of the war as we do, he has not the British tradition of the necessity of victory, his scope of vision is more limited.

These differences could have been overcome by spirited and wise endeavor on the part of the government at the beginning; but this endeavor was lacking. Sir Sam Hughes has always been close to the Orange lodges of Ontario, and these lodges have often, in their opposition to the Church in Quebec, proved themselves more narrow than the Church itself. They have failed to recognize that an attack from without simply serves to cement the Church into a closer coherence, and that whatever reforms are needed in it must be instituted within it by education and by breaking down bigotry and parochialism among its members, and cannot be forcibly imposed upon it from without.

But Sir Sam Hughes would not and did not understand this, and his attitude toward the French-Canadians was entirely lacking in that sympathy which was essential to achieving success in Quebec for the voluntary system. His antagonism, or at any rate his failure to appreciate the need of understanding the French-Canadian point of view, was shown in many ways, as by sending one of the few French-Canadian battalions, a battalion raised by Oliver Asselin, one of the founders of the Nationalist movement, to kick its heels for long and weary months at Bermuda instead of sending it to the firing-line. That there was no need to doubt the bravery of such a battalion was shown by the magnificent fortitude of the Twenty-Second battalion, all French-Canadians, at the battle of Courcelette, where it stood its ground and fought until there were no more men left to fight, and achieved a glory which is second to none. In like manner, it is impossible to compre-

hend his colossal blunder in sending a Methodist clergyman, who could not even speak French, as recruiting officer for the Montreal district, and in failing to appoint a French-speaking Catholic to recruit the whole Province of Quebec.

There was one man who could probably have changed the whole situation in Quebec, had he been granted an opportunity to do so. This was Major-General F. L. Lessard, a Roman-Catholic French-Canadian, a man who had the respect and confidence of all of Canada, who had served with distinction in the Boer War, and who was commonly regarded as the best soldier in Canada. Had the duty of arousing the French-Canadians to an appreciation of their place in this war been entrusted to him; had the raising of battalions from Quebec been at the beginning placed in his charge, I believe he would have swept through that province like a flame, and that the present racial and religious cleavage would never have occurred. But there existed a personal quarrel of long standing between him and Sir Sam, and the Minister of Militia kicked him upstairs into an innocuous inspector-generalship and effectually shelved him — a pettiness for which Sir Sam will never be forgiven. This spring, when Hughes was no longer minister, Lessard attempted to redeem his native Province of Quebec, but it was too late by two and a half years. Opinion, which in 1914 was plastic and ready to be moulded, had set firm and become hard to break; the demagogues and the self-seekers, the Bourassas, the Marcils, and the Lavergnes, had got in their work. The task which diplomacy and wisdom could have accomplished easily three years ago must to-day be done either by a long and difficult process of education, or by a hand of iron and a rod of steel.

III

I said in opening that, if this war had not been drawn out to its seemingly interminable length, the place of Canada in the history of the struggle would have been assured. The conduct and bravery of the men at the front have been unsurpassed. They have shown, not only courage, but sagacity and inventiveness, that most useful quality of 'gumption' which flourishes on the American continent. They have been tried and have been found not wanting. They have written their names in letters which shall not be obliterated; they have helped to make history at the Second Ypres, at Festubert, at Givenchy, at Courcelette, at Vimy Ridge, at Lens, and on a dozen other lesser occasions. No, if Canada weakens at the end, it will not be due to the men at the front, but to the men behind in Canada. On them now rests the responsibility as to whether we shall run the full race, or break down in the last lap.

We have been at war for over three years and we are weary. The strain has been great; the sacrifices have been terrible. We have given in blood and human suffering and the anguish of bereavement; we have given in gold and toil and effort. We need rest, and we want rest, but, if I know the spirit of Canada, we will not take rest until the war is ended and victory is achieved.

Up to now we have done well. We have enlisted about 400,000 men, equal in proportion to 5,000,000 from the United States. If in striking the proportion we should omit both the French-Canadian population and the French-Canadian enlistments, it would be equal to 7,000,000 men from the United States. We have raised about a billion of dollars, which, on the basis of the wealth of the two nations, would be equivalent to some forty billions from the United States. We have pro-

duced huge quantities of munitions. We have kept up the production of our farms and our factories. But if we are to continue the full performance of our duty, it must from now on be under government direction and government compulsion.

We have said again and again that we were in this war to the last man and the last dollar. We have said this clearly and flatly; we have not qualified it by saying to the last voluntary man, to the last willing dollar. There are timid men and timid dollars; if we are to use them we must take them; it is not enough to invite them and say that they will be welcome.

The voluntary system has broken down and to all practical effect is dead. The wonder is, not that it has died, but that it lived so long and accomplished so much. The trickle of recruits which is still coming in is made up principally of those who are enlisting in non-combatant units, such as the forestry battalions, railroad battalions, army service corps, and the like, and of those of British birth who are coming here from the United States to enlist. Our soldiers at the front are crying out for reinforcements; our infantry needs men, men, men, — and we have not men to send them.

We recognize now that the voluntary system was wrong from the beginning, that it is undemocratic and unjust. Thousands of men have gone who ought never to have been permitted to leave Canada because their services would have been of greater value at home. Thousands of others are still here who ought to have gone at the first call. We have killed off our bravest, our best, our most intelligent, our most patriotic first; we are keeping the weak and the unfit and the slackers. And not only are few left of those who could be induced under the voluntary system to enlist, but even these few must give up more than those who enlisted three years ago. The pay of the soldier has not changed, but the cost of living has almost doubled; and while this may not make much difference to the soldier himself, who has small need of money or opportunity to use it, it matters much to the dependents whom he leaves behind. The soldier's pay has not changed, but the wages he is giving up to enlist have increased enormously. The need for workers is such that the workingmen, from whom the bulk of every army must be recruited, are able to live on a better scale than ever before, and enlisting now means greater sacrifice than in the past.

There are four Canadian divisions at the front. A fifth division was formed, but was not put into the battle-line because there were not enough men to reinforce it. There are not enough men to reinforce these four divisions for more than a few months. They cannot get the rest that is due them because there are not men to relieve them, and each man has to do two men's work.

There are only two alternatives for Canada, and no amount of oratory or political manœuvring will alter their finality: either Canada must get more men by conscription, or Canada must quit the war — gradually, perhaps, as one by one her divisions fade away, but none the less certainly. Quit or conscript — there is no other choice.

Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, returned this spring from Europe with a full knowledge of the need there, and at once declared for conscription. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of himself or his government in the past, — and there are few in either party who will deny that these shortcomings have been many, — to-day he sees clearly and says firmly that Canada must not quit, and that therefore Canada must have conscription. He is so right that every liberty-

loving Canadian must back him up in his stand.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the leader of the opposition, looking perhaps more to his native Province of Quebec than to the place of Canada in history, declares that Canada must stay in the war to the end, but on the voluntary system. This has now been proved to be an impossibility. It is a contradiction in terms. I do not believe that the voluntary system can anywhere in Canada be revived to furnish the necessary men; but even if it could be revived elsewhere it would certainly fail again in Quebec. An attempt to employ it would therefore be an attempt to get the balance of the men required from Canada from that three quarters of the population which has already supplied all the Canadian effectives with the exception of some seven thousand French-Canadians. It would leave French-speaking Canada untouched to the end. Sir Wilfrid's declaration means that, if he is returned to power, conscription will not be enforced, and that Canada will have to quit the war for lack of men. Some of Sir Wilfrid's followers in Quebec are shouting, 'No more men, no more money,' and Sir Wilfrid lets them shout and does not repudiate them. However great a Canadian he has been in the past; however remarkable is the personal attachment which so many Canadians feel for him; however much his work in the past has made for the national unity we so sorely need, the stand which he is now taking in his old age is so wrong that every liberty-loving Canadian must oppose him and all who acknowledge allegiance to him.

Meanwhile the yelping brood who call themselves Nationalists, but are really Provincialists or Parochialists, incited by their demagogues, are howling that Canada ought never to have gone into the war, that we are being enslaved by England, that this is England's war, not Canada's, that Sir Robert is a traitor to the people, and that they, who have not dared to fight for civilization, will fight to save themselves from conscription.

As I write, Sir Robert Borden's conscription act, to provide by selective draft one hundred thousand men, has just been passed by both Houses of Parliament. It had the support of all the Conservatives except a scattered few from Quebec, and of a considerable number of Liberals, who refused to follow their leader on this issue. It is very doubtful whether more than the establishment of the machinery to operate the draft can be effected before a general election.

The term of the present Parliament expired by limitation on October 7, 1916, but was extended for one year by an amendment to the British North America Act, which is in effect the Constitution of Canada, passed by the British Parliament upon a unanimous petition of the Canadian Parliament. Many persons have regarded with horror the prospect of an election during the war, and have earnestly sought to have the term of Parliament again extended. A resolution for such extension was introduced into the Canadian House of Commons and passed, but was opposed by a large number of the followers of Sir Wilfrid. This made an election inevitable, for no government can ask a constitutional amendment extending its own tenure of office unless all parties are practically unanimous in supporting it. Personally, although broadly I am in hearty accord with those who wish to avoid the pettiness of partisan strife during the war, I am inclined to think that an election is not only unavoidable but, under existing circumstances, advisable. Should conscription be enforced by a government holding office by virtue of an extension

granted at Westminster, the people of Quebec Province would stand upon the bedrock of the Constitution and claim that they were justified in resisting compulsion because it was imposed by a Parliament without mandate from the people. Furthermore, an election, if conducted along the lines for which I hope, may be made of important educational value, and may even serve to dedicate the people anew to the war.

Should the election be on the old party lines, it is clear that there would be three groups in Parliament — the Conscription Conservatives, the Conscription Liberals, and the Anti-Conscription or Laurier Liberals, with whom must be counted the Nationalists. Sir Wilfrid may regard these last with horror and aversion and deny any sympathy or affiliation with them, but the cruel logic of facts shows that he has in effect struck his flag to them, and that they must be reckoned in his group or he in theirs. It is highly improbable that any one of these groups would have a sufficient majority to conduct a government, and a union of two of them would be necessary. The great danger is that after the bitterness of party strife it would be impossible for the two conscription groups of opposite party complexion to act together. In such case the two Liberal groups would have to unite, with the result that Quebec would rule Canada, and that Canada would be out of the war.

To avoid this I consider it of vital importance that a Union non-partisan government should be formed before election, and should seek the support of all the conscription elements, irrespective of whether they be Conservative or Liberal. Only in this way can the poison of party selfishness, prejudice, and hate be eliminated. Only in this way can we expect with reasonable probability to have a government returned which will keep Canada in the war until the end.

In order to promote such a Union government and to assure the enforcement of conscription, what is known as the 'Win-the-War' movement has been instituted and may have a decisive influence on the outcome. It is an endeavor to unite all Win-the-War elements in support of a single Win-the-War candidate in each constituency, to prevent any conscription candidate from running under the name of either of the old parties with the consequent party jealousies and distrust, and to effect the active coöperation of every patriotic association or organization in support of such candidate. Its platform urges that all contentious questions not pertaining to the war be postponed until after the war, and that the full strength of the country in men, money, and resources of every kind be devoted solely to winning the war. This movement started in Ontario and has great weight there; it seems now probable that it may also be an important factor in the Maritime Provinces and in British Columbia, and possibly in the Middle West as well.

The situation in the Middle West, in the three prairie provinces, is further complicated by a large population of foreign origin, many of them of Teutonic stock, as well as Slavs and Magyars from Eastern Europe. These elements are opposed to conscription, and have been further alarmed by what seem to me most unwise suggestions that citizens of enemy origin should be disenfranchised for the period of the war. Naturalized citizens are afraid, not only that their votes may be refused, but even that the titles to their lands may be forfeited, and the anti-conscriptionists are not slow to play upon these fears. Nevertheless, I am not without hope that a majority of those elected from these provinces will

support conscription, and that the attempts of the politicians to play party politics with the destinies of Canada may be frustrated.

Moreover, there is a full determination that every soldier, whether overseas or in training-camp in Canada, shall have his vote counted. This vote will of course be practically unanimous in support of conscription, as will be the vote of the returned soldiers, of those who have sons or near relatives in the army, of the various patriotic associations, and of those who have been bereaved by the war. On the whole I am fairly confident of victory, if only the earnest elements in the country do not dissipate their forces by supporting various candidates, but unite on one conscriptionist in each constituency.

IV

What will be the result of enforcing conscription? I pass over the question what would happen if an attempt were made to enforce it before an election, as this question now appears merely academic. Unless a conscription Parliament be returned, conscription will not be enforced. Therefore the only live question is what will result if conscription is put into operation by a government backed up by a conscription Parliament elected by the people with a full knowledge of the issue. As to this, I am decidedly optimistic — much more optimistic than many who do not, I believe, understand the Quebec situation as well as I do.

Many are predicting that the enforcement of conscription will mean riot and bloodshed in Quebec. Riot and bloodshed there may perhaps be, but I am convinced that they will be sporadic, entirely unorganized, and of no grave import. The tales which have been passed from mouth to mouth of an armed and drilled Quebec, supplied with machine-guns and prepared and able to make strenuous and effective resistance, are the veriest moonshine. Nothing of the kind exists in Quebec; nothing of the kind will be allowed by Quebec itself to exist in Quebec.

The cool and influential men in Quebec understand the situation fully. They realize, not only that the other provinces must live with Quebec after the war, but that Quebec must live with the other provinces. Any talk of secession is nonsense, the vaporings of the utterly irresponsible. The mass of the people in Quebec are essentially law-abiding; indeed they have less initiative and are more accustomed to accept constituted authority, civil or religious, than are the people of the other provinces. One of the strongest tenets of their Church is that the law of the land must be obeyed, and there is no possibility of any direct conflict between the law of the land and the law of the Church. The priests may object to the law, may use all their influence to prevent its adoption, or urge its repeal, but they will neither wish nor dare to counsel open disobedience to it. Quebec may make a very wry face in accepting the law, but accept it Quebec must and will.

Most important of all, the real leaders in Quebec see as clearly as we, so that for her own sake Quebec cannot afford to stand out isolated and alone, accused of cowardice and tainted with disloyalty. Politics has been as the breath of life to Quebec, and there have been long periods of years when by the shrewd playing of politics the Quebec minority has in effect ruled Canada. Quebec will strive to accomplish this again, and will pull every string and work every artifice to bring it about. But if Quebec fails, there may be sulking, there may be dissatisfaction and grumbling, there may be scattered acts of violence and passive opposition, but

there will not be revolution, there will not be organized armed resistance.

The cynic says that the priests and farmers will be exempted, and that if the priests and farmers are taken out, nothing much remains of French-speaking Quebec. There may be a grain of wisdom in what he says. It is also a fact that the conscription act will fall lightly on Quebec because it is there common for the young men to marry before they reach the draft age, and they will thus be outside of the class of unmarried men from which the bulk of the conscript army must be drawn.

To sum up, should the other provinces return a Parliament strongly committed to conscription, Quebec will accept the inevitable and there will be no grave trouble. Should the other provinces be seriously divided on the issue, there may be very dark days in store for Canada. The earnestness of those determined at any cost to support their fellows in the trenches is intense, and to my mind the danger of lawless violence by them if conscription fails is as great as the danger from Quebec if conscription is carried. Thousands of men, largely returned soldiers, will not tolerate that Canada shall not stay in the war to the end, and are almost fanatical in their support of conscription. The character of those who insist upon action by Canada is such that they will dare themselves to act; those who oppose action by Canada will hesitate to resort to action on their own account, and are likely to confine themselves to strenuous words and to avoid deeds of strenuousness.

Conditions may change greatly before the election, and before these words are in print, but I pin my chief hope to the conviction that English-speaking Canada will not allow itself to be dictated to by French-speaking Canada on an issue involving national honor, and that British blood will stand fast to the end and be in at the finish. Also, if Protestant Canada becomes convinced that a vote against conscription means a vote for the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant majority will declare for conscription. The politicians may put winning the election ahead of winning the war; the people will put winning the war ahead of winning a thousand elections. It is impossible to believe that Canada will fail to complete the structure of glorious achievement for which she has built such a noble foundation; but this structure cannot be completed except by conscription.

Above all, if Canada's part in the war be allowed to end now, Canada will be seriously disunited because one quarter of the people has not in effect taken any part in it. If all of Canada share in the war from now on, even if under compulsion, the prospect of real unitedness in the future will be vastly improved. Could she but realize it, Quebec for her own sake needs conscription far more than do the other provinces. Paradoxical as it may seem, the enforcement of conscription in Quebec in the same measure as in the other provinces may, through a common participation in a common burden, destroy forever whatever sense of being a conquered people may have existed in certain quarters and have been one of the causes of the tendency of the French-Canadians to hold themselves aloof from the rest of Canada, and to nurse their fancied wrongs. Standing side by side with his fellow Canadians under the shadow of death in battle, the French-Canadian will learn that in peace also he must stand firm side by side with his brothers of the other provinces.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE. I

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

January 22, 1917.

We were put on active duty at the front about the first of the year; in fact, I spent New Year's night in a dugout within pistol-shot of the Germans. It was quite a celebration, as the French government had provided champagne, cakes, and oranges for all, and every one was feeling in a cheery mood. When dinner was over, each of us chipped in his day's ration of army wine (about a pint), and with a little brandy, some oranges, sugar, and a packet of spices I had been commissioned to get, we brewed a magnificent bowl of hot punch, or mulled wine. First 'The day of victory' was toasted, then, 'France'; then, with typical French consideration, 'The United States.' After that, each man's family at home received a health; so you may be interested to know that your health and happiness for 1917 were drunk in a first-class *abri* by a crowd of first-class fellows, as all French soldiers are.

The next day was a typical one, so I will sketch it for you, to give an idea of how we live and what we do. When the party broke up it was late, so we turned in at once, in a deep strong dugout, which is safe against anything short of a direct hit by a very heavy shell. Once or twice, as I dropped off to sleep, I thought I heard furtive scamperings and gnawings, but all was quiet until just before daybreak, when we were awakened by a terrifying scream from a small and inoffensive soldier who does clerical work in the office of the *médecin chef*. The poor fellow has a horror of rats, and usually sleeps with head and toes tightly bundled up. I flashed on my electric torch at the first scream and caught a glimpse of an enormous rat — fully the size of a small fox terrier, I assure you! — streaking it for his hole. The next minute I made out the unfortunate little soldier holding with both hands one ear, from which the nocturnal visitor had bitten a large mouthful, while he did a frantic dance around the floor. First came a titter, then a choked laugh, and finally the whole dugout howled with uncontrollable mirth, until the victim wound on his puttees and stalked out, much offended, to get some iodine for his ear.

As we had laughed ourselves wide awake, I passed around some cigarettes, while another fellow went down for a pot of coffee. Dressing consists of putting on one's shoes, puttees and tunic — when I feel particularly sybaritic I take off my necktie at night.

For once the sun came up in a clear blue sky and shone down frostily on a clear white world — a metre of snow on the ground, and pines like Christmas trees. It was wonderfully still: far away on a hillside some one was chopping wood, and beyond the German lines I could hear a cock crow. After stopping to ask the telephonist if there were any calls, I took towel and soap and tooth-brush and walked to the watering trough, where a stream of icy water runs constantly. As I strolled back, a thumping explosion came from the trenches — some enthusiast had tossed a grenade across as a New Year's

greeting to the Boche. Retaliatory thumps followed, and suddenly a machine-gun burst out with its abrupt stutter. Louder and louder grew the racket as gusts of firing swept up and down the lines, until a battery of 75's took a hand from the hills half a mile behind us. *Crack-whang-crack*, they went, like the snapping of some enormous whip, and I could hear their shells whine viciously overhead.

An orderly appeared shortly, to inform me that I must make ready to take out a few wounded. My load consisted of one poor fellow on a stretcher, still and invisible under his swathing of blankets, and two very lively chaps, — each with a leg smashed, but able to sit up and talk at a great rate. We offered them stretchers, but they were refused with gay contempt. They hopped forward to their seats, smiling and nodding good-bye to the stretcher-bearers. Despite my efforts one of them bumped his wounded leg and a little involuntary gasp escaped him. 'Ça pique, mon vieux,' he explained apologetically; 'mais ça ne fait rien — allez!'

At the hospital, several miles back, there was the usual wait for papers, and as I handed cigarettes to my two plucky passengers, I explained that hospital book-keeping was tiresome but necessary. Suddenly the blood-stained blankets on the stretcher moved and a pale, but calm and quizzical face, looked up into mine: 'Oh, là là! C'est une guerre de papier; donnez-moi une cigarette!' You can't down men of this calibre.

Just before bedtime another call came from a dressing-station at the extreme front. It was a thick night, snowing heavily, and black as ink, and I had to drive three kilometres, without light of any kind, over a narrow winding road crowded with traffic of every description. How one does it I can scarcely say. War seems to consist in doing the impossible by a series of apparent miracles. Ears and eyes must be connected in some way. Driving in pitchy blackness, straining every sense and calling every nerve to aid one's eyes, it seems that vision is impaired if ears are covered.

At the posts, just behind the lines, where one waits for wounded to come in from the trenches, I spend idle hours, chatting or playing dominoes. Our little circle comprises a remarkable variety of types: one hears French of every *patois*, from the half-Spanish drawl of the Mediterranean, to the clipped negatives and throaty *r* of Paris.

As inventors of racy slang we Americans are miles behind the French. Your pipe is 'Mélanie' (also your sweetheart, for some unknown reason). One's mess is 'la popote,' a shrapnel helmet is a 'casserole,' a machine-gun is a 'moulin à café.' Bed is ironically called 'plumard'; and when a bursting shell sends out its spray of buzzing steel, the cry is 'Attention aux mouches!' [Look out for the flies!] Government tobacco is known, aptly, as 'foin' [hay]. If one wants a cigarette, and has a paper but no tobacco, one extends the paper toward a better-provided friend saying, 'Kindly sign this.' And so on.

February 18.

I had an interesting day yesterday. The commandant asked for a car — he is the head medical officer — to visit some posts, and I was lucky enough to land the job. He is a charming, cultivated man, and made it very pleasant for his chauffeur. We visited a number of posts, inspecting new dugout emergency hospitals, and vaccinating the stretcher-bearers against typhoid — a most amusing process, as these middle-aged fellows have the same horror of a doctor that a child has of a dentist. Reluctant was scarcely the word.

Finally we left the car (at the invitation of the artillery officer) and walked

a couple of miles through the woods to see a new observation post. The last few hundred yards we made at a sneaking walk, talking only in whispers, till we came to a ladder that led up into the thick green of a pine tree. One after another the officers went up, and at length the gunner beckoned me to climb. Hidden away like a bird's nest among the fragrant pine-needles, I found a tiny platform, where the officer handed me his binoculars and pointed to a four-inch hole in the leafy screen. There right below us were two inconspicuous lines of trenches, zigzagging across a quiet field, bounded by leafless pollard willows. It was incredible to think that hundreds of men stood in those ditches, ever on the alert. At a first glance the countryside looked strangely peaceful and unhampered — farm-houses here and there, neatly hedged fields, and, farther back, a village with a white church. Look closer, though, and you see that the houses are mere shells, with crumbling walls and shattered windows; the fields are scarred and pitted with shell-holes, the village is ruined and lifeless, and the belfry of the church has collapsed. Above all, there is not an animal, not a sign of life in the fields or on the roads. Not a sound, except the distant hornet buzzing of an aeroplane.

On clear days there is a good deal of aeroplane activity in our section, and one never tires of watching them. The German machines do not bomb us in this district, for some reason unknown to me, but they try to reconnoitre and observe for artillery fire. It is perfectly obvious, however, that the French have the mastery of the air, by virtue of their skillful and courageous pilots and superb fighting machines, and their superior skill in anti-aircraft fire. To watch a plane at an altitude of, say, nine thousand feet under shrapnel fire, one would think the pilot was playing with death; but in reality his occupation is not so tremendously risky.

Consider these factors: he is a mile and a half to two miles from the battery shooting at him, he presents a tiny mark, and his speed is from eighty to one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour. Above all, he can twist and turn or change his altitude at will. The gunner must calculate his altitude and rate of speed, and after the lanyard is pulled, considerable time elapses before the shell reaches its mark. Meanwhile, the aviator has probably come down or risen or changed his course. It is like trying to shoot a twisting snipe with very slow-burning powder — the odds are all in favor of the snipe.

All the same, the spectacle never quite loses its thrill. High and remote against the sky you see the big reconnaissance machine going steadily on its way, its motor sending a faint drone to your ears. Keeping it company, darting around it like a pilot-fish around a shark, is the tiny, formidable *appareil de chasse*, a mere dot against the blue.

Crack! Whang! Boom! goes a battery near by, and three white puffs spring out suddenly around the distant machines, above, behind, below. Another battery speaks out, another and another, till the sky is filled with downy balls of smoke. Suddenly the firing ceases, and the big German aero slants down swiftly toward its base. A sharper droning hits your ears. There, directly above us, a French fighting machine is rushing at two hundred kilometres an hour to give battle to the little Fokker. Close together, wheeling and looping the loop to the rattle of their mitrailleuses, they disappear into a cloud, and we can only guess the result.

(*One day later.*) I finished the paragraph above just as a wave of rifle and machine-gun fire rolled along the lines. Running out of the *abri* to see what the excitement was about, I saw two

French aeros skimming low over the German trenches — where every one with any kind of a fire-arm was blazing away at them. Fortunately, neither one was hit, and after a couple of retaliatory belts, they rose and flew off to the south. The Germans began to waste shrapnel on the air, and indiscreetly revealed the location of a battery, which the French promptly bombarded with heavy guns. Pretty soon all hands were at it — a two-hour Fourth of July.

I was on the road all day yesterday, afternoon and evening, getting back to the post at 10 P.M. One of the darkest nights I remember — absolutely impossible to move without an occasional clandestine flash of my torch. Far off to the right (twenty or thirty miles) a heavy bombardment was in progress, the guns making a steady rumble and mutter. I could see a continuous flicker on the horizon. The French batteries are so craftily hidden that I pass within a few yards of them without a suspicion. The other day I was rounding a familiar turn when suddenly, with a tremendous roar and concussion, a '381' went off close by. The little ambulance shied across the road and I nearly fell off the seat. Talk about 'death pops' — these big guns give forth a sound that must be heard to be appreciated.

Another break here, as since writing the above we have had a bit of excitement, in the shape of a raid, or *coup de main*. In sectors like ours, during the periods of tranquillity between more important attacks, an occasional *coup de main* is necessary in order to get a few prisoners for information about the enemy. We are warned beforehand to be ready for it, but do not know exactly when or where. I will tell you the story of the last one, as related by a slightly wounded but very happy *poilu* I brought in beside me.

'After coffee in the morning,' he said, 'our battalion commander called for one platoon of volunteers to make the attack — each volunteer to have eight days' special leave afterwards. It was hard to choose, as every one wanted to go — for the *permission*, and to have a little fun with the Boches. At noon we were ordered to the first line. Our rifles and equipment were left behind, each man carrying only a little food, a canteen of wine, a long knife, and a sack of grenades. Our orders were to advance the moment the bombardment ceased, take as many prisoners as possible, and return before the enemy had recovered from his surprise. At the point of attack the German trench is only twenty yards from ours — several nights before, they had rolled out a line of portable wire-entanglements. At 4.30 in the afternoon our 75's began to plow up the Boche trench and rip their wire to shreds. It was wonderful — along the line in front of us hundreds of our shells, bursting only twenty metres off, sent earth and wire and timbers high into the air — while not one of us, watching so close by, was hurt.

'At 5.15 the guns ceased firing and the next instant we were over the parapet, armed with knives, grenades, and a few automatic pistols. After the racking noise of the bombardment, a strange quiet, a breathless tranquillity, seemed to oppress us as we ran through the torn wire and jumped into the smoking ruins of the enemy trench. In front of me there was no one, — only a couple of bodies, — but to the right and left I could hear grenades going, so it was evident that a few Germans had not retreated to the dugouts. Straight ahead I saw a *boyau* leading to their second lines, and as I ran into this with my squad, we came on a German at the turn. His hands were up and he was yelling, "Kamerad, Kamerad!" as fast as he knew how. Next minute, down went his hand and he tossed a grenade

into our midst. By luck it struck mud, and the time-fuse gave us a moment's start. The corporal was killed and my pal, Frétard, who lies on the stretcher behind, got an *éclat* through the leg. We did not make a prisoner of the Boche.

'The *abris* of the second line were full of Germans, but all but one were barricaded. A few grenades persuaded the survivors to come out of this, with no fight left in them; but how to get into the others? In vain we invited them to come out for a little visit — till some one shouted, "The stove-pipes!" Our barrage fire was now making such a fuss that the Boches farther back could not use their machine-guns, so we jumped on top of the dugouts and popped a half-dozen citrons into each chimney. That made them squeal, *mon vieux* — oh, là là! But it was time to go back— our sergeant was shouting to us; so, herding our prisoners ahead, we made a sprint back to our friends.'

One of the prisoners was wounded, and he was hauled to the hospital by the chap with whom I share my quarters. I went to have a look at the German — always an object of curiosity out here. Had to shoulder my way through a crowd to get there. He lay on a stretcher, poor devil, hollow-eyed, thin, with a ragged beard — an object of pity, suffering and afraid for his life. His gray overcoat lay beside him and near it stood his clumsy hobnailed boots. German or no German, he was a human being in a bad situation — a peasant obviously, and deadly afraid.

Suddenly, a half-baked civilian — always the most belligerent class — reached up and plucked contemptuously at his leg, with an unpleasant epithet. Then a fine thing happened. A French soldier, lying near-by on a stretcher, severely wounded, raised up his head and looked sternly at the crowd. 'Enough,' he said, 'he is a Boche, I grant you; but first of all remember that he is a soldier, wounded and in your power!'

We were at lunch yesterday when a friend rushed in to say that an aeroplane fight was starting, almost directly overhead. A big French reconnaissance 'plane was diving for safety, with a Fokker close behind and German shrapnel bursting all around, when a tiny French fighting machine appeared far above, plunging down like a falcon on its quarry. The Fokker turned too late: the Nieuport, rushing downward at one hundred and fifty miles an hour, looped the loop around the German. Two bursts of machine-gun fire came down faintly to our ears, and the next moment it was evident that the German was hit. Slowly at first, the Fokker began to fall — this way and that, like a leaf falling in a still air, growing larger each moment before our eyes, until it disappeared behind a hill. High over the lines, scorning burst after burst of German shrapnel, the tiny Nieuport sailed proudly back and forth, as if daring any Boche pilot to rise and try his luck. In the thrill of the superb spectacle, one forgot that the poor chap (a good sportsman, if he was a German!) had lost his life.

April 23, 1917.

I am sitting again in the little post I told you about in my last letter. The old lady is tidying up the café, the early morning sun is shining in gayly through the many-paned windows, and outside, along the picket-line, the mules are squealing and kicking while they have their morning bath. Pretty soon I shall go out foraging for a brace of eggs, and with these, a piece of cheese, and some coffee shall make my *déjeuner*.

The local barrack is the only one I have found where one simply cannot eat, as the cook and his kitchen are unspeakable. Unless he has been caught out in a shower, he has certainly gone

without a bath since the war started. After a glance at him and at his kitchen even the most callous *poilu* rebels.

We have now, attached to our section as mechanic, a French private who is rather an unusual type — a rich manufacturer in civil life, who, through some kink of character, has not risen in the army. He put in a year in the trenches and then, being middle-aged, was put behind the lines. He speaks English, is splendidly educated, and has traveled everywhere, but is too indifferent to public opinion ever to make an officer, or even a non-com. In his factory he had a packer, earning seven francs a day, who was also mobilized, and who has now risen to the rank of lieutenant. Think of the gulf between a *poilu* and a French officer, with his authority, his *galons*, and superb red-and-gold hat, and then consider that this lieutenant's idea of a *permission* is to go home, put on his oldest clothes, and spend the seven days working at his old job of packing and heading barrels. It takes France to produce this sort of thing.

The siege warfare to which, owing to strategic reasons, we are reduced in our part of the lines, with both sides playing the part of besieged and besiegers, gives rise to a curious unwritten understanding between ourselves and the enemy. Take the hospital corps, their first-aid posts and ambulances. The Germans must know perfectly well where the posts are, but they scarcely ever shell them — not from any humanitarian reason, but because if they did, the French would promptly blow theirs to pieces. It is a curious sensation to live in such a place, with the knowledge that this is the only reason you enjoy your comparative safety. Likewise our ambulances. I often go over a road in perfectly plain view of the Boche, only a few hundred yards distant, and though shells and shrapnel often come my way, I am confident none of them are aimed at me. The proof of it is that no one has ever taken a pot-shot at me with rifle or machine-gun, either one of which would be a sure thing at the range. The other day an officer invited me down to see his newly completed observatory — a cunningly built, almost invisible stronghold on the crest of a hill, which commanded a superb view of the trenches and German territory behind them. It chanced to be an afternoon of unusual interest. The trenches, about eight hundred yards distant, were spread like a map beneath us, — a labyrinth of zigzag ditches and *boyaux*, — all cunningly laid out on principles which I have been studying. With the powerful glasses lent me, I could make out the thickets of wire before the first lines. A heavy bombardment was in progress, and all along the lines, as far as the eye could see, clouds of smoke and earth were springing up and settling slowly down. Not a living being was in sight. Far off to the south, a flock of observation balloons floated motionless, high in air, like fat, hovering birds. Suddenly the man beside me, who had been staring through his glasses at a twenty-acre patch of woods a couple of miles away, gave an excited exclamation. 'I have spotted it — the new battery of heavy guns that has been annoying us; they were too bold, for once.'

Sure enough, I thought I made out a thin wisp of smoke trailing among the tree-tops at the south end of the wood.

The officer muttered a string of cabalistic instructions into his telephone receiver and motioned me to watch. A minute later, a battery of French heavy guns behind us began their deep, coughing thumps, sending enormous shells hurtling overhead with the pulsing rush of an express train, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. The first shell fell short, showering the trees with earth and débris — the salvos that followed obscured the

whole wood in clouds of smoke, broken branches, and dust. Twenty minutes of this before the battery went silent again. A final tremendous explosion, eclipsing all that had gone before, seemed to shake the trees to their roots.

'That will hold them for a while,' said my friend exultantly, as he telephoned the news back to his battery; 'we must have hit their magazine of propelling charges.'

Next day I was sitting at lunch in our mess, distant about three hundred yards from the observatory, when a series of heavy, racking explosions made the windows rattle. There is a distinct difference between the sound of a gun and that of a bursting shell. The first is a cracking *bang*, or *boum*, as the French say. The latter is a racking, dwelling roar — drawn out, if such a thing can be said of an explosion. Shells were bursting somewhere close to us — many of them. When I went outside I could hear, clear and waspish above the din, the *pinging* of splinters whizzing overhead, and the occasional crackle of a lopped-off branch. After half an hour of this, a man came panting up with the bad news that the new observatory was completely demolished. There you have the inner workings of siege-war; the Boches, with uncanny craft, knew of the observatory, let the French complete it, and might have let it alone, had it not been instrumental in destroying their battery. That led them into their indiscreet action, for the French, in retaliation, promptly wiped off the map the most important German observatory — an elaborate affair whose exact location they had long known. This time the Boche did not dare retaliate. And so it goes.

There is a crack French gun-pointer near here who has brought down seven enemy planes in the past two months — a remarkable record in this quiet district. The last one fell close to one of our posts — its two passengers, German lieutenants, were dead, but scarcely marked by their drop into a snow-drift. One of them, a handsome young chap, with a little blond moustache, wore a gold bracelet, and in his pocket was a letter from his mother, accusing him of being an ungrateful son, who had only written twice in six months. Rather pathetic. There is a sort of chivalry in the air service which is a relief in the sordid monotony of this war. A German 'plane was crippled a while ago, and had to volplane down smack into a parade-ground where a French regiment was at drill. The soldiers rushed out to make prisoners of the two German officers, who were not a hundred yards up; but the latter, with indomitable courage, loosed their machine on the crowd, and were promptly riddled with bullets by the reluctant French. They received a funeral in accordance with their splendid death.

The code of the Prussian officer is, never to surrender; but of course all cannot live up to this. In a recent raid, a sergeant I know made a prisoner of a German captain, who, as they walked to the rear, cursed his luck in fluent French, saying that he was caught unaware — that an officer never surrendered, but fought to the end.

'Stop here, my captain, and let us consider this,' said the sergeant seriously; 'there are several articles of your equipment to which my fancy runs — that watch, for example, those leather puttees, and that fat purse I saw you change to your hip-pocket. Perhaps I can at once oblige you and gratify my whim. Suppose you were suddenly to run — a quick shot would save your honor, and me the trouble of escorting you back to the rear. And I am an excellent shot, *je vous assure*.' But the German was not interested.

(*To be continued*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AFTERNOON TEA EXAMINED

ANY man who knows that, sooner or later, he must go to another afternoon tea cannot but rejoice at the recent invention of an oval, platter-like saucer, large enough to hold with ease a cup, a lettuce or other sandwich, and a dainty trifle of pastry. The thing was needed: the modesty of the anonymous inventor — evidently *not* Mr. Edison — reveals him one of the large body of occasional and unwilling tea-goers. We, the reluctant and unwilling, are all strangely alike at these functions; and we have all been embarrassed by the old-fashioned saucer. Circular in shape, and hardly larger than the cup that belies its reputation and dances drunkenly whenever another guest joggles our elbow, — which happens so often that we suspect conspiracy, — the old-fashioned saucer affords no reasonably secure perch for a sandwich; responds with delight to the law of gravitation if left to itself; and sets us wishing, those of us who think scientifically, that evolution had refrained from doing away with an extension by which alone we could now hope to manage it. *We mean a tail!* If afternoon teas had been started in the Oligocene Epoch instead of the seventeenth century, we are convinced that evolution, far from discarding this useful appendage, would have perfected it. A little hand would have evolved at the end of it — such an one as might hold his saucer while a gentleman sips from his tea-cup.

Nay, more. In many ways that will at once occur to the intelligent reader this little hand would be helpful in our complex modern civilization. It would hold this essay. It would turn the music at the piano. It would enable two well-disposed persons cordially to shake hands when their four other hands were busy with bundles. It would slap the coward mosquito that stabs in the back. It would be absolutely perfect for waving farewell. Nor would there be anything 'funny' about it, or shocking to the most refined sensibilities: the vulgar would laugh and the refined would hide a shudder at the sight of a man with no tail! We would, of course, all look like the Devil, but everybody knows that *his* tail has never yet kept him out of polite society.

This digression, however, leads us away from our subject into alien regrets. We put it behind us.

The truth is, we do not like your afternoon teas — except those little ones, like the nice children of an objectionable mother, that are informal, intimate, and not destructive of our identity. At larger gatherings we have no identity: we are supernumeraries; mere tea-cup bearers; wooden Indians who have been through Hampton; automaton tea-goers. In short, we are so many lay figures, each with a tea-cup in one hand and food in the other; we know that we are smiling because we can feel it; we remain where we are laid until forcibly moved to another spot, and we are capable, under pressure, of emitting a few set phrases that resemble human speech. Yet within this odd simulacrum of a worldly, entertaining, and interested gentleman a living mind surveys the gay scene with a strange, emotionless detachment — just so, perhaps, will it eventually survive the body. We are really alive, conscious

that we dislike change, nervous when moved and stood up in another place, and intellectually certain that no real harm can come to us. One is reminded of Seneca's observation: *Vere magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem dei.* There is about us something of the frailty of a man, something of the security of a god: the pity of it is that we cannot follow Seneca to his conclusion and comfort ourselves with the thought that we are 'truly great.'

I have often wondered, while 'dolling up,' as the strikingly appropriate modernism puts it, for such a function, whether there is any universal reason why a reluctant man should go to an afternoon tea. There are, of course, many individual reasons, more or less important to the individual tea-goer; but for us the impulsion comes inevitably from without. The verb 'drag,' often applied to the process by which a man is brought to a tea, indicates how valuable would be the discovery of a Universal Reason wherefore any man might hope to derive some personal good from this inescapable experience.

An excellent place for the thinker to examine this problem is in his bath-tub preparatory to dolling up. He is alone and safe from interruption unless he has forgotten to lock the door; his memory and observation of afternoon teas past is stimulated by afternoon tea to come; and he is himself more like the Universal Man than on most other occasions. Featherless biped mammals that we are, what need have we in common that might conceivably provide a good and sufficient reason for the dolling up to which I am about to subject myself? Substantial food, less fleeting, however, than a lettuce or other sandwich and a dainty trifle of pastry; protective clothing; a house, or even a cave, to shelter us in cold or stormy weather — these, evidently, are clearly apprehended necessities, and we will march on the soles of our feet, like the plantigrade creatures we are, wherever such goods are obtainable.

If all men were hungry, naked, and homeless, and the afternoon tea provided food, clothes, and a home, any man would jump at an invitation. But there are other necessities of living — and here, too, I in my porcelain dish am one with Christopher Columbus, Chang the Chinese Giant, the Editor of the *Atlantic*, and the humblest illiterate who never heard of him — of which we are not so vividly conscious. Yet we seek them instinctively, each in his own manner and degree: amusement, useful experience, friends, and his own soul. So I read and accept Tagore when he says, 'Man's history is the history of man's journey to the unknown in quest of his immortal self — his soul.' Willy-nilly, even higglety-pigglety and helter-skelter, these are what the featherless biped is after.

As for useful experience, this afternoon tea reminds me of those lower social gatherings where liquor is sold only to be drunk on the premises. Granting that I become a finished tea-goer, easy of speech, nodding, laughing, secure in the graceful manipulation of my tea-things, never upsetting my tea, never putting my sandwich in the way of an articulating tongue, yet is all this experience of no use whatever to me except at other afternoon teas. I go to school simply to learn how to go to school. The most finished and complete tea-goer, if he behaves anywhere else as he does at an afternoon tea, creates more widely the same unfavorable impression that he creates, in his own proper sphere, on me. Can I then reasonably regard experience as useful which I observe to be useful only for doing something which I observe to be useless? The soap agrees that I cannot. Yet, says the sponge, *if* I might hope at some afternoon tea to discover my

immortal soul, the case would be different; this experience would be valuable. O foolish sponge! I am compelled to tell you that at afternoon teas it is especially difficult for a man to believe that he has any immortal soul to look for. It is a gathering essentially mundane and ephemeral. For it we put on our most worldly garments. For it we practice our most worldly smirks in dumb rehearsal before our mirror and an audience of one silly, attentive image, thinking that this time, this time —But it is always the same: the observant mind in the immovable body. As for the immortal soul, O sponge! It may, and doubtless does, go to strange places — but it *cannot be dragged.*

And so we come to the final question: is the afternoon tea a place where one featherless, plantigrade, biped mammal of the genus *Homo* may meet another whom he might hope some time to call a friend? I do not mean 'my friend What's-his-name?' but rather such another biped as Tennyson had in mind when he wrote, —

> Since we deserved the name of friends
> And thine effect so lives in me,
> A part of mine may live in thee
> And move thee on to noble ends.

I grant you, peering out of my tub at the world, that there are many to whom this thought sounds sublimated and extravagant: a poet says this sort of thing because such is his poetic business. We come nearer perhaps to the universal understanding in John Hay's definition that 'Friends are the sunshine of life'; for it is equally true that all men seek sunlight and that every man seeks a friend after his own kind and nature. The best and most intelligent of us admit the rarity and value of friendship; the worst and most ignorant of us is unwittingly the better for knowing some friendly companion. But this afternoon tea is inimical to friendship; and the first duty of a hostess is to separate, expeditiously and without hope of again coming together, any other two guests who seem to be getting acquainted. On this count, even were we not Automaton Tea-Goers, debarred by inherent stability from any normal human intercourse, the afternoon tea must prove more disheartening than helpful. We might at best glimpse a potential friend as the desert islander sights a passing sail on the far horizon.

There is, alas, no Universal Reason why a man should go to an afternoon tea!

So the matter looks to me in my tub, but perhaps, like Diogenes, I am a cynic philosopher. After all, when a thing cannot be escaped, why seek for reasons not to escape it? Let us, rather, be brave if we cannot be gay; cheerful if we cannot talk; ornamental if we cannot move. As the grave-digger in Elsinore churchyard might say, 'Here lies the afternoon tea; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this afternoon tea and bore himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that? But if the afternoon tea come to him and bore him, he bores not himself; argal, he that goes not willingly to the afternoon tea wearies not his own life.'

So, in effect, he that is *dragged* to an afternoon tea does not go at all; and when he gets there he is really somewhere else. This happy thought is a little difficult to reconcile with circumstances; but when one has become thoroughly soaked in it, it is a great help.

OF NAMES

Who does not know the man who is in the habit of marring the stillness of 'summer days . . . that scarce dare breath they are so beautiful,' by glibly reciting the name of every bird within reach of his opera-glasses, or his blood brother who makes night hideous by calling the roll of the stars? I have no quarrel with the abstract ability to tell

a yellow warbler from a cedar waxwing, and Sirius from Orion, if that ability results from a genuine and sympathetic sense of difference. But if it results (as seems to me very often the case) from a mere passion for nomenclature, then it is only a new symptom of an old and groundless superstition.

The essence of the doctrine I take to be this, that a knowledge of the name of anything gives to the possessor of the secret a certain power over the thing itself. Some such belief is to be found, I suppose, in the mythology of every primitive people. The magic lore of the Middle Ages is saturated with it. It speaks in the jargon of cheap Spiritualism and in half the mystic cults of the day. Moses, for instance, was not at all concerned about trivial or irreverent allusions to the Deity. He was zealous only that his *name* should not be taken in vain, because Moses considered it a tribal advantage not lightly to be utilized to know that the name of God was Jehovah.

'Be thou the beginning of my song, O father of the morning,' sings Horace. But he adds cannily, 'Or Janus, if with more pleasure thou hearest thyself called by that name.'

These examples are religious and therefore imaginative, but the typical modern expression of the same feeling is scientific and therefore prosaic. The young Greeks were taught that Apollo drove the sun round the earth. To-day we say that gravity drives the earth round the sun, and in so saying we have added a certain vagueness to the cosmic miracle without in the least explaining it. Pan is indeed dead, but in his place we have installed what Meredith called 'birds and beasts and herbs which ninnies call Nature in books.' The result is that while there are few of us who still seek the favor of Pan by taking thought upon the name by which to address him, there are many who exhibit a complacent satisfaction in a random knowledge of the names of the creatures who inhabit his domain.

Now the worst feature of this particular superstition is not so much that it is excessively dull, it is not even so much that it is not true, as that it fills its victims with an entirely unwarranted sense of achievement. In point of fact you cannot unlock the magic of the woods by cataloguing the trees, or make a star dance at a word. You can do no more, to quote the happy phrase of Alfred Noyes, than to 'cloak' such things 'with the stupor of a name.' And yet really intelligent men and women persist in saying, 'See that bobolink!' or 'Notice the Pleiades!' with a self-indulgent vanity just short of proprietary. Clearly they feel that they have put salt on the tail of that particular bird or constellation and that henceforth it will be in their power. They transfix a butterfly with a name with much the same pleasure with which a collector transfixes it with a pin, and with much the same result. They are willing to instruct the ignorant and to be admired for doing so, but above everything else rings the note of conquest, of having read a part of the riddle of the universe, and thought some of the thoughts of creation.

Even as I write, the 'timeless' summer day narrows to its appointed close, the inscrutable voices of the night begin to speak from the darkness, and the evening star flickers in the sky. Would it profit anything, I wonder, to know whether it is Jupiter or Venus?

LUNCH TIME AT THE FACTORY

THERE is a something suffocating about a factory. It is not the heat, exactly, or the grind of the machinery, or the lack of air, for yesterday the windows were widé open and at lunch hour the machinery was quiet.

Nevertheless, it was suffocating, — suffocating in a dense, heavy way that seemed to stifle the soul. One felt a crushing sense of weariness, a kind of oppressive inertia. It was as though all the wasting energy in those young bodies, all the longings of those minds, and the tired laughter of those lips about you had been crumbled into fine dust and ground into your heart.

There was Ruth Donovan in the corner, sucking an orange and leaning affectionately against Shorty McMullen. Shorty's arm was about her waist, and his round, white, pimpled face, close to hers. They were talking and giggling loudly. Vera Hendry and Bessie Hoyt were sound asleep, arms flung out over the sorting table, wisps of frizzed hair caught in the scattered piles of dry-bolts and metal claspings.

By the window Sylva Timmons, Alice Pazanov, and three or four others were discussing a particularly interesting 'movie spree' of the night before.

'Say, you 'd oughter seen Jimmy Quade!' Sylva was declaiming, 'maybe he ain't loose with coin! "Come on!" says he, "I'll treat the bunch!" he says, an' he does. Lawd! an' ain't he sweet on Bessie! — I seen 'em —'

Here Sylva's voice sank to a mysterious whisper, so that the text of her remarks was lost to me. A moment later there was a burst of laughter and Alice Pazanov (whose mouth was full of bread, although she appeared sublimely unconscious of the fact) went on shaking with feeble mirth until the tears ran down her cheeks, and her face became quite pale.

'Ain't it funny?' she gasped between jerks; 'sometimes — when I get laughin' — I don' seem able ever to stop!'

I went over to the group. Emmie Laws, a tall, dark-skinned girl with a weakness for rouge, made place for me on the bench.

'You ain't been here for some time,' she said; and Sylva Timmons, fastening her sharp eyes on me, inquired, '*You* don' have to work — do you?'

It is embarrassing for the conversation to take such a turn; it makes one feel, somehow, foolish and ashamed.

'Not exactly,' I stammered, 'at least — not all the time.'

'Why do you come here anyways, then?'

'Because I like you, and want to know you better.'

'Aw, now —' said Emmie, slipping her hand into mine; and Sylva added shyly, 'We sure miss you when you *don'* come!'

'I got to have an op'ration nex' week,' Miss Pazanov here remarked, calmly.

'Why, Alice! I did n't know you were ill — what's the matter?'

'My stomick,' — cheerfully — 'don' seem able to eat nothin' without it don' stay down.'

The whistle blew loudly. There was a general separating, and hastening to place. The great machinery began to revolve, slowly.

'Good-bye, girls!'

'Good-bye — Bye! — Bye, Miss Thayer! Come again — Bye!'

Ruth Donovan sidled past. 'That was a grand book you left here, the other day,' she said. 'Shorty and me we read it together.'

'What kind of books do you like best, Ruth?'

'Oh — 'most anythin' s 'long 's it's 'bout love — plenty of lovin', an' rich folks, an' — an' lovin'.'

I went down the four worn flights of stairs into the sunshine.

Never had the air felt more poignant and clean, never had the sky seemed more dazzlingly vast and blue. I took a long breath. How good it was to be outside — at last!

There is something quite suffocating about a factory.

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PATRIOTISM AND FOOD

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

Food is always more or less of a problem in every phase of its production, handling, and consumption. It is a problem with every farmer, every buyer, transporter, and seller, every householder. It is a problem with every town, state, and nation. And now, very conspicuously, it is a problem with three well-defined great groups of nations: the Allies, the Central Powers, and the Neutrals; in a word, it is a great international problem.

If food is a problem in the normal times of peace, how much more seriously must it be one in the abnormal times of war; and, above all, of such a world-war as the present! In this particular war-time, indeed, it is acutely true that food is a great and pressing problem; one of enormous importance, its solution bearing heavily on the whole solution of the war. Only seven years ago M. Bloch, the great Russian banker, wrote: 'That is the future of war — not fighting, but famine; not the slaying of men, but the bankruptcy of nations, and the breaking up of their whole social organization.'

The future of war, as written about by M. Bloch seven years ago, is the present of war to-day. Not that fighting and the slaying of men are lessened. Only the Napoleonic and the Thirty Years' wars approach to-day's war in the terrible losses of human life; and too great a drain on the human life of any one or several of the nations engaged may be the deciding factor in the war's conclusion. But on the whole, that part of the prophecy referring to the predominant influence of the food problem in modern war is thoroughly borne out by the facts. Despite the fearful and fatal struggling of an incredible number of men, consuming inconceivable quantities of munitions, and using such amazing methods of fighting as are beyond even the fantastic imaginings of the romancers of a decade ago, the national and international phases of the food and general economic problem are the predominant features of the war situation to-day.

Now we of America are hurling ourselves into the thick of this struggle at exactly the time of both military and economic and food crises. We are voluntarily taking up a part, and, in truth, the greater part, of the burden of solving this tremendous problem of food for the Allied world.

The present-day food problem of our nation, therefore, has, as its most conspicuous phase, an international character. We have joined ourselves, in effect, if not in signed compact, with

the Allies in a tremendous war task. The men of most of these Allies — the men of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy and Belgium — are fighting; they are not on the farms. But even in peace-time these nations looked to us for help in making up the regular annual difference between their food-production and their food-needs; normally these six countries, taken together, produce but sixty per cent of the grains necessary for their bread. We have always been their greatest and most reliable granary, food-store, and meat-shop. And now, with their production notably lessened, we are almost their only one. The grain of Russia cannot come out. The food of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Serbia belongs to the Central Powers. Australia and India are much farther away than ever before, what with submarines and an available supply of ships so small that no ship must travel one sea-mile farther than is absolutely necessary. And the European neutrals, caught between two threatening fires, must divide their little available surplus of meat and dairy products between Germany and England. Of cereals they have, of course, no surplus, but rather an aching void; and, therefore, they too must come to us with appeals for the satisfaction of their needs.

America then has the immediate and very great, but not impossible, task, in the general division of war labors among the members of the Allied group, of playing a predominant part in insuring a sufficient and regular supply of food for the maintenance of the great field armies of our fighting Allies, and of their no less great armies of working men and women in the war industries, and finally, of their women and children at home. This maintenance of the food-supplies of the Western Allies is an absolute necessity, second to no other, of the successful prosecution of the war. Men continuously hungry cannot fight or work; nor will men with starving families continue to fight if they can feed their families by stopping fighting.

Let us then examine a little in detail the food-situation of the Allies, even going to that extreme, always dangerous for a writer who hopes to be read, of using a few figures. For if we limit ourselves simply to a generalized statement of the condition and need, we cannot point out in any precise terms just what we must do, and how do it, to meet our duty in this matter as a nation and as individuals.

II

Bread has not infrequently been referred to as the staff of life. And it really is. We of the Relief Commission found it so in feeding Belgium. The loudest call of the people, their principal anxiety, and our first care, all converged on wheat. German experience, as well as Belgian, has shown that a dietetic regimen for a semi-starving people is strong or weak, appeasing or dangerous, in proportion to the bread it contains. If the bread-ration is normal, or sufficient, much repression or substitution can be used in the case of the other foods. Thus, considered from the standpoint of either physiology or psychology, seeing to the bread-supply is the matter of first importance in the case of a people living on short rations and getting occasional glimpses into the abyss of starvation.

The cereals, then, should have first consideration in the analysis of the Allied food situation. And all the cereals should be considered, not only those more strictly to be called bread-grains, but also those chiefly used as feed-grains for animals: first, because in a pinch such as the present one, a much larger use than usual of the feed-grains

can be made for human consumption by mixing flour made from them with wheat flour for the bread; and, second, because on the availability of the feed-grains rests the production of meat, animal fats, and dairy products which, with sugar, are the other staples of diet.

The annual pre-war production of the cereals — wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye — of the Western Allies (the United Kingdom, France, Belgium and Italy) averaged, taking the three harvests immediately preceding the war as basis, about one and a half billion bushels annually. The annual consumption in the same period of these peoples amounted to nearly two and a quarter billion. But their production this year, because of lessened man-power available for the farms and consequent lessened acreage (in France the acreage is lessened by this and by the actual loss of land to the Germans by one third) and the lessened yield per acre, and also partly because of shortage of fertilizer, — will fall short of the pre-war average by half a billion bushels. In France, indeed, the wheat-production this year is hardly more than one half the normal.

The situation as regards the production of meat, animal fats, and dairy products is an equally serious one. The herds of the Allies have been seriously cut into since the war began by the lessened production and import (because of shipping shortage) of feed-grains and fodder for their support, and by the necessity of eating into the capital stock to meet the pressing demands for an increased ration of meat and animal fat of millions of men transferred from light or sedentary work to the severe physical exertion of the army or the war factories. This reduction of the herds by these causes means a lessened reproduction of animals, with consequent increased diminution of the natural replacement of the herds themselves, creating thus the proverbial vicious circle.

The cattle, sheep, and hogs of the Western Allies in 1913 were over a hundred million head. At the beginning of this year they are estimated at about seventy-five million. If the decline in France continues through all this year at the rate followed since the beginning of the war, France will have but twenty-six million head, as compared with thirty-eight million before the war. She has lost 16.5 per cent of her cattle, 33 per cent of her sheep and 38 per cent of her swine since 1914. And yet she fights, and gloriously! Is there any doubt that we shall help to feed her?

Finally, as to sugar also there is a serious situation to face. Before the war the Western Allies were consuming annually about three million tons and producing considerably less than half of it. France, Italy, and Belgium, indeed, each produced a little more than they consumed; but Britain, with an annual consumption of two million tons, produced no sugar at all. However, the large balance of production over consumption of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and the smaller balance of Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, sufficed to supply a large part — seventy per cent — of Britain's needs. She found the balance in Java, Mauritius, the West Indies (excluding Cuba) and South America, to the extent of 16.5 per cent; in Cuba and the United States, 8 per cent; and from other scattering sources 5.5 per cent.

As a result of the war the European production of sugar has been greatly lessened. The effect of this decrease and of the war situation generally is to cut off almost entirely Great Britain's supply from Europe; for the other Allies, France, Belgium, and Italy, from being a little more than self-supporting as to sugar, are reduced now to calling on the outside world for approximately

two thirds of their needs, so radically has their production been cut down.

So much for a swift examination of the actual situation of our Western European Allies. They need help, and need it badly, and it can come only from us. What then is our own situation? In what position are we to meet the need?

III

The United States is the greatest food-producing country in the world. We have a larger absolute acreage in crops than any other nation, except possibly China. This acreage (320,000,000 acres) is nearly equal to that of the peace-time acreage of all Europe, excluding Russia (354,150,000 acres). Our total pre-war annual production of cereals (bread- and feed-grains together) averaged 4,800,000,000 bushels (average of crop of 1911, 1912, and 1913), while the total peace-time average for all the European countries except Russia, is almost exactly the same.

Similarly, figures might be given to show our enormous production of meat and animal products: last year, for example, it was over 20,000,000,000 pounds. But there is no special significance in these comparisons beyond their indication of our interesting magnitude as a food-producing land.

What will be more to the point, and is really needed, is a comparison of our production with our consumption. However impressive the figures of our output, they do not so much interest the world outside, nor in particular do they carry any comfort to our Allies, if there is not indicated in them the fact that we produce more than we consume. We are a large nation, and a young, vigorous, and growing one. Is our appetite and our need of food so great that we eat all we raise? And if we do not, do we leave uneaten enough to make up that deficiency between the imperative needs of our Allies and their production? In the precise answer to these questions we find our problem stated in exact terms. Hence we must again use a few figures.

Whatever our average annual production has been, the important thing at this moment is the production of 1917. Fortunately, the crops for this year are now so assured that figures can be given, with close accuracy, of the amount of each kind of cereal we may expect to harvest, or have already harvested, this year. The figures given are the government estimates of September. Our wheat crop will be about 668,000,000 bushels; our corn crop 3,248,000,000 bushels; our oats about 1,533,332,000; our barley 204,000,000, and our rye 56,000,000. Roughly, a total of five and a half billion bushels of bread- and feed-grains. To the great advantage of ourselves and our Allies, this is a crop, taken as a whole, materially larger than our annual average. The excess, however, is made up of feed-grains and not bread-grains. It is in particular our bumper crops of corn and oats this year that run up the total. Our wheat crop is, as a matter of fact, below the average, which is about 800,000,000 bushels.

Our average normal annual consumption of wheat has been 590,304,000 bushels; of corn, 2,653,698,000; of oats, 1,148,713,000; of barley 178,829,000; and of rye 35,866,000; a total of 4,607,410,000 bushels.

Thus, if we continue to consume our cereals as in pre-war time, we should have out of this year's crop a surplus of about 80,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,000,000,000 bushels of the other cereals taken together.

If we compare now the actual figures (obtained from official sources, and as nearly accurate as may be had) of the probable cereal production of the Western Allies for the year, to-

gether with those of their normal consumption, with the figures just quoted, we shall see the situation clearly and exactly.

The production of the Allies this year is closely estimated as follows: wheat, 393,770,000 bushels; other cereals, 567,016,000 bushels. Their normal consumption is: wheat, 974,485,000; other cereals 1,239,791,000.

That they may have a normal consumption until the next harvest, therefore, they must import in the next twelve months a total of about 580,000,000 bushels of wheat and 673,000,000 bushels of other cereals. Of this they can probably obtain from Canada (on the basis of the Canadian crop estimates for this year, and the known Canadian normal consumption) about 120,000,000 bushels of wheat and 119,000,000 of other cereals. This leaves them to obtain from us, if possible, about 460,000,000 bushels of wheat and 554,000,000 of other cereals.

Comparing these figures of the Allied needs from us with the figures of our probable exportable surplus on the basis of normal consumption, we find ourselves face to face with an easy solution — so far as grain goes; grain ships are another matter — of the situation as regards the 'other cereals,' of which we have more than enough to meet the necessity; but with what, at first glance, seems an impossible situation as regards wheat — for which read *bread*, with all of its significance as the very fundamental, the indispensable, basis of the daily ration. How are we — and our Allies — to meet this 'impossible situation.'

But the trouble is not with wheat alone. We have already pointed out in general terms the serious situation of the Allies with regard to the other staples — meat, fats, dairy products, and sugar.

I do not want to burden this paper with figures and hence shall attempt no such detailed analysis of the situation with regard to these staples as that just undertaken as to the cereals. But a few statements will lend some definiteness to the situation.

The cutting down of the meat production of the Allies, and the limitation as to import from other than American sources, is revealed by the enormous growth of American meat exports, most of which have gone to the Western Allies, since the beginning of the war. Our annual average for the three years just before the war was 493,848,000 pounds; for the year ending June 30, 1916, it was 1,339,193,000. These figures do not include pork products, the exports of which have gone up from a billion pounds a year before the war to a billion and a half pounds for the year ending June 30, 1916.

This demand for meat will not lessen as the war goes on; it will increase. And it will continue for some years after the war, because the reduction of the European herds cannot be made good in a day, or a year.

This growing scarcity of native animals and animal products among our Allies, and their dependence on us, are evidenced also by the export figures for dairy products. Our annual average export of butter for the three years before the war was four and a half million pounds, of cheese three and three fourths millions, and of condensed milk about eighteen millions. For the year ending June 30, 1917, it was: butter, nearly twenty-seven million pounds; condensed milk nearly two hundred and sixty millions; and cheese sixty-six millions.

Finally, another word as to sugar. We have seen that the war has greatly reduced the production of France, Italy, and Belgium (Britain, of course, produces none) and has forced all the Allies away from most of their usual

outside sources of supply and made them turn for help to the United States and to our own usual sources of import. For we have never produced in our own country and possessions (the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico) much more than half the amount consumed by us. We have relied on Cuba to make up our deficiency. Our annual consumption is about four million short tons, while the normal total production of the United States and its possessions, Cuba and the other West Indies, in pre-war times was about four and a half million tons. Fortunately there has been, since the beginning of the war, an increase in production in these countries, due to the spur of the increased European demand, of about a million tons. But from the present total the Allies need to draw at least a million and three fourths tons; perhaps two millions this year. In other words, we and the Allies need to draw about six million tons from sources producing about five and a half millions; a problem in arithmetic — and eating!

IV

We have outlined one phase, the international one, of the food-problem. But there is another. It is the national, or domestic one. This ties up closely, of course, with the wider aspect of the problem. Indeed, it is to a large extent immediately caused by the attempt at provisioning the Allies, in the uncontrolled manner in which the attempt has been made from the beginning of the war up to now. The more nearly the Allies — and the European neutrals, with their underground pipes into Germany — have come to being fed from America, in the unregulated way so far in vogue, the larger and more acute has grown the domestic problem. It reveals itself most readily, perhaps, by a simple inspection of home prices for home products and a comparison of them as they stand to-day with the corresponding prices before the war.

Taking an average of the retail prices for the five years just before the war as a basis, the prices of various familiar foods on July 15, 1917, showed the following percentages of increase: corn meal 115; flour 110; potatoes 110; lard 81.5; bacon 70; pork chops 66; round steak 65.5; ham 64; sugar 53; sirloin steak 51; rib roast 47; poultry 41; milk 27.5; butter 26.5; eggs 24.33.

But the whole story is not told by such a simple comparison. The rate of increase has not been an even one. It has accelerated with time, for example: the price of wheat per bushel was $1.071 on August 1, 1916, and on August 1, 1917, $2.289; corn advanced from 79.4 cents to $1.966; barley from 59.3 cents to $1.145; rye from 83.4 cents to $1.781; potatoes from 95.4 cents to $1.708. That is, of each of these important commodities, with the single exception of white potatoes, the price has more than doubled within the last year. Where are they going? When are they going to stop?

These terrible present prices of all commodities weigh heavily upon consumers, especially on those who depend on a monthly salary or a day wage; and these constitute the greater proportion of the population. It is true that there have been advances in wages — in some cases, several successive advances. But these altogether seldom amount to more than twenty-five per cent, and therefore they are not at all in proportion to the increased cost of food-stuffs. These exaggerated prices have caused general alarm and a widespread belief that serious trouble is likely to confront us in the coming winter unless relief is arranged for.

There may be — undoubtedly are — several causes contributing to this

excessive price increase, but the fundamental cause is certainly the unregulated way in which the extraordinary demand from our Allies and the European neutrals for all essential commodities has been met. One of the contributing causes has been 'hoarding,' either by the householder buying an unusual amount ahead of his needs, or, and much more seriously, by the large purchases of speculators, and the holding of these purchases against the inevitable increase in price. These purchases and holdings themselves help to make the increase inevitable. There has been too, unquestionably, a certain amount of coöperation between men handling certain commodities, to the deliberate end of advancing prices and thus increasing profits.

One part of our domestic problem, then, is that of effecting by one means or another a decrease and stabilization of prices. This presupposes a corrective for hoarding and manipulation — for 'profiteering,' generally. Another part, which is also a part of the international problem, is the organization of our food-production and use so as to create the surplus needed for supplying our Allies, and the regulation, in connection with the Allied governments, of the supplying of this surplus in such manner as not to force up our home prices too dangerously. Heretofore the Allies have made their purchases in our markets in competition both with each other and with the buyers for our own homes. And, finally, there is another part, also international rather than domestic in aspect, which is to create an effective check against an oversupply to neutrals — with their dubious connections. Our food-problem is thus, after all, just one big problem, domestic and international at once.

So far it has been all 'problem.' What of the solution?

The solution is food-conservation; or, better, food-administration. For food-conservation, as a term, is sometimes used to denote only that part of the general organization, control, and economical use of food which is chiefly indicated by the last phrase; that is, the general technic and details of the economic use, preservation, substitution, and so forth, of food in the household, public eating-places, and retail shops. The situation involves, however, much more than this food-conservation, in the strict sense. It calls for food-conservation of the broadest sort, involving administrative, educational, coöperative, compulsory, and voluntary activities of wide diversity and application; in a word, it depends upon an intelligent, organized, vigorous Food-Administration.

For the people of this country have called for and organized food-control, just as the people of Italy, France, and Great Britain successively saw the necessity, called for such control, and were given it; and the people of Germany were given it without the calling. It is almost certain that none of these peoples could have maintained itself in the war without governmental food-control. And so our people have got, as a hoped-for solution of their problem, a United States Food-Administration. What is it? What *may* it do? What *can* it do? What is it doing?

On August 10 of this year, just four months after our entrance into the war, Congress passed, and the President immediately signed, the 'food-control bill,' introduced in the House on June 11. The delay in the passage of the bill was chiefly due to a reluctant Senate. On the day of its passage President Wilson appointed Herbert Hoover to be his representative as head of the Food-Administration, with the title of Food-Administrator. Great Britain's food-head, at present Lord Rhondda, is officially entitled Food-Controller;

France's administrator, M. Viollette, is called Ministre du Ravitaillement.

On August 12 Mr. Hoover formally announced the policy and general plans of the Food-Administration. It should be interesting and profitable to present here a brief analytical summary of the act.

It authorizes a governmental control over the supply, distribution, and movement of all food, feeds, and fuels, and all machinery, implements and equipment required for their actual production. Any agency necessary to carry out this control may be created; any existing department or agency of the government may be used.

All destruction of food or fuel for the purpose of enhancing prices is prohibited; all willful waste, all hoarding, all monopolization, all discrimination and unfair practices, all unjust charges in handling and dealing in food and fuel, and all combining to restrict the production, supply, or distribution are made unlawful.

Manufacture, importation, storage, and distribution can be carried on only by license, when the President shall deem it essential to institute such licensing. Exception to the license requirements is made in favor of farmers, coöperative associations dealing with products produced by their members, and retail dealers whose business is less than $100,000 a year.

Food, feeds, and fuel necessary for the army, navy, and public service may be requisitioned. Hoarded supplies may be seized, sold, and distributed. The government may purchase, store, and sell at reasonable prices, wheat, flour, meal, beans, and potatoes. Factories, packing-houses, pipelines, and fuel mines may be taken over and operated by the government for such time as is necessary to secure adequate supplies for the public service.

Regulations may be issued to prevent speculation, manipulation, enhancement, depression, or fluctuation of prices, and to control the operation of exchanges, boards of trade, and similar organizations dealing in food, feeds and fuel.

For the purpose of stimulating production the government may guarantee for a period not longer than eighteen months a price which will insure the producer a reasonable profit. The minimum price of the 1918 crop of Number 1 Northern Spring wheat is fixed at two dollars per bushel at the principal interior markets. The import tariff on food, feeds, and fuel may be increased if such increase is considered necessary to prevent undue importation from other countries.

No foods or feeds shall be used for the production of distilled spirits for beverages. No distilled spirits may be imported. All distilled spirits in bond or stock are commandeered, and any of these stocks may be redistilled to meet the requirements of the government in the manufacture of munitions and military and hospital supplies.

Particular powers are given in regard to the production of and dealing in coal and coke. Prices may be fixed. If these prices are not conformed to, the mine or plant and business of the offending producer may be taken over. If deemed necessary, the producer of coal and coke may be required to sell solely to the government, and the government may act as the sole dealer in the resale of the supplies.

The government is authorized to purchase nitrate of soda to increase agricultural production in 1917 and 1918, and to sell this fertilizer for cash.

In all cases where a commodity or operating plant is requisitioned, just compensation is to be made.

Appropriations are made to carry on the business operations authorized in the act, and for the special purchase

of nitrate of soda, and for the general expenses of the Food-Administration.

The enumeration of the statutory powers of the Food-Administration answers the query, what *may* be done. What *can* be done is another matter. The Food-Administration may stimulate production; can it? It may prevent all hoarding, manipulation, and profiteering; again, can it? The answer does not depend on the Food-Administrator alone. It depends much more, indeed, on the people of the country. We are patriots enough to stand up with the right music, to float the flag, and to yell when the soldiers go by. We are even patriots enough to offer our lives to our country. Are we patriots enough to stand without flinching when our pockets and appetites are touched? We shall see.

V

The Food-Administration has made a vigorous beginning. The long, vexing, injurious delay in the passage of the bill was not all lost time. The Food-Administrator to be was preparing. He made the beginnings of his volunteer organization; he found temporary quarters, beginning with three rooms in a Washington hotel, and moving about with his growing staff as eviction followed eviction from other temporarily loaned resting-places. The day after the act was signed things began to happen officially; their beginnings had already been made unofficially.

As wheat — always thought of in terms of bread — was of first importance, so its consideration came first on the programme. At this writing, one month after the passage of the bill, a 'fair price' ($2.20 a bushel) has been fixed for this year's crop. A great Food-Administration Grain Corporation and a coöperating Food-Administration Milling Division have been formed to control its entire handling, purchase, sale, distribution, and export. A sugar-control is well under way; meat and fats are soon to be dealt with. Dealers in food commodities are being put on a basis of license; that is, are under some control. There are well-developed special divisions of the Food-Administration on meat and meat products, wholesale groceries, canned goods, sugar, potatoes, dairy products, fruits and vegetables, fish, and commercial bread and baking systems. There is a statistical division, a legal division, a state-organizations division connecting immediately with state food-administrators, representing the federal Food-Administration, a division of utilities and research in nutritive values and the like, a transportation division, one of labor, and one of imports, exports, and embargo, acting in close connection with the departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and State, with a firm grip already on the spiny problem of export to European neutrals, with its serious corollary of — let us put it bluntly — export to Germany.

Also, there are all the necessary special divisions for internal office-organization and administration. And, finally, there is a large, driving division of food-conservation, in the strict sense. This really demands a full paper by itself. It must, at least, have a separate paragraph or two in this paper.

It is this department that connects the Food-Administration immediately with all of the people. We are all consumers, and food-conservation, in its special sense, concerns itself primarily with food-consumption. The primary object of this special part of the food-conservation campaign is to bring about an intelligent rearrangement of the eating habits of our hundred million people so that the particular foodstuffs most needed by the Allies can be accumulated. This has to be done

in the face of a normal surplus — which has to be made larger — and by a people long accustomed to a use of food limited chiefly only by its cost.

To do this it is necessary first to convince our people that food is a decisive factor in the war, that the strength of our Allies can be maintained only by a food-supply meeting their minimum necessity, and that it is our duty and opportunity in this war to make sure of this food-supply. Food-conservation becomes then a patriotic service.

Next, it is necessary to point out how each household and public eating-place and each individual consumer can actually act so as to conserve food. The details and special efforts centre about three principal general propositions: elimination of waste; substitution of certain foods for others, as corn for wheat, poultry for beef, mutton, and pork, and so forth; and, an actual lessening of unnecessary consumption. To instruct and enlist the nation the already organized forces of the people are being brought into play. The special help of community centres and state organizations, of the public-school teachers, the churches, fraternal orders and patriotic societies, has been enlisted. Their representatives have come to Washington and are devotedly helping in the great campaign. Work in home economics is being directed by experts. Simple primers and textbooks and lecture-course syllabi for the public schools and colleges have been prepared and issued. Most important of all, perhaps, the energetic coöperation of the women of the country has been obtained. Cards specifying the particular measures most available and effective for food-saving and wise food-use in the homes and public eating-places are being sent broadcast, and pledges to observe these suggestions are being signed by millions of households, hotel, restaurant, dining-car, and club managers, and individual consumers.

These pledge-signers are enrolled as members of the Food-Administration and receive cards of membership which they are asked to display in their windows, so as to announce their patriotic undertaking and thus serve as a good example to others.

The results of this great campaign are already obvious. An actual food-saving, a food-conservation, is being effected. This is shown concretely by interesting statistics recently collected from sixty cities which reveal a decrease in the garbage collections by about 12 per cent, as compared with those of last year. Quite as important, a psychological effect is being produced. Food-conservation is making the war real; it is inspiring patriotism. It offers the opportunity for universal service in a great national endeavor; and it is creating this service. Incidentally, it may mean much for the years after the war; we may get the food-saving habit — and the habit of patriotism.

Another phase of food-administration is that of the stimulation of production. Under the provisions of the so-called 'food-survey bill,' signed on August 10, the Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to investigate in detail the actual food situation in the country and to employ a variety of special measures, such as the special furnishing of seed, demonstrations, and enlarged efforts at education for increasing the food-production. This work does not come under the immediate control of Mr. Hoover's organization, but it is a matter in which the Food-Administration is vitally interested, and in which it is taking every opportunity to assist and to coöperate with the Department of Agriculture. There has already been a notable response of the people to the call for increased production, evidenced by the two million or more new back-yard and

vacant-lot gardens planted this summer, and a plain promise of increased acreage for the 1918 crop of grain.

A pertinent question, the answer to which has been as yet no more than indicated in this paper, is that concerning food-conservation by the Allies. Americans who are asked to limit their consumption of bread, meat, and sugar for the sake of supplying our Allies with food will want to know what the Allies themselves are doing in the way of food-economy. That each of them has a governmental food-administration has already been said. On the heels of this it may be added at once that these administrations are vigorous ones, and their actions drastic. They undertake something that will not be undertaken here. They practically put the people of their countries on ration. They prescribe just how much, or rather how little, meat and bread and sugar may be served at any meal in a public eating-place. They proscribe cakes and sweets and other unnecessary luxuries that use up wheat and sugar and milk. They compel the making of war bread — that is to say, bread from wheat milled at 80 per cent in England, — meaning that 80 per cent of the whole kernel of the wheat goes into the flour, — 85 per cent in France, and 90 per cent in Italy, and mixed with from 20 to 50 per cent of flour made from other cereals (barley, rye, oats, and rice). They prohibit the use of meat on certain days.

Each of these countries rigidly controls the commercial agencies handling foods and has set up a governmental purveying of the important staples. Fixed prices are established for various kinds of food. Each country, most notably England, has conducted a vigorous nation-wide campaign for the voluntary coöperation of all its people in food-conservation. Every household in England which accepts the government's call to save food, hangs in a window facing the street a poster declaring, —

IN HONOUR BOUND WE ADOPT
THE NATIONAL SCALE OF
VOLUNTARY RATIONS.

In the short street in London in which I lived this spring three out of four of the houses displayed this indication of their patriotism. In a certain village of two hundred and fifty houses all but twenty-five displayed the poster.

Great efforts have been made to stimulate production. Minimum prices for wheat have been guaranteed to the farmers for future crops. England's guaranty extends over six years.

And all this control and appeal have produced results. England's use of bread has been reduced twenty-five per cent, according to an August estimate of the Food Controller; in some cities, — York, for example, — it is greater. France has reduced (August) her use of meat seventeen per cent since March of this year. Marked additions to the acreage of grain and potatoes have been made. England estimates an addition of half a million acres of wheat and potatoes for this year. The increased acreage of garden and small cultivation is even more notable. Flower gardens have become vegetable gardens; waste places are blossoming like the rose — but with potato blossoms. Over one hundred thousand women are now in regular agricultural employment in localities where before the war no women at all were employed. The government has placed several thousand motor-tractors at the service of the farmers.

In a word, our Allies are not asking us for food without making the most strenuous efforts to help themselves. And all the time, they are fighting and making munitions, and doing all the

thousand urgent and serious things necessary for the efficiency of their millions of fighters in the field — and for their comfort when they come back to 'Blighty.'

VI

Patriotism and food! Winning a world-war by eating corn and chicken instead of wheat and beef! It will take much education to get this point of view. An army of food-savers does not appeal to the imagination at first consideration. But remember the large words of M. Bloch: 'That is the future of war — not fighting, but famine.'

I had some opportunity during the two years from May, 1915, to May, 1917, of seeing embattled Germany at close range. And I saw Germany fighting, not only with armies of men in field-gray, but with greater armies of un-uniformed men, women, and children — the civilian armies of workers and food-savers. Germany is fighting as a whole people, a whole nation mobilized. Germany is fighting to win a war that was to have been all conquest and glory, and is now all *Durchhalten*. In this fighting and *Durchhalten* Germany has lifted food to all the importance that M. Bloch prophesied for it. She is struggling to hold off famine from herself and to impose famine upon her enemies. Germany controls food, saves food, stretches food, as no nation has ever done before. That she has not already been beaten is due no less to her food-organization than to her fighting organization. She has put patriotism and food together. So must we.

It is a time of rare and glorious opportunity; a time in which prosaic business and industry may be lifted up to the high plane of national service. And it is being so conceived in many quarters. The editor of a millers' journal puts it well for his miller and baker readers when he says, 'He who grinds a barrel of flour or makes a loaf of bread to the glory and the good of the nation, forgetful of self, performs his duty in a spirit of devotion equal in its way to that of him who goes forth to actual battle.'

And just as business and industry can perform their national service by putting patriotism and food together, so can we who serve our households and public dining-rooms; and so also can we who eat — in a word, all of us. There is no magic way of making food win the war. It can be done in but one way, the way of voluntary and eager resolution and action of the whole people, each group and each person according to the measure of his opportunity and means; a matter of daily personal service on every farm, in all the places through which pass the great food masses, and, finally, in every little shop and every kitchen and at every table in the land.

It is not a sordid association, patriotism and food. It can be as fine as the spirit of democracy and as ennobling as the struggle for democracy. For in these days it is, in truth, an essential part of each. If we cannot organize our effort in this world-crisis by the individual initiative, spirit, and consent of the people, then democracy is a faith on which we cannot stand. For autocracy has shown that it can organize its effort; it does it by imposing organization by force from the top. We must do it from the bottom, and voluntarily. The administration of food is a test of what our form of government is worth. If success in it did no more than insure its immediate aim, — providing our Allies with food, — it would be wholly worth while. But it will do much more than that: it will prove our faith in ourselves.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF

AN ENFORCED EXPERIMENT IN LABOR

BY CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL

I

SOMETIME in the dark hours of an early morning in November, 1913, I awoke to the realization that I was on a train, without the least understanding as to where I was going, what I was there for, or who I was. A bewildered search in my pockets brought forth letters that told me my name and revealed further that I had been — and probably still was — an assistant professor in Teachers' College, Columbia University. A letter from Ohio State University seemed to indicate that I was favorably considering the offer of a chair in that institution, but whether I had accepted it I had no means of knowing. Another letter told me that I had been asked by a publisher to give an opinion as to the merits of a manuscript — a history textbook. But none of these availed to bring to my mind a single face, name, or incident that would give me a clue to work on.

Of those hours of dizzy effort and confusion I have little recollection. So far as I can remember now, my feelings were of bewilderment and exasperation rather than of acute distress. It was easy enough to find out that my train was bound for Detroit, and I spent some little time in trying to solve the problem why I should be going to Detroit. But the whole matter remained an absolute blank. I found that the effort to pierce the cloud was not only fruitless, but irritating, like straining your eyes in black darkness to see something, or vainly trying to remember what you were doing Wednesday afternoon three weeks ago. So I made a conscious effort to dismiss the puzzle for the time being, and to look as squarely as I could at the immediate situation.

Before I reached Detroit I had come to a definite decision, aided by a few casual inquiries of a fellow passenger who had, of course, no suspicion of my dilemma. I would take the electric car to Toledo, provide myself there with a few necessaries, and set out on foot, trusting to the open road to clear my mind, and putting aside meanwhile all thought as to either the past or the future. For I had a reasonably well-filled pocket book; how much money was in it I do not know now and may not have known then, but it was enough for any immediate needs.

That night I slept at a little hotel about nine miles out of Toledo. The walk had done me good, though the blank in my memory was as stubborn as ever. During the next ten days I tramped on — walking about twenty miles each day and sleeping at village hotels or farmhouses. One negative clue as to my past was soon evident. My ignorance as to farming was abysmal. Even hitching up a team seemed a performance as intricate as a problem in higher mathematics, and each time that I saw it done I had to stand

by and watch in helpless wonderment as buckles and straps were adjusted with a skill that fascinated me. To my regret I had to recognize that farming was to me an unprobed mystery, and had a humiliating feeling that I must have been a narrowly academic person whose knowledge was limited to books.

For the first day or two out of Toledo my mind would turn ever and anon to anxious groping. But this soon ceased, and I began to feel a sort of shrinking horror of the unknown world from which I seemed separated by an impenetrable wall. This is a matter on which I dislike to dwell, and yet it must be stated. Neither then nor later, though I knew both my name and my college, did I take any steps to communicate with my friends. The fact is that it did not at first occur to me, and that when the thought did come I dismissed it with a shudder. No one who has not experienced the like can realize how utterly non-existent my past life seemed in all its personal relationships; how, while my mind recognized that there had been a past, yet it seemed not really mine, insubstantial, dark, unreal, a past of which I knew less than of the life of Oliver Cromwell, and that solely by documentary evidence. Even later on, when I could survey the whole matter in a rational way, I still had the same shrinking from putting forth my own hand to part the curtain. In so far as I ever formulated it, my reason for inaction was a reluctance to leave behind the vivid, healthy life I was leading and return to a circle to which I should have to readjust myself, — a thing which seemed of dizzy complexity, full of embarrassment and even distress, — and in which I should be regarded as abnormal, a semi-invalid. But the strength of my feeling was not to be expressed by any such formulation, and I can only state it, without being able wholly to account for it.

The effort to ascertain the extent and limitations of my own powers was a different matter, rather interesting than otherwise, and even exciting. Things practical, mechanical, or commercial woke no response in my mind. But I found myself at home at once when I picked up a book, and I spent many an hour in testing my memory. I remember repeating the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* triumphantly from beginning to end, and planning a lecture on the French Revolution without finding myself at a loss for any essential name or date. I found too that I could recall clearly — to take specific cases — the general appearance of Columbia University, the view from Morningside Heights over Harlem, the Bay of Naples, the Piazza San Marco at Venice. Of the Acropolis of Athens I was not quite so sure. It seemed fairly vivid and I could place the buildings quite easily, but it did not seem so real to me as St. Mark's or Columbia. Since then I have found the reason for this: I had never been in Athens, and knew the Acropolis only from books, maps, and pictures. But all these places, while objectively clear, were without any personal relation to myself. I remembered them but I did not remember seeing them.

I was aware, of course, of what had happened. My knowledge of physiological psychology was of the slightest, but in general I knew what amnesia is, and realized that a minute cell or group of cells had suffered paralysis. But I became increasingly certain that the trouble was very definitely localized, and that my mind remained perfectly clear and sane. Just as one knows how to read without being able to recall one's first lessons, so I had the fruits of past years without being able to remember how I had acquired them. My relief at my growing consciousness of mental health was intense — so in-

tense that the problem with which I was faced, appalling as it would have seemed to my friends had they been aware of it, appeared a mere trifle.

So that tramp from Toledo to Danville was not entirely an unhappy one. I was troubled, of course, but the shock itself may have had some numbing effect, and in any case the very loss of my personal past meant that I had no emotion in regard to it. It was not like a conscious exile, when every memory, every association means acute pain. To me all that I was leaving behind was as if it had never been. I was conscious only of the present, of the sweetness of the tonic autumn air, the brown of the fields, the restful silence of the woods. And each noon as I sat by the roadside to eat my lunch and smoke my pipe, I found it possible to look at the world with a serene eye and sweep the devils of doubt and fear behind me.

It may be that I was carried through those first days by the same kind of nervous excitement and insensibility to anxiety and fear that carries a man through a fierce battle. And by the time that this had worn off, the days of silent, lonely tramping along the Ohio and Indiana roads had brought me many steps toward a working adjustment: for the very silence and loneliness had had a steadying, sobering, soothing, and healing effect. What the future held for me I knew not at all, and yet the ignorance brought no real worry. When the rain and the muddy roads of Illinois drove me to take a train, and when I decided to go to Colorado, I was still without any definite plans. I felt only that I must go far from the scenes of my old unknown life, and somehow I yearned for the mountains.

II

It was mid-December when I reached Colorado Springs. The place looked homelike, and the great line of snowy giants to the west seemed to have an inspiring and helpful message. I remember repeating to myself the first verse of the 121st Psalm, a verse that will always have a peculiar depth and meaning to me that it can have for few others. So I cast anchor, not knowing that I was to spend more than two years under the shadow of Pike's Peak. I knew that I should have to form some plan of action soon, for my funds were now perilously low. But for a little time I let even the immediate future take care of itself, and sought mental and physical tonic in long walks through the lovely mountain country. Cliffs and cañons, the mighty hills on one side and the prairie on the other, these were a solace and a strength beyond imagining. My companions were the magpies and long-crested Rocky Mountain jays. And I remember the thrill with which I saw my first eagle sail out from behind a great crag at the entrance to Cheyenne Cañon, sweep over me in a lordly circle, and disappear between two spires of granite. But, except for the wild things, I wanted solitude. I spent that Christmas, I remember, in the Garden of the Gods, and my Christmas dinner consisted of a sandwich and a banana.

The time came, however, when I had to face facts. Somehow or other I had to earn my living or go hungry. Query: how was I to go about it? One part of the answer was obvious at once. It was inevitable that if I were to persist in clinging to the vivid life that I knew and turning away from the dark life that was hidden, I must accept the consequences in their entirety. I could not be a teacher, for to be a teacher requires records and references of a kind that I was conspicuously without. In the face of this, since I was a man of one trade, the only thing left to me was unskilled labor. Even unskilled labor

looked formidable to me, for, in spite of the adjective, it does involve some degree of skill. As a matter of fact, the most ignorant Mexican in Colorado was better qualified then to earn his living than I. But I had muscles and a willing spirit, and I saw no reason for shrinking from the life of a laborer.

With this acceptance of the inevitable came the reflection that I could at least turn my evil state to some profit. I could face the situation, not with the discouragement and shrinking that benumbs and degrades, but with the determination to take it as an experience that would enable me to see life and its problems from a new angle. With the resolve came, not only courage, but the awakening of a definite intellectual interest. If I could take the whole matter as an adventure, as an experiment in labor and life, then, when my normal self should be restored, I could come back perhaps a little wiser than before. So, in some measure, might I wrest good from evil.

There remained the solving of the practical problem, the getting of a 'job.' Lamentable it may be, but true it certainly is, that a mere college professor — perhaps any college-bred and professional man — is likely to be the most helpless of mortals outside his own field. I may be a poor type: many, I know, would be less helpless than I; but still the general fact remains. Make a vow not to touch your own line of work for six months, limit your capital to a few dollars, put aside the magic of friendly influence and 'pull,' and see whether the world does not suddenly become a barren and pathless waste, or something very like it. An office-boy, a mechanic, a ranchman might solve the problem fairly easily. His daily work has been in its own way a many-sided practical education. But the training of a college man has taught him how to enjoy the 'intellectual life,' how to think more or less clearly about many things, and how to *do* almost nothing. Even the informative side of his college course has had almost no direct relation to the conduct of life. Weak and futile as our educational system is at so many points, its most notable single defect is its failure to develop initiative or to train in many-sided action, and I was, I fear, a conspicuous example of American education at its worst.

Certainly I felt at a loss, and felt foolish in being at a loss. I found myself marveling at the surpassing wisdom of grocery clerks who had never heard of Descartes and who would have believed you if you had told them that logarithm was the 'high-brow' name for a June-bug, but who would weigh you out fifty things without making a mistake of a cent in the price of any of them. I watched scores of men at work in all the infinitely varied activities of the life of even a small city, watched their confident efficiency with growing wonder and respect, and stood in awe before my own appalling incapacity. At last, with humble mind and a vast sense of utter unimportance, I went to an employment office.

The words 'Employment Agency' I had doubtless often seen before. If so, the legend had been uninteresting, almost meaningless, having vague associations of a sordid and perhaps even repulsive kind. Far different was the case now. The words held golden possibilities of immunity from hunger. With a valiant assumption of boldness I entered an office. I saw two or three silent men in shabby working clothes, with seamed, brown faces, standing at the rail, and with an effort at nonchalance I turned to a prosperous-looking person in a swivel-chair and asked for a job. Weary, uninterested eyes were turned my way and a pipe was removed long enough to permit the agent

to say that there was nothing in sight at present. I backed out apologetically. This performance was repeated for several days. Then I began to wonder how the man in the swivel-chair could pay for his office and his pipe; but I found that the agency was free, maintained by the state, and that this was an off season. Perhaps, I reflected, an independent office might give better results, as its existence depended on its being of some use to the unemployed.

I tried one and stuck to it. The proprietor came to know me and would give me a cheerful smile when I entered with the usual inquiry. We even had pleasant conversations. But I generally found the genial manager reading placidly with his feet on the table, and our conferences invariably began with a regretful 'Nothing doing.'

Early in the proceedings I had been told that there was ice-work if I wanted it, at Lake George, up in the mountains forty miles away. But ice-work brought visions of pulling two-hundred and-fifty-pound cakes of ice out of the water, swinging them lightly on to a sled or a car, doing it again, and keeping on doing it all day. The thing was obviously out of the question.

Then a brilliant idea occurred to me and I called on the superintendent of the street-car company. I half expected to be thrown out, but though he was a man of few words, those words were kindly enough, and to my amazement he turned to his desk and wrote something on a slip of paper.

'I can give you work for two days, as it happens,' he said. 'Report at seven to-morrow morning and present this.'

He nodded a courteous dismissal and I left. The paper said that 'bearer' was to be put on the track gang, and 'bearer' quailed. But I needed the money: it was two dollars a day — a nine-hour day.

I duly reported on time and was told to climb into the work-car. Inside sat and stood a group of men whom I eyed with timidity and respect. All around me were crowbars, picks, shovels, and curious appliances of mysterious purpose. In due season the car moved out of the barn, and a few blocks down the street six men — of whom I was one — were ordered out with picks and shovels. Our task seemed a simple one, to remove the ice and frozen mud from the rails of a switch. It had been soft the day before and would be again by noon, but in the mean time the night's frost had made the switch useless. In five minutes my back was breaking in two, but still the thing could be done, and I was able to get through without disgracing myself. Then we climbed into the car again and were taken down to a railroad station, and I had ten minutes' grace for the straightening of my broken back.

There was a car there loaded with ties. That car had to be unloaded. It had been through several snow-storms and the snow had thawed and frozen again, so that the ties were bound together in a solid mass. Still, we got the things out, toilfully loosening them with the crowbar and throwing them well clear of the car. Then we had to pile them in neat stacks, shovel a carload of sand, attend to some odds and ends, and go back to the inevitable ties to dip them in a vat of creosote. So it went on until five o'clock, and I wended my way stiffly to my room, proudly conscious that I had earned two dollars, a goodly balm for aching muscles. The next day we shoveled icy snow into a flat car, clearing a track out toward Cheyenne Cañon — shoveled and picked until I could hardly lift the heavy tools.

The labor was hard and much of it was not particularly interesting. But the men and their outlook on life interested me immensely. It was my first

contact with what is called unskilled labor. That the men's muscles seemed made of steel, their backs unbreakable, was to be expected. It was hard to believe that mine would become so, but still I knew that a week or a month would make any man, certainly any healthy man, into a good working machine. It was not their efficiency as workmen that interested me so much as their amazing good-nature, their unbroken cheerfulness. As an undoubted tenderfoot I had expected an impatient scorn of my clumsiness, a certain amount of rough ill-nature. What I received was the exact opposite. Even when I occasionally let a tie slip into the hot creosote and caused a splash that was not without danger to the eyes of my companions, they only showed me how to get a better grip on my pike, or assured me that such things might happen with any one of them. Their language to one another was rough, sometimes appalling to my unaccustomed ears; but this was only a way they had; it meant nothing; and if their conversation was profane and gross, it was never ill-natured, never mean, and rarely even bad in any real sense, as showing evil dispositions or habits. I found my estimate of my fellow laborers rising steadily every hour that I worked with them.

Those two days gave me my labor baptism. Never again would I be able to look upon a laborer as other than a man and a brother. The conventional 'class' superiority, the advantage given by education, sank quite into the background as I worked with these men and observed their unpretentious strength, efficiency, cheerful comradeship, and manliness. I was to work with many more of their kind, but I never saw occasion to alter the first impression of the American unskilled laborer that was given me by my companions of two days in the track gang of the Colorado Springs Street Railway.

I have been asked since whether I did not feel strongly my 'intellectual superiority.' The answer is easy. I did not. Quite the contrary. It is true that, as I worked and used my eyes and ears, I could reflect on my experience, could ponder with a new interest Plato's conception of *andreia* and its place in his theory of education; but it was with no arrogant consciousness that I alone of the company knew anything about Plato or had ever heard of *andreia*. My thought was rather that these men and others like them were living what I had read about and thought of in my study; for I took no pride in my ever-growing conviction that I had never before done things with my hands or tried to solve a concrete practical problem.

I am quite aware that there is another side to the matter, that there are other and entirely pertinent comments to be made. But at the same time intellectual superciliousness becomes impossible when you actually don your overalls and pigskin gloves and work with laborers as one of them.

One of them, yes, but a raw apprentice I surely was, the greenest of freshmen in a new school — stiff and sore after two days' work, black and blue over each hip where I had supported my end of the heavy ties, and hardly able to roll out of bed the next morning. Yet on the whole I was far from disheartened. The first plunge had been distinctly invigorating, and Lake George now seemed worthy of some inquiry and consideration. It was apparently the only work available, and besides, my curiosity was awakened by the attitude of man after man who came into the employment office to seek work. Often when I was there a laborer would come in, receive the usual answer to his inquiry, 'Nothing doing except the ice-work at Lake

George,' shake his head disgustedly, and go out. Most of them were husky-looking men, and I could not see why they should turn down a job if they really wanted work. I asked one of them what the trouble was, and his answer was explicit, even if not wholly satisfactory.

'Aw, it's too cold up there, and they don't pay you nothing. Anyway I'm not going to sleep in no crummy bunk-house for nobody.'

True, it would be cold. The pay was $1.75 for a ten-hour day, from which seventy-five cents (six bits, in the language of the country) would have to be deducted for meals. That would make it a dollar a day clear — not a princely income, but much better than nothing. The company would advance transportation and take it out of wages. And my friend the employment agent told me that, so far as he could learn, the work would not be as heavy as on the track gang. On the whole it seemed worth trying.

III

The track-work had been a preface. As I journeyed up the Ute Pass and over the Divide by the Colorado Midland, as I disembarked at a little mountain station in the midst of a wilderness of granite and snow; as the train roared off round a bend and disappeared in the great jaws of a cañon, I realized that a new chapter was beginning for me. The time of doubt, of waiting, and of wondering was over, and until new light came to guide me, I was to earn my living by the work of my hands. Yet in the glorious light and eager air of that clear winter day, it was impossible to believe that, because back and arms might be busy, the brain must needs rust in idleness. The Rockies and the day's work together might surely teach lessons not to be scorned. And as I shouldered my pack and trudged off along the trail leading to the lake, I tried to leave behind me 'the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world,' and to draw from the friendly hills a message of hope.

Looking back now over the two years that followed, crowded as they were with experiences that taught me much about the life of the laborers, there stand out vividly moments that threw flashes of light on my own past. For, eager as I was to learn from my fellow workers, I never forgot that I had still to find myself, and hardly a day passed that did not suggest or confirm some impression, round out or explain some desire or conviction. And some discoveries were peculiarly illuminating.

One of the ineffaceable memories is of our bunk-house at Lake George. It was a long, flimsily built hut, furnished with a few chairs, a little table, a stove that we kept going with coal purloined from the engine-room, and bunks for ten men. We had two candles that we paid for ourselves, taking turns in the disbursement of the necessary nickel.

I well remember how it looked on my first evening, as I sat comfortably propped against my pack and considered my companions. Four of the boys were playing cards by candle-light, another was placidly reading a magazine in his bunk, two others farther away from the light were exchanging curious views about the boss and his Spiritualism (said boss being a fervid Spiritualist), and two were toasting their feet by the stove, which was red-hot with the fiercely burning lignite. It puzzled me to tell wherein they differed from a group of the more prosperous type except in their appearance. It may be that they were less intelligent and more ignorant, but I doubted it then and doubt it still. The faces lit by the

candle at the card-table were young and comely, the flicker of the tiny flame was reflected in eyes bright with the joy of living, animated, alert, anything but dull, brutal, or stupid. Irresponsible, no doubt, and lacking in the finer graces, but perhaps no more so than many men of more elegant veneering.

Certainly they were not without virtues, and I remember them gratefully. Here was I, a green tenderfoot, and by all the rules of the conventional story they ought to have walked all over me. But, like my associates of the track gang, they were without exception generous and good-natured: they willingly showed me the tricks of the work, helped me when I was faced with something that I could not quite handle, showed no impatience or snobbishness in their obvious superiority.

There was one particularly curious thing. The language they used with one another was amazingly lurid and unsavory. They hurled epithets and insults at one another — all in absolute good-nature — which seemed to stain the very soul of a listener. Yet because I did not do it, they sent nothing of that sort in my direction. It was a strange thing in its way and was most unexpected. It was evidently quite unconscious, and they did not treat me as an outsider in any other way. It was just a sign of innate decency.

But the very novelty of their language and of the things that interested them brought home to me the realization that mine must have been a quiet and 'protected' life, free alike from the evil stains of the work-a-day world and from its firm grip on reality. Their grossness seemed singularly unimportant beside their virility. I felt that I could never again be quite 'academic,' indifferent to the immense toil of the millions, and I had moments of scorn for the man I might have been a year before. Perhaps I did my old self an injustice; but little as I admired the irresponsibility or the 'vulgarity' of my mates at Lake George, the light they threw by contrast on my own past gave me a sense of shame rather than of superiority.

My next job was that of man-of-all-work in a Sisters of Mercy sanatorium in Manitou, and it too gave me its contribution to my knowledge of myself — this time a pleasant one. One of my daily tasks took me into a building that was not used for patients in the winter, and I found there a piano. Straightway came a joyous realization, and thereafter — with the amused consent of the Sisters — I lightened the labors of each day by a half-hour of music. I was far from being a skilled musician, but college songs, hymns, bits of opera, and odds and ends of all kinds came to my mind without any difficulty and without any apparent limit, and again and again the notes that rang through that cold, half-lit corridor seemed on the verge of unlocking the closed door in my brain. The verge was never passed, but my pleasant memories of Sister Clare, Sister Celestine, and Sister Elizabeth are joined, not so much with the recollection of the fires I had to light in the frozen hours before dawn, as with the goodly harmonies that I summoned from that dusty old piano.

The early summer found me in a little cabin, living as simple a life as ever Thoreau did by Walden pond, earning enough for my few needs by spading gardens, cutting grass, and doing odd jobs of any kind that came along. Anon would come stormy days, when outdoor work was impossible, and then I could read to my heart's content. For the kindly lady who owned my little abode, and to whom I paid rent in terms of lawn-mowing and gardening, told me of the conditions on

which I could use the Colorado Springs Library. It was only a few miles distant, an easy walk, and I could bring home all the books I could carry. For the library authorities fortunately had a theory that the books were there for use; and apart from restrictions as to fiction, they allowed one to take practically an unlimited number of books. So I would browse luxuriously among the stacks, select about five of varied content, and bear them triumphantly to my little home by Cheyenne Creek.

It did not take long to pick up all the main threads of my intellectual life. At first, no doubt, the shock of having a person in flannel shirt and toil-worn clothes select volumes of Maeterlinck, Plato, and the Cambridge Modern History may have puzzled the library assistants. But they grew used to my tastes and became my good friends. The library was an excellent one, well equipped in precisely the things that I most needed, and it is one of the golden memories of my time in Colorado.

So in due time I found myself. Not in one sense, indeed. My memory was not restored. But I had picked up all the threads of life that were not purely personal, and had adjusted myself to the main facts of the situation. I quite believed that my life as a laborer was only temporary, that sooner or later the dormant brain-cells would awake. Once, as I passed the reference shelves, I opened *Who's Who* in an impulse of curiosity, and read with mingled feelings the essential facts of my biography. To see my real name and record — brought up to 1910, no further — made my heart beat with disturbing violence, and I was a little dizzy as I replaced the book. But it affected not at all my resolution not to disclose my identity until I felt that the cure was at least well begun.

By March, 1916, more than two years since the blow had fallen, I had been receiving clerk and dish-washer, gardener and dining-room man, utility man in a moving-picture company, and night clerk in a hotel. I had worked in various ways on three ranches and — in the service of Romaine Fielding, the 'movie' star — in that wonderful corner of the Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie. Naturally, too, I had made many friends, notably a little Russian Jew tailor, — known to his friends as 'Jake,' — with an inimitable power of narrative, a fresh, illuminating attitude toward life as he saw it, and a heart of gold; another Russian Jew — a prosperous merchant whose fight for life in a strange country had left him still a dreamer, a seeker for light, and whose direct, powerful mind made my hours with him stimulating beyond estimate, so wisely could he interpret experiences utterly unlike anything I knew; and a Michigan man, once a medical student at Ann Arbor, who became my chum. He was an exile of fate, a victim of tuberculosis, and like so many others, he was neither an invalid nor a sound man. A common interest in chess had first brought us together, and we drifted into intimacy. He and his wife became as brother and sister to me, and in between my jobs I made their little cottage my home, splitting the expenses and sharing the work.

To him I told my secret. And one day, as we were doing some housecleaning, there came the first clear rift in the clouds. Shortly before, I had brought home from the library Professor E. L. Thorndike's *Educational Psychology*. My friend had noticed the name on the title-page and had commented on the fact that Professor Thorndike, being on the faculty of Teachers' College, had possibly been a friend of mine. I had assented without giving any particular thought to the matter. But on the day in question I

happened to be on my knees in the kitchen, manfully scrubbing the floor while he followed me up with the mop. As I unbent my back to gaze with pride on my handiwork, he remarked with a sudden laugh that it would be funny if my friend Thorndike — in his imagination a severe, academic, fastidious person, no doubt — could see me at that moment. It was a purely accidental remark, but as if he had turned on an electric switch, the personality of Thorndike flashed into my mind — his face, his form, his speech and manner, all as I had known him in the lecture-room or in the Faculty Club back at Teachers' College.

I sat up amazed and told my friend what had happened. Scrubbing-brush and mop in hand, we discussed the matter excitedly, both agreeing that this was the beginning of recovery.

Only a week later a friend of mine on the police force of Colorado Springs came across a portrait of me that had been published at the time of my disappearance. Identification followed, and with it my return to the east and the rapid and complete restoration of mental health. So at the end I was able to look back on two lives, one the quiet, normal, uneventful life of a student and one the life of a laborer, an exile cast adrift in a strange world to sink or swim, and withal to learn new and undreamed-of lessons in a graduate school of sociology unendowed by any millionaire, controlled by no faculty, but ruled by iron requirements and grim penalties. They were lessons paid for by others at a bitter price. Yet something was learned, and the wisdom may remain when the bitterness has passed away.

MR. FANNET AND THE AFTERGLOW

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

Mr. Fannet, like nearly all the other retired gentlemen of Washburn, sat on his front porch enjoying the late afternoon. A little while before that, he had enjoyed the early afternoon, and a little before that, he had enjoyed the morning. So pleasant was the life of the retired in Washburn. Mrs. Fannet sat near him, busy sewing; for in Washburn only death or invalidism brought retirement to women. So, while her husband rocked and let his mind loiter, she urged her needle rapidly.

Mrs. Cora Jessup sat on the porch-railing, with her back to the street. There was a porch-chair empty, but she said she always did like to sit on a railing if it was not too high. She braced herself with a hand on each side, tilting forward a little and straightening her shoulders with a pretty youthful curving of her back, which she enjoyed. She crossed her knees and swung her foot in its buckled pump, and seemed ready for something pleasant and amusing to happen. Her dress combined freshness and limpness with a high degree of thinness. One could

always tell by a mere glance at Mrs. Jessup that she had every intention of looking nice. She had been heard to say solemnly, 'I mourn my husband by wearing the kind of clothes he liked to see me in.' And no doubt she did. She was now looking at Mr. Fannet, since no younger man was about, with a gaze which invited him to make himself pleasing — nay more, which seemed to hold faith in his ability to be pleasing.

Mr. Fannet drew a labored breath as he stirred himself in his chair. 'The grip settled in my back this year,' he explained as he let himself cautiously sink again into an easy position, 'and it looks as if it would hang on all summer. It'll be carrying me off one of these days,' he added rather cheerfully.

'Nonsense,' said Cora Jessup gayly, 'you know I'm looking forward to the time when you'll be needing a second wife.'

She glanced at Mrs. Fannet, but she was carefully mitering a corner of her trimming and did not look up.

'Well,' said old Mr. Fannet, 'that'll be something to live for. I'll try to stave off grip a while longer if there's a chance like that around.'

Mrs. Fannet did look up here, not in disapproval but in mild interest in her husband's unaccustomed vivacity. Then she smiled genially at Mrs. Jessup, a smile of common feminine understanding, and returned her attention to her sewing.

Mrs. Jessup acknowledged her notice with 'But you need n't think I'd take as good care of you as Mrs. Fannet does. You'd have to get over your lame back — so as to be able to pick up my handkerchief for me,' she added, as she jauntily stooped to recover it herself. 'That's what I need a man for chiefly,' she explained laughingly to Mrs. Fannet. 'I'm always dropping things. My fingers are *all* butter.'

'Which of the Allison girls is that?' asked Mrs. Fannet, glancing through the vines as she lifted her pleasant gaze. She was not trying to change the subject. She really wished to identify the young lady, and Mrs. Jessup knew the personnel of the town thoroughly.

'That's Hope,' she said, glancing over her shoulder; and went on to explain the Allison girls and their works.

'I used to know a girl named Hope,' said Mr. Fannet, knocking again at the door of the conversation.

'A-*ha!*' cried Mrs. Jessup archly.

Mr. Fannet donned a reminiscent smile. 'She was a pretty girl,' he said.

'*Did* she hope?'

'Well —' Mr. Fannet halted for something appropriate and creditable. He put on as demure a look as his candid features would compass, but was obliged to end lamely with 'That was before I began to notice mother.'

'Was that Hope Masters?' asked Mrs. Fannet in a matter-of-fact way.

She did not remind him how remote his relation to that young lady had been.

'I'll venture you broke your full share of hearts, Mr. Fannet, hopes and fears and all,' said Mrs. Jessup invitingly.

But while Mr. Fannet began to prepare a roguish look, her flitting glances caught Mr. John Saunders approaching the corner with solid step, on his way home to supper.

'Oh, there's Mr. Saunders,' she exclaimed, hastily leaving her perch. 'I've been wanting to ask him something for ever so long. Good-bye. You must tell me some more of your love-affairs some time, Mr. Fannet.' She fluttered her skirts buoyantly across the lawn, crying, '*O* Mr. Saunders!' and was gone.

Mr. Fannet turned a cautious eye upon his wife, but she was calmly gathering up her sewing things and putting them together with a business-like hand.

'If Cora Jessup had n't gone off so suddenly I'd have had her stay to supper,' she said. 'I always hate to see people go off to eat alone like that.'

But she went away to 'see to supper' and left her husband sitting on the porch. The recent sprightly dialogue had left a pleasant residuum in his mind, and he exchanged cheerful greetings with passers-by or even waved a jaunty hand at acquaintances taking the other side of the street.

'That's the kind of old age I'd like to look forward to,' said Howard Sly to his wife as they passed. 'All his work done, his mind made up on all subjects, children grown up and behaving themselves, interest coming in semi-annually — nothing to worry about but the tariff question.'

'He certainly is a nice old man,' answered Mrs. Sly.

'Yes, the tariff question alone never ruined any one's disposition,' said her husband.

When presently Mrs. Fannet called her husband to the table, he entered with a sort of lilt in his step and a compliment ready for her wares. So pleasant was his mood evidently that Mrs. Fannet thought it a good moment to allow a topic on which she was cautiously taking his mind to rise to the surface. When he said, 'Where's David?' noting the absence of that young man, the last child under the family roof, she answered directly, 'He had to drive over to Spencer this afternoon, so he took Wilma Henderson along, and they'll take supper over there.'

'Humph!' said Mr. Fannet, geniality fading a little in his manner.

'Yes,' said his wife serenely, 'it'll be a nice evening. They'll enjoy it.'

'Humph!' said her husband again, with even less cordiality.

And she knew that her experiment had indicated that she might as well drop it for the moment. Arguing with Mr. Fannet had never proved very profitable. So good a manager had Mrs. Fannet been, however, that his notions had rarely interfered with family economics or relations. Many times had she smiled acquiescence in his side of an argument when she was indifferent to the whole matter. And many other times had she quietly committed the household on a practical point before she allowed it to come into the open at all.

If she had foreseen that any difficulty could arise in relation to David's love-affair, she would have tried to forestall it. But she did not dream that James could find objection to any one so entirely attractive and desirable as Wilma Henderson. Yet somehow, somewhere, he had begun to question his complete approval of her, and his wife was moving carefully in the fear of turning his doubt into stubborn prejudice. Mr. Fannet set his opinions to rise much as she did her bread. But while her bread always rose, his opinions, if carefully neglected, sometimes came to naught and faded out. She was hoping still that his opposition to Wilma might wither and die if it did not get too much and too respectful attention. So now, like an experienced wife, she went on as if David's loves were a trifling thing and he might have a new one to-morrow, and led conversation into pleasant by-paths of ordinary affairs.

Mr. Fannet's silvered mood returned to him later in the evening, however, and he sat on the porch again and watched the insects form a nebulous mist about the arc-light on the corner.

'It's a fine night,' he said.

'Fine,' said Mrs. Fannet.

'David'll be having a nice time coming home,' he surmised enviously.

'I expect he'll go around by Warner's ridge. That's the nicest road.'

'Yes, and not too short. Well, I used to take the longest road myself,'

he added with a pleasant sigh. He could hardly be aware that every old gentleman since roads began had made the same remark. After a moment he went on, 'I can't remember that we had many rides, Emmeline.'

'Not by ourselves. We used to go on hay rides and bob-sled rides.'

'That would n't be the same,' said Mr. Fannet, with a shade of discontent.

His wife smiled and said, 'We made it do very well.'

'Yes; oh, yes,' answered Mr. Fannet grudgingly.

II

Mrs. Jessup stopped at the porch again the next day, to give Mrs. Fannet some neighborhood news, Mrs. Fannet having a good wholesome interest in her neighbors' reaction to life. Mr. Fannet distinctly brightened up at her entrance and took a tentative position on the outskirts of the talk as if waiting for notice. Mrs. Jessup seemed to be more interested in her gossip and Mrs. Fannet's opinion of it than in anything else at the moment, but before she left she was able to give Mr. Fannet her full attention.

'I've often wondered about your name, Mr. Fannet,' she said. Mrs. Jessup could always discover quickly, and pick up lightly, a personal thread of conversation. 'It's so unusual; where does it come from?'

'It's French,' answered Mr. Fannet promptly.

Mrs. Fannet looked surprised. The family history was not known further back than the Fannet grandfather, who had lived in eastern Pennsylvania.

'Oh — so *that's* where you get it,' returned Mrs. Jessup with arch suggestiveness. 'I've heard about Frenchmen!'

Mr. Fannet drew on his resources to meet the demands of the moment. 'They're not so bad as they're painted,' he said, hopefully inviting every one to believe the worst.

'Oh, they're pretty dangerous. It's a good thing you found Mrs. Fannet early. What if you'd been left at large all these years!'

Mr. Fannet bridled and looked responsive. The facile widow had offered food like this to so many men in her day that the phrases ran lightly off her tongue. To be fair, if Mr. Fannet had been a younger man and if his wife had not been present, her methods would have been more modest, perhaps also more subtle. She went on the belief that no man was ever too old or too much married to need a little mild philandering. Certainly conversation always became a little livelier wherever her path led, and many a man went home more agreeable because so pleased with his showing in her hands.

The only trouble was that a man sometimes issued from her treatment with an appetite for its continuance, even when the circumstances of his life did not furnish means for that. Mrs. Fannet began to notice, after her husband had had two or three more dialogues with Mrs. Jessup, that he wished to carry over the tone of these sprightly conversations into other intercourse. She herself had laid aside coquetry many years ago, and she merely smiled pleasantly at his compliments and jocularity and did nothing to stimulate them.

Something was coming to life in Mr. Fannet. He seemed to be taking a survey of his years and saying to himself that a thing had been omitted which should still be supplied if possible. If gallantry and a responding admiration from ladies were still to be achieved, the effort was worth while. So Mrs. Fannet found a new element entering the calm neighborliness with which her husband had enveloped the women of

their acquaintance. He became very active when callers dropped in, in the matter of chairs and fans and ice-water or lemonade, and his attentions were offered with a jauntiness and provocativeness which even his earlier manner had not known.

However, this new behavior of his was quite harmless, and his wife turned an undisturbed though amused eye upon it. Many people, she reasoned, some time late in life discover an omission which they now long to supply. As days went on, however, other manifestations of his romantic mood became more annoying. One was his increasing grudge at David's love-affair. Wilma was no less pretty and well-behaved and high-spirited than ever, but the once plastic material of Mr. Fannet's opinion of her was hardening into a stiff prejudice. Merely keeping the subject out of sight was useless. He made grudging surmises as to David's whereabouts and actions. He even displayed his feeling to David once or twice, and it took all Mrs. Fannet's resources of restraining glances and interceptory remarks to keep the situation from becoming definitely unpleasant.

As time progressed Mr. Fannet reached another stage of his new development. Mrs. Fannet came into the sitting-room one day to hear her sixteen-year-old, ultra-romantic granddaughter asking with great interest, 'And why did n't you marry her, grandpa, a nice girl like that?'

'Oh,' said Mr. Fannet darkly, after a pause, 'she was a Roman Catholic. It would n't do.'

Celia's expression said that to her mind that was an inconsequent and certainly inappropriate barrier to romance. But at her grandmother's entrance the subject dropped. Mrs. Fannet wondered seriously who the rejected maiden was, and finally recalled one who might fit the part, though she could not remember that James had ever had close relations with her.

That same evening, when she told some incident introducing the name of an early friend of her own, Mr. Fannet picked up the name and dwelt on it a little, regretfully. 'She was a fine girl,' he concluded, with a little sigh, as if she had deserved from fate more than he had been able to give her.

And Mrs. Fannet, knowing that Mary Mason had been in love with Fergus Henson from her high-school days on, was rather irritated for her.

She presently noticed that his sentimental reminiscences were most frequent and spirited when he had been taking observations of David. Sitting on the porch they would see David pass with Wilma in the car; or David, freshly dressed, would dash down the stairs and out across the porch, rushing to an appointment; or David would be heard at the telephone, urging an engagement on Wilma, with mingled persiflage and entreaty. And presently Mr. Fannet would show signs that his mind was reconstructing, not to say constructing, corresponding scenes of his youth. The next best thing to gamboling is the recollection of past gamboling. He withdrew envious eyes from David and mentioned earlier years. His wife frequently heard fragments and endings of conversations which indicated that some one was receiving interpretations of other days. He undoubtedly thought that he was telling the truth, — at least James had always been most truthful, — but her memory did not corroborate his statements or hints.

Celia, however, needed no evidence to stimulate her credulity, and her grandmother found her more than once encouraging her grandfather's recital with her vigorous responsiveness.

'And were n't you sorry when she

went away?' Mrs. Fannet from the dining-room heard her saying one morning. 'That was awfully exciting. How old was she?' Celia seemed to be measuring her own possibilities.

'Oh — about eighteen.'

'Did you know grandma then?'

'Not very well. I just knew her.'

'Oh,' Celia's voice fell. She was evidently beginning to regard her grandmother as a barrier to romance. 'And did n't you ever see Amy again?'

'Yes, a long while afterward, after I was married.'

'Was she married?' Celia's tone held hope of a life-long grief.

Mr. Fannet considered. 'Yes, just before that.'

'Oh,' said Celia again, divided as to possibilities.

'Celia,' called her grandmother, 'will you run over to Mrs. Brown's on a little errand for me?'

The conversation broken, she meditated on Amy. There was an Amy — Amy what was it? She visited at the Mellens one summer and John Mellen took her around all the time. James could not have had much to do with her. Mrs. Fannet pursed her lips a little, thoughtfully.

It was only a day or two after that that she heard Mrs. Jessup on the porch with James. She herself, inside the window, was busy 'cutting off' an intricate pattern from an old appliqué quilt which Celia's mother, in the new zeal for quilt-making, had fancied, and went on to finish her task.

'But you're not old, Mr. Fannet,' Cora Jessup was protesting gayly.

'I'm getting along,' Mr. Fannet insisted. 'We all have to. But I've had my day,' he added complacently.

'I'll venture you did, a gay day. Don't you have any regrets now for all those hearts you broke — now that you have reformed?'

Mr. Fannet ran his hand over the bald top of his head and smoothed down his short gray beard and implied that he was still incorrigible.

'Which was the nicest of them — besides Mrs. Fannet?'

'That would be telling. I used to see lots of pretty girls in the days before mother got me.'

Got me! Mrs. Fannet, though no feminist, snipped her scissors staccato-wise.

'And she was pretty lucky too.'

The retort to that was obvious, but Mr. Fannet chose the converse. 'Women have to take what they can get, of course,' he said modestly.

'Yes, of course,' said the widow, regretfully. 'Don't you think women should have a right to propose as well as men?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Mr. Fannet. 'Men would n't like to be proposed to all the time.'

Even Mrs. Jessup had to laugh. 'Oh, not all the time, of course. They could have office-hours, perhaps, or King's-excused. But honestly,' she returned to the attack, 'have n't you known sometimes when a girl just wanted to propose the worst way?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Mr. Fannet modestly. 'There was one girl —' He paused thoughtfully.

'Ah, I thought so!' cried Mrs. Jessup triumphantly. 'A man like you!'

Mrs. Fannet dropped her scissors — flung them a little, to be accurate — and moved to the doorway.

'Oh, how do you do?' said Mrs. Jessup, quite without embarrassment. 'Mr. Fannet and I have been having a grand time. He was just going to tell me a romance. I don't suppose he wants you to hear it.'

'Those things stopped after mother got hold of me,' said Mr. Fannet, smug but also unembarrassed.

'Do you want to see an old quilt I've got out?' said Mrs. Fannet, 'It belonged to my grandmother.'

'Oh, yes,' cried Mrs. Jessup, following her into the house and leaving the dissatisfied Mr. Fannet with his tale on his hands. 'I just love old quilts. If I did n't hate to sit still so, I'd be making me one. Oh, is n't that the loveliest old thing?' Vivacity sprang eternal in Mrs. Jessup.

Mrs. Fannet felt no irritation at Mrs. Jessup, — everybody knew Cora Jessup, — but she was annoyed at James. She almost thought that she ought to do something about this. When, in the evening, he flung out some sharp remarks about David and Wilma, who had just strolled by in the moonlight while he sat still on the porch, she was so provoked that she said nothing at all. But she thought upon James and this late blooming.

III

The next day something very pleasant happened, to break into her perplexity. Callie Blakeley came to spend the day. Callie Blakeley was Mrs. Richard Blakeley, once Callie or Clara Thornburn, who came in from the West every year or two to visit contemporaries, and, as one said, to laugh in every house in Washburn. She and Mrs. Fannet had been seat-mates in school and had remained friends. Their visits were conducted with a deal of sprightly reminiscence, that found new stones to turn over at each recurring session, while Mrs. Blakeley's deep laugh accompanied each turning.

This proved to be an especially rich sitting, since the interval of separation had been unusually long; but in the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Blakeley was still in full gale. Celia had come over and was perched open-eared about the conversation, finding it even fuller of suggestion than her grandfather's pleasing tales.

'And is he living yet?' Mrs. Blakeley would say. 'Mercy Ann! Well, he always was hard to stop. Do you remember —' something on which Celia hung absorbed.

Finally she reached matters even more pleasing. 'Do you keep track of all your old beaux, Emmeline?' she asked. 'Some of them must live around here.'

'That would n't be hard to do,' said Mrs. Fannet easily.

'Don't you believe her, my dear,' said Mrs. Blakeley to Celia.

'Did grandma have beaux — besides grandpa?'

'Did she? — she did. She just took grandpa to get rid of the rest of them. Would you like to hear about them, my dear?'

She cocked one eye at Mr. Fannet over Celia's head, but found no response in him.

'Oh, yes!' cried Celia, all agog; 'I've heard about grandpa's, but grandma never tells anything.'

'Your grandpa did n't have any, child. He spent all his time waiting around for your grandma to get ready to notice him. She's a close-mouthed thing, my dear. It always was hard to get anything out of her. I don't know about them all myself but I'll tell you what I can.'

'Callie Thornburn!' Mrs. Fannet interrupted; 'don't talk such nonsense to the child.'

'Pooh! How old are you, Celia?'

'Sixteen.'

'A girl of sixteen is quite old enough to know all about her grandmother if her grandmother has behaved herself. Why, when she was sixteen — Emmy, where's your joy-box?'

'What's a joy-box?' asked Celia.

'Oh, you snip a little piece off each of your joys and put it in; only you quit when you get married — the last thing you put in is a piece of your wedding-dress and one of your roses.'

'Oh, yes — like, a memory-book. We girls all have them.'

'Well, keep them until you're grandmothers and you'll get more fun out of them than you do now. Where is yours, Emmy?'

'Oh, the children got all the souvenirs and keepsakes and things out to play with, long ago. There's nothing now but some old pictures and such things. It's in the attic.'

'Celia, run up and find it, honey. I'm crazy to see those old things.'

Mrs. Fannet laughed protestingly, then suddenly acquiesced, as she took in her husband's aspect with a side-glance, and told Celia just where to find it. Celia came back promptly with the storied box, which Mrs. Blakeley fell on with a sort of joyful crow.

'It's the same old box,' she cried, viewing its marbled sides with delight. 'We went down to Judson's store and got them to give them to us just alike. Mine's a good deal battereder than yours, though. It's been looked into oftener. Let's have an eye on the remains.'

She opened the box and Mrs. Fannet and Celia drew nearer, Celia leaning eagerly over her knee. Mr. Fannet dwelt apart.

'Oh, who's that?' cried Celia, as a faded old picture came to view. 'Is n't he funny-looking!' she added in disappointment, looking at the long hair and the flowing coat. Celia's taste in youths was up to date.

'Funny-looking! That's all you youngsters know. He was my own cousin and the handsomest fellow anywhere around, and he lived in your grandmother's lap for about a year.'

'In her lap!'

'At her feet or her apronstrings or anyway you like, then. He was there.'

'And what became of him?'

'Oh, he went into the discard,' said his elderly cousin flippantly. She had found the language of her own grandchildren not inexpressive.

Celia raised awed eyes to her grandmother, who had refused a man. She herself hoped some day to accept a man, but how much greater to refuse one!

Mrs. Blakeley kept on turning over the pictures, with brisk remarks upon them, while she and Mrs. Fannet laughingly supplemented each other's recollections. Celia unearthed from the bottom of the box a cabinet photograph of a most debonair youth, gloves and cane in one hand.

'Oh, there's Howard Means!' cried Mrs. Blakeley. 'Was n't he a dandy? Emmy, you were engaged to him!'

'Just one day,' said Mrs. Fannet, tilting her head back to see the picture through the lower part of her glasses.

'O grandma!' cried Celia, interest compelling her, 'did he — kiss you?'

Mrs. Blakeley laughed until the box shook far down on her precipitous lap. Mrs. Fannet laughed too, but turned rosy red under her gray hair. Mr. Fannet hooked his thumbs into his armholes and looked off into the treetops. Celia's question went unanswered.

'Here's Beth Lindsay,' said Mrs. Blakeley, picking up the next picture. 'Was n't she a pretty girl? And Anne Johnston — I saw her last year. She lives in Cleveland and has a big family. And here's —'

She stopped on the name and eyed the picture seriously. Mrs. Fannet looked at it also without speaking.

Celia looked from one pair of glasses to the other.

'Was grandma engaged to this one, too?' she asked at a venture.

'No, dear,' said her grandmother gently.

'It's surprising what good horse-sense you had, Emmy,' said Mrs. Blakeley. 'Everybody thought you were utterly foolish then, but you knew

more than any of them. It was too bad.'

She took another look at the picture before she laid it down. But they explained nothing to Celia. Mr. Fannet hitched in his chair and cast an inquiring side-glance at them.

Mrs. Jessup came springily along the sidewalk, under a rosy parasol. Mr. Fannet brightened at sight of her and lifted a hopeful hand, and she came across the grass to join them.

'There's always a bunch of ladies where Mr. Fannet is,' she said gayly. But she immediately moved along the veranda to where the centre of interest seemed to lie. 'What cunning old pictures!' she said. 'Are n't they perfectly quaint? I just love these old things. Isn't that a good-looking man? Was he an old admirer of yours, Mrs. Fannet?'

'They all were,' said Celia reverently. 'She refused ever so many of them.'

Mrs. Fannet laughed almost as hard as Mrs. Blakeley and made a trifling denial.

'I never heard of such a flirtatious family,' cried Mrs. Jessup with great pleasure. 'Here's Mr. Fannet, who was an awful flirt, perfectly outrageous! And now Mrs. Fannet!'

Mrs. Fannet serenely gathered up the pictures without saying anything.

But Mrs. Blakeley said, 'Pooh — James? He never had a case in his life except Emmeline. He fell in love with her when she was sixteen —'

'Sixteen,' breathed Celia.

— 'and just kept it up until she had time to notice him. That was the way he did it.'

'I think those long early devotions are lovely things,' said Mrs. Jessup.

But they did n't look at Mr. Fannet.

'Did n't you, grandpa?' cried Celia, on the brink of great disappointment.

But at that moment Mrs. Blakeley's nephew-in-law from Spencer came tooting up dustily to take her on to the next stage of her visiting, and with much talk and movement everybody, even to Celia, was all at once gone. No one answered Celia.

Mr. Fannet mused a space when they were all away, and then set busily about watering the grass on the shady side of the lawn, until he was called to supper. He was very reserved all through the meal and talked little.

Filled with natural feminine compunction, since she was not in the least at fault, Mrs. Fannet set herself to make his evening as cheerful as possible. Not entirely fathoming his mood, she ventured at last, cautiously, upon another experiment.

'I wonder where David is to-night,' she began.

'Off somewhere with Wilma, I suppose,' said Mr. Fannet resignedly, with no perceptible acidity.

'Oh, yes. I saw them pass. Wilma was looking so pretty.'

'Yes, she's a pretty girl,' Mr. Fannet conceded. Then he added with a little petulance, 'David might as well marry her and quit.'

'It will be more like beginning,' said Mrs. Fannet smiling. Then she went on softly, 'They're having the best time they've ever had yet, James, — are n't they?'

'We ought to know,' said James more happily, a little reëstablished.

Some time later in the evening he came out of a period of silent meditation to say, 'One thing I like about Wilma is, she's so modest. I hate to see women too forward, especially with the men.'

THE ST. GAUDENS MONUMENT AT ROCK CREEK CEMETERY

BY CECIL SPRING RICE

[It is told of the founder of one of the Sufi sects in Western Asia that, hearing of the great beauty of a certain lady, he sought her in marriage and promised her parents to build a beautiful house for her. The request was granted and the house built. The bride was brought into it veiled, according to custom. When the veil was removed, the bridegroom saw before him, not the bride, but the angel Azrael. He fell at the angel's feet, crying, 'Have mercy!' And the angel answered, 'I am Mercy.']

'*Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes at a stroke — yet shalt thou neither mourn nor weep — neither shall thy tears run down.' So spake I unto the people in the morning: and in the evening my wife died.* — Ezekiel, 24, 16.

I built my love a temple and a shrine,
And every stone of it, a loving thought:
And far and wide, and high and low I sought
For sweetest fancies on the walls to twine
And deeds of gold and words that purest shine
And strength of marble faithfulness enwrought
With love's enchantments. — Lady, dearly bought
Nor lightly fashioned was that house of thine.
Who came to dwell within it? Not the face
I dreamed of — not the dear familiar eyes,
The kind, the soft, the intimately sweet.
Dread presence — great and merciful and wise —
All humbly I draw near thy dwelling place
And lay the vacant crown before thy feet.

O steadfast, deep, inexorable eyes,
Set look inscrutable, nor smile nor frown —
O tranquil eyes that look so calmly down
Upon a world of passion and of lies!

For not with our poor wisdom are you wise,
Nor are you moved with passion such as ours,
Who, face to face, with those immortal powers
That move and reign above the stainless skies,
As friend with friend, have held communion —
Yet have you known the stress of human years,
O calm, unchanging eyes, and once have shone
With these our fitful fires, that burn and cease —
With light of human passion, human tears; —
And know that, after all, the end is peace.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. III

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE[1]

I

Now, as Latimer stood at the guide-post and pondered whether he should hold to the highway or follow the dirt road which ran off at right angles, to lose itself immediately around the edge of a pine grove, there came from that quarter a sharp cry of pain in a woman's tones, and the rasp of grinding metal like a brake suddenly released. The clatter of machinery and the outcry could mean only one thing.

Latimer ran forward. It was as he supposed. A young woman was leaning, white-faced, against the hood of a disreputable automobile, clasping her right wrist to press back the pain with which her face was twitching.

'Are you badly hurt?' cried Latimer.

His first impulse was to drop fifty years from his shoulders and to kick out savagely at the crank-handle which had done the mischief, and now, in utter lack of conscience, hung there with the most innocent face in the world. Latimer almost expected it to begin wagging pleasantly, like the tail of a dog who has tumbled you into the gutter with the very best intentions.

As it happened, Latimer's commonplace inquiry was the very best procedure he could have adopted. The white face quivered; there was a gush of tears and a violent outbreak of sobbing. It was exactly like a child who manages to hold a rein on his sorrow until a word of sympathy opens the flood-gates. She was not much more than a child, and the pain seemed to depart as quickly as it had come, under the ministration of tears. She let her right arm hang limp and with the other hand dried her eyes. Having done so, she stood upright and unashamed and smiled at Latimer.

[1] A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column.

'I am much better, thank you,' she said. 'I could be home in a few minutes if only I can get the old thing going.'

'Let me try,' said Latimer.

'Take care. It's vicious,' she replied. 'Father has been wanting to destroy it, and he will this time if he finds out. But we can't afford it.'

In the interest of public morals that automobile should have been suppressed.

There are two kinds of ignoble old age. One is decrepit, leery, tottering to the grave. It is the kind which moralists can use as a warning and a text. The other is the infinitely more dangerous kind. It reveals a sound constitution beneath the rags and defilement. It cannot be used as a text, for it works the other way. It seems to show that a man may drink, loaf, and otherwise transgress, and yet keep going physically. That is the kind of old age which comes to Ford machines converted to industrial uses in the country.

The car Latimer was now trying to crank up was streaked with red rust and thick with mud. Wherever there was iron-work to bend it was bent, twisted, wrinkled. Where there was wood-work to chip and flake, it had done so. True, a wagon-body, affixed to the chassis, supplied an element of respectability, but it could not overcome the impression of the dissolute forward part of the car. It was like a staid citizen tooling along arm-in-arm with the village drunkard.

Nevertheless the condition of the machine carried no imputation on the character of its owners. It is simply an unwritten law of nature that a passenger Ford turned to business uses should look like a hoodlum.

Twice Latimer leaped back to escape injury from the crank-handle. His right arm was a torture, but he would have perished sooner than acknowledge defeat at the hands of that obscene vehicle. The girl would have made him desist but for her father's threat. Nevertheless, after ten minutes of ineffectual effort she was about to say that it was enough, when the spark caught and the ancient reprobate started into life.

'You cannot drive with your injured hand,' said Latimer, 'and though my experience is limited, it may suffice.'

He helped her into the car, rearranged the market-baskets in the wagon behind, and set off at a conservative six miles an hour. The girl sat silent while he steered with a degree of caution which at once revealed his amateur standing. He passed a hay-wagon going in the same direction, with an anxious blast on the horn which evoked derision from the driver. He gave the signal again before taking an extremely shallow curve in the road, and rounded the promontory like a transatlantic liner making dock.

'My manner at the wheel is not impressive, but it is sound,' he observed.

She laughed aloud, then blushed, begged his pardon mutely, and took refuge in conversation.

'You are not staying up at the big house?' she asked .

'What big house?'

'Only a little way down the main road; the Grimsbys'; ever so many people are always visiting there.'

'What kind of people?'

'Queer people,' she replied.

'Then I must look them up,' he said; but she missed his mild satire.

'We are from New York,' she said. 'We've been here three years. I love it now. Father says the same, but I think it's harder for him. It was such a change after all the years of night work.'

Night work, thought Latimer. Was this a patrolman's daughter?

'Father was a newspaper man,' — and there was a lift of pride in her chin and eyes. 'Perhaps you've heard of him — Manning, of the *Star*. He will be glad to know you. You'll stay for supper, won't you?'

'Assuredly I will,' he said. 'Are you making a success of farming?'

'We've done pretty well, considering it 's only our third summer.'

'I should say that was doing well. If you make money on a farm before half a dozen years —'

'Well, not making money,' she said. 'But we come out even, with what father does for the magazines.'

II

Suddenly Latimer said, —

'I hope I am not impertinent, but why should a man of your years give up a fascinating profession to come out to this?'

Manning looked up quickly, turned away, and puffed steadily at his pipe. He was hesitating between a straightforward answer and frivolity.

'It's the regular thing, Dr. Latimer. When a good reporter dies, he goes in either for poultry or fruit.'

'But when does a good reporter die, as you call it?'

Supper had been brought in from the kitchen by Margaret, and laid, rural fashion, in its entirety, before they sat down. Of the three, Latimer ate the most heartily, and Manning the least. To him the presence of a visitor from the clangorous world he had left behind was a summons to half-suppressed aches and desires.

'The good reporter dies when his soul is born,' said Manning gravely. 'Sooner or later it comes to most of us — the longing to stop writing things up and to begin to understand them. Sometimes it comes all at once. Hits you between the eyes.'

'But who should understand life so well as you men whose business it is to follow it up day by day?' queried Latimer.

'That's just it,' laughed Manning. 'Day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute. When I worked on a morning paper I was a fiend on life from the Bull-Dog edition to the 4 A.M. Metropolitan. And when I was with the afternoon papers there was n't very much in life that got away from me between 8 A.M. and 4.15 P.M. I saw so much of life that, before I had rushed one piece of it up the copy-tube, another chunk would be pawing at my elbow.'

'Exactly,' said Latimer; 'a wealth of experience that no other profession can even suggest.'

But Manning was not listening. His pipe hung cold in his hand and his gaze traveled beyond his auditors into the years of his pilgrimage.

'I've been through the mill,' he said. 'Police court, police headquarters, magistrate's court, city hall, copy desk, rewrite, city desk, legislature, dramatic, sport, legislature again, Washington, managing editor, and sometimes 'Fashions and Hints for the Home.' I've hobnobbed with gangsters and shirtwaist strikers and cabinet officers in rapid succession. The owner of the paper on which I grew up was death on stagnation. He was always punching us up by shuffling us about, and one week I would be rewriting press agent's dope and the next I would be flashing special correspondence from the capital.'

'And to every swift stimulus an immediate reaction, which is life,' said Latimer. 'Else how could you do your work?'

'By not reacting at all,' Manning replied. 'By turning yourself into a confounded *tabula rasa*, all smeared over with tenement-house fires and cold-storage eggs and the Japanese peril.

Just a machine grinding out the machine-made stuff that clutters the news sheets. After a while you sicken for a breath of reality.'

Latimer waved him aside.

'You are suffering from the professional fallacy, the conviction held by every doctor, lawyer, preacher, and stockbroker — that his is the one unkind fate.'

'It's not so bad the first two years,' said Manning, 'until you have graduated from police and the criminal courts. There, I admit, you touch on what is called life, though touch it is about all you can do. The only sincere stuff in the business is crimes and accidents. A man does n't usually shoot his wife for publication, or fall under a motor-truck with his photograph ready for 64-screen reproduction. Everything beyond that is just formula and make-believe, acting and speaking for publication — politicians this way, and strike-leaders that way, and woman suffragists their own way. We are the family photographers of the world, and people come to us in their Sunday clothes. If they did n't, we'd retouch them anyhow; make them, every one, — gangsters, society leaders, shop-girls, secretaries of state, — say what we want them to say; which is what they want us to make them say. How many stories have you read of the Yale-Harvard football game?'

'Ever so many; and excellent bits of writing they usually are.'

'Rubber-stamp,' said Manning. 'The newspaper profession is just one big Harvard-Yale story, the most interesting parts of which, except as to who won the game, are written several hours before the game. In all Yale-Harvard games, you will recall, the railroad terminals in New York are jammed with pretty girls in furs and crimson or blue; the roads to New Haven swarm with high-priced automobiles; the ticket-speculators offer tickets at twenty-five dollars a pair; the Yale Bowl is one mass of color; the rival stands challenge each other in song; there is a nip in the air which is just right for football; the hotels in New York are crowded with jubilant bettors after the game; the beaten team goes home greatly cast down — all this happens in the newspaper offices twenty-four hours before the referee's whistle. It may all turn out to be true; it probably will be true; football games have always been like that in the papers. A police parade always elicits cheers for the fine body of men that goes swinging up Fifth Avenue. A fire always 'mushrooms.' When a national convention starts to cheer, the reporters pull out their watches — and the shouters know that they are being timed and act accordingly.'

'That is a serious charge to bring against your own trade — it is falsification,' said Latimer.

'Not at all,' said Manning. 'Just a time-saving device without which the business could n't go on. Suppose you were managing editor, and the biggest story you can think of broke upon you —' He stopped and searched. 'What is the biggest piece of news you can imagine, Dr. Latimer?'

The other man examined the ceiling.

'Well, say an authenticated case of the persistence of life after death,' he ventured.

'Bully!' cried Manning. His eyes sparkled, the color mounted to his forehead and his fingers twitched — was it for the missing pencil and copy-paper? Then he found himself. 'Suppose you were in charge and that flash came over from the Associated Press. What would you do?'

'I should probably develop a violent headache,' said Latimer.

'Here's what you'd do, Dr. Latimer. You'd yell up the tube to the make-up man to tear open the first page for

a seven-column double-ribbon head. You'd then get the telegraph editor to write that head: "Life Holds Beyond Grave Says French Savant." You'd then turn loose several men on the Encyclopædia Britannica looking up opinions on immortality by Plato, Solomon, Lucretius, Thomas à Kempis, Mme. Blavatsky, and Huxley. You'd have the city room get all the local clergymen on the wire. You'd telegraph to President Wilson, Billy Sunday, President Eliot, Anna Howard Shaw, Henry Ford, Mary Pickford, the Pope, the Sultan, and the Chief Rabbi of Petrograd. You'd have your Wall Street men interview Mr. Morgan as to the probable effect of immortality on the Stock Exchange. You'd ask the presidents of the insurance companies how immortality would affect their special business. Next day there would be follow-up stories, with reproductions of the most famous paintings of the Resurrection. By the end of the week your hair would be slightly grayer, and if anybody mentioned immortality to you, you'd bite him. Next week something would break loose in Mexico.'

'Let it come, who cares?' cried Latimer bringing his fist down on the table. In his mind he was tearing open front pages and writing ribbon heads.

Manning laughed. 'Take the ten years I held down the managing editor's desk on the *Star*,' he said. 'From 1904 to 1914. For sheer dramatic interest there have been no other ten years to approach them.'

'1789 to 1799?' mused Latimer. 'Austerlitz to Waterloo? Well, perhaps not.'

'I said dramatic, not significant,' declared Manning. 'From the standpoint of news-value there has been nothing like these ten years. Things that happen once in a hundred years, in five hundred years, in five thousand years, things that can happen only once and never again — they all happened in that marvelous decade. It's been seven-column heads week after week almost. In a hundred and twenty-five years no President of the United States has been elected without the vote of the East. Woodrow Wilson turns the trick — though that was two years after I quit. For five thousand years China has been asleep. She wakes up in 1913, climbs out of bed, and sets up a republic. The mastery of the air can be achieved only once; the Wright brothers do it. The North Pole can be discovered only once; Peary nails it, and in connection therewith the biggest hoax in history — Cook; and for good measure Amundsen throws in the South Pole. The biggest earthquake in history: Messina. The biggest marine disaster: Titanic. And that 's omitting second-class matter like a Turkish revolution, or a parliament for Russia, or England muzzling the House of Lords, or Carnegie giving away half a billion dollars. It's history gone crazy — that's what it was those ten years.'

'Manning,' said Latimer all at once, 'did you ever study for the ministry?'

Manning looked at him open-mouthed.

'How did you know?'

'A mere conjecture'; and Latimer smiled. 'I was really going to say that you are to be congratulated on having played the historian to a remarkable epoch.'

'Historian nothing!' shouted Manning. 'A blanked old dictograph — that's what I was.' He calmed down. 'Professionally I had a perfectly gorgeous time. There was n't a wad of display type in the shop I did n't have a chance to shove into the paper every other week. But the individual, — Manning, — what of him? His soul was starved for the lack of a little leisure to interpret the significance of his

own headlines. A bloated megaphone through whom the march of evolution kept shouting the most astounding news to "Constant Reader." For you, Dr. Latimer, the loss of the Titanic never brought up the problem of what to do with the dry goods ad on the third page.'

'Such problems are a stimulus in themselves,' said Latimer.

'Stimulus is right. Ten years steady diet of caviar and red-hot curry, until your palate goes dead, the gastric juices dry up, and you open your mouth like a frog under the electric needle. Asia meets Europe in battle, and cleans up: "Japs Smash Russ Line." The dawn of liberty breaks in Russia: "Duma Flays Czar's Pact." The Islamic world breaks open with a loud report: "Abdul Flees Golden Horn." I say it in all reverence, Dr. Latimer, but if I had been running a paper at the time of the Crucifixion — you know how I would have written its history, as you call it.'

'My dear fellow, you are altogether too hard on yourself,' said Latimer. 'How many of us who are not in the newspaper business, and who have lived through these ten wonderful years, have really responded to them? You know those young fools who write for the radical magazines. They are always clamoring for the great Art that only life in its intense moments can produce. But what have our poets, painters, and musicians produced during these feverish ten years? So far as I can see, centuries have died since 1905 and the history of coming centuries has been born, and about all we can show for it is the extraordinary development of the moving-picture theatre. Be fair to yourself.'

Manning shook his head.

'It was n't a question of reasoning things out. The thing simply grew unbearable. And then came the war.'

'To be sure!' cried Latimer, leaning forward across the table. 'Yes?'

'I quit,' said Manning.

'But that's incredible. The biggest story of your career, as you would call it. Quit?'

Manning stared out into the dark wistfully.

'I did n't put in much sleep during that first night of the war. I planned my campaign. Special correspondents, photographers, contracts for the London *Times* dispatches, the *Matin* service, the *Novoye Vremya*, Washington; reorganizing the staff; half the fellows in the city room would have to be fired — it would be nothing but war news — and the price of white paper! — You have said it, Dr. Latimer. It was the biggest job I had ever faced, the biggest newspaper opportunity since newspapers were invented. What copy, my God, what copy! what headlines! A thousand years thrown into the stereotyper's cauldron and coming out fat, new metal — "Russ Army Enters Constantinople"; "French Crush Teuton Host"; "Kaiser Holds India," — that's what was ahead of me.

'And then all at once things turned sour in my mouth. My soul, I said to myself — what will happen to the soul of John B. Manning? Was it to go through the same dizzy dance through this biggest thing ever? And I knew that, if I held out another day, the game would get me and there would never be another chance to stand aside, to try to understand. So I rang up the old man and resigned. In just a fortnight Margaret and I were down here. Thus you find me: "Noted Scribe Tends Chicks."'

He laughed, but it was not a success. Margaret rose, walked to her father, and put her arms around him.

Latimer's eyes smiled at them, but his thoughts were not on the immediate scene. Manning's last words came

to him dimly; but there was no need for climax, exordium, or 'Finis' to the man's story. Latimer knew him for a fellow rebel and pilgrim; rebel against the doctrine and rule of formula, and pilgrim in search of the answer. Had he found it? No, to judge from Manning's self-directed irony, and from the longings which reëchoed through his story for the din and whirl and grime of the newspaper office. Well, then, was there any likelihood of his, Latimer's, faring any better? The accumulating peace of his first day out of doors fell from him. He was once more adrift. 'Brother,' he addressed Manning silently, 'you and I are in a parlous state.'

Immediately came the rebound. No! Was it not a splendid thing, rather, that Manning's soul should have found him out at his desk, over the make-up table, in the midst of his headlines and formulæ? Was not the answer implicit in the question, the goal in the search? A subtle, ironic, pitying God had pretended to formulate a curse in Eden, and had concealed a blessing. Labor and Discontent; Labor to feed the body and Discontent to keep the soul alive. When Manning was throwing off his Extra-Special editions, he did well; and when he kicked out against it all, it was well; and now that he was searching, it was well.

'And you are happy?' Latimer heard himself saying.

Manning was playing with Margaret's hand on his shoulder.

'Yes.'

'Restless sometimes?'

'Um —'

Margaret cautioned Latimer from behind her father's chair.

'And all the time you want for thinking?' said Latimer cheerily.

'Too much. More than is fair to this little girl. She does the heavy work while I consult my soul.'

'You know it is n't so, father.'

'No? Well, perhaps I earn my keep. It was rather hard work at first, after twelve years on a morning paper, adapting yourself to the poultry routine. The hours were so different.'

'The dishes,' cried Margaret. 'Oh, my hot water!' And she bolted into the kitchen.

Manning got to his feet.

'That is a task I share in; if you will excuse me, Dr. Latimer.'

'But you must let me pay for my supper by helping out.'

'There is no need.'

'I insist.'

'Selah,' said Manning. 'The kitchen is nine by eight, but by careful juxtaposition we ought not to be too much in each other's way.'

Latimer followed him out into the kitchen.

'Dr. Latimer,' said Manning, as he put a fresh towel to a wet plate, 'how do you think God is coming out of this war?'

But at that moment a refined hurricane swept through the dining-room in the shape of a lady in white crêpe, who swung a green parasol cane-fashion, though it was well past sunset. And out of the heart of the storm came a voice, high-pitched, insolently negligent of final consonants, and to Latimer suddenly pungent of uptown New York, calling, 'Margaret, O Margaret, where are you, dear? I have such good news.'

'Mrs. Jamieson,' said Margaret quietly, and smiled as she went to greet her visitor.

They met on the threshold. Framed in the kitchen doorway, Mrs. Jamieson lived up accurately to the promise of her voice. Externally, at least, she was of her class, thought Latimer. That is to say, being a woman of nearly forty, she dressed like a girl of twenty-two,

without going to the vulgar excess of dressing like a girl of eighteen. The same touch of successful daring showed in the skillful details of facial make-up. Latimer saw the youthful play of a pair of intelligent gray eyes under sufficiently penciled brows, an elaborate coiffure, an alert, slender figure. Smart, thought Latimer with approval, and clever.

'Oh, I did n't know,' said Mrs. Jamieson.

'We have with us to-night Dr. Latimer,' Manning announced. 'His services in the kitchen are only temporary. Mrs. Jamieson, a member of the fairly idle rich.'

'How d' ye do?' said Mrs. Jamieson. She acknowledged Latimer's bow with fashionable curtness, and sat daintily on a chair that Margaret placed for her just on the other side of the doorsill; but not until she had kissed the girl. 'My dear, it is almost too good to be true, but I really think I have got rid of it.'

'Not the Auditorium?' said Margaret.

'Just that,' replied the visitor exultantly.

Let us sum up Mrs. Jamieson in a few words. If she was, by birth and marriage, committed to great wealth, she had done something to escape her fate. It is unfortunate that a woman of society cannot try to make herself useful without eliciting the cheap satirist's sneer about fashionable charity. It is a pity that she cannot sincerely feel the beat of modern life without incurring the suspicion of being just in the swim. Mrs. Jamieson had her box at the opera, but her preferences were for the noisy young impressionists. In literature she liked the younger Russians, and if she failed to recognize that Artzibasheff was only a caricature of the earlier giants, more pretentious critics than Mrs. Jamieson have sinned in the same manner. She mothered a young Irish poet, peddled his manuscripts among the publishers, and was suspected of paying out of her pocket for his first volume. She had energy and a good heart. She had made a bid for economic independence by establishing successively, but not successfully, a cigarette factory, a shop for the manufacture of grotesque sculptures for writing-table decoration, and a modern laundry.

She found her true sphere in war-relief work. She raised extraordinary sums of money for the Belgians and the Serbs, by working herself very hard, blackmailing her friends, and reducing all the young women of her acquaintance to a state of involuntary servitude as flower girls, programme girls, and booth pirates at her bazaars. But she also had her own views as to the issues of the war. Before we entered the conflict, she was bitter at Mr. Wilson's lukewarm support of the Allies. To whip up sentiment she planned a great public demonstration and to that end she hired the Auditorium with her own pin-money.

'Dr. Latimer, do you know any one who could use a hall?' said Manning. 'Thirty-five hundred seats, free lights, usher service, printed tickets, everything.'

'If you don't mind, it's all settled,' shrilled Mrs. Jamieson pointing a triumphant green parasol at Manning. 'It was this way, Dr. Latimer. I counted upon a lot of speakers for my meeting. Well, at bottom all men are cowards. Several of them refused to participate in any attempt to put pressure on the government in favor of the Allies. And the rest said they would n't lift a finger to help Germany. It was too disgusting. Then the newspapers got hold of it and all my vice-presidents resigned. Next, my girls said they had n't recovered from my last bazaar. I spent two weeks on the telephone trying to save that meeting, until Harmon —'

'Mr. Jamieson?' said Latimer.

'Exactly. Harmon insisted that I call it off and go away for a long rest. So here I am.'

'I am exceedingly sorry,' said Latimer.

'But I did n't give in,' said the audacious lady. 'Of course, I would n't dream of asking the Auditorium people to give me back my money, but they gave me two postponements. I spent two weeks, before I left town, trying to give the hall away; it was hopeless.'

'In a city like New York, where the public is always being rallied and appealed to, it is very strange,' said Latimer.

'The trouble is, it's such a *big* hall. Once I nearly got rid of it to the Community Folk-Dance Association. They kept it a week and found they had disposed of only two hundred and thirty-five tickets. So they threw it back on me. They said it was too far uptown for a Community audience.'

'One might advertise,' said Latimer.

'And make a show of myself? No. I was just having tea with Lucille Snedeker when the Community people wrote returning the hall. I don't know what made me tell her. Lucille had an inspiration. She said she had a young Armenian dancer who was a genius and only needed an introduction to the American public. I should have known better. Lucille is a fool. She is always picking up young geniuses in the queerest eating-places you can imagine. Lucille said the Armenian would need an orchestra and I agreed to pay for it. In two days it was all over. The Armenian took one look at the place and said she would never consent to make her début in such a barn. It would be a crime against her art.'

'And yet,' said Latimer, 'the theatre of Dionysus at Athens was a sizable place.'

'Things looked desperate,' said Mrs. Jamieson. 'For weeks after I came down here I wrote to every body I could think of. I offered the hall to the Juvenile Delinquency Society, but they had other plans. I suggested to the Fire Department that they might use it for an exhibition drill, and they said that something in the City charter prohibited their accepting gratuities from a private person. And, Dr. Latimer, it's ridiculous the way people have gone crazy about the war. The Society for the Extension of Port Terminal Facilities wrote, thanking me for the offer, but regretting their inability to accept a favor from a person of such well-known pro-Ally sympathies. It was too disgusting. And then all at once, Margaret, I thought of something.'

'Yes, dear,' said the girl from her pile of wet plates.

'There is a big strike in one of Mr. Jamieson's factories. I read about it in the papers. I wrote to the union leaders offering them the hall.'

'And your husband does n't mind?' said Latimer.

'Harmon mind? He is the most generous soul alive, and he has been so worried about me. Well, those strike people are willing to take the hall, but they insist that I pay for the newspaper advertising and the posters. They sent me a specimen notice which they expect to print. Their description of Harmon is positively shameful. But I think I'll let them have it. If this keeps up another week I shall break down.'

She rose impetuously.

'I shall be horribly late for dinner. Good-bye, dearest.' She kissed the girl, nodded to the men, and floated out.

III

Latimer was thinking, inconsequentially, of Mrs. Jamieson and the sick woman at Westville, when Manning's voice came to him as from afar.

'I had put a question to you when we were interrupted, Dr. Latimer. How is the war to end for God?'

'Is that what your mind has been on in the intervals of the poultry business?' asked Latimer.

'Before that,' said Manning. 'Of recent years He has been with me pretty constantly, and at the most inopportune times. Between editions sometimes; or when I have hung over the make-up table, trying to beat the clock. Like a draught of chill air it would come — a hollow, bitter doubt. You ask yourself suddenly how does this Final Extra Wall Street Complete relate itself to the make-up of the universe and its Maker-Up.'

'You have your own answer, of course.'

'The obvious one,' said Manning. 'The war has been a disaster for Him.'

'Father,' said Margaret, 'do you call this drying a teacup? Take another towel and do it over.'

'Yes, my dear,' said Manning humbly; but it was some time before he bestirred himself in search of a fresh towel.

'Ten million dead is a bitter thing to contemplate,' said Latimer. 'But after all there was the Black Death six hundred years ago, when one third of Europe perished. Yet God survived.'

'I am afraid you don't get me,' said Manning. 'Of course He survived, just as He will probably survive this war; through force of habit, through the clutch of superstition, through the law of illogic which rules the common life. But the question is, ought He to survive? How does He come out of this war when tested by the standards of reason with which He is supposed to have endowed us? I have no doubt that after the Black Plague there were men who asked the same question. Where is the answer? If ten million dead, if the agony of half the world — Oh, well, I could repeat what's been said from the beginning of things. For three years evil has had it all its own way. How shall we believe in anything else? — Where is that towel you were speaking of, Margaret? Counsel for plaintiff rests his case.'

Latimer's eyes were upon Margaret. If to him, Latimer, his host's way with a great topic was somewhat free and easy, how about this young girl? But Margaret was smiling over the hot water and soap. Plainly she was hardened to Manning's vigorous methods in search of his soul.

'You've given me a difficult case to defend,' said Latimer. 'Under the circumstances I must follow the precedent of all good lawyers when cornered. I must resort to technicalities. I begin by questioning the validity of the indictment. I demand a poll of the grand jury. Are you unanimous?'

'Speaking for myself, I am not,' said Manning. 'That's the tragedy of it; even when we accuse Him, we do it with half a mind. But that is because of the prestige of the defendant. It is like a jury of plumbers and shoe-clerks indicting the head of the Railroad Trust.'

'Precisely,' said Latimer. 'We are too ready to take it for granted that all men to-day are weighed down by the horror of war. As a matter of fact, there is no such unanimity. We have no means of knowing how many of the plain people like war. There must be a great many; those who enjoy the adventure, the release from the monotony of daily duties, and even, I am sorry to say, those who have not outlived the primitive taste for killing.

'These are the inarticulate folk. There are the others, who like war and can give a reason: the people who think that war is necessary for righteousness; or as a tonic against degeneration, — national or racial, — which is another

form of the argument for war as a factor in natural selection. Not to mention the professionals — the army and navy officers, who may not like war but who certainly do not condemn it. It is true that, if you made a poll of newspaper editors, you might find a great many who think that war is evil. But if you were to take a census among pastors of fashionable metropolitan churches —

'Well, then. As long as you are not unanimous in your indictment against God it is obvious that your charge lacks validity. Until you can get Russians and Germans and Frenchmen, ministers and aviators and Socialists, mothers and emperors and newspaper editors and clergymen, to agree that war is an unmitigated curse, your case falls to the ground.'

'Unmitigated!' cried Manning. 'That's just it. You will find very few men who will tell you that war is an unmitigated evil. Of course there are compensations. But what sort of Wisdom and Power is it that can get results only through blood and tears? In all reverence I ask whether it is n't a Chinese way of ruling a world, to be burning it down every little while for the sake of a little roast pork. Given an unlimited expense account, with no questions asked, any one could rule this universe. Give me permission to cut up a hospital full of people, and there is n't any doubt but that I can pull off a successful operation for appendicitis now and then — with a kitchen knife. But you would hardly call me a great surgeon. Unmitigated! Of course not. It is undeniable that a millionaire paranoiac cannot squander a fortune in the Tenderloin without giving employment to a certain number of honest cooks, carpenters, and street-cleaners.'

'Is n't it a question of what you choose to fix your mind on?' said Margaret.

'A very happy thought,' Latimer beamed at her. 'Such as is likely to come in the restful occupation of dish-washing. Do you know, Manning, considering how many women for how many years have ruminated over the dish-basin, it is a wonder that they have made such small contribution to philosophy.'

'So there is no answer?' said Manning.

'Not if you demand proof of a perfect God,' said Latimer. 'But if it be a question of a God moving toward perfection I can speak with more confidence. And when you ask me how will He come out of this horror in Europe, I can say that He will come out fairly well. Better, by comparison, than men will come out. This much I am convinced of, that God is improving more rapidly than man.'

'That is something,' said Manning.

The two had given up all pretence of making themselves useful to the girl. Manning leaned against the edge of the kitchen table and bit his finger-nails, his eyes fixed on Latimer. The latter, with an unfailing instinct for making himself comfortable, had ensconced himself in the chair vacated by Mrs. Jamieson, his attention divided between Manning, Margaret, and the mass of lilac that hung down over the windows.

'Take,' said he, 'the heathen and his gods, and compare them with yourself and your own Master of the Universe. Then ask yourself which marks the greater advance — the distance between you and the tribesman of the Congo, or the distance between that black man's fetish and your own Creator. It is a matter only of five or ten thousand years in the history of evolution; yet certain results present themselves.

'Now as between the Congo native and yourself,' he continued, 'the meas-

ure of progress is on the whole inconsiderable. That is, so far as human essentials are concerned. The Bantu tribesman, for instance, is as good a father as you are. In fact, I have read that among many savage races the children are much more fondly treated than, let us say, a boy in an upper-class English family. As a husband the African Negro may be a bit more overbearing, and a harder taskmaster; although here too it is probable that there is less wife-beating in the Congo than there is in Whitechapel. As a member of the social organism he is much more loyal to his king than even the German peasant, much more ready to sacrifice his personal inclinations to the common good. The sense of pity is perhaps not so highly developed in primitive man; this is, to be sure, a reflex of his greater insensibility to pain; but admit that on the whole he is more cruel than you are. Admit cannibalism for instance; though cannibalism is bound up with his religion rather than with his humanity. And there you are. By these values, then, which we use to appraise a man to-day,—not by his accomplishments but by his primal qualities as husband, father, citizen, comrade, warrior, athlete and all-round good fellow, — the Congo aborigine is not very far removed from you. It is with reluctance that I quote Mr. Kipling on anything concerned with real human values, but after all, "'You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."'

'Conceded,' said Manning.

'But take now the God of the Congolese, of the Bushman, the Huron, the Blackfellow of Australia. He is a God of cruelty, lust, and deceit. He rules entirely by fear. He makes life for his votaries an unceasing round of panic and placatory sacrifice. He demands the roasted flesh of enemies, the sacrifice of children, the immolation of virgins, the mutilation of one's own body. He is not even fashioned by man after his own image; for whereas the Negro is on the whole a well-built, upstanding, clean-skinned biped, his god is a monstrosity, with no head or three heads, no feet or ten feet, a nightmare, an abortion.

'Well, then, man for man and god for god, as between you and the native of the Congo, who has made the greater progress in the course of ten thousand years, man or God?'

'Cleverly put,' said Manning.

'Soundly put!' shouted Latimer. 'My dear fellow, —' here he got up from his chair and seized the other by the lapel of his shabby jacket, — 'my dear Manning, the further back you carry the investigation, the stronger is the showing for a God moving on to higher things. When you spoke of inefficient management in the universe you were thinking of evolution, were n't you? Jacques Loeb speaks of one of those obscure deep-sea creatures with which I will not pretend to have even a bowing acquaintance. Well, of a potential 100,000,000 offspring of, let us call it, *Medusa hypothetica*, Loeb estimates that 10,000 survive, one one-hundredth of one per cent. That is what you were thinking, 99 99/100 per cent of waste. You were thinking of war, cancer, tuberculosis, plague, and starvation wages. You were thinking that the God who lets the spawn of the deep seas go down to destruction lets the spawn of human kind go down into senseless destruction.'

'I was,' said Manning.

'But have you marked the improvement? Of ten thousand eggs of *Medusa Hypothetica*, one survives. Of ten thousand children born, even in unsanitary and underfed India, probably seven thousand survive. An improvement of 700,000 per cent in the evolution from fish to man. It is something.'

'Something, yes,' Manning agreed.

'It is much,' said Latimer. 'And it gives you your answer. How will God come out of this war? Judging by precedent, He will emerge with fair credit. Certainly in much better shape than the German General Staff. If the war shall mark a step forward in evolution, then it is probable that God has moved further forward than man. If the war is a step backward, He has probably fallen back far less than man. The proportion is always in his favor. He is the van and the rear-guard.'

'We can go back to the dining-room,' said Margaret.

IV

'Go to, now,' the indignant reader will have been saying to himself this many a page; 'what sort of romance of the open road is this which has been wandering up and down the countryside for two days and has not encountered a philosophic tinker — with or without a female companion — eating fried bacon from the point of a clasp-knife?'

Let the outspoken reader be patient only a few minutes longer, and the fault shall be more than remedied.

(*To be continued*)

THE MEANING OF MR. WELLS'S NEW RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THREE men — an attorney, a sculptor, and a priest — sat together in a Chicago club. They had each recently read Mr. H. G. Wells's latest book, *God the Invisible King*. They had each ordered it eagerly, sharing the desire to hear further of the spiritual experience which had made memorable *Mr. Britling*. All of them were admittedly disappointed.

'I suppose,' said the lawyer, 'that we all forget that no theology can be as interesting as the spiritual experiences back of it. It was a glimpse at reality which thrilled us in *Mr. Britling*. This book is a skeleton, and it grins like one.'

'However that may be,' rejoined the artist, 'the book makes me do anything but grin. The Wells of to-day is really pathetic. For years he has been a prophet, a seer, a voice in the wilderness. A prophet is a noble figure as long as he is rejected by his hearers. Look at Cassandra, John the Baptist, Jeremiah. But woe betide the prophet who finds the world coming his way! Ten years ago Wells was alone, or nearly so — a socialist voice in an individualistic world. Now every one is tumbling over every other one into collectivism. Poor Wells is bewildered. He is rushing, ever faster, to keep ahead of the world — and dashing off two or three books a year, each repudiating an old position, much as Siberian travelers cast off their weaker companions to the wolves. Demos is rushing him, but he must keep ahead. Down the whirling road of time he dashes,

eyes bulging, hair — if he has any — on end, coat-tails flying, quite unaware that he is, that he can be, no longer the prophet; unwilling that the voice further down the road should in his stead be crying, "Here lies truth"; oblivious of his real function, which is now just to be one of the mob as that mob advances out of individualism and materialism into collectivism and religion.'

'I still maintain,' insisted the lawyer, 'that the book is humorous. Is it not amusing to see his naïve delight at having discovered the personality of God? For one knows not how many millennia, people have known that personality very well. The few who have disallowed it, Pagan or Christian, have been admittedly eccentrics who denied the validity of common religious experience.

'You would think that a man who had discovered that the minority was wrong and that he with it had been mistaken would be humble. But listen to this, on page 55: "God is a Person. Upon this point those who are beginning to profess modern religion are very insistent." Of course this means that Mr. Wells is insistent upon it. Is that not delicious? "I insist that the world for æons has been right, absolutely right. I *insist* on it." A humorist like that will be shouting soon that matrimony is respectable.'

Here the sculptor turned to the priest.

'I suppose,' he said, 'that the book shocks you, dominie?'

'No, it does not do that,' he responded, 'nor does it amuse me. Neither does it appear to me pathetic. Some of it is rather amusing — for example, in that passage about the personality of God, the author's assumption that Catholic theology teaches that God, to be a Person, or Persons, must have a physical body, or bodies. Some of it shocks me, too. I am a bit ruffled, for example, that Mr. Wells should give a history of Nicene times, done in the style of an ill-tempered atheistic penny pamphlet; and, more than that, that he should so have misread history as not to have perceived that, in the controversies of the fourth century, the emperors and the privileged classes were almost invariably Arian partisans and enemies of the orthodox, and that the Nicene creed emerged despite imperial opposition, not with imperial approbation. And, I must confess, that it is to me more than a little pathetic to find one who normally is as big a man as Mr. Wells inveighing against Nicene theology because of the bugaboo tales about God which emanated from a nursemaid who, in all probability, had been nurtured in a middle-class Calvinism of the Milton-Bunyan style.

However, I for one can see neither fun nor profit in tilting against this book. It was meant as an honest expression of religion. It has made me do some serious thinking — not, as Mr. Wells doubtless intended it should, in an endeavor to justify the Catholic faith, but in an attempt to understand Mr. Wells. Now that I have talked with you, gentlemen, I intend to write out those thoughts of mine for my own satisfaction.'

Thereupon, he retired to the library of the club and there he devoted the next two hours to writing what here follows: —

There are three different concepts of God held by human beings: not two only, as Mr. Wells would have us believe. The first of the three he presents clearly enough under the name of the Veiled Being, or the Creator. He is the Maker and Governor of all creation, a God of Law, a Deity of inflexible justice, to be feared and adored if

he is to be worshiped at all.[1] The second and third concepts Mr. Wells confuses. The former of these is that of God as the Leader of Battles. Mr. Wells has beautifully uttered this concept in a number of places, and especially in these words: 'He is our king, to whom we must be loyal; He is our captain, and to know Him is to have direction in our lives.' To Him is to be given that tremendous affection which the *poilu* feels for *Papa Joffre*, which the small boy feels intensely for the 'leader of the gang.' The third concept, confused in Mr. Wells's mind with this second one, is that of God as the sustaining, comforting, enveloping Strength.

Each of these concepts has been proved valid by innumerable spiritual experiences throughout the ages. The early Christian Church, during a long process of careful thinking, dominated — as Mr. Wells truly says — by those trained in the Alexandrian school, who were — as Mr. Wells does not say — the most careful and accurate philosophers that this world has ever known, a process which culminated in the publication and œcumenical acceptance of the Nicene-Constantinopolitan creed came to the conclusion that all three were true concepts. Each expressed a deep spiritual reality. Although contradictions did seem to exist between them, man must nevertheless accept them, contradictions and all — in pragmatic fashion believing each because each satisfies some of the human hunger for spiritual reality, and leaving reconciliation of the three to a state of intelligence greater than mortal man has yet been privileged to possess. The Nicene creed is therefore a statement of three truths and one unsolvable problem.

Central of the three was the concept of God as the Leader, the Christ, the Anointed One. That Jesus of Galilee was the Christ; that the Invisible King had become visible in the Nazarene Peasant; that the kingdom was a realm where He ruled and led and where such as He alone could be perfectly citizens; that it was a kingdom not of the world, although in it; and that its central law was 'salvation through self-abnegation' — these made up in Nicene times, and still make up, the central core of Christianity.

But Jesus had taught his disciples that He was one with another Person, whom He called his Father and bade them regard as their Father, the Great Unseen, the Almighty One. So, then, the Creator about whom men had ever speculated and would ever speculate, whom men had ever feared, was really in essence kind and loving. 'Whoso hath seen Me hath seen the Father,' Jesus had told Philip. This meant two things to the early Church — two very practical things. First, Jesus was no futile, struggling, errant Leader. His battles were blest of the Eternal. His armies might rejoice in certain victory, even as they fought heartrending battles and endured untold persecution. Second, the Creator was removed from the realm of the unknown and, since he was like the Beloved Carpenter, was to be loved as well as adored.

Jesus had also said that He would send to them another Strengthener or Comforter. This Person was also to be their Guide into truth. That fitted perfectly with the *mystical* concept of God, according to which He is thought

[1] When he calls the Creator 'God-as-Nature,' he is probably wrong. The identification of Nature and God is a very modern and unnatural one. Even the animistic worshiper thinks of God as a being greater than nature or anything in it, and only limited within nature to meet his devotees. It is wrong to say that primitive peoples worshiped trees, stars, rocks, and the like. They worshiped spiritual beings who for the sake of their devotees limited themselves within these material envelopes, but who were by no means imprisoned in or identical with those envelopes. — THE AUTHOR.

of as immanent within each soul. Mr. Wells voices the ancient belief in this concept when he says, 'If you but lift up your head for a moment, out of the stormy chaos of madness, and cry to Him, God is there, God will not fail you.'

These three concepts Nicene theology includes under the Persons of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Father is the source of all things, material and immaterial. At his fiat created things emerged. From Him flows the Christ. The nearest figure applicable to the relationship of the two seemed that of filiation. And from Him too, through the Christ, comes the great, sustaining, enveloping, peace-giving Holy Spirit to comfort, strengthen, and teach those who serve the Son and thus obey the Father. The nearest human figure for this eternal process seemed that of spiration.

During the long centuries when Christendom was a unit and Nicene theology was everywhere accepted, these three concepts, held in balance, complemented one another. When the Church's authority was undermined and the Church's body riven, and men in individualistic pride imagined that each person was religiously a guide sufficient unto himself, unneedful of the correcting influence of the rest of the human family, living or dead, these concepts began to be held out of balance. From that moment Christianity began to lose its hold on man; for unbalanced religion is like the image seen in the crooked mirrors at county-fair side-shows: it is both repulsive and amusing.

The first mistake was an over-emphasis of God the Father. The stern, law-making aspect of Deity was so stressed as to hide those aspects which balance his sternness. The tribal regulations promulgated by Jehovah to the Jews were given cosmic force. As the old Jews understood Jehovah, he was not nearly so terrible as he was in the Calvinistic theology. Mr. Wells seems to think that this old Jewish god is somehow the germ from which developed directly the Christian doctrine of God the Father. It would be much more true to say that from the Mosaic theology developed our doctrine of God the Son. The old Jewish god was not cosmological at all, as we who have a knowledge of Old Testament criticism know very well.

Calvin's god was not the God of Moses. He was, rather, a combination of the cosmological Deity brought by the later Jews from Babylon with the fierce tribal partisan who lived on Sinai. Those of Babylon would have failed to understand his nomadic barbarities. Those of Moses, who seem to have been interested as little as Mr. Wells himself in life after death, would have stood aghast at their tribal king from the mountains, transformed into an eternal lord of heaven and hell. Calvin's god, in short, was the sort of god one gets by reading our present composite Old Testament apart from Catholic theology. It was monstrous, horrible, the most warped caricature of God known to man. God the Son was degraded to the position of a mere victim of unnatural spiritual wrath. God the Holy Spirit was wellnigh forgotten.

Against this sort of religion, the kind that was unfortunately immortalized by John Milton, the kind that is still preached by tent evangelists, the kind used by his nursemaid to scare him with in infancy, Mr. Wells reacts violently in this book. It is good that he should, but unnecessary. The monstrous figure persists to-day only as a part of the folk-religion of the ignorant. The leaders of every communion of Christians, even Scotch Presbyterians, not merely have ceased to teach it, but actively combat it. Occasionally in his

book Mr. Wells shows that he knows better than to lay this dour warping of religion to the charge of Catholic dogma. Nevertheless, he seems to be under the impression most of the time that in beating this theological monstrosity to a pulp he is somehow attacking Nicene theology.

As we have said, the Christian world has ceased long ere this to admire Calvinism. The Catholic world, tied to its Nicene balance, recovered from its slight trend in this direction, exhibited in the fifteenth century, without much difficulty. The non-Catholic world, having made one mistake with disastrous result, now made another equally grievous one. As the eighteenth century saw the triumph and decay of Calvinism, so the nineteenth century saw the triumph, and the twentieth century has seen much of the decay, of what for a better name we may call neo-Protestantism or Liberalism.

The name covers a number of differing religious opinions, all of them alike in an over-emphasis on God the Holy Spirit. First the Friends, then the Unitarians, — who ascribed to God the Father nearly all the orthodox attributes of God the Holy Spirit and deprived Him of most of his ancient characteristics, — the American Transcendentalists, and finally, those who embraced the religion of Mary Baker Eddy, have been its most out-and-out manifestations. What little theology is now taught in the formerly Calvinistic Protestant churches is also mostly of this sort. God is thought of as good, patient, present, an enveloping aura, a protection and strength, semi-personal or impersonal, a sufficient guide unto truth and for salvation to each individual soul, and therefore as well to all souls in the aggregate. 'God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world.' This is all a part of Catholic theology, to be sure; only there the comforting, resting strength of the Holy Spirit is reserved for those who obey the Son and thereby show devotion to the Father. In Liberalism it is thought to be universally available. The Father's fatherhood and the Son's leadership are in the mean time milk-and-watered out of all resemblance to their original appearance.

All this is quite as lopsided as was ever the theology of Calvin and Knox. As the latter made God a brute of steel, so the former makes God a feather-bed. As the Calvinist was apt to be lean and dreadfully morose, so the devotee of this modern theology is inclined to become fat and abominably cheerful. As of old, thinking men said, 'I reject your God: He is too horrid,' so now they begin to say, 'I reject your God: He is too good-natured.' As Calvin's Deity seemed not to allow for life's amenities, so this new God fails to fit in with life's severities.

Between the two these respective warpings have well-nigh ruined popular respect for Christianity, especially in Protestant countries. The revolt has been a quiet one. Multitudes have simply stopped being religious and have sought inspiration in materialism. The scientific achievements of the last century have been intensely romantic. Until the war came, testing us, the pursuit of material knowledge was far more attractive to the young than the worship of what was really a caricature of God. Dashing along happily in the scientific company went many of us, Mr. Wells included. The Calvinism of his youth had disgusted him. The platitudes and complacencies of neo-Protestantism left him cold. In materialism he found the easiest and greatest stimulation for his soul.

Then the war came. Materialism as a philosophy failed. Mr. Wells 'saw it through,' like his own Mr. Britling, and lighted, in a 'mystical moment,'

on a concept of God different from either of the two he had previously known. He thought his concept was new. It was not. It is not. Mr. Wells has simply found the long-neglected 'Son' of Nicene theology. In other words, he has gone back to found his spiritual life on that same basic concept of God as Leader and King around which the fathers of old built up, for its protection and safeguarding, the orthodox faith.

What is to be the goal of Mr. Wells and his developing religion, no one can say. He has rejected Calvinism. He has refused to heed the call of Liberalism. Will he be willing, as he further thinks out his religion, to accept the truth contained in those concepts which he has rejected when they were unduly stressed?

Will he recognize that spiritual power and comfort come from the Deity only to those who obey the King? He seems already to have glimpsed it. 'The true God goes through the world like fifes and drums and flags, calling for recruits along the street. We must go out to Him. We must accept his discipline and fight his battle. The peace of God comes not by thinking about it but by forgetting one's self in Him.'

Will he eventually see that the King and the Veiled Being are at unity and that the former reveals the latter, else forever unknowable, to man? Will he find the joy that comes from knowing that he who fights in the King's army, battles not against the Great Unknown, but with Him and his hosts of angels?

Or, fanatically grasping the Christ concept as his fathers grasped the Spirit concept and his grandfathers the Creator concept, will he dash on to the formation of a neo-Mahometanism? No one of course can possibly venture a prediction.

One thing, at all events, may be said in conclusion. At least for the present it is probably true that, despite a certain natural indignation at Mr. Wells's misunderstanding of the power of the crucifix and the Crucified, his superficial impatience with that sacramental idea which all religions have found fitted to human needs, his vitriolic hatred of priesthood and his soap-box-like denunciation of the Nicene fathers, Mr. Wells will probably find that those who say the Nicene creed with heart and mind and soul really understand him better and appreciate him more than the other folks who read his book. They, too, have a theology, a liturgy, and a spiritual life built upon that which is so dear to him, the concept of God the Invisible King as the central truth of true religion.

EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

SEVERAL years ago a young man came to my study with a manuscript which he wished me to criticize.

'It is only a little bit of my work,' he said modestly, 'and it will not take you long to look it over. In fact it is only the first chapter, in which I explain the Universe.'

I suppose that we have all had moments of sudden illumination when it occurred to us that we had explained the Universe, and it was so easy for us that we wondered why we had not done it before. Some thought drifted into our mind and filled us with vague forebodings of omniscience. It was not an ordinary thought, that explained only a fragment of existence. It explained everything. It proved one thing and it proved the opposite just as well. It explained why things are as they are, and if it should turn out that they are not that way at all, it would prove that fact also. In the light of our great thought chaos seemed rational.

Such thoughts usually occur about four o'clock in the morning. Having explained the Universe, we relapse into satisfied slumber. When, a few hours later, we rise, we wonder what the explanation was.

Now and then, however, one of these highly explanatory ideas remains to comfort us in our waking hours. Such a thought is that which I here throw out, and which has doubtless at some early hour occurred to most of my readers. It is that every man has a natural desire to be somebody else.

This does not explain the Universe, but it explains that perplexing part of it which we call Human Nature. It explains why so many intelligent people, who deal skillfully with matters of fact, make such a mess of it when they deal with their fellow creatures. It explains why we get on as well as we do with strangers, and why we do not get on better with our friends. It explains why people are so often offended when we say nice things about them, and why it is that, when we say harsh things about them, they take it as a compliment. It explains why people marry their opposites and why they live happily ever afterwards. It also explains why some people don't. It explains the meaning of tact and its opposite.

The tactless person treats a person according to a scientific method as if he were a thing. Now, in dealing with a thing, you must first find out what it is, and then act accordingly. But with a person, you must first find out what he is and then carefully conceal from him the fact that you have made the discovery.

The tactless person can never be made to understand this. He prides himself on taking people as they are without being aware that that is not the way they want to be taken.

He has a keen eye for the obvious,

and calls attention to it. Age, sex, color, nationality, previous condition of servitude, and all the facts that are interesting to the census-taker, are apparent to him and are made the basis of his conversation. When he meets one who is older than he, he is conscious of the fact, and emphasizes by every polite attention the disparity in years. He has an idea that at a certain period in life the highest tribute of respect is to be urged to rise out of one chair and take another that is presumably more comfortable. It does not occur to him that there may remain any tastes that are not sedentary. On the other hand, he sees a callow youth and addresses himself to the obvious callowness, and thereby makes himself thoroughly disliked. For, strange to say, the youth prefers to be addressed as a person of precocious maturity.

The literalist, observing that most people talk shop, takes it for granted that they like to talk shop. This is a mistake. They do it because it is the easiest thing to do, but they resent having attention called to their limitations. A man's profession does not necessarily coincide with his natural aptitude or with his predominant desire. When you meet a member of the Supreme Court you may assume that he is gifted with a judicial mind. But it does not follow that that is the only quality of mind he has; nor that when, out of court, he gives you a piece of his mind, it will be a piece of his judicial mind that he gives.

My acquaintance with royalty is limited to photographs of royal groups, which exhibit a high degree of domesticity. It would seem that the business of royalty when pursued as a steady job becomes tiresome, and that when they have their pictures taken they endeavor to look as much like ordinary folks as possible — and they usually succeed.

The member of one profession is always flattered by being taken for a skilled practitioner of another. Try it on your minister. Instead of saying, 'That was an excellent sermon of yours this morning,' say, 'As I listened to your cogent argument, I thought what a successful lawyer you would have made.' Then he will say, 'I did think of taking to the law.'

If you had belonged to the court of Frederick the Great you would have proved a poor courtier indeed if you had praised His Majesty's campaigns. Frederick knew that he was a Prussian general, but he wanted to be a French literary man. If you wished to gain his favor you should have told him that in your opinion he excelled Voltaire.

We do not like to have too much attention drawn to our present circumstances. They may be well enough in their way, but we can think of something which would be more fitting for us. We have either seen better days or we expect them.

Suppose you had visited Napoleon in Elba and had sought to ingratiate yourself with him.

'Sire,' you would have said, 'this is a beautiful little empire of yours, so snug and cosy and quiet. It is just such a domain as is suited to a man in your condition. The climate is excellent. Everything is peaceful. It must be delightful to rule where everything is arranged for you and the details are taken care of by others. As I came to your dominion I saw a line of British frigates guarding your shores. The evidences of such thoughtfulness are everywhere.'

Your praise of his present condition would not have endeared you to Napoleon. You were addressing him as the Emperor of Elba. In his own eyes he was Emperor, though in Elba.

It is such a misapprehension which irritates any mature human being when

his environment is taken as the measure of his personality.

The man with a literal mind moves in a perpetual comedy of errors. It is not a question of two Dromios. There are half a dozen Dromios under one hat.

How casually introductions are made, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to make two human beings acquainted! Your friend says, 'I want you to know Mr. Stifflekin,' and you say that you are happy to know him. But does either of you know the enigma that goes under the name of Stifflekin? You may know what he looks like and where he resides and what he does for a living. But that is all in the present tense. To really know him you must not only know what he is but what he used to be; what he used to think he was; what he used to think he ought to be and might be if he worked hard enough. You must know what he might have been if certain things had happened otherwise, and you must know what might have happened otherwise if he had been otherwise. All these complexities are a part of his own dim apprehension of himself. They are what make him so much more interesting to himself than he is to any one else.

It is this consciousness of the inadequacy of our knowledge which makes us so embarrassed when we offer any service to another. Will he take it in the spirit in which it is given?

That was an awkward moment when Stanley, after all his hardships in his search for Dr. Livingstone, at last found the Doctor by a lake in Central Africa. Stanley held out his hand and said stiffly, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' Stanley had heroically plunged through the equatorial forests to find Livingstone and to bring him back to civilization. But Livingstone was not particularly anxious to be found, and had a decided objection to being brought back to civilization. What he wanted was a new adventure. Stanley did not find the real Livingstone till he discovered that the old man was as young at heart as himself. The two men became acquainted only when they began to plan a new expedition to find the source of the Nile.

II

The natural desire of every man to be somebody else explains many of the minor irritations of life. It prevents that perfect organization of society in which every one should know his place and keep it. The desire to be somebody else leads us to practice on work that does not strictly belong to us. We all have aptitudes and talents that overflow the narrow bounds of our trade or profession. Every man feels that he is bigger than his job, and he is all the time doing what theologians called 'works of supererogation.'

The serious-minded housemaid is not content to do what she is told to do. She has an unexpended balance of energy. She wants to be a general household reformer. So she goes to the desk of the titular master of the house and gives it a thorough reformation. She arranges the papers according to her idea of neatness. When the poor gentleman returns and finds his familiar chaos transformed into a hateful order, he becomes a reactionary.

The serious manager of a street railway company is not content with the simple duty of transporting passengers cheaply and comfortably. He wants to exercise the functions of a lecturer in an ethical culture society. While the transported victim is swaying precariously from the end of a strap he reads a notice urging him to practice Christian courtesy and not to push. While the poor wretch pores over this counsel of

perfection, he feels like answering as did Junius to the Duke of Grafton, 'My Lord, injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation.'

A man enters a barber shop with the simple desire of being shaved. But he meets with the more ambitious desires of the barber. The serious barber is not content with any slight contribution to human welfare. He insists that his client shall be shampooed, manicured, massaged, steamed beneath boiling towels, cooled off by electric fans, and, while all this is going on, that he shall have his boots blacked.

Have you never marveled at the patience of people in having so many things done to them that they don't want, just to avoid hurting the feelings of professional people who want to do more than is expected of them? You watch the stoical countenance of the passenger in a Pullman car as he stands up to be brushed. The chances are that he does n't want to be brushed. He would prefer to leave the dust on his coat rather than to be compelled to swallow it. But he knows what is expected of him. It is a part of the solemn ritual of traveling. It precedes the offering.

The fact that every man desires to be somebody else explains many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. The painters, dramatists, musicians, poets, and novelists are just as human as housemaids and railway managers and porters. They want to do 'all the good they can to all the people they can in all the ways they can.' They get tired of the ways they are used to and like to try new combinations. So they are continually mixing things. The practitioner of one art tries to produce effects that are proper to another art.

A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin as if it were a brush. He would have us see the sunset glories that he is painting for us. A painter wants to be a musician and paint symphonies, and he is grieved because the uninstructed cannot hear his pictures, although the colors do swear at each other. Another painter wants to be an architect and build up his picture as if it were made of cubes of brick. It looks like brick-work, but to the natural eye it does n't look like a picture. A prose-writer gets tired of writing prose, and wants to be a poet. So he begins every line with a capital letter, and keeps on writing prose.

You go to the theatre with the simple-minded Shakespearean idea that the play's the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. So you discover that you have dropped into a grewsome clinic. You sought innocent relaxation, but you are one of the non-elect and have gone to the place prepared for you. You must see the thing through. The fact that you have troubles of your own is not a sufficient claim for exemption.

Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction. But the novelist has other views. He wants to be your spiritual adviser. He must do something to your mind, he must rearrange your fundamental ideas, he must massage your soul, and generally brush you off. All this in spite of the fact that you don't want to be brushed off and set to rights. You don't want him to do anything to your mind. It's the only mind you have and you need it in your own business.

III

But if the desire of every man to be somebody else accounts for many whimsicalities of human conduct and for many aberrations in the arts, it cannot be lightly dismissed as belonging only to the realm of comedy. It has its origin in the nature of things. The reason

why every man wants to be somebody else is that he can remember the time when he was somebody else. What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing, as all of us realize when we look over old photographs and read old letters.

The oldest man now living is but a few years removed from the undifferentiated germ-plasm, which might have developed into almost anything. In the beginning he was a bundle of possibilities. Every actuality that is developed means a decrease in the rich variety of possibilities. In becoming one thing it becomes impossible to be something else.

The delight in being a boy lies in the fact that the possibilities are still manifold. The boy feels that he can be anything that he desires. He is conscious that he has capacities that would make him a successful banker. On the other hand, there are attractions in a life of adventure in the South Seas. It would be pleasant to lie under a bread-fruit tree and let the fruit drop into his mouth, to the admiration of the gentle savages who would gather about him. Or he might be a saint — not a commonplace modern saint who does chores and attends tiresome committee meetings, but a saint such as one reads about, who gives away his rich robes and his purse of gold to the first beggar he meets, and then goes on his carefree way through the forest to convert interesting robbers. He feels that he might practice that kind of unscientific charity, if his father would furnish him with the money to give away.

But by and by he learns that making a success in the banking business is not consistent with excursions to the South Seas or with the more picturesque and unusual forms of saintliness. If he is to be in a bank he must do as the bankers do.

Parents and teachers conspire together to make a man of him, which means making a particular kind of man of him. All mental processes which are not useful must be suppressed. The sum of their admonitions is that he must pay attention. That is precisely what he is doing. He is paying attention to a variety of things that escape the adult mind. As he wriggles on the bench in the school-room, he pays attention to all that is going on. He attends to what is going on out-of-doors; he sees the weak points of his fellow pupils, against whom he is planning punitive expeditions; and he is delightfully conscious of the idiosyncrasies of the teacher. Moreover, he is a youthful artist and his sketches from life give acute joy to his contemporaries when they are furtively passed around.

But the schoolmaster says sternly, 'My boy, you must learn to pay attention; that is to say, you must not pay attention to so many things, but you must pay attention to one thing, namely the second declension.'

Now the second declension is the least interesting thing in the room, but unless he confines his attention to it he will never learn it. Education demands narrowing of attention in the interest of efficiency.

A man may, by dint of application to a particular subject, become a successful merchant or real-estate man or chemist or overseer of the poor. But he cannot be all these things at the same time. He must make his choice. Having in the presence of witnesses taken himself for better for worse, he must, forsaking all others, cleave to that alone. The consequence is that, by the time he is forty, he has become one kind of a man, and is able to do one kind of work. He has acquired a stock of ideas true enough for his purposes, but not so transcendentally true as to interfere with his business. His neighbors know where to find him, and they

do not need to take a spiritual elevator. He does business on the ground floor. He has gained in practicality, but has lost in the quality of interestingness.

The old prophet declared that the young men dream dreams and the old men see visions, but he did not say anything about the middle-aged men. *They* have to look after the business end.

But has the man whose working hours are so full of responsibilities changed so much as he seems to have done? When he is talking shop is he 'all there'? I think not. There are elusive personalities that are in hiding. As the rambling mansions of the old Catholic families had secret panels opening into the 'priest's hole,' to which the family resorted for spiritual comfort, so in the mind of the most successful man there are secret chambers where are hidden his unsuccessful ventures, his romantic ambitions, his unfulfilled promises. All that he dreamed of as possible is somewhere concealed in the man's heart. He would not for the world have the public know how much he cares for the selves that have not had a fair chance to come into the light of day. You do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to set sail.

When Dogberry asserted that he was 'as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina' and 'one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him,' he was pointing out what he deemed to be quite obvious. It was in a more intimate tone that he boasted, 'and a fellow that hath had losses.'

When Julius Cæsar rode through the streets of Rome in his chariot, his laurel crown seemed to the populace a symbol of his present greatness. But gossip has it that Cæsar at that time desired to be younger than he was, and that before appearing in public he carefully arranged his laurel wreath so as to conceal the fact that he had had losses.

Much that passes for pride in the behavior of the great comes from the fear of the betrayal of emotions that belong to a simpler manner of life. When the sons of Jacob saw the great Egyptian officer to whom they appealed turn away from them, they little knew what was going on. 'And Joseph made haste, for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself.' Joseph did n't want to be a great man. He wanted to be human. It was hard to refrain himself.

IV

What of the lost arts of childhood, the lost audacities and ambitions and romantic admirations of adolescence? What becomes of the sympathies which make us feel our kinship to all sorts of people? What becomes of the early curiosity in regard to things which were none of our business? We ask as Saint Paul asked of the Galatians, 'Ye began well; who did hinder you?'

The answer is not wholly to our discredit. We do not develop all parts of our nature because we are not allowed to do so. Walt Whitman might exult over the Spontaneous Me. But nobody is paid for being spontaneous. A spontaneous switchman on the railway would be a menace to the traveling public. We prefer some one less temperamental.

As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for any one to find free and full development for all his natural powers in any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work

becomes more engrossing and narrowing, the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

The old Hebrew sage declared, 'Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure.' It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?

The old-time minister, after he had exhorted the believers at considerable length, used to turn to a personage who for homiletical purposes was known as the Objector. To him he addressed his most labored arguments. At this point I am conscious of the presence of the Objector.

'All you say,' he remarks, 'in praise of your favorite platitude is true to a fault. But what has all this to do with the War? There is only one thing in these days worth thinking about — at least, it is the only thing we *can* think about.'

'I agree with you, courteous Objector. No matter where we start, we all come back to this point: Who was to blame for the War, and how is it coming out? Our explanatory idea has a direct bearing on the question before us. The Prussian militarists had a painstaking knowledge of facts, but they had a contempt for human nature. Their tactlessness was almost beyond belief. They treated persons as if they were things. They treated facts with deadly seriousness, but had no regard for feelings. They had spies all over the world to report all that could be seen, but they took no account of what could not be seen. So, while they were dealing scientifically with the obvious facts and forces, all the hidden powers of the human soul were being turned against them. Prussianism insists on highly specialized men who have no sympathies to interfere with their efficiency. Having adopted a standard, all variation must be suppressed. It is against this effort to suppress the human variations that we are fighting. We don't want all men to be reduced to one pattern.'

'But what about the Kaiser? Does your formula explain him? Does he want to be somebody else?'

'I confess, dear Objector, that it is probably a new idea to him; but he may come to it.'

MR. SMILEY

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

In every small town there is one business man who wears a silk hat. He is born to it; it is part of the Great Order, and nobody jeers. Mr. Hunter was that man in Parkerton.

He happened one night into Smiley's drug-store, and while the proprietor was putting up his prescription companionably made talk.

'Potatoes are still going up,' he observed. 'How people are going to get on, I don't see. Did you hear about that fire up near Harrisburg — farmer's barn with eight hundred bushels of potatoes, I think it was? He was holding them for a higher price — even when they were out of sight. I think the Lord had a hand in that fire.'

'You could hardly say that, could you?' inquired a gentleman sitting by the stove.

'Why not, Mr. Bradley? He can do what He wants, can't He? And if sparrows don't fall without his noticing, I guess this kind of piggishness gets his attention.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Bradley, 'but you don't think God set that barn on fire, do you?'

'He permitted it to burn,' answered Mr. Hunter, burnishing his hat; 'He permitted it to burn.'

'Yes, and might have permitted it if the farmer had been selling the potatoes at one fourth the market, or planning to give them to the Children's Home.'

'But it was n't that way,' said Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Smiley, having wrapped the prescription with much deftness and rung fifty cents on his cash-register, entered the conversation.

'I saw a picture the other day,' he said, 'of two Testaments which had saved soldiers' lives in the trenches. A bullet was sticking half-way through one of them, and the other one was pretty nearly torn to flinders. What do you think of that?'

'That they happened to be in the way,' said Mr. Bradley. 'One of those "Ford Jokes" books or an almanac would have done the same thing.'

'Well, do you think God has anything to do with anything?' inquired Mr. Hunter testily. 'I'm glad of the chance to ask you, for I know you never go to church, and I saw a book you had ordered down at Brown's yesterday, — *Creative Evolution*, by Bergman or something like that, — and I heard you criticized the President for appointing a day of prayer for peace. *Do* you think God has anything to do with anything?'

'I think,' said Mr. Bradley, 'that God has everything to do with everything, and I think that God is much too big for such little mites as we to talk about or think about.'

Mr. Smiley's drug-store had been the scene of many an argument and discussion, — controllingly political. Frequently had the very substantial blunders of the President been pointed out by sundry gentlemen, and his signal sagacities by others, the interested proprietor listening or participating, the while he took care of trade or con-

structed Smiley's Infallible Troches. Debate was at times punctuated by small talk, for the disputants had a genuine interest in their kind, particularly such of it as dwelt in the neighborhood, and the assemblage had once been described as 'the sewing circle,' by a female person who lived opposite. From which it may be inferred that Smiley's was quite a human sort of place. It had not gone in much for the gods, however.

'You see,' went on Mr. Bradley, 'you people who seem most interested in God, — not that you really are, — you "herded and branded" religious people, as somebody calls you, have God mixed up with such little things, and you keep Him pottering with such little things, — and that just kills God for the rest of us.'

Mr. Hunter was acutely conscious of two facts — that of being under fire and that of his eldership in the Presbyterian Church.

'Having the understanding darkened,' he began solemnly, — and his hat seemed like a mitre, — 'having the understanding darkened,' —

'Not on your life!' interrupted Mr. Bradley with emphasis. 'It's exactly the other thing. It's having the understanding broadened and enlightened that makes just about seventy-five of every hundred men in the average American town let you religious people go your own way. It's your not having *enough* God for them to believe in, that's the trouble. It's that you *will* keep God fussing with little things.'

Mr. Smiley got a tube of dentifrice for a customer with ill-dissembled haste. He did not wish to lose a word. Just as Mr. Hunter was about to reply, there was a fumbling at the door, which finally opened, and admitted the local dipsomaniac, Mr. Rook Bevan, picturesquely drunk. Dilapidated, unsteady, yet urbane, he made a sweeping bow.

'Doc,' he said, 'I am a ree-novated man, — all ree-novated up, — and as a ree-novated man I come in here to get you to go along to Elder Squiggs's tent and get ree-novated like I done last night. The Elder says for me to do this and get you saved — ree-novated, understand — like me.'

'Now, if you can resist that, Smiley!' put in Mr. Bradley.

The wandering eye of Mr. Bevan rested on the lawyer.

'Ree-novated,' he murmured, 'that's it. We want everybody ree-novated; every damn — I mean every single — man in town ree-novated. Only,' — a maudlin pathos stole into his tone, — 'everybody can't *git* ree-novated. *You* can't,' — here a finger shot out at Mr. Bradley, — 'for you ain't got any more religion than one of them bull-fightin' cuspidors. You *can*,' — the finger veered to Mr. Hunter, — 'for no man can wear that plug hat and not be called.'

He made his way uncertainly to the show-case behind which Mr. Smiley was standing.

'I want alcohol,' he said, with something of a child's pleading in his voice; 'please, doc, I want alcohol.'

The show-case was a low, all-glass affair, with sundry shelves, also of glass, and laden with numerous small articles, suspended within. When Mr. Rook Bevan tripped and fell on and into this case, the ensuing crash was brilliant. Two thirds of his body was down among pomades, shattered vials, and tooth-brushes, while his legs gesticulated wildly above. The effect was striking and brief. He was dragged forth almost instantly, and Mr. Smiley, wiping 'Maiden Blush' and other cosmetics from the luckless features, affixed court-plaster to certain ugly cuts.

'Shall I telephone for the marshal?' asked Mr. Hunter.

'Oh, no,' said Mr. Smiley; 'poor

devil, he sort of looks to me to jolly him along and see to him — and it sort of seems up to me to do it. Wait a jiff till I give him something quieting and get him to bed. He's got a cubby in the building next door.'

Mr. Bevan, with his countenance pleasantly diversified by the bits of court-plaster and supported by the arm of Mr. Smiley, beamed amiably as he withdrew.

'Of course,' he said, 'everybody can't *git* ree-novated.'

Mr. Smiley, returning ten minutes later, surveyed the ruin which had been a show-case a bit ruefully.

'It'll set me a plumb hundred,' he said, 'and I do need the hundred. Well, I'll put it down with the twenty-five I dug up to get him the Keeley. If I need, gee, how he needs! — Let's get our minds off of this. When Rook broke in, you was saying something about God's fussing with little things, Mr. Bradley, and I think Mr. Hunter was getting ready to come back.'

Mr. Hunter had been getting ready, and had utilized certain moments of Mr. Bevan's stay in the process. He had not been for years teacher of a men's Bible class for nothing, and now, with his batteries well placed, he proceeded to a conventional and very well executed declaration of the whole counsel of God, as deduced and held by religionists of his kind. It began with the Garden of Eden, abounded in covenants and decrees, and was everywhere stiffened with texts — a miraculous number of them, it seemed to Mr. Smiley, who was much impressed. Mr. Hunter fancied comfortably that the scale had been big enough.

'The whole human race,' he said, 'figures in this mighty drama — the whole human race!'

'Oh, dear, oh, dear!' said Mr. Bradley; 'what's the use? Don't you see that you make God ridiculously small when you keep Him eternally nosing round among such small fry as the human race? Don't you see that that's the trouble? People nowadays don't believe that God does anything of that kind. "The Lord Talketh Familiarly with Moses" — that's a chapter-head in the Bible. I don't believe He did. Neither do folks in general. They feel just as Carlyle did when he said that it was as sure as shooting that such things never happened. They feel as a late English prime minister did when he said that such conceptions stifled him. It's all like painting God with whiskers, as the Old Masters used to do.'

A small boy of four in an Oliver Twist suit came into the store and demanded a stick of licorice, which Mr. Smiley provided, with the adjuration, 'Skip.'

The conversation was not resumed. Mr. Hunter seemed stalled and Mr. Bradley hopeless. Then said Mr. Smiley, —

'Now you know I'm just an ordinary man. You, Mr. Bradley, are a lawyer, and you read a lot of books, too, everybody says. A man told me the other day he'd bet you've read a thousand books. And you, Mr. Hunter, are a great Bible scholar, if you *are* in the dry-goods line — and you've been to the Holy Land. I'm not in the same class with either of you. You know that weepy-lookin' dog of Alick McCue's? Some one asked Alick what breed he was, and Alick says, "Oh, no particular breed, — just dog." That's me. But just as a plain proposition and as it hits a plain man in the drug business, Mr. Bradley's God seems to be too busy with everything to attend to any particular thing, and Mr. Hunter's God too busy with particular things to attend to everything. Honest, that's about the way it seems to me.'

There was an interlude while a soda-water patron was served. Then Mr. Smiley continued, —

'About God, you know, I get my idea from Samuel.'

'Ah, the prophet?' asked Mr. Hunter with the pleased expression of one expecting reinforcement.

'Goodness, no,' said Mr. Smiley. 'The rat who was here for licorice — *my* Samuel. You see, he plays a lot with his choo-choos and things about the house, all alone. Sometimes a half day'll go without his seeing his mother — she'll be at work in the kitchen or somewhere, and he in another part of the house. Does n't seem to miss her. Does n't seem to know he *has* a mother. But don't you make any mistake. He can forget her only because he knows she's there. He can get all wrapped up in his choo-choos and things, only because he's got a sure feel of her being there. If it once came to him that she *was n't* there, — well, I would n't like to have it happen, for he'd cry his heart out. He pretty nearly did it once, too, when he wanted something of her and she'd slipped out for five minutes.

'Well, I says to myself, noticing this about Samuel, is n't it a good deal the same about people and God? They forget Him, but they know He's there; and they could n't wrap themselves all up in their jobs and things, and go on having a fairly good time, if they did n't know — or feel — that He *was* there. Of course, they don't know what He's doing, — Samuel could never guess what his mother was doing in the kitchen, — and if they did, they could n't understand it, any more than Samuel understands a lot his mother does. They just know — or feel — that He's in the house. Just in the house. That's the way it is with me, and a lot of other plain men like me, I do believe.'

A month after this conversation at Smiley's the country went to war. There was enlisting and recruiting, and three self-forgetting men — the three who had met at the drug-store — put themselves at the Nation's service, and were accepted and ordered with their company to a mobilization camp. They might, so rumor said, be sent to France to fight in the trenches, and with this possibility before them they said good-bye to their friends, amid the waving of flags and blaring of bands, at the train.

'Good-bye,' said Mr. Hunter to the young men of his Bible Class who had escorted him to the station. 'Remember me when you pray. I don't mean, ask God to do particular things for me, for God has everything to do with everything, and this that we're going in for may reach beyond humanity and beyond this planet. Only think of me when you think of God — remember me when you pray.'

'Good-bye,' said Mr. Bradley, grasping the hand of his law-partner and closest friend. 'It has been a tug to do this, but I have orders — *orders*, Frank! Do you know' — he was clearly agitated — 'I have almost the sense of a hand on my shoulder — almost the sense of a voice talking familiarly in my ear?'

'Good-bye,' said Mr. Smiley to the small Samuel. 'I don't know how I'm going to stand for it, old chum, I sure don't. I just could n't go if it was n't for one thing: we're going to make 'em stop taking their daddies away from little tads like you.'

And the collar of the Oliver Twist suit was moist, as he pressed its wearer close to his heart.

PRESERVING THE PAST

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

THE past is not inviolable. We have a casual way of assuming that it is, and that events and relationships of by-gone years can never be taken away from us. We consider the record as closed; whatever the future may reveal, at least we may hold secure the pleasant memories of days gone by. Then suddenly we find ourselves betrayed. For there is one tragedy that lays violent hands upon the past.

That tragedy is not Death. Death may sadden our memories, but it cannot ruin their grace. A certain great man dies. His past is as safe now with us as so perishable a treasure well can be. Conversations with him are rich within our thought. The humor of his stories is unspoiled. We like to remember him as we saw him one evening, holding his smallest grandchild on his knee while the one tiny candle on her first birthday cake was being lighted; the hale old man and the dark-eyed little baby leaning forward together to watch the taper burn. A death like his only directs our affection with a gesture, as it were, to the past.

Not even unnatural death can really spoil old times. One of our young men is lost in airplane battle somewhere in the sky. At once our lightest memories of him are poignant with distress. The happier and more boyish the incidents we recall, the more painful they seem in the face of this. Glancing at one of his childhood pictures, for instance, we remember in a flash how he used to protest when his mother brushed his hair, and how desperately he urged his persecutor at least not to 'make a hen on it.' A 'hen' was his technical term for that jaunty but emasculate style of hairdressing that strokes up the hair too jauntily about the brow. A close-shaved head, airy and unpretentious, was always his longed-for ideal. Well, at least he attained to that! We put away the picture. We cannot bear to spoil that merry past with irony. Later we shall take out the wholesome thoughts again and put them to rights in our lives. A death of this kind gives to the young past an abnormal and grave significance; it touches it with strange shadows and incongruous pain. But it does not rob us of our right to love our memories.

Death never deals in treachery; and treachery alone despoils the past. After the final crash between lovers, when dishonor is revealed and injury recognized at full, gifts and letters may be returned; but what shall we do with our memories? The finest moments of that ruined friendship are all spoiled. The tragedy of our present is like some dark poisonous substance that persistently flows back along the entire fabric of our relationship, defiling every thread. We feel vaguely the pity of this; surely we might remember nobly the hours of perfect understanding and eager companionship when both of us were ourselves. But over that notion too falls the shadow: perhaps even then we were deceived, and treachery lay hidden amid the beauty of what we loved.

My love was Germany. What shall I do with my past?

This problem of mine concerns itself with nothing material. I have no German blood, no German relationships or companions, unless one counts my old-time music-master and my 'cello. Yet I am asking a question with a real need to prompt it: the German policy has made it comparatively simple to decide what we must do about her, but meanwhile what shall we think about her? Have I a right to what I always considered a swift and delightful response to the essential spirit of that land, as I found it in the language, the people, the music? I liked the way the people built their roofs, and brought up their children, and wrote their books. I felt secure with Germany. Now, was this a sentimental and defrauded whim of mine, and was treachery always latent in the spirit that I ignorantly loved?

Of all the curious phrases of the war, there is one that arrests my attention. 'Nicht ärgern; nur wundern' (Rage not; only wonder). That legend, they say, the retreating Germans, methodically destroying villages and population, left as a message in the midst of young orchards of felled trees. I suppose that the message originally contained no especially subtle thought. Probably the faithful translation of that use of *wundern* is simply 'be amazed'; 'stand transfixed with astonishment'; a sort of 'Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!' Probably it is only another example of the exaggerated bombast and heavy solemnity with which the German appeared to regard his ponderous vandalisms. And yet, I wonder. My wonder is translated into an uncertain attempt at analysis; a persistent and perplexing query. Was I always wholly deceived about my great-hearted, honor-loving Germany? Oh, grand old rumbling 'Deutsche Treue,' — where is it now?

Of course there is an easy loophole for me if I want it. I can assume that all frightfulness and scorn of covenant is Prussian. It is significant to watch us all as we fall back upon Prussianism, and the war-party, the Uhlan, the Junker, the Kaiser — anything to protect us from believing ill of the essential German people. How thoughtfully our President excepts them from his indictments against their government! Yet at the very moment when we are warmly applauding that wise insight, we are informed that the people of Germany resented that exception; that they, with only the 'Hymn of Hate' for music now, are at one with their mad rulers.

Well, perhaps they are. It is one of the miracles of the time that we have never believed it. In spite of wrack and ruin, crude duplicity and cunning cruelty, we are still to be convinced that the plain people whom we used to find in Heidelberg and Leipzig and on the long pathways of the Rhine country are frightful at heart.

In any case, this question is beside the point for me. I have no way of assorting Prussian and German, plotter and tool, fiend-like 'officer' and helpless recruit. We all know a thousand stories to illustrate the hollow mockery of German breeding in general; we know a series of others where systematic obedience to military orders is held responsible for every sort of outrage. I have no idea how much or how little can be laid to the Kaiser, or to that unusual portent, his peculiar son. I must leave that tangle to those who know. My one question concerns the essence of those German spiritual forces which I myself have deeply felt, and about which I therefore know. Must I let Germany's strange obsessions and heavy-lidded hate destroy for me her beauty?

The simplest of German songs goes

drifting through my mind, — the little poem that haunts the pages of Theodor Storm's *Immensee*.

> Heute, nur heute,
> Bin ich so schön:
> Morgen, ach morgen
> Muss alles vergeh'n!
> Nur diese Stunde
> Bist du noch mein;
> Sterben, ach sterben
> Soll ich allein!

For only a day, so beautiful; to-morrow, all that gone by, dying alone. Not Germany? The real Germany which was so beautiful surely cannot be dead, cannot hate us all; and we shall find her again. Sturdily our common sense reiterates it; stubbornly, in spite of all blighting evidence which points to degeneracy of soul. We are slow to doubt the past.

I glance over at the corner beyond my desk where I see my 'cello standing, the lamplight reflected in little gleams upon his great brown pegs. A thorough German, that 'cello; maybe from the Black Forest; rich with shadowy depth of color, the dark shell vibrant in its day to how many a forgotten chord! I can never dissociate the character of the 'cello from the memory of my first music-master, he, too, a thoroughbred. I can see him playing opposite me — head bent, with now and then a kindly gleam through shaggy eyebrows when a passage was going well, and with an interlude of torrential explanations when I failed to negotiate my bow in proper fashion across the strings.

'Not as if with an umbrella!' he would implore. 'Ach! But you must station your soul upon your wrist!'

A little while ago I heard him play again. He had grown very old. Pro-German? How can he say? What are you 'pro' when your heart is broken? He *is* German.

At one of the latest Symphony concerts of last spring there was a programme of more than ordinary interest — compositions by Debussy at his most erratic, followed by Schubert in his prime. America had recently declared war against the Imperial German Government. A glance through the names of the members of the orchestra as they appeared on the programme was certainly like reading the roll-call of the European belligerents. But these were not belligerents. They were the exquisite human medium for that most peculiar and non-materialistic art of music. They represented in perfection a most elaborate and visionary expression of highly developed human imagination.

As the programme went on, it became more and more interesting to watch the conductor's scholarly handling of Debussy's whimsical passages. A ripple of responsive amusement stirred the audience now and then, when the composer's daring experiments with harmony produced a more than ordinary surprise. It was enjoyable, but the elaborate trifling with the combinations of tone did not quite content the mind. The composition seemed somewhat futile and unworthy in the shadow of world-war. After all, what kind of occupation for grown men was all this playing with frail toys when the skies were falling?

But, just then, the orchestra swung grandly into the final number — Schubert and the homeland of the soul. The noble harmony dwarfed all forms of hopelessness and strife. One could rest upon the assurance of those great chords. If men can fall, yet surely they can also rise. That marvel of tone and dream and lofty progression of cadences shamed me for thinking meanly of any human spirit. The most enchanted words of Germany came one by one into my mind: *Heimweh — Abendlied — Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'!*

At exactly this point in my thought, I can persuade myself very reasonably that all German beauty is for me changeless. Intellectually, I have a right to that intrinsic charm. I have experienced, I have loved, I have a right to honor the 'typical German' of five years ago.

The typical German. But we have seen him goose-stepping.

If we could only forget that picture! A simple-hearted and serious character cannot afford to be ludicrous; cannot afford to be ferocious. His nimbler-spirited neighbors can never blot out from their minds that shocking spectacle. Suppose a great-hearted gentleman of sturdy virtue and mighty genius turns pompously against the world, takes himself with awe-struck seriousness, announces gorgeous and implacable hatred, and then does the goose-step solemnly, and pours preserved fruit into grand pianos! If he would only deal blank death and slaughter and go cleanly off; but he has left us our scorn.

And for this we shall for some time be in trouble; not with the deeply cut issues of national warfare and adjustment, but with the subtler problem of racial thought. We read Mr. Britling and Rupert Brooke, and understand exactly how they felt about Herr Heinrich and little Streckmann, the pianist. What are we to think of them? We do not hate them. The idea! We knew them!

It all comes down to this conclusion for me: logically I can argue myself into a state of mind where I can still accept Germany's good qualities at their face-value. But in startling fashion, just when I am reminding myself of those old days of confidence, some German outrage shoots up like a periscope on the surface of my thought, and all my careful logic is capsized. Sardonic laughter haunts the air whenever we think about our old ideal of that noble Fatherland we thought we knew.

There is a wistful refrain in one of their old melodies: '*Ich kann es nicht verstehen!*' The hesitating music of the song runs in my head. 'I cannot understand.' In spite of everything, we long to preserve our past with Germany — those memories that she herself has ravaged. We cannot understand it, but we are slow to be finally convinced of enduring racial depravity anywhere. With the mal-instructed hordes of German common people, then, we have not been fully angry, though we certainly have wondered. Germany has forced her lovers toward one of two opinions: she has made it appear that the rank and file of her people are either grandiose border-vandals, or dupes. And we who know her detest the necessity of accepting either horn of that dilemma. We cannot endure the thought of leaving that steadfast people in the rôle of outlaw nation, even in our thought.

Every once in a while we used to hear somebody talking about going back to the 'status quo ante bellum.' As if we could, spiritually! Only in dreams, dear Germany. That is all. Germany with ruthless hand has shelled the careful structure of her past. Other peoples' cities she has destroyed, but her own traditions. Surely she will build them again, but such ruins are slow rebuilding. The cathedral of her honor; the lighted dwelling-places of her quiet charm! *Auf Wiedersehn*, great German soul astray, *Auf Wiedersehn!*

THE GERMAN STATE OF MIND

[The Atlantic has in several articles attempted to depict public opinion in the neutral countries of Europe. We are glad to print the following paper, written by a Dutchman of distinction, who has preferred to cast his opinions in the entertaining form of a letter from Frau Olga B. von R., temporarily in Middleburg, to Herr Fr. B., in Frankfurt an der Oder. — THE EDITORS.]

MIDDLEBURG, *April* 30, 1917.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND, —

Since my last letter to you, my physical condition has greatly improved. Fortunately the food agrees with me better and I am gaining in weight. In this respect therefore everything is as fine as I could desire. Your Dutch relatives are pleasant and kind as always. Notwithstanding the occasional wrangle with Henk (and I have to confess that I am always the one who starts), I appreciate his fine qualities and his good intentions. Of course he is a little cool and matter-of-fact, but then, he is a Dutchman, like your good father. Anna is very thoughtful; one could wish for nothing better. And the children are generally very obedient, even though from time to time they are more boisterous than suits me.

And yet — I had better come right out with it — every day I long more and more to get back to Frankfurt: on your account in the first place, of course; but also on account of the friendships, and on account of the whole atmosphere. Do not think that I have any reason to complain. Every one is politeness and kindness itself. No one ever forgets that I am a German and that I am their guest. But sometimes I get the feeling that they try so very hard not to hold it against me that I belong to Germany, heart and soul. And that hurts. And the spirit all around me causes me to feel grieved; the spirit which is evident everywhere, in the children as well as in the adults, in the newspapers, in the magazines, in the caricatures, in everything.

I must repeat that I have no reasons for complaining of any one. Every one is as good as he can be. And when occasionally one of the children comes home with an exciting bit of news and begins to tell the story in terms which are not strictly neutral, a single look from the mother or father suffices to remind him of my presence.

The description which you had given me of your Dutch relatives was quite accurate. You told me not to be afraid that Henk and Anna would be pro-English. And they are not pro-English. They have a good many grievances against the English. You also said that they would appreciate many good things in the Germans. And indeed they do.

And yet — if I could have suspected how far removed my point of view is from that of your cousins, I should never have consented to have you appeal to their hospitality on my account. How can I make this clear to you?

You see, I had hoped so fervently (and I really felt that it was so) that everybody in the whole world who was not blinded by rage would be compelled to admire us for all that we have done in these years of trial: courageously to have accepted a war which we know was forced upon us; to have sacrificed wealth and health and everything else, everything. It is true, they concede that much without argument

here in Holland, but also without the least bit of enthusiasm. They deny that the war was forced upon us. I have had a good deal of discussion on this point with Henk—in a calm and friendly way, at least externally, but terribly painful to me. We could not agree. Do you know what I have discovered? They do not trust the Germans. Whenever I fall back upon an utterance of a cabinet minister, of the Chancellor, or even of H.M. the Emperor himself, I am answered by an ironical look, by a shrug of the shoulders, or by an indifferent 'after all.' I really believe that the British slander that we Germans look upon treaties as scraps of paper has done a lot of harm. And our issue with Belgium they completely fail to understand.

Another element enters in, however: the submarine war, which makes it inevitable that Dutch vessels should get into trouble occasionally. That, they cannot realize at all; and when an accident occurs they take it much more seriously than we do.

I was thinking about these things all last night, and I asked myself whether perhaps we take them too lightly. Probably you will think that this is a foolish question: but let me tell you how it happened to come into my head. When Adalbert was with us last February he was justly proud of the fact, that he, a young submarine commander, had already sent fourteen ships to the bottom. If I am not mistaken, they were an English armed trawler, some unarmed British and French fishing-smacks, and—I believe—eight neutral ships. That evening you were at a meeting in the town-hall, and when Otto von H. came in, there was of course a lively discussion of the submarine war. On his last trip, Adalbert had sunk four ships. It had been a hard job to catch them, he said; but before his departure he had faithfully promised Erna that it would be four at least, and of course he had to have them.

'But how can you make such a promise?' Otto asked. 'The sea is immense — and you might have had bad weather or some other bad luck.'

'I'll take care not to come home with an empty bag,' Adalbert replied. 'Rather than do that I would go into forbidden territory.'

'I suppose you can always find something there.'

'Oh, yes, even though they be only Norwegians or Dutchmen.'

The boys laughed; I shook my head, for it seemed not altogether right.

'May that not get you into trouble, Adalbert?' I asked.

But he set me at rest.

'Of course not, auntie. If the neutral vessel should be a little too near to the edge of the free zone for our purpose, we make our calculations in such a way as to bring him a mile or two outside. But even if he should be right in the zone, it would then be an easy matter to conceive the idea that he is making suspicious movements or that he is carrying a hidden gun, if once I have made up my mind to catch him.'

'But is that allowed?' I asked hesitatingly.

They laughed at me — both. What in heaven did it matter if a neutral did get hit once in a while? The neutrals were getting fat on the war. And besides, every ship sent to the sharks meant so much less tonnage at the disposal of the English. This I had to concede.

'Do they ever investigate such an affair?' Otto asked.

'Of course; diplomatic red tape, you understand. But the admiralty is firm as a rock whenever they have the declaration and the word of a German officer to fall back upon.'

I kept silent, and really did not know

whether he was speaking the truth or whether he was boasting.

That conversation came back to me last night after a discussion with Henk and his wife concerning one of these miserable submarine affairs. A Dutch trawler had just been torpedoed. Or rather, it had been torpedoed a few days before, but the skipper, who had landed after a terrible period in his rowboat, had told the newspaper men a long story of his innocence and his hardships.

I said, 'This matter will of course be investigated, and it will become clear whether the guilt was with the German captain or with the skipper.'

Henk looked angry; but he kept still.

Anna said, 'Investigated? Will that do any good? The submarine commander took the skipper's papers; who knows what has become of them?'

'They will of course demand a report.'

'Very well: but suppose that this report should disagree with the declarations of the skipper. In that case the skipper will not be believed.'

'And that is fair, it seems to me. The officer's word should be credited.'

'Yes, at least,' Anna conceded hesitatingly.

Then Henk broke into the conversation. 'Wait a moment,' he said; 'I must fetch something.'

He went to his room and soon returned with a newspaper. 'Look here,' he said, 'make this clear to me. The word of a German officer can be trusted, can it not?'

'Without any doubt.'

'Very well. Here is the report of a number of cases of interned German officers, some of them named in full, who had given their word of honor to return at the expiration of the leave which had been granted them, and who broke their pledge. How is that?'

'It must be a false report.'

'I do not think so. It has been published in a number of newspapers. Had it been libelous, the German ambassador would unquestionably have protested.'

'Possibly. But even if it should be true, what does it prove? Suppose there were ten who broke their pledge. The German army has perhaps half a million officers. These ten form the exception which proves the rule.'

'If you are satisfied with such an explanation, I have nothing to add,' he said.

But I lost my temper and I burst out, 'No, of course, I am not satisfied. But do you know what the trouble is? You cool-blooded Dutchmen cannot understand what is going on in the heart of an interned German officer. He knows that Germany needs every head and every hand; that she cannot spare a single one, not a single one. And for years we have all been accustomed to sacrifice everything for our fatherland. With us Germany comes before everything else. If need be, *even before our personal honor*.'

I really expected an angry reply. But he looked at me with kindness and said, 'I can understand this position, at least partly. But I fear that Germans who feel that way and who act accordingly are making a great mistake, which will cost them dearly later on. You are thinking of this accursed war only. But some day the war will be over; perhaps soon. And if in the mean time the whole world outside Germany has become convinced that the word of a German cannot be relied upon, it will take Germany far more time and trouble to reënter the community of nations upon a basis of equality than if she had suffered a defeat much more serious than — she may suffer now.'

I could not sleep last night and these words continued to come back to me.

While in Frankfurt I imagined that everything would be glorious if once peace were restored. The old enemies would be stiff and unyielding at first, but that would soon wear off. And I thought that the neutrals would be the bridge which would lead us back to the countries, and eventually to the hearts, of the Russians, and the French, and the Italians, and all the other enemies. Have I been mistaken?

The feeling that even the neutrals do not trust us and that they believe they have cause for not trusting us, that feeling frightens me. It is unbearable and makes me miserable.

Your loving wife
OLGA.

P.S. If Adalbert should come again, do not forget to read to him what I have written about the submarine war.

THE IRISH CONVENTION — AND AFTER

BY MRS. JOHN RICHARD GREEN

THE most important fact in our history for one hundred and fifty years is the meeting of an Irish Convention to draw up a plan for the government of the country. During that time the rulers of Ireland have maintained a strong policy of repression, alternating in the last fifty years with concessions to meet emergencies of material distress. Now for the first time there is the recognition of a spiritual necessity. 'They loved Ireland insanely; they loved the very name'; so a girl proudly said of the 'rebels' shot in 1916. Henceforth an honorable way must be opened to this devotion which for eight hundred years has been poured out for a country without a flag. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so far is this new hope higher than all the material doles which have till now been given as a substitute for, or as a means of extinguishing, the spiritual need of Ireland. The country has at last been set on the right road. However imperfect the Convention admittedly is as a representative body; whatever difficulties or failure may lie before it, there can be no going back from the great principle now accepted by both countries, that the destiny of Ireland must be determined on Irish soil by Irish people.

We must avoid deceptive terms. For us in Ireland there is no 'Irish question.' It is the 'English question' that rises before us. Here we are confronted with a problem which is in effect unique in history. There is no real parallel to it. A great Frenchman one hundred and fifty years ago wondered that the world had not forever condemned the most evil of all forms of government — the rule of a nation by a nation. Such a rule is of all others the most tyrannous and the most intolerable, and leaves the people under it more helpless for resistance and more emptied of hope than any other system.

Government by a nation is, so to speak, eternal in its monotony. Em-

peror or king may die, and his authority pass to a successor of other views; a nation never dies, or departs from its fundamental character. There can be no change of outlook on its special interests, which have been created by its situation; and from age to age its preoccupations remain the same, only increasing in intensity. A single ruler and his personal advisers may hear an appeal to reason; it is another matter to convince a nation made up of millions of private wills and of thousands of jealous interests, not to speak of ignorance and prejudices. The passions of the crowd rise in floods to a torrent uncontrollable and irresistible. Even tyrant kings are compelled for their own safety to follow and yield to public opinion in reasonable time. There is no such necessity for a nation, which in its long collective life can afford to turn away from appeals of a subject race — in prosperity with indifference and disdain, in adversity with pain. It can neglect the verdict of mankind; for the greater its representation the less it cares to court the good opinion of the external world. In the rule of one nation by another all natural safeguards for the governed are in effect swept away.

After the English invasion of Ireland English rule was carried on for four hundred and fifty years by King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament. The decisive change came with Cromwell, when dominion passed to the people of England as represented in their Parliament, which now took control of the Irish houses of Lords and Commons. Its authority increased under the foreign kings, William of Orange and the Hanoverian house, who, having seen one king beheaded, and another deposed, were gradually subdued to the new constitutional system. The Irish Parliament was cast into abject submission. Its revolt and brief revival were crushed out by the Union, and from this time the rule of the English nation became absolute. Of its three estates the Crown and the entire House of Lords were frankly determined on Irish subjection; in the Commons the Irish, with one hundred votes against five hundred and fifty, — a position of permanent inferiority, — were for the most part held by the dominant partner as a negligible quantity.

The island was tossed like a football from one English party to another in the game of politics. English interests were inevitably the supreme concern at Westminster. No one doubted that Ireland must take a second place and subserve the welfare of the ruling nation. 'How will it affect England?' was the invariable question of the English people, of their House of Commons, their ministers, and the rulers they sent to Dublin Castle. These officials, with their eyes fixed on the London Parliament and the shifting balance of votes there, could give little attention to the realities of Irish life. As the power of the British Parliament advanced and that of the king decayed, so much the heavier fell the weight of its authority on Ireland. When the colonies with one accord refused to submit to the unnatural control of one nation by another, Ireland was left alone as a monument to the evils of such a form of government.

The experiment was given a long and complete trial. The result was inevitable. Where there was no appeal to reason, and no hope of change in the governing mind, violence proved the only means of obtaining reforms essential to the very existence of the Irish people. No demand for remedy was even listened to till it was enforced by leagues of desperate men driven to extremity, by outbreaks of popular fury, threats of revolution, risings in arms. Every advance had to be won by

prison and the scaffold — even to this latest reform of an Irish Convention. It was a dreary and gloomy road, but there was no other.

We can all remember the hurricane of indignation that swept over Great Britain a little over a dozen years ago at the saying of an Irish under-secretary that Ireland ought to be governed by Irish ideas. When Major Redmond died with such gallantry a while ago, the English parties at Westminster vied with one another in his praise. No one whispered that each party in its turn had flung him into prison. The tragic tale of disturbance in Ireland is not a revelation of Irish crime and madness. It is the final judgment on a system of government which is against reason and is doomed to bring disaster and failure.

The Irish Convention has been charged to find a remedy for the discontents of the present rule. Under the Defence of the Realm Act it is impossible to discuss the assembly and its procedure, while in any case it is too early to measure its character and prophesy its success or failure. A very large proportion of the members are 'moderate,' usually synonymous with conservative. The fervors of youth are forbidden by the weighty average of age. It might be thought desirable that young men who have to live out their life under a new government should have their share in shaping it, rather than those whose traditions are of the past, and who have gathered in the harvest of their activities; but the two members under thirty-five who found admission are confronted by a vast solemnity of years.

It is not claimed that the assembly is in the usual sense representative. The Covenanters of Belfast and north-east Ulster are represented far beyond their numbers, in a proportion calculated on the extent of their alleged perils, their fears, their much-praised virtues, and, above all, their influence in Great Britain. It is the same with the whole body of Protestant Unionists, who by long tradition have been regarded as the safeguards of British order in this country. The right wing of the avowed Constitutional reformers, of all religions, is represented by the Nationalist members, and by a group of chairmen and members of county councils and other public bodies, elected many years ago to their offices. The rest of the nation does not appear at all.

The left wing of reformers, the Sinn Feiners, refused to enter an assembly which had been constituted and in part nominated by a government they profoundly distrusted — chiefly because they held it to be already, even before its creation, nullified by a pledge which was required by a minority, the Northern Covenanters, and given to them in the British Parliament by Mr. Bonar Law, that they should have the final word in its decisions. The Sinn Feiners made open protest against such a degradation of the freedom and the dignity of a convention as was involved in this privileged position of the Orange group, and against the surrender of government to anti-representative and anti-national claims. It must be observed, however, that the refusal to join a convention distrusted because of its origin and limited freedom does not bind the external reformers to refuse any liberal and satisfactory settlement which it might propose to the Irish people.

What such an assembly will accomplish no one can foretell. The Catholic Home Ruler, A. M. Sullivan, used to say some forty years ago that to escape from the British Parliament he would accept any body of rulers whatever so long as they were of Irish birth and established in Ireland — 'the Protestant

Synod would do.' A convention in Ireland is bound to feel the impact of Irish feeling around it. Already the very summoning of such a body has brought an extraordinary development of political thought. Once the old moorings are cut, a universal tide has carried men far. Unionists who by an evil tradition had been alienated from their fellow citizens, and as supposed guardians of British interests had suffered the vacancy of having no country, begin to look forward to a new allegiance, when they may have an active and honored share in the fortunes of their own land, which in fact they love. Others who fought a battle almost of despair in England find spiritual revival on their native soil and among their own people. There is a general shaking off of the idea that English control is necessary for security, and of a sudden the words 'Dominion government,' are on every tongue. By a sort of miracle the 'impossible' of a few months ago has become the commonplace of today. It is strange to see how freely and how far, when shackles have been hacked away, liberated men will walk.

If this growing good-will is to produce any permanent settlement, the moderates as well as the Covenanters must needs get clear of the mists and illusions which hidden powers, like the gods of old, have thrown among the combatants to protect their friends and defeat their enemies. A cloud of abuse has covered the Sinn Feiners. There has been no real effort to understand and interpret their purpose and aims. The whole mass of them have been pictured as one body of evil by Unionists of the Northeast in order to destroy Home Rule; by party politicians in the strife for power; by police trained in a traditional service; by certain groups sensitive to panic and on the watch for 'protection'; by the English Press, partly under the influence of dense prejudice, partly under the excitement of a formidable war.

In spite of all this, however, the Sinn Feiners have fast advanced in the sympathy and respect of Irishmen. Drawn from all classes, races, and religions, they constitute in fact the left wing of constitutional reformers. They urge, not a party programme, but the National idea. The young Ireland which they represent believes in education, recognizing the present system as the scandal of the British Empire. They uphold temperance, and in the last East Clare election they maintained their principle with astonishing determination. Under great provocation they kept order and refused to be driven into violence. With the Irish Volunteers arose a habit of self-respect and discipline. Among the Gaelic Leaguers there developed a sense of national dignity and desire for a civilization and culture worthy of their historic tradition.

In the last years the Sinn Feiners have learned many political lessons, notably the value of a real as opposed to a sham self-government, and the necessity for a definite settlement which shall not be torn up in the agitations of revision every few years. A sharp experience has taught them some economic truths, and that the care of their material well-being must be taken entirely into their own hands. They understand that friendship with Britain will be possible only when the theory of a governing and an inferior race has been swept aside, and when the two islands stand on equal terms of dignity and self-reliance.

It may be that, as the Convention gets to fundamental facts, it will find that the Sinn Feiners have but cried aloud, in however confused or blunt a manner, thoughts that were passing through the whole community. They, like the rest of the country, aim at constitutional reform. The Republican

group is strong in the high character and enthusiasm of its members. Their position must be understood and met. With Irishmen the question is not an abstract matter of the relative values of two forms of government: the whole problem in their minds is how to secure a government at home which shall be clearly free of English interference. Their attitude is based on a just perception of the character of English rule as it is now constituted.

In the history of the Irish people the monarchy has never stood as their protector. It is not only the British legislature, but the British sovereigns, who through the centuries have looked on them with indifference, if not with hostility. The desperate effort of O'Connell to overcome a chilling disapproval by lavish faith and loyalty to the sovereign as ruler of Ireland is remembered by the Irish for its utter failure.

But there is a deeper trouble. The independence of the British king is so circumscribed by actual practice, that for the king one must in effect substitute the prime minister. Loyalty to the king passes into loyalty to the dictates of successive British premiers. It is not surprising that, given the British relations of king and ministers, along with the habit of political interference in Ireland, there should be men who cannot see a ready way either of enlisting a royal sympathy with Irish interests for the first time in eight hundred years, or of safeguarding the king's relations to Ireland so as to avert the Cabinet control of Irish affairs which wrecked Grattan's Parliament. If the Convention desires a permanent peace between Great Britain and Ireland it must meet this trouble of the Sinn Feiners, not by mere abuse of Republicans, but by securing to Ireland the exercise of a genuine self-government, and a new relation of the Crown and the people.

The success, in fact, of the Convention will depend upon its sensitiveness to the real character of the public emotion which is transforming the country. Outside its walls is an Ireland passionate with excitement as it has not been for generations. Some late events have awakened in the people a vivid consciousness of their history and their present state. A few illustrations will serve to explain.

The shooting and hanging of 'rebels' in 1916 had an effect which the British imagination did not foresee. The dark remembrance of the cruelties which caused and followed the rebellion of 1798 had in long lapse of time begun to die down; there was a general assuaging of bitterness, as the years marked their slow reconciliation. But now, at the call of the dead, a century was blotted out, and old memories rose from their graves bearing passion and terror and unquenched affections. The press was silent, and there was stillness in the streets, but the churches were filled with solemn crowds in tense emotion. A new situation had been created, the power of which was enduring.

Already excitement had been stirring among the people. The lessons of Sir Edward Carson's campaign during the last half-dozen years had sunk into their minds: the intrigues with British Conservatives; the mutiny at the Curragh; the appeal to force followed by the surrender of the administration and the government, and the final distribution of the spoils of state to Sir Edward and his agents. They heard his words to the Covenanters, that he and they cared nothing for what was done in a little place called Westminster. But we must note that the revival of Protestant bigotry fell on a new Ireland, which no longer looked on this as the main issue. The dominant question for the Irish was now political freedom, and it called out a new an-

swer, not of hostility to the Northern Covenanters, but in the shape of an outburst of personal vigor, self-reliance, and independence.

A third and most powerful impulse to the demand for Irish control of their own affairs has been given by the political record of the governing ministries and the official bureaucracies. Great Britain in the mass of her prosperity can survive many mistakes of her rulers with little apparent injury. Ireland in her depressed and critical situation suffers from errors incomparably greater evils. It is natural that her observation of wrong should be more acute and her indignation more genuine. Her suspicion has been acutely alert in watching the tortuous policy of British ministers and officials in the conduct of the Home Rule Act, and in the levy of Irish troops for the war. Ireland knew, long years before Mr. Asquith made public announcement of it, how completely 'the machinery of Irish government has broken down.' The age-long distrust of English officials gathered a force never before known. No doubt cases of deliberate wrong, of political craft, and of honest effort betrayed by an evil system of rule, became rightly or wrongly confounded in men's minds. But in any attempt to weigh the forces which will determine Irish action, suspicion of the candor of English officials will be one of the strongest. The refusal of volunteers for the British army, the rejection of a system which allowed a half-hearted Home Rule to be so insecurely poised on the statute-book, are the immediate manifestations of Irish resentment at the methods of a British government in which they have ceased to believe. There lies behind them a fixed determination to stand clear of such dangers for the future.

The British government was doubtless quite unaware of the state of Irish feeling, when, without even informing Ireland of its intention, it suddenly canceled the contract of the Cunard Company to send its steamers to Queenstown — a contract made on behalf of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The excitement at this announcement, the remonstrances of public bodies and of all the chambers of commerce, showed how the Irish had noted a new illustration of English power in its absolute control of Irish interests. It came at a time when Irishmen had begun to realize more clearly than ever before the undeveloped resources that lay in their soil and underneath it, and in the manhood of their race, its intelligence and capacity. A new spirit of self-confidence and pride in their people and their land had arisen; and if one incident may be singled out as having hardened this new confidence into a fixed purpose no longer to allow their country to be subordinated to English interests, or their people exploited for English advantage, it was the dramatic story of the Cunard steamers. Their vigilance was quickened when English motor-car manufacturers united in urging the government (though in vain) to take action against the establishing of a Ford factory of motors in Cork.

A young Ireland in fact is coming to its full age. The demands of the Sinn Feiners are based on principles not unworthy. They desire intensely the union of all Irish citizens, and that all should share in the full responsibilities of free men. The one thing they seek — Republicans and Constitutionalists alike — is a definite deliverance from British interference in Irish affairs. All Irishmen believe that this is the only way to assure the lasting friendship of the peoples. The English have many great qualities, and no one admits their fine attributes more readily than Irishmen. Friends of Ireland have arisen in Britain who have labored to redress evils, and whose labors have

been warmly recognized by the Irish. But where the whole system of government is false, English friends must ultimately prove as helpless to find redress as the Irish people.

To the Irish view the British have utterly failed in the imperial temper. Their statesmanship has not been such as to mark them as an imperially minded race. The time has come for a new beginning. The creation of an alliance which the old methods have failed to produce now depends on the insight and the courage of the Convention. In building up that alliance the old words 'Empire' and 'Imperialism' need no longer be a dividing cry inherited from the past. For the imperialism of old days — the government of possessions by a 'superior' people — is gone, and with it the word itself is fast disappearing. The character and the history of the Irish prove that in a new Commonwealth of nations none will be found of greater generosity and fidelity than the people of Irish race and nation.

TO THE DEAD

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

Is there a waking sorrow in the grave?
  Is it not over, all that holds from sleep?
  No more the heavy-footed hours shall creep,
No more in vain man's longing heart shall crave.
The long suspense is over; earth that gave
  Calls back the gift — Ah, who should strive to keep?
  Dust over dust, a little narrow heap
Holds all we love — Ah, who should strive to save?

Peace, peace is yours, O dead, and yours alone.
  What peace hath man, unstable man, whose breath
    Serves but in vain to winnow fruitless chaff?
Yet will he ever seek, who ne'er hath known
  The flying phantom Peace, till lastly Death
    Writes in that word the final Epitaph.

THE I.W.W.

BY CARLETON H. PARKER

I

ANY economic problem arising in the United States to-day is seen in a vivid setting of war expediency. The particular national danger to which the population is becoming increasingly sensitive colors every issue, social, economic, or moral, and the old logical approaches to them are rapidly going into the discard. To-day prostitution, drink, and the free-and-easy American consumption of food and goods have been assailed with a vehemence and impatience astounding when compared with the gentle analyses in vogue a few years ago. This tendency gives the consideration of such a phenomenon as the I.W.W. a dual nature — first, the now dominant one of the I.W.W. in relation to the war-psychology of America; and second, the I.W.W. in relation to the normal progress and evolution of American industrialism.

The intensity of the war temper which plays about the I.W.W. makes it very difficult to advance an analysis of a scientific nature touching even this latter relationship. Except in the form of complete and unconditioned denunciation, interest in this American manifestation of syndicalism is taboo. The Federal Government has within very recent weeks judged the I.W.W. a menace to America's preparedness in war, and the union's leaders are either in prison or in danger of imprisonment. This positive action by the Department of Justice has so emphasized the relation of this union to the worries and expediences of our state of war, that the I.W.W., as an economic problem, has practically disappeared. But since the war-time behavior of the I.W.W. finds its only psychological explanation in its economic environment and experiences, this latter tabooed relationship must be the major concern of this article.

Another unappreciated consideration might be noted in passing. The domination of the press of this country over the form and method of publicity has given Americans a deep-seated bias in favor of a vivid and dramatic presentation of all problems, economic or moral. The rather gray and sodden explanation of any labor revolt by reference to the commonplace and miserable experiences of the labor group would lack this indispensable vividness. Just as the French enjoy the sordid stories of the life of the petty thief when garnished and labeled 'Pictures of the Parisian Apache,' so the casual American demands white hoods and mystery for the Kentucky night-riders and a dread, sabotage-using underground apparition for the I.W.W. An important portion of I.W.W. terrorism can be traced directly back to the inarticulated public demand that the I.W.W. news-story produce a thrill.

The futility of much conventional American social analysis is due to its description of the given problem in terms of its relationship to some relatively unimportant or artificial institution. Few of the current analyses of strikes or labor violence make use of the basic standards of human desire and

intention which control these phenomena. A strike and its demands are usually praised as being law-abiding, or economically bearable, or are condemned as being unlawful, or confiscatory. These four attributes of a strike are important only as incidental consequences. The habit of Americans thus to measure up social problems to the current, temporary, and more or less accidental scheme of traditions and legal institutions, long ago gave birth to our national belief that passing a new law or forcing obedience to an old one was a specific for any unrest. The current analysis of the I.W.W. and its activities is an example of this perverted and unscientific method. The I.W.W. analysis, which has given both satisfaction and a basis for treating the organization, runs as follows: the organization is unlawful in its activity, un-American in its sabotage, unpatriotic in its relation to the flag, the government, and the war. The rest of the condemnation is a play upon these three attributes. So proper and so sufficient has this condemnatory analysis become that it is a risky matter to approach the problem from another angle. But it is now so obvious that our internal affairs are out of gear, that any comprehensive scheme of national preparedness would demand that full and honest consideration be given to all forces determining the degree of American unity, one force being this tabooed organization.

It would be best to announce here a more or less dogmatic hypothesis to which the writer will steadfastly adhere; and human behavior results from the rather simple, arithmetical combination of the inherited nature of man and the environment in which his maturing years are passed. Man will behave according to the hints for conduct which the accidents of his life have stamped into his memory mechanism. A slum produces a mind which has only slum incidents with which to work, and a spoiled and protected child seldom rises to aggressive competitive behavior, simply because its past life has stored up no memory imprints from which a predisposition to vigorous life can be built. The particular things called the moral attributes of man's conduct are conventionally found by contrasting this educated and trained way of acting with the exigencies and social needs or dangers of the time. Hence, while his immoral or unpatriotic behavior may fully justify his government in imprisoning or eliminating him when it stands in some particular danger which his conduct intensifies, this punishment in no way either explains his character or points to an enduring solution of his problem. Suppression, while very often justified and necessary in the flux of human relationship, always carries a social cost which must be liquidated and also a back-fire danger which must be insured against. The human being is born with no innate proclivity to crime or special kind of unpatriotism. Crime and treason are habit activities, educated into man by environmental influences favorable to their development.

There is one current objection to the above reasoning, and that is the opportunist one that this psychological explanation softens society's criticism of the act, — say, in this case, sedition, — and makes difficult its suppression. This may, indeed, take place, but since it is a result of the transitory state of affairs itself, it does not then justify the abolition of proved and scientific methods of analysis. Besides, since any preparedness which can be relied upon in the coming dangerous years of our participation in the war must be based on calculation of fact, and not on the loose and pseudo-hysterical emotions of desire, there is more need of proved scientific methods of social analysis than

America has yet felt. The modern psychological study of human behavior makes it impossible to view an I.W.W. as a mobile and independent agent, exercising free will and moral discretion. The I.W.W. is the result of a social admixture; he is a more or less finished product, and any explanatory analysis should deal alone with the antecedent experiences which produce in a most natural and everyday manner those practiced habits which we describe as 'being an I.W.W.' Syndicalism is then, like patriotism or pacificism, a state of mind.

In the State of Washington there have recently been mass meetings, private and public, devoted to the problem of the I.W.W. In one informal meeting a lumber-mill operator of long experience advanced a policy of suppression, physical violence, and Vigilante activity. A second operator, listening, observed, 'If you lost your money, you would be the best I.W.W. in the state.'

It is an established, even an obvious fact that the upper reaches of business and society possess their I.W.W. The state of mind characterized by ruthlessness, high egotism, ignoring of the needs and helplessness of much of society, breaks out at different social levels under different names, but the human elements and even much of the vocabulary remain the same.

It must be reiterated that any attempt to use, at this particular day in our history, the modern psychology of behavior in an analytic way is not only frowned on, but results in an immediate persecution of the scientist who so offends. A certain editor in Yakima, in the State of Washington, has been known beyond his state limits for his strong and individual editorial policy. His editorials are more widely quoted than those of any other paper in the state. This editor inadvertently put the I.W.W. horror to the practical test by interviewing some fifty I.W.W.'s interned in a Yakima jail. These individuals had held the Yakima Valley in terror, and local feeling made lynching and extremes of violence not only possible, but immediately to be expected. The editor observed in an editorial the following day that the I.W.W. were much like the agricultural workers he had known all his life. Their desires were similar, and the details of their complaints touching the life they led were worthy of sympathetic investigation. They were not, he thought, incorrigibly unpatriotic. He thought that he could even trust some of them. These observations resulted in an immediate ostracism of the editor. He was cut by many friends, he was widely and violently condemned, and his influence was seriously impaired. His method of analysis had been a very fair, if rough and ready, approximation of that used by modern dynamic psychology.

The interesting paradox, that these modern replicas of ancient intolerance and persecution will be carried through by a people sincerely ready to sacrifice kin and wealth in the cause of liberty, becomes no difficult problem to analyze and explain. Little has been written or made current to show how open to phobia and mob-suggestion is a nation which, long accustomed to the habits of peace and absorbed in its commercial pursuits, has the props of this life suddenly knocked out from under it. As in a daze America has seen conscription established, prices fixed, industrial plants commandeered, freedom of speech modified. This is not an overturning of merely an unimportant feature of American life — it is the negation of nearly everything that the nation has hitherto stood for. The habit and order of everyday thinking is made inefficient and inapplicable. While outwardly 'business as usual' seems to some extent to be in force, inwardly

and in the hitherto secure mental background is chaos and the potentiality for almost any kind of irresponsible reasoning. Even in the rather secure social retreats of small town life we find, for instance, outbursts of spy-hunting, so cruel and at such variance with all the ideas of fairness and control which had been long accepted as American virtues, that one sees how widespread this psychological disturbance has become.

Josiah Royce has said that America's national danger was her openness to mob-suggestion. Her century of service as an immigrant melting-pot brought its penalties with it, and it was beyond reason to expect to see a nation which, in Ross's words, possesses a sturdy prophylactic against the hysteria of mob movement rise from a scramble of transplanted nationalities, severed from their traditional religions, their rules of dress, morality, and political life. The I.W.W. can be profitably viewed only as a psychological by-product of the neglected childhood of industrial America. It is discouraging to see the problem to-day examined almost exclusively from the point of view of its relation to patriotism and conventional commercial morality.

II

The reason for the current condemnation of the I.W.W. is that it is a viciously unpatriotic organization. With this fact in view, the present writer undertook a special investigation among the I.W.W. leaders. He pointed out that our nation was fighting another nation which suppressed free speech, which not only opposed a free individualism, but moulded a citizen's mind to suit the particular and competitive needs of the state. This nation, if it subjected us, would bloodily suppress just such disquieting agencies as the I.W.W. Methods of discipline would be turned back a hundred years to the ancient system of gaining unity of citizenship through fear, and these policies would be enforced by a harsh military organization, flushed and confident with victory.

This presentation was invariably met by the I.W.W. leaders with a recital that for them there was only one war, and that was the class war between the 'master class' and the 'slaves.' It was, they argued, purely incidental whether a German or an American politician ruled the political machinery. It made even less difference whether the industrial master were German or American. The class war was without national lines.

In answer to the argument that a bad political system might postpone in an important way the evolution they desired in the class conflict, the leaders decried the importance of the war and its political results. They quoted with astonishing facility the rise in the cost of meats, textiles, shoes, and so on. Their figures proved to be accurate. They had circulated through their lectures the fact that steel plates had risen from $26.50 a ton in 1913 to $200 in 1917, and the story of the increase in the surplus earnings of United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, and the powder companies. This they joined to a dissertation on the increase of American farm-tenancy. Presumably they were better acquainted with American social statistics than the academic class in which the writer lives. It is perhaps of value to quote the language of the most influential of the I.W.W. leaders.

'You ask me why the I.W.W. is not patriotic to the United States. If you were a bum without a blanket; if you had left your wife and kids when you went West for a job, and had never located them since; if your job never kept you long enough in a place to qualify

you to vote; if you slept in a lousy, sour bunk-house, and ate food just as rotten as they could give you and get by with it; if deputy sheriffs shot your cooking cans full of holes and spilled your grub on the ground; if your wages were lowered on you when the bosses thought they had you down; if there was one law for Ford, Suhr, and Mooney, and another for Harry Thaw; if every person who represented law and order and the nation beat you up, railroaded you to jail, and the good Christian people cheered and told them to go to it, how in hell do you expect a man to be patriotic? This war is a business man's war and we don't see why we should go out and get shot in order to save the lovely state of affairs that we now enjoy.'

The argument was rather difficult to keep productive because gratitude — that material prerequisite to patriotism — seemed wanting in their attitude toward the American government. Their state of mind could be explained only by referring it, as was earlier suggested, to its major relationships. The dominating concern of the I.W.W. is what Keller calls the maintenance problem. Their philosophy is, in its simple reduction, a stomach philosophy, and their politico-industrial revolt could be called without injustice a hunger-riot. But there is an important correction to this simple statement. While their way of living has seriously encroached on the urgent minima of nutrition, shelter, clothing, and physical health, it has also long outraged the American laboring-class traditions touching social life, sex-life, self-dignity, and ostentation. Had the food and shelter been sufficient, the revolt tendencies might have simmered out, were the migratory labor population not keenly sensitive to traditions of a richer psychological life than mere physical maintenance.

Considering their opportunity, the I.W.W. read and discuss abstractions to a surprising extent. In their libraries the few novels are white paged, while a translation of Karl Marx or Kautsky, or the dull and theoretical pamphlets of their own leaders, are dog-eared. Few American analysts have realized what firmly held traditions have been established throughout all the working classes by the muck-raking literature of the last twenty years. It is rather an alarming experience for a conventional member of the middle class to inquire of almost any labor group how they esteem the morals of the commercial middle class. Veblen's acute reasoning touching the decay amid the ranks of industrial labor of the prestige of law and order, of the conventional rights of property and individual liberty, seems to find abundant illustration. A statement that the present industrial order and its control promise a reasonable progress and happiness (and this the middle class are forced to claim), is received as a humorous observation, not only by the I.W.W., but by American trade unionism as well.

There will be as many degrees and shades of patriotism as there are social classes in our society. The patriotism which placed fifty thousand volunteers on the rolls of the Reserve Officers' Corps is not an inborn sentiment, or anything which arbitrarily came with habitation of American soil. It was an acquired habit of mind and reflected a rich background of social satisfactions which, in the mind of a young officer, had sprung from his country, America. Not only the self-sacrificing quality of this patriotism, but the very patriotism itself, depends on the existence of these social satisfactions. Cynical disloyalty and contempt of the flag must, in the light of modern psychology, come from a mind which is devoid of national gratitude and in which the United States stirs no memory of satisfaction or hap-

piness. To those of us who normally feel loyal to the nation, such a disloyal sentiment brings sharp indignation. As an index of our own sentiment and our own happy relations to the nation, this indignation has value. As a stimulus to a programme or ethical generalization, it is the cause of vast inaccuracy and sad injustice. American syndicalism is not a scheming group dominated by an unconventional and destructive social philosophy. It is merely a commonplace attitude — not such a state of mind as Machiavelli or Robespierre possessed, but one stamped by the lowest, most miserable labor conditions and outlook which American industrialism produces. To those who have seen at first-hand the life of the Western casual laborer, any reflections on his gratitude or spiritual buoyancy seem ironical humor.

An altogether unwarranted importance has been given to the syndicalistic philosophy of the I.W.W. A few leaders use its phraseology. Of these few, not half a dozen know the meaning of French syndicalism or English guild socialism. To the great wandering rank and file, the I.W.W. is simply the only social break in the harsh search for work that they have ever had; its headquarters the only competitor of the saloon in which they are welcome. They listen stolidly to their frequent lecturers with an obvious and sustained interest. The lecturer's analysis and dissection of the industrial structure is often as abstract as a dissertation on value by a professor of economics. The applause comes when the point is illustrated by some familiar and vigorous action through which the 'boss' is humiliated graphically, told in phrases taken from camp speech. Their competence to expound this philosophy of theirs is about equal to that of a Pittsburg Republican to discuss the significance of Schedule K; but the concrete details of industrial renovation find eager interest.

The American I.W.W. is a neglected and lonely hobo worker, usually malnourished and in need of medical care. He is as far from being a scheming syndicalist, after the French model, as the imagination might conceive. His proved sabotage activities in the West total up a few hop kiln burnings. Compared to the widespread sabotage in prison industries, where a startlingly large percentage of materials is intentionally ruined, the I.W.W. performance is not worth mentioning. It is to the less romantic economic phases that we must turn for the true cost of the problem.

The characteristic of the I.W.W. movement most worthy of serious consideration is the decay of the ideals of thrift and industry. To this can be added, in place of the old-time traditional loyalty to the employer, a sustained antagonism to him. The casual laborer of the West drifts away from his job without reflection as to the effect of this on the welfare of the employer; he feels little interest in the quality of workmanship, and is always, not only a potential striker, but ready to take up political or legal war against the employing class. This sullen hostility has been steadily growing in the last ten years. It is not as melodramatic as sabotage, but vastly more important. To the student it is of major importance, because it can be linked up more directly and with more accuracy to its psychological causes. In a word, it is a natural psychic outcome of a distressing and anti-social labor condition. This sullen hostility develops very naturally the surface manifestations of unpatriotism, hostility to religion, and unlawful action; but the more important characteristic is the deeper economic one of the growing unreliability and decay of the workmanlike spirit among the migratory laborers.

To revert for a moment to the economic point of view — the I.W.W. movement can be described with complete accuracy as the extension of the American labor strike into the zone of casual, migratory labor. All the superficial features, such as its syndicalistic philosophy, its sabotage, threats of burning and destruction, are the natural and normal accompaniments of an organized labor disturbance in this field. The American strike, in contrast to the English and German, has evolved, for certain psychological reasons, into a militant and violent affair. To the American employer the breaking of a strike satisfies a curious medley of desires. It appeals to his strong primitive sporting instinct; it is demanded by his highly cultured American individualism; and it satisfies whatever ideas of legal rights he has imbibed from the loose traditions of *laissez faire*. Taking all the environmental influences which focus on industrial management and property ownership in this country, strike-breaking is a very normal managerial activity. Like Calhoun in San Francisco, the American manager has been willing to stake his entire fortune on an anti-union venture, which from no standpoint promised profits or peace.

Nowhere else in the world does the unique American custom of importing strike-breakers exist. The nation-wide anti-union programme of the National Manufacturers' Association is even as uniquely American. And these highly individualistic industrial habits are practiced upon a labor class which is in a most peculiar way unfashioned to acquiesce peacefully.

For those who care to see, there is abundant evidence that the trade-union movement in the United States has become revolutionary. The much advertised split between the American Federation of Labor and the I.W.W. is bridged over with significant ease when the prosecution of an I.W.W. case suggests the class struggle. This temper has not prevented the leaders of the American Federation from giving the support of a traditional American patriotism to the present war, but no publicist of note has dared to analyze the spread of embarrassing strikes throughout the United States during the past two months, the most critical months of our war activities.

A reasonable induction from the industrial facts would be that the American labor class is not participating in the kind of patriotic fervor that is in vogue among the upper middle class. It is not sufficient to say that their wage demands occupy their attention. Coupled with this ancient interest is a set of traditional and complicating forces which determine the attitude of labor. The recital of the war-profits in steel, in copper, in foods, in medicines, does not fall on an ordinarily receptive audience. It falls on the minds of a labor class with a long-cherished background of suspicion.

As I have already said, the most vivid chapter in American periodical literature was the period of magazine muckraking. A new and remarkably effective school of pamphleteers arose and operated in a psychologically ripe situation. Their audience had been played on from the early days of the granger movement and was tuned to absorb as truth the bizarre exposé of industrialism. While the magazines dropped the propaganda, a few years ago, Federal commissions and state investigations continued and imparted dignity and substance to the earlier and more temperamental denunciation. Few members of the middle class know how revolutionary is the material to be found in the Federal Immigration Commission's report, the Federal report on Woman and Child Wage-Earners, the

Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission's report, or even the volumes on Occupations of the United States Census. For instance, this latter sober source solemnly announces on page seventy-one of its volume on Occupational Statistics that 609,000 of the small boys of the United States between the ages of ten and thirteen are accurately to be catalogued as 'workers gainfully employed.'

The laboring class in the United States reads much more on economic matters than the middle class, and is more accustomed to meetings and debate in which the material of the reading is used. The middle class is strangely ignorant of the literature dealing with its own activities. Those who teach college economics to the sons and daughters of the middle class are constantly amazed at the contrast between them and the few children of the laboring class who reach the university.

It is by no means a far cry from the attitude of the American laboring class toward the war to an analysis of the I.W.W. The I.W.W. is, as has been said, the aggressive American labor movement, emerging at the lower and less disciplined social level. The not surprising inability of the American citizen to note the growing class-consciousness of the trade-union movement made it certain that he would not read the writing on the wall regarding the strike methods, which would be manifest when this class struggle gained force and form among the migratory casual labor of the West. If the American trade-union world is only conditionally patriotic in its attitude toward the war, the I.W.W. is violently negative, for the same reasons, though they are more deeply felt. Casualties and deaths in the trenches, with their all-diverting suffering at home, will reinforce patriotism, and silence for a time the class demands and cries; but the ingredients of the social mixture will not be changed to any important degree.

War, to the American labor world, is an episode, and for them the making of a living, which completely dominated their thoughts before the war, runs on through the war period itself. Following out this argument, therefore, patriotism rests upon the degree of satisfaction and content with which labor views its lot. The labor mind in America is in profound unrest, and it is the imperative duty of those Americans on whom falls the duty of thinking and planning to accept such facts as all-determining, and not to misuse the moment by useless, if admirable, moral indignation. It is needless to point out with what handicap the President and those devoted citizens must work in their effort to create at this eleventh hour in our social evolution that patriotism and unity so imperatively needed by the nation.

III

The I.W.W. is a union of unskilled workers in large part employed in agriculture and in the production of raw materials. While the I.W.W. appeared in the East at Lawrence, Paterson, and certain other places, at the height of strike activity, its normal habitat is in the upper middle West and the far West, from British Columbia down into Old Mexico. But within the past year, apart from the Dakota wheatfields and the iron ranges of Minnesota and Michigan, the zone of important activity has been Arizona, California, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado. The present war time I.W.W. problem is that of its activity in the far West.

It is fortunate for our analysis that the I.W.W. membership in the West is consistently of one type, and one which has had a uniform economic experience. It is made up of migratory

workers currently called hobo labor. The terms 'hobo miner,' 'hobo lumberjack,' and 'blanket stiff' are familiar and necessary in accurate descriptions of Western labor conditions. Very few of these migratory workers have lived long enough in any one place to establish a legal residence and to vote, and they are also womanless. Only about ten per cent have been married, and these, for the most part, either have lost their wives or have deserted them. Many claim to be 'working out,' and expect eventually to return to their families. But examination usually discloses the fact that they have not sent money home recently, or received letters. They are 'floaters' in every social sense. Out of thirty suicides in the cheap lodging-houses in San Francisco in the month of December, 1913, but two left behind any word as to their homes or their relatives. Half of these migratory workers are of American birth, the other half being largely made up of the newer immigrants from southeastern Europe.

The membership of the I.W.W. which pays regular dues, is an uncertain and volatile thing. While a careful study in California in 1915 showed but forty-five hundred affiliated members of the I.W.W. in that state, it was very evident that the functioning and striking membership was double this, or more. In the State of Washington, in the lumber strike of this year, the I.W.W. membership was most probably not over three thousand; but the number of those active in the strike and joining in support of the I.W.W. numbered approximately seven thousand. A careful estimate of the membership in the United States gives seventy-five thousand. In the history of American labor there has appeared no organization so subject to fluctuation in membership and strength. Several times it seemed on the point of joining the Knights of Labor in the graveyard of laboring-class movements, but, energized by some sudden strike outburst, it appears again as an active force.

This tenacity of life is due to the fact that the I.W.W. not only is incapable of legal death, but has in fact no formal politico-legal existence. Its treasury is merely the momentary accumulation of strike-funds. Its numerous headquarters are the result of the energy of local secretaries. They are not places for executive direction of the union so much as gregarious centres where the lodging-house inhabitant or the hobo with his blanket can find light, a stove, and companionship. In the prohibition states of the West, the I.W.W. hall has been the only social substitute for the saloon for these people. The migratory workers have almost all seen better economic and social days, and carry down into their disorganized labor level traditions, if only faint ones, of some degree of dignity and intellectual life. To these old-time desires the headquarters cater. In times of strike and disorder the headquarters become the centre of the direct propaganda of action; but when this is over, its character changes to that of a rest-house, and as such is unique in the unskilled workers' history.

It will be of great value to understand the conditions under which as a matter of fact the American unskilled worker lives and works and is prepared for the drop down into the migratory class. In 1910, of the 30,091,564 male persons in the United States who were listed as bread-winners, approximately 10,400,000 were engaged in that unskilled work from which the migratory class is recruited. Under what conditions did this population, which furnished the present migratory group, work? What was their wage, and how long a period in each year were they employed? A typical Chicago slaughter-house in 1912

paid 82 per cent of the employees less than twenty cents an hour. This company worked their men on an average thirty-seven and a half hours a week, and this gave the 55 per cent of the men who averaged seventeen cents an hour a weekly income of $6.37.

In the steel industry the government report of 1910 shows that 29 per cent of the employees worked a seven-day week, 20 per cent a seven-day week with a twelve-hour day, and 43 per cent a twelve-hour day six days a week. This Federal study reports that 49.69 per cent of the employees received less than eighteen cents an hour. This last is the group of the unskilled. In the steel industry eight per cent of the workers earned less than fourteen cents per hour, and 20 per cent under sixteen cents.

The Federal Immigration Commission's report (1910) announced that not one of the twelve basic American industries paid the average head of a family within one hundred dollars a year of the minimum for family subsistence, and that two thirds of the twelve industries paid the family head less than five hundred and fifty dollars a year. Professor Frankfurter's brief before the Supreme Court in the minimum wage case (1916) alleges that half of the wage-earners' families in the United States have an income below that needed for adequate subsistence. To quote the authoritative research of Warren and Sydenstricker of the Federal Public Health Service, 'in the principal industries, fully one fourth of the adult male workers who are heads of families earned less than twelve hundred dollars, one half earned less than six hundred dollars, and less than one tenth earned as much as one thousand dollars a year. Approximately one fourth of the women workers eighteen years of age and over employed in the principal manufacturing industries earned less than two hundred dollars a year, and two thirds less than four hundred dollars.'

In reference to the even more vital statistics of total family income these two investigators say, 'The conclusion is also indicated that one in every ten or twelve working-class families had, at the time of the investigation (1912 to 1914) an annual income of less than three hundred dollars a year! that nearly a third had incomes of less than five hundred dollars, and over one half of the families had incomes of less than seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.' The numerous studies of the cost of living of this period are fairly unanimous in stating that eight hundred dollars is absolutely necessary for the adequate minimum of subsistence for an American laboring-class family. Professor Fairchild of Yale said in 1913, 'If we fix these standards of living in mind, and then look back over the wage-scales given on the foregoing pages, we are struck with the utter inadequacy of the annual incomes of the foreign-born to meet even these minimum requirements of decency.'

It is reasonable to argue that working-class parents suffer in the conventional way in the death of their children. The Federal Children's Bureau reports, 'For all live babies born in wedlock the infant mortality rate is 130.7 in a thousand; it rises to 255.7 when the father earns less than $521.00 a year or less than ten dollars a week and falls to eighty-four when he earns $1200 or more.'

The irregularity of industrial employment is as important an element as the height of the wage-scale. Dr. Devine says that unemployment heads the list of the causes of American destitution. The American coal-miner must expect unemployment from one fourth to one third of his time. In 1908 the unemployment in all trades was 35.7

per cent. Statistics pointed to nearly a 20 per cent loss for all industrial workers in the year through unemployment during this period. The combination of low wages, the unskilled nature of the work, and its great irregularity tends to break the habit and desire for stable industry among the workers. Millions drift into migrating from one industrial centre to another in search of work. In these centres nearly all saloon-keepers run an employment-agency business of a more or less informal kind, and to the saloon the job-hunter turns. In return for the job it is his obligation to drink up part of his pay-check, and, if he is a married man, his history here becomes marked by a recital of excuses sent to the distant wife instead of money. The worker slides down the scale and out of his industry, and joins the millions of unskilled or ex-skilled who float back and forth from Pennsylvania to Missouri and from the lumber-camps to the Gulf States and California. They lie up in the winter in the cheap lodging-houses, in a state of pseudo-hibernation. Thirty dollars plus a few weeks of ice-cutting enables them to weather the winter through. Some 150,000 are in Chicago, as many in New York, 40,000 in San Francisco, perhaps 250 in Phoenix, Arizona.

In one San Francisco lodging-house, out of two hundred and fifty beds, there were eight with outside ventilation. A New York study disclosed that the lodging-house inmates were eleven times more tubercular than the average population. The beds seldom have linen, and the covers are usually dirty quilts which have to be repeatedly fumigated during the winter on account of vermin. The migratory worker lies up for the winter with a thirty-dollar stake, according to the report of the Chicago Commission on Unemployment. Often this will not stretch over the period, so recourse is had to the street, the saloons, and the city. In a ten-year period, the Chicago police stations gave lodging to 1,275,463 homeless men, and the municipal lodging-house to 370,655. Only 20 per cent of these were residents of Chicago.

In the spring this labor group drifts out toward the first work. In the main, they 'beat their way.' Between 1901 and 1905 23,964 trespassers were killed on American railroads, and 25,236 injured. These were largely tramps and hobos. The railroad companies calculated that at a given time there were 500,000 hobos beating their way or waiting at stations to catch on a train, or walking the tracks. This group might be called the fraction of the migratory millions actually in transit. Numerous statistical studies show that the average term of employment of the migratory worker is between ten and fourteen days. With a stake of ten dollars he will retire to a hobo camp beside some stream, — his 'jungle,' as the road vernacular has it, — and, adding his daily quarter or half a dollar to the 'Mulligan fund,' he will live on until the stake is gone. If he inclines to live further on the charity of the newcomers he is styled a 'jungle buzzard' and cast forth. He then resumes his haphazard search for a job, the only economic plan in his mind being a faint realization that about August he must begin to accumulate his thirty-dollar winter stake. Each year finds him physically in worse disrepair, psychologically more hopeless, morally more bitter and anti-social. His importance to any forecast of our nation's future lies in the uncomfortable fact that proportionally he is increasing in number and his recruiting group above is increasing in unrest and economic instability.

The menace of this drift has not escaped the critical authorities. John R. Commons, of Wisconsin, in an analysis

of the labor unrest in America and the danger of class conflict, said, 'While immigration continues in great volume, class lines will be forming and re-forming, weak and unstable. To prohibit or greatly restrict immigration would bring forth class conflict within a generation.'

And a no less careful political scientist than Woodrow Wilson wrote in 1913, 'Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say, "This is the way. Follow me!" — and lead in paths of destruction. . . . We are in a temper to reconstruct economic society as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society.'

It is a conventional economic truism that American industrialism is guaranteeing to some half of the forty millions of our industrial population a life of such limited happiness, of such restrictions on personal development, and of such misery and desolation when sickness or accident comes, that we would be childish political scientists not to see that from such an environment little self-sacrificing love of country, little of ethics, little of gratitude, could come. It is unfortunate that the scientific findings of our social condition must use words which sound strangely like the phraseology of the Socialists. This similarity, however, should logically be embarrassing to the critics of these findings, not to the scientists. Those who have investigated and studied the lower strata of American labor have long recognized the I.W.W. as purely a symptom of a certain distressing state of affairs. The casual migratory laborers are the finished product of an economic environment which seems cruelly efficient in turning out human beings modeled after all the standards which society abhors. The history of the migratory workers shows that, starting with the long hours and dreary winters of the farms they ran away from, or the sour-smelling bunk-house in a coal village, through their character-debasing experience with the drifting 'hire and fire' life in the industries, on to the vicious social and economic life of the winter unemployed, their training predetermined but one outcome, and the environment produced its type.

The I.W.W. has importance only as an illustration of a stable American economic process. Its pitiful syndicalism, its street-corner opposition to the war, are the inconsequential trimmings. Its strike alone, faithful as it is to the American type, is an illuminating thing. The I.W.W., like the Grangers, the Knights of Labor, the Farmers' Alliance, the Progressive party, is but a phenomenon of revolt. The cure lies in taking care of its psychic antecedents; the stability of our Republic depends on the degree of courage and wisdom with which we move to the task.

VICTORIOUS PAN-GERMANY, 1917

THE FALLACY OF A GERMAN PEACE

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

HOW CHEAPLY GERMANY HAS FOUGHT THE WAR

At the beginning of 1916, I said in my book *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked*,—

'Finally, when all negotiations for an armistice have fallen flat and Germany's situation has become still more critical, we shall see Berlin play her trump card. Protests against territorial annexations will become insistent beyond the Rhine, secretly sanctioned by the German Government, which will finally say to the Allies: "Let this slaughtering of one another cease! We are willing to listen to reason; we resign our claims to those territories of yours now occupied by our armies. The game has been played to a draw; so let us treat for peace on that basis."

'On the day when this proposition is put forward, the Allies will find themselves face to face with the most subtle move yet made by Berlin — the most insidious German snare. Then, above all things, must the steadfastness, the perspicacity, and the unity of the Allies be most brilliantly made manifest. The trick of the "drawn game," if successful, would involve an overwhelming triumph for Germany and an irreparable tragedy for the Allies and for the liberty of the world.'

Only a few months after these lines were printed, the prophecy began to be

fulfilled more and more completely. Every possible step has been taken by Germany to bring about peace on the basis of a draw. The slogan, 'Peace without annexations or indemnities,' was coined to that end. At first the Allies believed that this formula originated in Russia; as a matter of fact, however, it was worked out in Berlin and then suggested to the Russian Socialists through secret agents whom Germany has successfully established in the Petrograd *Soviet*. These Socialists, doubtless well-meaning, but overfond of theories and always ready to embrace the wildest utopian schemes, — ignorant, too, of all realities, as has been shown by the steady aggravation of the general situation in Russia since they came into power with the Revolution, — have declared enthusiastically for the 'peace without annexations and indemnities.' As there exist also in the other Allied countries groups of Socialists with a stronger grip on theories than on facts, and also because Allied sympathies naturally rallied strongly to the support of the Russian Revolution, the formula, 'peace without annexations or indemnities,' thanks to its apparent origin, has unquestionably made serious inroads on a certain section of Allied public opinion.

The Stockholm manœuvres, engineered by all the powerful and varied means at the disposal of German propagandists, were designed to establish this formula as the fixed basis of all peace negotiations. When the astuteness of the Allied governments prevented the fulfillment of this attempt within the period desired by Berlin, the Vatican was persuaded through Viennese agencies to throw its influence on the side of peace as determined by Germany.

As a matter of fact, the Pope's peace proposals, while not embodying the exact terms of the Kaiser's formula, involved, in the last analysis, practically the same essential results. Berlin, therefore, in order to assure unceasing discussion of her formula, — a discussion tending at least to bring about an armistice, which would split up and morally disarm the Allies, thus making it possible for her to deal with them separately, — outdid herself in mobilizing toward one end the most widely divergent forces, from the Maximalist anarchists of Petrograd to the most hidebound reactionaries of the Sacred College. The extent, the vigor, and the persistence of the amazing 'pacifist' offensive launched by Germany were such that the expressions 'peace without indemnities or annexations,' 'drawn game,' 'white peace,' '*paix boiteuse*,' have become as current in the Allied countries as though they had some established connection with reality. This is entirely contrary to the fact: with the best intentions in the world, *peace without annexations or indemnities, as things stand now, is impossible. There can be no 'white peace,' no 'drawn game,' no 'paix boiteuse.'*

To tell the truth, a section of Allied opinion has become befuddled by these formulæ of Berlin, whose function is to accomplish in the moral order the same asphyxiating action as that of the gases employed on the battlefield by the German General Staff. The result of this moral intoxication is that important groups of the Allies begin to juggle with words and lose sight of facts. As the natural outcome of giving serious thought to impossibilities, grave errors are made in weighing the present situation, with an attendant weakening of the joint action of the Allied democracies. It is imperative, therefore, that the pursuit of Utopias, leading only to disaster, be abandoned, and that we return to those realities which alone can lead to victory and the establishment of a durable peace.

If the formula 'peace without annexations and indemnities' has been allowed to insinuate itself into the general discussion, it is only because great numbers of the Allied peoples fail to understand the overwhelming advantages which Germany, by means of the war, has been able to assure to herself for the present and the future. The object of this paper is to show just what these advantages are, and at the same time to brand the utter hypocrisy of the slogan, 'peace without annexations and indemnities,' which, regarded even in the most favorable light, would allow Germany to make off with immense booty, leaving the Allies to face the incalculable losses incurred by them in a war launched by their adversary.

The significance of the low rate of German exchange

The continual fall of German exchange is considered by many of the Allies as proof of the progressive and irremediable impoverishment of Germany. When, for instance, the mark drops 47 per cent in Switzerland, while the franc has depreciated only 13 per cent, Frenchmen are for the most part inclined to believe that the war has affected the two countries in relatively the same proportion; they then conclude that Germany's financial situation is infinitely worse than that of France. In reality, such a comprehensive conclusion cannot be reached simply through the rise and fall of exchange, which only reflects certain special aspects of the financial situation of a country.

Among the various causes affecting exchange, there are two principal ones. The first is moral. It cannot be denied that the fluctuation of exchange responds to foreign confidence. If German exchange is low it implies, to a certain extent at least, the existence of a universal conviction that in the long run Germany cannot hold out against her formidable ring of adversaries. As a result, there is no great demand for the currency of a state whose credit, it is thought, must finally collapse.

It should be noted, however, that the reason for this fall of exchange is only a moral evaluation anticipating a probable outcome; it is not due to a mathematically certain estimate of what Germany now stands to win or lose as a result of the war.

The second great factor affecting exchange, on the other hand, is based on present realities which are susceptible of being accurately determined. Germany, since she has been blockaded by sea, exports infinitely less than formerly; consequently, her ability to settle her accounts in foreign countries is limited. When she was able to sell the United States a million marks' worth of merchandise, she then had at her disposal a million marks with which to pay cash for such imports as she needed. Now that her exports have been so reduced, she has little money to spare for spending abroad. If she wishes to increase these foreign purchases, she must export her gold and consequently reduce the security behind her bank-notes. This results in a lowering of the basis of German credit, with a resulting drop in exchange.

We shall now see that this falling exchange, whatever its importance be, does not take into account all the elements of the general financial situation.

If the blockade of Germany seriously complicates her food problems, on the other hand it is in a way advantageous from a financial point of view. In a word, when Germany found herself blockaded she was obliged to evolve means of existing on her own resources or those of her allies. Our enemies had great difficulties of organization to

overcome, but they turned them to good account; for if Germany's exports are small, her imports have been correspondingly reduced. Hence she needs to send very little money abroad, a fact which is financially in her favor.

Now the case of France is radically different. The French government, feeling assured of the liberty of the seas and believing that the war would be a short one, found it more expedient to place enormous orders abroad than to rely on domestic resources to supply the nation's need. As a result, French imports, according to published statistics, exceed exports by one billion of francs a month. This means that, as things stand now, France must pay to foreign countries the staggering sum of twelve billion francs a year, with no corresponding compensation, since her purchases consist of products which are destroyed in use. For this reason France is undergoing serious impoverishment while Germany gets off comparatively easily. It is therefore plain that the fluctuations of exchange bear little relation to those conditions which must be taken into consideration in making an appraisal of the general situation; they reflect, in fact, only a special and limited aspect of the financial situation as a whole. Popular conclusions drawn from the fall in the value of the mark are false when attempts are made to give them an absolute or general significance.

Why people are still ignorant of the vast advantages gained by Germany from the war

Many of the Allies are hoodwinked by the 'great illusion' which even now prevents them, to their endless detriment, from seeing things as they really are. In the Allied nations, in fact, people continue to speak of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, as though these states remained just as they were before the war. Now these terms have no longer any relation to reality. The Quadruple Alliance of Central Europe is simply a great illusion, studiously fostered by William II, for by its means his plans are vastly facilitated. As a matter of fact, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary are not the allies, but the vassals, of Berlin, and their influence with her is less than that of Saxony or Bavaria. The rulers at Constantinople, Sofia, Vienna, and Budapest are simply marionettes moved by threads which are pulled by Berlin according to her strategic needs.

Very often we hear it said, 'Germany has created *Mitteleuropa*.' This is another mistake. Geographically speaking, *Mitteleuropa* includes only Central Europe; and Germany's dominion is infinitely farther flung, extending as it does from the west front in France to the British front before Bagdad. If we wish to see things in the light of reality, we must say, for the present at least, '*There is no longer any Germany; instead, there is Pan-Germany.* This is an essential assumption if we are to reason justly. The map of Pan-Germany at the beginning of 1917, accompanying this paper, shows clearly the essential, but all too little-known, elements of the present situation, which is characterized by the fact that 73 million Germans, aided by 21 million vassals, — Magyars, Slavs, and Turks, — have reduced to slavery 82 millions of Latins, Slavs, and Semites, belonging to thirteen different nationalities. Pan-Germany, which has now almost completely reached the limits set by the Pan-German plan of 1911, consists, therefore, of one vast territory containing about 176 million inhabitants and natural resources of the greatest variety.

I beg my readers to refer to this map of Pan-Germany every time it is made desirable by the text. This repeated study of the map is indispensable to a clear and complete comprehension of the demonstration which follows. As regards the profits which Germany has wrung from the war, it is particularly important, in order to grasp the idea of Pan-Germany; for it is the direct result of its creation that Germany, in spite of the losses and expenses inevitably incurred by a warring nation, has been able to assure herself of certain advantages which, considered as a whole, far outbalance her losses and expenses, as we shall see.

In order to understand the nature of these advantages, one point must first be made clear.

The war has cost the Germans comparatively little

For six fundamental reasons, the conduct of the war has really cost the Germans far less than it has cost their adversaries.

1. *No Experimentation.* Germany, in order to produce a vast output of various types of guns and projectiles economically evolved in times of peace, needed only to extend, by means of machinery of domestic manufacture, her arsenals and munition-factories, which before the war were already considerable. On the other hand, the production of war-material in France at the outbreak of hostilities was very slack, while in England and Russia it was almost negligible. In these three countries, therefore, it was necessary to improvise, as best might be, thousands of new plants, to equip them with machinery purchased in America at vast expense, and hastily to evolve new types of cannon, projectiles, and the rest. Now, improvisation, especially in war-time, means false starts and inevitable bad work, which must be paid dearly for. Germany was not obliged to incur these very considerable expenses.

2. *Regulated Wages.* The fact that the problem of German wages was worked out at leisure in exact correlation to productions whose types were exhaustively studied in the calm of peace-time certainly allowed the Germans to obtain war materials at a lower net cost than was possible for the Allies.

3. *The Prevention of Waste.* The absence of experimentation and the simple extension to war-work of highly efficient industrial methods tested in peace-time, naturally allowed the Germans to avoid in all spheres those immense losses of material of every nature whose bad effects and heavy cost were incurred by the Allies. This state of affairs in France caused losses which were as expensive as they were inevitable. One may imagine the conditions existing in Russia, where control is far more difficult of exercise than in France.

4. *Cheap Labor.* The Germans have forcibly enlisted the labor of about two million prisoners of war. Moreover, the official French report of April 12, 1917, concerning acts committed by the Germans in violation of international law, asserts that in the occupied territories deportation of workers has been a *general measure.* It has 'applied to the entire able-bodied population of both sexes, from the ages of sixteen to sixty, excepting women with young children.'

Now the Germans requisition labor from among 7,500,000 Belgians, 3,000,000 French, 4,500,000 Serbians, 5,000,000 Roumanians, 22,000,000 Poles, Ruthenians, and Lithuanians — a total of 42,000,000 slaves.

Let us see what sort of remuneration is made. Take the case of a young girl of Lille, twenty years old, who was

forced to work for six months, harvesting and threshing wheat, and digging potatoes from six in the morning to twilight, receiving all the while the vilest food. For her six months of work she was given 9 francs, 45 centimes. The Germans, therefore, have at their disposal a vast reservoir of labor for which they pay next to nothing; moreover, the small amounts they do pay remain in Pan-Germany.

The Allies, on the contrary, pay high wages to their workers, and, when they run short, must needs pour out good gold in bringing reinforcements from Asia, Africa, and America. This means that a considerable part of the wages paid these foreign workmen will leave France or England for all time.

5. *Free Coal and Iron Ore.* In addition to their own mines, the Germans have seized important coal and iron mines in France, Belgium, and Poland. A vast proportion of their ore and coal therefore costs them nothing. Naturally, then, a German shell made with French iron and Belgian coal costs far less than a French shell made with American steel and English coal. As a result, the net price of a greater part of German munitions is much lower than that paid by the Allies.

6. *Economical Transportation.* By reason of the grouping of the Central Powers, — a result of the conquest of the Danube front by the Teutons, — Germany profits by a geographical situation which is infinitely more advantageous than that of the Allies, as regards not only the speed, but also the cheapness, of war transportation. It is evident that it costs far less to send a shell from the Krupp factory to any one of the Pan-German fronts than to send an American shell to France, a Japanese shell to the Polish front, a French shell to Roumania *via* Archangel, or an English shell to the army operating in Mesopotamia. By the same token, the cost of transporting a soldier of Pan-Germany to any of the battle-fronts is infinitely lighter than the conveyance of Allied soldiers from Australia or America.

We should note that each one of these six factors which we have just enumerated reacts profoundly on the sum-total of general war expenses, and that, taken together, they involve a formidable sum. It can therefore truthfully be said that Germany carries on the war much more economically than the Allies. Figures are so far lacking which will give the true proportions, but we shall certainly remain well within the realities of the case if we conclude that, as a result of the six factors mentioned above, France must spend one hundred and fifty million francs for war material to every hundred million spent by Germany. When France, therefore, spends thirty billions, Germany evidently spends not more than twenty billions. And what is true of France applies even more accurately to some of the other Allied nations. This is a fact of the greatest general importance in coming to a true understanding of the financial situation created by the war — a fact which takes on its full significance when we realize that Germany is not only carrying on the war cheaply, but that she has been enabled, by means of this war, to win *very important advantages.*

They consist of seven principal elements. The last six of these, it should be noted without fail, depend solely on the existence of central Pan-Germany, — that is, on the hegemony exercised by Germany over Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey; they are therefore wholly independent of the first element, which relates to Germany's occupation of enemy territories, particularly to the east and west.

This complex but vital subject I shall discuss in the next article.

The first element of German advantage: the booty acquired from the occupation of enemy territory

Germany is getting direct war-profits from the enemy territories occupied by her. These territories, listed in the ascending order of their richness, are: Montenegro, 14,000 square kilometres; Albania, 20,000; Serbia, 87,000; Roumania, 70,000 (Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary share the pillage of these four territories); dependent territories of Russia, 260,000; Belgium, 29,000; and France, 20,000; making a grand total of 500,000 square kilometres.

In order to realize as clearly as possible the importance of the booty wrung by Germany from this enormous area, we may establish by means of examples or statistics that this plunder comes from nine principal sources: —

1. *Seizure of Human Material.* — Throughout these 500,000 square kilometres of occupied territory, the Germans have scientifically enslaved 42,000,000 human beings, who furnish a vast amount of labor — this labor being all the cheaper because, as we shall see, the slaves are robbed in various ways.

2. *Seizure of War-Material.* — By reason of their lightning advances in Belgium, France, Serbia, and Roumania the Germans have taken possession of vast stores of war-material: cannon, rifles, munitions, wagons, locomotives, cars, as well as thousands of kilometres of railway, of which they make full use, representing a certain value of billions of francs. (The Belgian railway system alone is worth three billions.)

3. *Seizure of Food-stuffs.* — The official report of April 12, 1917, on the acts committed by the Germans in France contrary to international law, states: 'The inhabitants, subjected as they were to annoyances of every sort, watched daily the theft of such food-stuffs as they happened to possess.' Everywhere the Germans steal horses, cattle, domestic animals, grain, potatoes, food-products of all kinds, sugar, alcohol, all of which constitute the reserve supply of the occupied countries. Their harvests, too, are appropriated through the cultivation of productive lands by means of labor obtained almost without cost from the enslaved peoples.

4. *Theft of Raw Materials.* — Throughout the length and breadth of the occupied territories, the Germans, at the dictates of expediency, have seized raw materials: coal and iron ore, copper, petroleum, and so forth. Metals — bronze, zinc, lead, copper, tin — have been taken from private citizens, as well as textile fabrics — wool, cotton cloth, and the like. When one learns that from the cities of the North of France alone the Germans stole 550 million francs' worth of wool, it is easy to see that this single source of plunder has been worth a number of billions to them.

5. *Theft of Finished Products.* — Everywhere in the occupied territories, so far as means of transportation permit, motors, steam-hammers, machinery, rolling-mills, lathes, presses, drills, electrical engines, looms, and so forth, have been taken to pieces by mechanics and transported into Germany. The total value of this stolen material in Belgium and the North of France alone — the richest industrial districts in the world — is almost incalculable.

6. *Theft of Personal Property.* — The official French report previously quoted states: 'In the shops, officers and soldiers made free with whatever pleased

their fancy. Every day the people witnessed the theft of property which was indispensable to them. At Ham, General von Fleck carried off all the furniture of M. Bernot's house, where he had been quartered.' The property thus stolen is sent to Germany, as is proved by this advertisement in the *Kölnische Zeitung:* 'Furniture moved from the theatre of military operations to all destinations.' From this source, war booty to the value of several billions has already been divided among an army of Germans.

7. *Seizure of Works of Art.* — The Germans have stolen countless works of art, 'in order' — so runs a recent official note of their government — 'that they may be preserved as a record of art and civilization.' 'It would be impossible,' declares *Le Temps,* 'to find a more cynical admission of the thefts committed by the German authorities in our museums and public buildings.' If one remembers that this methodical pillage has gone merrily on among private individuals, drawing on the unlimited stores of works of art which have been accumulated throughout the centuries in Poland, and particularly in Belgium and France, it must certainly be seen that the value of these stolen art treasures is immense.

8. *War Imposts.* — Our official report establishes that 'Requisitions have everywhere been continuous. Towns that have had to meet the expenses of troops quartered within their jurisdiction have been overwhelmed by huge levies.'

Belgium is staggering under an annual war assessment of 480,000,000 francs. Bucharest, after its capture by the Germans, was forced to pay a levy amounting to about 1900 francs per capita of the population. At Craiova the levy was 950 francs per capita. An edict forbids the circulation of paper money unless it has been specially stamped by the Germans, who retain 30 per cent of its nominal value.

In April, 1917, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announced that the leaders of the Austro-German forces of occupation in Roumania would shortly call for an obligatory internal loan of a hundred million francs. In Poland, the German government has just issued a billion marks in paper money for enforced circulation. These are only single examples.

9. *Theft of Specie, Jewels, and Securities.* — In September, 1916, the Germans seized three quarters of a billion francs from the National Bank of Belgium in Brussels, which was subsequently transferred to Germany. In January, 1917, on the steamer *Prinz Hendrick,* they stole a million francs from a Belgian who was traveling from England, and took ten million francs' worth of diamonds from the mail-bags. In the village of Vraignes, on March 18, 1917, the Germans, before evicting the inhabitants, stole from them the 13,800 francs they had in their possession. At Noyon — we learn from the official report already quoted — the Germans broke open and pillaged the safes of banks and private citizens before retiring from the town. The securities, jewels, and silver plate of Noyon represented a value of about eighteen million francs. And, as I have said, these are only random incidents.

Taking into consideration, then, the present high prices of food-products, coal, metal, petroleum, war-material, machinery, and the rest, it can be seen at a glance that each one of the nine sources of booty just enumerated, on which the Germans have been steadily drawing, in some cases for as much as three years, has unquestionably yielded the value of several billions of francs, — certain of them, perhaps, tens of billions. Hence we may reasonably conclude that, without fixing a definite

figure for the yield of these nine sources, the total plunder has mounted well up in the tens of billions. Another basis for calculating the worth of the invaded territories to Germany lies in the fact that the national fortunes of these countries, according to ante-bellum statistics, amounted to about 155 billions of francs.

We shall now examine the six other elements of Germany's present advantageous situation — those which result from the domination which the war has enabled her to exert over her own allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. This domination, amounting practically to seizure, has permitted her to fulfill the scheme of Central Pan-Germany as a result of the crushing of Serbia.

The second element of German advantage: the Pan-German loans

A portion of the approximate sum of 115 billion francs devoted by Germany, up to the end of July, 1917, to the carrying on of the war has enabled her to burglarize her own allies by taking advantage of the extremely bad financial situation which faced them at the end of the Balkan wars. As a result of this situation, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, in order to sustain the present long-drawn-out struggle, have been forced to draw on the credit of Berlin. The sum total of the loans made by Germany to her allies and secured by her own war loans cannot yet be verified, but there can be no doubt that it mounts up to a respectable number of billions.

These loans have worked out to the immense advantage of Germany, for the following reasons. It is proved by facts that, without the assistance of Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish troops, and without the numerous products supplied her by the Orient, Germany would have been beaten long ago, even in spite of the Allies' blundering. As these troops and resources are of priceless value to Germany, it would seem that she must have paid dearly for them, and in gold. However, as the reserve of the German Imperial Bank was 1,356,875,000 marks in July, 1914, and 2,527,315,000 in February, 1917, it is certain that Germany has not lent gold to her allies, — in large quantities, at any rate, — but only paper, whose value depends solely on the strength of German credit.

In reality, therefore, Germany, simply by keeping a printing-press busy turning out little stamped slips of paper, has obtained troops, food-stuffs, and raw materials which were indispensable to her in avoiding defeat; and at the same time she has so established herself as a creditor as to give her the right to exact final payment by her allies for advances which were primarily made to them in Germany's own vital interest.

Now these obligations weigh so heavily on countries like Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, already in sore stress, that they incur loans which no one of these three countries can ever hope to pay off unless a victory of the Allied democracies should shatter the financial yoke of Berlin.

In order to appreciate the nature of these loans and their consequences, the example of Turkey is particularly instructive. 'Germany's advances to Turkey in no way represent Turkish war expenses. We must add to them the requisitions made in the country itself, and the war-material purchased in Germany and Austria-Hungary which is yet unpaid for.'

At the beginning of 1917 Djavid Bey arranged in Berlin for a new loan of three million pounds, simply to enable Turkey to pay her debts to the Krupp firm, as well as the advances made her

by the different groups of financiers and the German Minister of Finance. This means, therefore, that, when Germany sends arms to the Turks in order that they may use them to consolidate the Pan-German scheme, she also finds a means of making this consignment of arms serve to entangle the Turks still more hopelessly in the financial web. 'In Pan-Germanist circles, there has been much discussion of the compensations which Turkey must make to Germany in return for services rendered in the course of the war. It is the unanimous opinion that Germany, without gaining any territorial acquisitions in Turkey, must have controlling rights in the Ottoman Empire, so that the Pera–Galata bridge may be as near Berlin as Constantinople.'

What has taken place in the spheres of finance between Berlin and Constantinople has, by the very nature of things, been duplicated between Berlin and Sofia, though of course in a less pronounced form. Germany, therefore, by means of paper loans based on her own credit, has caused colossal obligations to be assumed by her allies — countries representing vast areas of land: Austria-Hungary with 676,616 square kilometres, Bulgaria with 114,-104, and Turkey with 1,792,900, or 2,583,620 square kilometres in all. Now these three countries are precisely the ones which are indispensable to the carrying out of the Central Pan-German 'Hamburg to the Persian Gulf' scheme; the loans, therefore, are Pan-Germanist loans.

It should be borne in mind, on the other hand, that although Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey are financially encumbered *in their quality of states*, the exploitation of these countries by the Germans is very profitable. Their combined national fortunes were estimated, before the war, at about 269 billion francs. We must realize also that, although these loans granted by Berlin to her allies are merely paper loans, they bind Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary to Germany as closely as debtors can be bound to a creditor. None of these three countries can reasonably hope to get funds after the war from their present adversaries, who, it is certain, will have none too much money for their own needs; and so the financial situation as a whole combines with the enterprise shown by the Berlin General Staff to strengthen the grip that Germany has obtained over her allies through loans.

As this financial dependence of the three vassal states, with its tremendous consequences, is, as I have said, maintained simply by means of a printing-press and little slips of paper, which cost very little indeed; and since Germany receives in exchange for these slips of paper bearing her signature, men, food-stuffs, and supplies which, but for the action of the Allies, would enable her to establish Pan-Germany as mistress of Europe, we may safely say that the Pan-Germanist loans floated by Berlin at her allies' expense constitute a powerful element of military advantage, which, if one only examine the conditions of its origin, must stand out as the most profitable and extraordinary swindle ever perpetrated.

The third element of German advantage: the value of a monopoly in exploiting the latent resources of the Balkans and Asia Minor.

The figure of 269 billions of francs quoted above takes no account of the enormous agricultural and mineral wealth, as yet unexploited and unappraised, of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. Now, the business of tapping these vast reservoirs is entirely in the hands of the Germans, as a result of the Pan-Germanist loans.

The fourth element of German advantage: the value resulting from the creation of an economic Pan-Germany.

Economic Pan-Germany, as it was outlined by List, Roscher, Rodbertus, and other German economists, may be defined as follows: A territory uniting under one supreme central control Central Europe, the Balkans and Turkey — *a territory large enough to include military and economic resources entirely sufficient to provide for the needs of the population in times of war; and to assure its rulers in times of peace the domination of the world.*

The seizure by Berlin of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey — all essential elements of Central Pan-Germany — was accomplished in three ways: *militarily*, by the supremacy acquired by the German General Staff over the troops of the vassal states; *financially*, by means of the paper loans granted by Germany; and *diplomatically* by the treaties signed in Berlin on January 11, 1917, establishing the strongest sort of German protectorate over the Ottoman Empire. This done, the consolidation of Pan-Germany was quickly undertaken by Berlin in a great number of ways.

Control of Customs. — As the establishment of the great Pan-German *Zollverein* (Customs Union) was not to be accomplished at one stroke, the Kaiser's government set about preparing the necessary steps. Numerous conferences held at Berlin and attended by German, Austrian, and Hungarian statesmen and business men, resulted in the following essential provisions. (1) An economic customs agreement of long duration, which would make a single economic unit of Germany and Austria-Hungary; (2) To bring this about gradually, a progressive increase of duty — free articles, and a unification of the customs charges on certain goods; (3) a close economic union between Austro-Germany and Bulgaria and Turkey, to be arranged and established with the greatest possible expedition.

Ethnographic Control. — Certain nations afford considerable resistance to the Hamburg–Persian Gulf scheme. The Serbians, who are morally irreducible, are an obstacle to the permanent establishment of the Pan-German nexus between Hungary and Bulgaria; and without this the entire Pan-German programme falls flat. The systematic destruction of the Serbian people has been entrusted to the Bulgars, who, under pretext of quelling insurrections, slaughter not only the Serbian men, but also women and children, down to babies at the breast. In the Ottoman Empire the Armenians happen to occupy those regions which were characterized in the Reichstag by Herr Delbrück as 'Germanic India.' Berlin therefore puts to good use the Turks' inherited taste for massacres of Christians. Already more than one million Armenians have been got out of the way.

Agricultural Control. — The food crisis in Germany has led Berlin to proceed with the greatest haste toward utilizing the rich farming districts which the fortunes of war have put within her grasp. Hundreds of experts, with thousands of agricultural implements, have been sent to Roumania, Serbia, and Asia Minor. In this latter country, two cultural centres in particular have received attention. In the province of Adana cotton-growing is being developed; on the plains of Anatolia the intensive cultivation of grain is in progress. These energetic efforts have had a two-fold result: the Turks will not revolt against Germanic domination — because of starvation, if for no other reason; and, by reason of the

increasing yield of Serbian, Roumanian, and Turkish lands, more of which are continually being brought into service, the food-supply of the Central Empires becomes more and more completely assured.

Banking Control. — The exploitation of Eastern Pan-Germany calls for vast capital. The German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish banks have formed powerful combinations. As leaders of this movement in Germany we find the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdner Bank, the Kölnische Bankverein; in Austria-Hungary the Vienna Kredit-Anstalt and the Hungarian Bank of Credit in Budapest.

Economic Control. — As the rapid exploitation of the latent resources of the Balkans and Turkey is the principal economic object of the Germans, they have just established, in coöperation with King Ferdinand, the 'Institute for Furthering Economic Relations between Germany and Bulgaria.' In order to facilitate the Germanic penetration of Turkey, ten thousand Turkish boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen years are to come to Germany for their technical education. These young Turks, living in German families, learning German, and saturating themselves with German ideas, will soon be able collaborators with the Teutons themselves in germanizing Turkey and exploiting the numerous concessions which, if the war turns out successfully for them, will be wrung from the Ottoman government by the subjects of the Kaiser.

Railway Control. — The railway systems of European Pan-Germany have been brought to the highest degree of perfection. In Turkey, German officers are absolutely in control of the railroads. Out of the 2435 kilometres which separate Constantinople from Bagdad, only 583 kilometres of line remain to be constructed — and this distance is traversed by automobile roads. As for the Turkish railroads belonging to French and English companies, the German government has suggested that the Turks 'purchase' them. One should cherish no illusions as to the real meaning of this word 'purchase.' It means, according to Turco-German methods, that the expenses involved in this purchase should be set down against the war damages which the Central Powers consider to be due them from the Allies.

Canal Control. — The canal project, outlined as far back as April 26, 1895, by the Pan-Germanist Dr. G. Zoepfl, was taken up and begun by the Economic Congress of Central Europe, which met at Berlin on March 19, 1917. This project is made up of the following elements: (1) Union of the Rhine with the Danube by the opening up to navigation of the Main and of the canal from the Main to the Danube; (2) Completion of the central canal joining the Vistula and the Rhine; (3) The Oder–Danube canal, joining the Baltic to the Black Sea; (4) Opening to navigation of the Rhine as far as Bâle; (5) Union of the Elbe with the Danube by means of the river Moldau; (6) Union of the Weser with the Main by means of the Fulda-Werra; (7) Connection of the Danube and the Vistula by means of canals; (8) Union of the Danube with the Dniester by means of the Vistula; (9) Opening to navigation of the Save; (10) Opening to navigation of the Morava and the Vardar as far as Saloniki. The Danube is the base of this gigantic programme of construction. — 'The Danube means everything to us,' declared General von Groener, in December, 1916.

This rapid sketch of the preparations now going on in the economic sphere of Pan-Germany will permit any clear-thinking man to understand the crush-

ing power which will lie in this formidable system when all its latent resources have been developed by the Germans to the profit of their hegemony. The organization of Pan-Germany is only in its first stages; nevertheless, the concentrated military, economic, and strategic strength which it has already put at the disposal of Berlin is so great that it permits Germany to baffle her far more numerous, but widely scattered, adversaries. What, then, would be the strength of a completely organized Pan-Germany? It is undeniable, in fact, that a methodical, big-scale development of all the mineral, vegetable, animal, and industrial products of economic Pan-Germany, together with the low-cost transportation afforded by a complete system of canals, would make it possible for the Germans to pay high wages to their own workmen, and yet at the same time bring about such a reduction of net prices in every line of industry as to force Pan-German products on the whole world by sheer cheapness.

It is easy to see, then, that in the face of economic Pan-Germany's overwhelming methods any economic revival on the part of the European nations now allied would be impossible. The economic ruin of the Allies, after so exhausting and costly a war as this, would by the nature of things bring about their political subjection to Berlin. Besides, there is not a country in the world which could escape the clutches of economic Pan-Germany on the one hand, or the consequences of the irremediable ruin of the Allies on the other. The fact that Pan-Germany is organizing itself is an ominous event which should receive the concentrated attention of all the world's free peoples; for it places in German hands the elements of such an overwhelming economic power as has no precedent in the world's history.

The fifth element of German advantage: the value of military Pan-Germany

Berlin relies, above all else, on her military resources to render secure for all time that economic Pan-Germany which is destined to provide her, in peace time, with a permanent means of acquiring wealth and world-dominion. Military Pan-Germany is therefore the complement and the pledge of economic Pan-Germany. The Kaiser's successful seizure, through the fortunes of war, of new sources of man-power — Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Ottoman soldiery; of new strategic points or regions of exceptional importance, located in invaded countries *or in those of his own allies*, has furnished him with the basis of military Pan-Germany. In 1914, Prussian militarism held sway over only the 68 million inhabitants of the German Empire. At the beginning of 1917, it had been extended by consent or by force to the 176 million people of Pan-Germany.

This result — evidently the consequence of an immense extension of exclusive influence throughout Central and Eastern Europe — has permitted the German General Staff to take over at will certain strategic points or regions of the greatest importance, over which it exerted no direct influence before the war. Zeebrugge, on the North Sea, for instance; Trieste, Pola, and Cattaro on the Adriatic; the Bulgarian coasts of the Ægean; the Ottoman Straits; the Turkish, Bulgarian, and Roumanian shores of the Black Sea, have always been strategic points or regions of exceptional value.

This value, however, has become vastly greater now that these points or regions form part of a single military system under the directing and organizing power of the Berlin General Staff. At present, these essential strategic

points and regions are the strongholds of the Pan-German frontiers. They are, in fact, connected by continuous fortifications, defended in the most effective way the world has ever known by an intensive system of barbed-wire entanglements, deep-dug subterranean shelters, machine-guns, and heavy artillery. The internal military organization of Pan-Germany is being carried forward with uninterrupted speed. Factories of war-material have been judiciously distributed throughout the whole territory, with the double object of utilizing raw materials near their source of origin, thus avoiding useless transportation, and of making possible the swift dispatch of munitions to any threatened sector of front. For this reason the Krupp firm, at the outbreak of war, established important branch factories, not only in Bavaria, but also in Bulgaria and Turkey.

The railway system and strategic automobile roads in Pan-Germany have been developed very swiftly, notably in the Balkans and in Turkey, where the need was relatively great. Back of every military front railroads running parallel with this front have been constructed, so that reinforcements may be sent to any given point with the maximum of speed. All this, taken as a whole, converts Pan-Germany into one gigantic, extremely powerful fortress.

A new phase is now in preparation. The Kaiser's General Staff, not content with holding the high command of all forces in Pan-Germany, are determined to standardize as far as possible their arms, their munitions, and their methods of instruction. The Deputy Friedrich Naumann — one of the sponsors of the *Mitteleuropa* idea — is plainly smoothing the way toward this end, which, because of geographic reasons, most intimately concerns Austria-Hungary. In the *Vossische Zeitung* he has just outlined a scheme of 'full and complete harmony of the Central Empires in so far as military matters are concerned.' He boldly adds an avowal which is well worth remembering. '*Mitteleuropa* is in existence to-day. Nothing is lacking save its organs of movement and action. These organs can be provided by its two emperors, since they have at their disposal the necessary elements for the creation of a common army.' This prophecy merits our close attention; for it is readily seen that, if the unification of the Armies of the two Central Empires were to take place, neither Bulgaria nor Turkey, on whose military resources the German General Staff is getting an increasingly firm grip, could prevent the absorption of their armed forces into the Pan-German system.

As for the military strength of Pan-Germany, it is an easy matter to estimate it. Even if the Kaiser's armies were to withdraw from Russia, Poland, Belgium, and France, Pan-Germany would still include 150,000,000 people. Now, as Germany has mobilized about 20 per cent of her own population and that of her allies, — who have become vassals, — we see that Central Pan-Germany can count upon approximately 30,000,000 soldiers. Prussian militarism, whose destruction by the Allies has become the true, legitimate, essential aim of the war, has therefore become far more widespread, through the carrying out of the 'Hamburg–Persian Gulf' scheme than it was in 1914. It is proved by well-established facts that Berlin, while vigorously pushing a peace campaign destined to disunite the Allies, is doing everything in her power to turn Pan-Germany into a fortress the strength of which is unexampled in the world's history. In any case it is undeniable that, as military Pan-Germany is a pledge of the success of economic Pan-Germany, its establishment constitutes an important element

of advantage for the German cause. This will be further proved when we come to examine the two final elements of advantage.

The sixth element of German advantage: the importance of the vast economic profits which accrue to Berlin at the expense of Russia through the establishment of Pan-Germany.

We need only glance at the map to realize that a really free Russian republic could never range itself on the side of Pan-Germany. It is self-evident that, if Pan-Germany were to succeed in splitting Europe in two, her economic and military pressure toward the East would be irresistible. The countless agents whom Berlin already maintains in the immense territory of Russia would find their work becoming easier and easier. Following up the hypothesis, then, Russia, succumbing to insoluble financial problems and unending internal difficulties, would break up from the Baltic to the Pacific, into a series of anarchistic republics — all of which is according to the plans of Lenine, who is a creature of Berlin. After that there would be nothing to prevent German influence from becoming the controlling force in the economic exploitation of the immense natural riches of European and Asiatic Russia.

We are well within the bounds of reason in predicting such a possibility. The fact that German agents have already succeeded in stirring up most serious trouble throughout the length and breadth of Russia — that they have provoked separatist movements in Finland, Ukrainia, and the Caucasus, and that all China is seething with disturbances which react on Asiatic Russia — proves to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that the break-up of Russia into little States inevitably subject to the political and economic influence of Berlin would be an inevitable consequence of a successful Pan-Germany.

It is plain, therefore, that the huge profits which the Germans would stand to gain by such a state of affairs — a direct result of military Pan-Germany — form an element of advantage worthy of being considered by itself.

The seventh element of German advantage: the transfer to Germany of at least twenty-one billion francs of French credit.

The creation of military and economic Pan-Germany makes possible a method of securing war-booty planned in advance by the Pan-Germanists, which may be stated as follows: *The transfer to Germany of funds owed to one of her enemies by another enemy, or by one of her own allies.*

In order to understand this method of extortion one need only read a passage from Tannenberg's book *Greater Germany*, published in French translation in 1916 by the firm of Payot. This work possesses exceptional interest for two reasons: first, it appeared in Germany in 1911; its publication therefore was evidently inspired, as in many other cases, by the ruling class at Berlin, in order to prepare the German people for war by promises of colossal booty; second, the facts of the case show that the German General Staff, ever since the outbreak of hostilities, has been modeling the political conduct of the war on the exact lines laid down by Tannenberg, who may be said to have officially declared the Pan-German scheme of 1911.

Now, independent of the 35 billion marks — nearly 44 billion francs — which were to be imposed on France in the coming war by way of regular war indemnity, Tannenberg, in Article 5 of the hypothetical treaty, outlined the following additional extortion: —

'France cedes to Germany her claim to the 12 billion marks (15 billion francs) lent by her to Russia.' This means nothing more or less than a cession of credit.

On page 308 of Payot's edition, Tannenberg indicates as follows the use to be made by Germany of these Russian debts to France: —

'We shall not be able to give thanks to Holy Russia for this splendid sum, for she has made such vile use of these billions that to-day almost nothing remains. There is no question of reimbursement. Russia is not a mortgaged property subject to payment of interest, which can be sold when this interest is not promptly forthcoming on the day it is due. However, we shall be able to collect our money in another way, simply by taking in exchange for these credits the territories of the Poles in Posnania, East Prussia and Upper Silesia; of the Lithuanians on the banks of the Niemen; of the Letts on the Duna; of the Esthonians on the Embach and the regions bordering on the rivers of the northern coastal country; of the Czechs in Bohemia, Austrian Silesia, and Moravia; of the Slavs in Southern Ukrainia, Carinthia, Styria, Croatia, Dalmatia, Goerz, and Gradiska, in so far as they come within the southern and eastern limits of Greater Germany.

'This procedure enables us to kill three birds with one stone. Russia rids herself of the burden of debts and interest-paying which is crushing her; the Slavs of the West and South become citizens of a Slavic country; and we Germans obtain, free of debt and incumbrance, the much-needed territories for colonization.'

These words were written in 1911. On May 24, 1917, the *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin thus exposed Germany's future attitude toward Russia:

'If we reach an agreement with the new Russian government, or with the government which succeeds it, so much the better; but in making our terms we shall deliberately turn to account the internal situation of the ancient empire now in revolution. It is more essential to-day than ever before that we should push our claims against Russia for indemnity and for the annexation of that territory which we so sorely need for colonization.'

The similarity between this programme of annexation and indemnity, written so recently, and Tannenberg's outline, published six years ago, is indeed striking.

Let us now see how, in the present state of affairs, Tannenberg's plan for a transfer of credit could be worked out. Suppose we make a hypothesis.

In the first place it is evident that if Russia shall continue to submit to anarchy fostered by German agents, her financial situation, already perilous, will no longer permit her to pay the interest on her bonds held abroad. Again, if Pan-Germany, now momentarily established, continues to exist, Berlin will be able to take over Russian obligations to France without the necessity of a formal treaty. In fact, the tremendous pressure against Russia, exerted by the mere geographical contact of Pan-Germany as she lies athwart Europe would practically render unnecessary the formal cession of French credit. Berlin, taking fullest advantage of the situation, would then say to Petrograd, 'We consider that France owes us a considerable sum by way of war-indemnity. We are unable to collect this, but you Russians also owe an indemnity. We therefore assume the position of France as your creditor, and, as the strength of Pan-Germany has put you practically at our mercy, we demand the payment of your debts in such and such a form.'

What resistance could disorganized

Russia make to this claim, presented with true German cynicism?

Russian extremists need not hope, as certain of them do, to avoid paying the debts contracted by the old régime. If they do not care to fulfill their obligations to France, which is working hard to sustain the Russian Revolution, they will have to pay those same debts to Berlin, where full use would be made of them to exploit the Russian people.

Moreover, the 'purchase' of French- and English-owned railroads in Turkey, suggested several months ago by Berlin, of which we have already spoken, proves convincingly that the Germans intend also to follow out the system of transferring credits in cases where money is owed by Germany's allies to Germany's enemies. For a long time great numbers of Frenchmen purchased the state obligations of Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Turkey. It is impossible to give the exact amount of French money thus invested in Pan-Germanized Central and Eastern Europe, for the securities of the above-mentioned countries were generally floated in several foreign financial centres at once; but persons who have the most thorough knowledge of French investments make a minimum estimate of six billion francs. As for the French money invested in Roumania and Serbia it will vanish into thin air as soon as the Austro-German conquests are consolidated. As for investments in Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, the assumption by Germany of French credits — supposing peace to be concluded on the basis of the present war-map — would be easily accomplished if she reasoned as follows with her allies:

'France now owes you war indemnities which you cannot collect. By putting them down against the obligations owed by you to France, you cancel this debt. However, we Germans have lent you during the war great sums, and furnished you with supplies without which you could never have continued the struggle. Since you cannot meet these obligations we shall secure ourselves, in part at least, by assuming France's position as your creditor.'

On the whole, if the present state of things were to continue, Berlin, by the process of transferring credit, would be able to cause France the very considerable loss of about fifteen billion francs owed her by Russia, and six billions owed by Germany's vassal states — a total of at least twenty-one billions. Now that the Pan-German scheme has for the moment been accomplished, we can truthfully say that twenty-one billions of French money, at the lowest estimate, represented by Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, Serbian, Bulgarian, and Turkish securities, have been virtually Pan-Germanized.

THE NECESSITY FOR A DECISION

In the preceding articles I have pointed out that the advantages which Germany has already gained through the war, or has assured for herself in the future, if the present situation remains essentially unchanged, consist of seven chief elements. Before we arrive at final conclusions concerning these elements, let us establish the following facts: —

1. From August, 1914, to the end of July, 1917, — in the space of three years, — Germany, with her 68 million inhabitants, has devoted to the war about 115 billion francs, or 1691 francs per capita.

Within the same time France, although her population is only 40 millions, has had to spend, in a war which was forced on her, 100 billions of

francs, or 2500 francs per capita. During these three years every Frenchman has had to contribute 809 francs a year more to the war than each German. Putting aside all questions of advantages from the war, therefore, it may truthfully be said that the war has cost Germany much less than it has France. A comparison of the war-expenses of the two groups of belligerents would only prove this fact more convincingly.

2. Unquestionably Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, *as separate States*, have been ruined by their war-expenses, but this ruin is all to the advantage of Germany, as it throws her vassals into a condition of absolute financial dependence. As a result, if Pan-Germany is to continue to exist, the Berlin government must be the unchallenged controller of all the financial combinations on which the peace and well-being of Pan-Germany depend. Now these combinations evidently can serve only to strengthen the German hegemony.

No parallel situation is to be found among the Entente powers. The ruin of Russia, for example, would simply make the ruin of France more inevitable, unless a decisive victory of the Allies were to rob Germany of her iniquitous spoils and at the same time guarantee to France the legitimate reparation which alone can save her from irretrievable financial disaster.

3. If Germany can still continue to float new internal loans with comparative ease, it is because her wholesale territorial and Pan-German seizures are considered by her people as new pledges of the credit of the German state as the heart of Pan-Germany.

4. France, which has spent in three years of war 2500 francs per capita of her population, has suffered only loss: 20,000 square kilometres of her territory have been invaded, and given over to undreamed-of spoliation at German hands. Germany, on the other hand, which has spent only 1691 francs per capita for the war, has occupied 500,000 square kilometres of foreign soil, burglarized her own allies, and piled up huge profits from the war.

The diversity of these profits is so great, and the mortgage that they have placed on the future is so heavy, that no figures will convey the sum-total of these advantages; but enough has been said to show that the aggregate is enormous. If one deducts the 115 billions of francs devoted by Germany to the war from the total represented by all the elements of advantage already enumerated, one begins to realize that Germany has really wrung from the war present and future profits which can be computed only in *hundreds of billions of francs*. This war, therefore, has brought Germany boundless material gain, such as no war in history has ever brought to one people. It is equally certain, on the other hand, that Germany can utilize her advantages only on the express condition of maintaining certain indispensable conditions of the situation on which they are based. We shall now see to what minimum these conditions may be reduced.

Our table [1] shows that out of the seven elements of advantage won by Germany from the war, the last six — that is, those in the second group — are altogether independent of the first, except for one small detail relating to the national fortunes of the territories occupied by Germany to the southeast — that is, in Albania, Montenegro, Roumania, and Serbia.

If, therefore, the formula, 'peace without annexations and indemnities,' were actually adopted, Germany, by withdrawing from Belgium and France to the west, Russian Poland to the east, and Montenegro, Albania, Rou-

[1] This table is printed in the Contributors' Column. — THE EDITORS.

mania, and Serbia to the southeast, would renounce her first element of advantage, represented by the value of the invaded territories — that is, about 155 billion francs. From this, however, must be deducted the tens of billions' worth of plunder carried out of the invaded territories during these three years, consisting either of products already used up by the Germans, or of material, metals, and securities which have already been removed to Germany. Her renunciation of this first element of advantage would therefore be rendered relatively incomplete were the formula adopted.

We should note also that there are excellent reasons why Germany's renunciation could never apply in reality to the territories invaded by her to the southeast — *Serbia, at all events.*

The six elements of German advantage forming the second group of our table are infinitely more important to Berlin than the first element — which is in any case partially assured by the 'no indemnity' formula, as we have seen. Although they are less directly apparent to the Allies, the six elements of the second group are nevertheless *real*, for they depend on incontrovertible military, economic, and geographic facts. Now these six elements, big with possibilities for the future, depend entirely on the covert but certain seizure which the war has enabled Germany to make of her own allies. But this seizure was possible only as a result of Serbia's destruction. Serbia, therefore, formed the geographic bulkhead which Germany had to batter down before her influence could predominate over Bulgaria and Turkey. The destruction of Serbia was the *sine qua non* of the establishment of Central Pan-Germany, which assures the Kaiser of the six principal elements of advantage from the war. Moreover, it is undeniable that the essential prop of Central Pan-Germany has been furnished by the Berlin–Bagdad Railroad, of which the most important branch, that of Belgrade–Nish–Pirot, runs across Serbia. Now, that Germany is fighting for the Berlin–Bagdad line, Count Karoly, an ally of Berlin, admitted, speaking on December 12, 1916, in the Hungarian Chamber. (See *Le Journal de Genève*, December 30, 1916.)

To sum up, then, German victory and the fruition of her most important war-advantages depend directly on the maintenance of Central Pan-Germany, made up of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Now this maintenance is based on two prime conditions.

1. The continuance of Serbia's state of subjection to Austro-Germany.

2. The preservation of the new economic and military lines of communication between Berlin on the one side and Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople on the other. These are, indeed, the bonds which have enabled Berlin to reduce to practical slavery the Poles, Czechs, Yugo-Slavs, and Roumanians, — the adversaries of Pan-Germany, — and then, without changing any names or long-established frontiers, to make Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria vassal-states of Berlin, and, consequently, active elements of Central Pan-Germany.

Finally, if the present order of things in Central Europe is preserved, Germany can maintain the Hamburg–Bagdad line. This would be assured by the adoption of the formula, 'peace without indemnities and annexations.' This is easily proved.

As we have already seen, even if Germany were to withdraw in the East and West, the stipulation 'no indemnities' would permit her to give back the territories stolen from Russia, France, Belgium, and Roumania in a condition

of complete economic, physical, and moral collapse: in a word, sucked dry. By reason, too, of the principle of 'no indemnities,' the reconstruction of these devastated countries would be another cause of financial exhaustion for France, Russia, Belgium, and Roumania, already overburdened with the costs of the war. But, even assuming that the Germans withdraw from these occupied territories to the East and West, — although at present there is no reason for seriously considering such an eventuality, — no one in his senses could believe that they would give up Serbia unless forced to do so by the most ruthless methods; for Serbia, by reason of her geographic position, is absolutely essential to the existence of Central Pan-Germany, on which, in turn, Germany's vast advantages depend.

Of course, it is easy to imagine that Germany would give her signature to treaties of settlement, even involving Serbia. But treaties signed by Germany have no value whatever. 'We snap our fingers at treaties,' said the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to Mr. Gerard, American Ambassador at Berlin. Besides, even supposing that Berlin were party to a treaty concerning Serbia, this treaty might allow Serbia to exist in theory, but not in fact. We must look the situation in the face: Serbia is one great graveyard. Her population has been systematically butchered by the Bulgarians, with German approval. Serbia is completely ruined. The Bulgaro–Austro–Germans have taken everything.

Now the principle 'no indemnities' would keep Serbia in this terrible and irremediable state of misery. It is evident that under these conditions the Serbian state would be hopelessly crippled. If, therefore, Austria-Germany were to say to the Allies, 'Very well; in conformity with the formula "no annexations, no indemnities," we are willing to recognize Serbia's dependence by treaty,' who would be deceived by this sinister and portentous joke? Who could believe in the sincerity of a proposition which, on the face of it, is rendered impossible of fulfillment by the 'no indemnities' clause. And what guaranty would the Allies hold that Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria would withdraw from Serbia at the same time, in view of the fact that such a withdrawal, if *bona fide*, would imply Berlin's renunciation of the whole Central Pan-German scheme and its vast attendant profits?

To suppose such a thing possible implies a complete ignorance of the Germanic spirit as it has manifested itself since the beginning of history. Besides, declarations made by the Germans themselves show that they will never recede from their position as regards Serbia. As early as December, 1916, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* prepared its readers in advance for the 'pacifist' tactics about to be employed — tactics which are now being tried out with the help of the Russian anarchists, the Kienthal Socialists, and the Pope.

'Certainly,' said the Frankfort paper, 'if we are to make a lasting profit from the military situation, both in its favorable and in its less advantageous aspects, it is essential that special questions should be severally considered in their relation to the whole. To-day our point of view should be as follows: in the East, the formulation of definite demands, and in the West, negotiations on a flexible basis. This is not a programme but a general line of action. "Negotiation" is by no means a synonym for "renunciation."'

This last sentence should be read and pondered over by all the Allies. Here we find an absolutely clear statement as regards the fate of Serbia, whose restoration, by means indicated later, is the one thing which can save the world

from the consequences of the Hamburg–Persian Gulf scheme.

On August 8, 1917, at a banquet given at London for M. Pachitch, the Serbian Premier, Mr. Lloyd George acknowledged in decisive terms Great Britain's obligations to Serbia — obligations which are practically those of the whole Entente.

'What I have already said in the name of the British Government regarding Belgium, I here repeat in the name of the same Government regarding Serbia. The first condition of peace must be its complete and unrestricted restoration. I have not come here to make a speech. I have simply come to say that, no matter how long the war should last, Britain has pledged her honor that Serbia shall emerge from the conflict independent and completely restored. Moreover, it is not only a matter of honor. The security of civilization is directly involved here. In the West, Belgium has blocked Germany's way, and Serbia in the East has been the check of the Central Powers. She must continue to mount guard over the gateway to the East.

To this the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung* made reply.

'Mr. Lloyd George has said that the integral restoration of Serbia was an essential condition of peace and that British honor was pledged to this restoration. The war-aims of England and those of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria are in absolute opposition on this point.'

The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, speaking for Germany as well, added, —

'Germany and Austria-Hungary have crushed Serbia. They alone will decide what disposition is to be made of King Peter's former realm.'

There can be no illusion here. The formula 'peace without annexations and indemnities' cannot apply to Serbia, which is the keystone of Pan-Germany.

We now see that, even if the withdrawal of Germany from the territories of Belgium, France, and Russia now held by her were to take place, Central Pan-Germany would remain essentially intact; and her commercial competition alone would suffice to bring about the economic ruin of France, England, and Russia. The last-named countries would be staggering under their colossal war-debts, with no offsetting compensation, whereas Germany, thanks to six great elements of advantage, would find her war-losses more than counterbalanced by her profits. What chance would the Allied powers, exhausted by a deadly peace, have against the thirty million soldiers of Pan-Germany when Berlin, refreshed by a short respite, should choose to renew her hold over those western territories which she had temporarily relinquished?

Is it not plain what depths of deception lie beneath that formula, 'peace without annexations and indemnities,' which the Russian Socialists, ignorant of the vast advantages accruing to Germany from the war, have adopted at the suggestion of Berlin's Leninist agents? Let us look at the facts, not at the words. If the formula 'peace without annexations and indemnities' is acceptable to the Germans, it is simply because this formula, in the opinion of Berlin, will assure the maintenance of Central Pan-Germany, which, in turn, pledges to Germany the domination of Europe and the fulfillment of all other elements of the Pan-German scheme.

Now, if Central Pan-Germany were to survive, thus assuring to Germany all its vast attendant advantages, and leaving the Allies to face their incalculable war-losses, could such a peace properly be called a 'white peace'? Could a peace which gave Germany the domination of Europe be called a 'drawn game,' a 'peace without annex-

ations or indemnities'? What sort of 'limping peace' (*paix boiteuse*) would permit Prussian militarism to hold sway over the 150 million people of Pan-Germany instead of the 68 millions of 1914, and put 30 million soldiers at Berlin's disposal? What one of the exhausted states of Europe could lift a hand under such conditions? This would be no *paix boiteuse;* it would be the peace of slavery.

If the Allies are to understand the crucial situation which lies before them, they must realize that, as Lloyd George said, 'The security of civilization is directly involved in the independence of Serbia.' But the independence of Serbia can never be assured so long as Germany practically exercises a hegemony over the 50 million people of Austria-Hungary, for the Austro-German unit of 118 million inhabitants, all subject to Berlin, is geographically the mistress of the Balkans. *The pledge of Serbia's independence, therefore, does not lie in Serbia, but north of the Danube.* This pledge involves the liberation of the peoples under Hapsburg domination, — the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Yugo-Slavs, and Roumanians, — which alone can permit the creation of a barrier sufficiently strong to block the Hamburg–Persian Gulf line, and, at the same time, annul the vast advantages that the definite establishment of the formidable economic and military Pan-German scheme would assure to the Kaiser and his people.

Now it is much easier to devise the destruction of Pan-Germany than is generally supposed. This fact will become plain as soon as the Allies as a whole realize that the freedom of the nationalities subject to the Hapsburgs should not only be an object of the Entente victory, but also a means to that victory. This, however, is a point which needs greater elaboration than I can give in this paper, whose complexity has already carried it to a great length.

In a word, the solution of the Central European problem means everything for the Allies. So long as it remains unsolved, victory will be out of reach. On the other hand, when this one point has been settled, all the other special war-aims of each of the Allies can be fulfilled with ease.

Assuming now that the problem of Central Europe has been solved, could it be said that the resulting peace would be 'without annexations and indemnities'? Plainly not: for this peace, if it is to break up forever the autocracies of the Central Empires, must for reasons of nationality change the existing frontiers, which have made Austro-German imperialism possible. It might also involve certain legitimate reparations. Could it be said that peace on the terms of the Allies would be a 'white peace,' a 'drawn game'? Again we must say no; for such a peace would bring incalculable benefits to the world: the end of Prussian militarism, together with the possibility of organizing the society of nations under other and better conditions. Neither could it be called a '*paix boiteuse*,' for the destruction of Prussian militarism would insure to the world a long term of rest after the present awful struggle.

The formulæ 'peace without indemnities or annexations,' 'white peace,' 'drawn game' and '*paix boiteuse*' have therefore no more connection with reality in the event of an Allied victory than in that of a German victory. The truth in a nut-shell is that, by virtue of the prime importance of the Central European problem, either the Allies will win victory through the destruction of Pan-Germany, or else the Germans, thanks to Central Pan-Germany and its economic and military advantages, will reduce all Europe to slavery. These are the two phases of the dilemma.

In any case, the fact that expressions without any practical application, and hence absurd, are constantly made use of in many Allied organs of public opinion in the discussion of peace, proves beyond doubt that certain Allied circles, poisoned by the influence of Lenine or Kienthal, have lost their sense of realities. With such insidious enemies as the Germans, this involves a real danger for that moral resistance of the Allies which is so invaluable. The Americans, through their practical common sense, can be of the greatest service in helping the European Allies to set it at naught.

President Wilson, by his message to Russia and his Flag Day address, has already done much for the common cause by clearly setting forth the concrete difficulties to be overcome by the Allies if they are to live at liberty. Mr. Gompers has done the same by his firm stand regarding the Stockholm conference. By energetically opposing the pernicious Socialist theoreticians, he has supported those real Socialists in France, England, and Russia who understand the vital importance of killing Prussian militarism.

May all true Americans continue to speak as these two men have done! The common sense of their opinions, spread broadcast among the European Allies, will help us to neutralize the deadly action of those among us who have become intoxicated by theories. The cause of the Allies is an ideal, but the triumph of this ideal can never be insured by words; it can be compassed only by the accurate knowledge of military and economic realities.

POPE BENEDICT'S LETTER AND THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCHES

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

When Pope Benedict made his appeal to the leaders of the belligerent peoples in August, critics of the Vatican's policy said very openly that it was a pro-German tract; that the Vatican had been pro-German since the outbreak of the war, uttering no protest against the breaking of treaties, the outrageous violation of Belgium, the atrocities in Serbia and Armenia, the desecration of churches in France; and that Pope Benedict intervened now with an overture of peace, because peace now meant practical victory for Germany, a breathing spell to prepare for 'the next war.' These critics added that, influenced by the Vatican, certain Roman Catholic organizations, certain overwhelmingly Roman Catholic regions, had been notoriously pro-German; that, throughout the British Empire, while the Jews, Hindus, Buddhists, and Mohammedans had been enthusiastically loyal to the Entente, and to the Entente's ideals of liberty and mercy and justice, in only two places had there been violent manifestations of hostility to the Entente, with a strong pro-German coloring — in Roman Catholic Ireland, and in Roman Catholic Canada. It

was noted, too, that the Irish in America, members of the Roman Catholic Church, had been hostile to France, and had attacked England with blind ferocity, quite unrebuked by their spiritual heads. It was said, finally, that the Vatican's pro-German partisanship had been purchased by the crudest of bribes: a formal promise, by Kaiser Wilhelm, to restore the temporal power of the Pope in case of German victory, whether this victory should come now or after 'the next war.' There were even persistent rumors that Kaiser Wilhelm had been converted to Roman Catholicism; just as, throughout the Moslem world, there were persistent rumors that both Kaiser Wilhelm and the Crown Prince had been converted to Islam; as, beyond controversy, there had been vigorous efforts to incite a *jehad*, a Moslem war against Christians in Mohammedan countries governed by France and England, and in unhappy Armenia.

Nevertheless, it may be maintained that Pope Benedict's appeal for peace is not pro-German; even that it is, in a definite and profound sense, anti-German; that it has a political significance of the first importance, as well as a definite bearing upon the temporal power of the Papacy, but that the solution outlined above is not the true solution.

Perhaps we can best approach the solution of the enigma by trying to occupy Pope Benedict's point of view; by trying, with sympathetic understanding, to see the whole field of conflict as Pope Benedict may see it; by trying to divine the motives which have really led him to act, the ideals which really inspire him. And we shall be wise, without doubt, to credit Benedict XV with the possession of the keenest possible political insight and instinct, with the farsighted political vision which he inherits, both as the scion of an ancient noble family of Italy, and as the successor of the Italian men of genius — the Orsini, the Conti, the Medici, the Borghese — who have occupied the Papal throne for more than three centuries.

That double heredity of necessity confers on Pope Benedict a quite definite ideal, a quite definite policy; and that policy is clearly expressed in the second sentence of his appeal for peace: 'perfect impartiality toward all belligerents as is suitable for him who is the common Father.' Pope Benedict here regards himself, not as a priest, not as Bishop of Rome or Patriarch of Italy alone; not even as Head of the Roman Catholic Church only; not alone as Supreme Head of Christendom; but as Supreme Spiritual Head of the whole world, of all mankind, 'and that without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion.' And it is precisely as Supreme Spiritual Head of mankind, that Pope Benedict made his appeal, not only to loyal Roman Catholic Austria and Roman Catholic Italy and Belgium, but also to Lutheran Germany, to Anglican and Protestant England, to France, secularist at least so far as its present government is concerned, to the 'schismatic' nations adhering to the Eastern Catholic Church, like Russia, Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and even to the greatest independent Moslem power in the world, the Turkish Empire; for, for our present purpose, we may ignore the Prussian suzerainty at Constantinople.

By his appeal, Pope Benedict has, therefore, already attained this much: in the greatest of all wars, involving every quarter of the earth, Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and Australasia, in which four fifths of the human race are enrolled as combatants or belligerents, representing nearly every people, nation, and language under heaven, and involving the profoundest questions of human right and

international law, he has, addressing all belligerents, proclaimed himself the Supreme Spiritual Head of all mankind, 'the common Father . . . . without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion.' He has approached all belligerent powers on that ground; and, while few replies have, as this is written, been made public, it is safe to say that no belligerent nation will reject Pope Benedict's appeal on that ground — on the ground that he has no authority to address them as Supreme Spiritual Arbiter. Needless to say that this will not mean, on the part of Moslem or 'schismatic' or 'heretic' countries, that they formally accept that spiritual authority; but it will mean that this world-embracing claim has been made, and has at no point been formally rejected. To have accomplished this, therefore, is already to have accomplished much.

Let us return for a moment to the question of the temporal power. This phrase, it would seem, may be used in two quite different senses. First, there is the immediate historical sense; the Pope's sway, as a temporal prince, over a section of mid-Italy, including the tract which used to be called 'the patrimony of Peter' — a region of some 16,000 square miles, which had at one time a population of over three millions. In this aspect, the 'temporal power' may be said to be a purely Italian question, except that the possession of a temporal sovereignty in Italy would give the Pope a different diplomatic standing, establishing his right to maintain, at the seats of government of foreign nations, his ambassadors and ministers, who would, without question, wield a spiritual as well as a political authority.

In its local, Italian aspect, the temporal power of the Papacy was, of course, one of the greatest obstacles in the path of United Italy; and it is of deep significance that, in resisting the union of Italy, in resisting the formation of the young Italian nation, Austria and the Vatican were close allies. If space permitted, it would be interesting to see how close this alliance has been. Napoleon I, who, in 1796–97, struck a heavy blow at Austrian dominance in Italy, shortly thereafter limited the Pope's authority in certain important ways, by the terms of the Concordat, and exercised a definite political influence over Rome. The Congress of Vienna restored the Papal States, still in close sympathy with Austria. Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour found their path blocked equally by Rome and Austria. But Napoleon III, who, at Magenta and Solferino, helped to break Austria's power over Lombardy, nevertheless sent his armies to Rome, to uphold the Pope, and, while the Adriatic part of the Papal States was incorporated in the new Italy, the western part, Saint Peter's Patrimony, continued under the Pope's temporal rule. In 1866, the Prussian attack on Austria gave Italy the opportunity to win back Venetia; and when, in 1870, the Prussian invasion of France compelled Napoleon III to recall his troops from Rome, King Victor Emmanuel at last occupied the ancient capital of Italy.

The following arrangement was then made: by an Italian law dated May 13, 1871, the Pope and his successors were guaranteed perpetual possession of the Vatican and Lateran palaces and the villa of Castel Gandolfo, with a yearly income of 3,225,000 lire (or about $600,000), which allowance — amounting with arrears to about 150,000,000 lire ($30,000,000) — still remains unclaimed and unpaid. Since this allowance was in lieu of the revenues of the Papal States, the fact that it has not been accepted proves that the Popes still maintain their claim to temporal sovereignty over the Papal States, the realization

of which would mean the dismemberment of the Kingdom of Italy.

Yet it is not necessary to suppose that Pope Benedict XV expects, or even desires, the immediate realization of this plan; although we can hardly doubt that he would joyfully accept, not as a concession, but as a right, the restoration of his temporal authority over Saint Peter's Patrimony, with Rome as his capital; we may even add the Romagna on the Adriatic; and there may well survive the mediæval dream of a United Italy with the Pope as its temporal and spiritual sovereign.

But there is no immediate likelihood of this, even in its most restricted sense; nor should we suppose that a statesman so competent as Benedict XV contemplates it, at least as a present possibility. For it is certain that in no peace which is likely to be made now would the Central Empires have the power to enforce the dismemberment of Italy.

So that, so far as the purely local application of the idea of temporal power goes, it is, for the present at least, not 'practical politics.' But the phrase has another and a far wider significance; and we may well believe that, in inditing his appeal to the leaders of the belligerent peoples, Pope Benedict was looking back far beyond 1870 or 1860, to the golden age of the Papacy, the seven centuries between 800 and 1500, when the occupant of the Holy See exercised temporal power in a sense far different from that of lordship over a tiny Italian principality.

This is hardly the place to discuss the origin of the Papacy; to recall that, in part for political reasons, the See of Rome claimed to outrank the two older Sees of Jerusalem and Antioch; to consider how Constantine's withdrawal to the new Rome on the Bosphorus secured to the bishop of the old Rome the imperial tiara with the pagan title of Pontifex Maximus, 'supreme bridge-builder'; to trace the relations between the popes and the new invading sovereigns of Italy. Nor can we here do more than call to mind the cardinal fact, which began a new era for the Papacy, that Charlemagne received his crown from the Pope, on Christmas Day, in the year 800.

We must content ourselves with referring, as briefly as possible, to the great central epoch of that period of seven centuries, the epoch of Hildebrand, as Gregory VII, and of Innocent III. Here are Pope Gregory's own words, as keynote of that epoch: 'The Pope may depose emperors. He may absolve subjects from their allegiance to wicked men. He himself may be judged by no one.'

Theory was turned into practice a few years later when Gregory VII replied to the attacks of the Emperor Henry III in these words: 'In the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I withdraw, through thy power and authority, from Henry, the king, who has risen against thy church with unheard-of insolence, the rule over the whole kingdom of the Germans and over Italy. And I absolve all Christians from the bonds of the oaths which they have taken and shall take to him; and I forbid any one to serve him as king.'

We need only remind ourselves further that that truly great Pope, Innocent III, set forth the papal claim to world-suzerainty in even stronger terms than those of Gregory; that he compelled King John of England to surrender to him his kingdom, and to receive it back as a fief of the Holy See, for which annual tribute must be paid.

These are but the mountain peaks in the great epoch of the Papacy. That golden age came to a close shortly after the year 1500; in 1517, Martin Luther posted his protest on the church door at Wittenberg; twenty years later, the

Act of Supremacy asserted the independence of the Church of England.

It is not without interest to remember that in 1493, a few years before the close of that golden age, a Papal award practically gave a monopoly of most of the world's seas to Spain and Portugal, a grant whose results are still written large on the face of the world. Thus the Pope's dividing line ran across what is now Brazil; everything to the east of this went to Portugal; everything to the west went to Spain. So it happens that Brazil still speaks Portuguese, while the rest of South America speaks Spanish. To the same award is due the presence of Portuguese colonies in both East and West Africa, on the Bombay coast, at Macao in China, at Timor in the East Indies — an empire still girdling the globe. Interest is added to this award of 1493 by the fact that, in his appeal to the belligerent nations, Pope Benedict XV makes a special plea for 'the freedom of the seas.'

But the essence of the whole matter is that, according to the theory of that whole epoch, as summed up by Pope Gregory VII, the Pope, as the immediate representative of God, was to be the final arbiter between kings.

'The final arbiter between kings' — that is the larger idea of the temporal power. And, while it seems to be clear that Pope Benedict XV has not at present in view the lesser temporal power, to derive from a small princedom in Italy, he has very clearly in view this larger, more magnificent temporal power, which includes a general suzerainty of the world. This would appear to be the real meaning of the sentences we have quoted, with the sentence which immediately follows: 'Perfect impartiality toward all belligerents, as is suitable for him who is the common Father of all and who loves all his children with equal affection; continually to attempt to do all the good possible and without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity which the Supreme Spiritual charge has confided to us with Christ.' (I quote without change from the somewhat inadequate published translation.)

It is not an imperative claim, like that of Gregory VII and Innocent III, but it is a very persuasive claim to exactly the same authority. This much, therefore, Pope Benedict XV has already gained by his appeal, quite regardless of its final result. By the fact that they reply, belligerent nations to that degree accept his claim.

We are justified, therefore, in saying that the policy which underlies this appeal is not pro-German; it is, in the largest sense, pro-Roman. It is a practical furtherance of a policy which is laid as a solemn obligation on Pope Benedict, by the very fact of his position, as successor of Gregory VII and Innocent III. It is the largest constructive policy which has emanated from the Holy See for many a day, and it reveals Benedict XV as a great papal statesman.

But we ventured to say more than that his appeal is not pro-German. We said that, in a certain definite sense, it is anti-German — and this, even though it does not favor the Entente Powers. We find the justification of this in the concrete suggestions for peace.

At the head of these, Pope Benedict XV sets a 'simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armament,' the substitution of arbitration for armies, the creation of a court of arbitration, like that which was proposed by Emperor Nicholas II of Russia, nearly twenty years ago. But Pope Benedict knows very well that this policy of disarmament, of diminution of armament, has been put forward again and again, especially by France and England; and that the impediment has always been the flat refusal of Germany to consider any dimin-

ution of armament whatever, whether on land or on the sea. We do not know whether Pope Benedict has the slightest expectation that Germany will now consent to disarm — or promise to disarm, which is not exactly the same thing. It is far more likely that he has no such expectation; that his proposal of disarmament (he himself uses the word) was not made with the hope that Germany would accept it and carry it out, but was really made from a different motive. But the practical effect of it, if Germany meets it, as she is certain to meet it, with evasions and attenuations, if not with flat refusal, will be to put Germany in the wrong; or we may say, in this instance, to put militant Prussia in the wrong.

Take another concrete proposal: 'Consequently on the part of Germany there should be the complete evacuation of Belgium with the guaranty of her full political, military, and economic independence toward it. The evacuation of French territory —'

Pope Benedict does not specifically mention Courland and Livonia, with the occupied parts of Volhynia and Podolia; but, as he speaks of the return of the German colonies, it is a fair inference that he contemplates the return to Russia of the regions mentioned.

Pope Benedict does make a special plea for Poland, which has always been the great frontier stronghold of the Western, the Roman Catholic Church: 'The territories making a part of the ancient kingdom of Poland, whose noble and historical sufferings, especially during the present war, ought to conciliate the sympathies of nations.'

But these proposals also, and particularly the evacuation of Belgium and occupied France, once more put Germany in the wrong. Germany must either refuse them, and so admit that her policy of conquest is the real barrier to peace; or accept them, and thus surrender the Pan-German dream, which lays claim to these very territories.

Again, the proposal to arbitrate 'territorial questions between Germany and France . . . taking into consideration the aspirations of the peoples,' — meaning, of course, Alsace-Lorraine, — may fairly be called an anti-German proposal, since Germany has repeatedly declared that the question of Alsace-Lorraine is not arbitrable: 'Non possumus.'

But let us take another group of questions, the questions which particularly concern, not Germany, or rather Prussia, but Austria.

Pope Benedict does not declare that Serbia, like Belgium, should be evacuated and completely restored. On the contrary, the whole Balkan question should, he says, be submitted to arbitration. In this way, some solution, involving a diminished Serbia, might be reached, which would be favorable to Austrian ambitions; some solution of the Macedonian question might be reached, which would be acceptable to the Roman Catholic ruler of Bulgaria, who is said to be seeking an alliance, for his son and heir, with the imperial House of Hapsburg.

Again, the disposition of Trieste and the Trentino is to be submitted to arbitration. It will be remembered that, to keep Italy out of the war, Austria was ready, in the spring of 1915, to make some concessions in both these regions; she might well accept the war map as it stands to-day — for Austria has read the story of the Sibylline books. Finally, Austria, far from rejecting disarmament, would welcome it gladly, provided only she were allowed to retain her present territories — with such additions as the Pope's conference might win for her in Serbia and in Poland.

We may here recall the recent cable report that a settlement concerning Poland had been reached between Germany and Austria, under which

Germany would take merely a strategic strip a few miles wide, while all the rest should go to Austria, to be united with Austrian Poland (Galicia) under the Austrian Emperor, as King of Poland. This would, of course, form a strong counter-weight to aggressive Hungary; it would further, by withdrawing the Polish delegation from the Reichsrath at Vienna, give the Germans there a distinct preponderance over the Slavs, and thus thwart the uncomfortable ambitions of the Czechs. In a word, it would be an ideal solution for Austria; ideal, that is, for the House of Hapsburg. Austria has, especially at this point in the world-war, no great desire to expand; she has a lively apprehension that she may be compelled to contract. If, therefore, her present territory, augmented by the magnificent prize of Russian Poland, even though diminished by strips of the Trentino and the region about Gorizia, were guaranteed to her, she would accept with alacrity and disarm with joy.

The concrete proposals, therefore, in the Pope's appeal, while putting Germany in the wrong in vital matters, offer an ideal issue for Austria, which needs peace even more than Germany.

Pope Benedict has constructed a proposal which Austria could accept in full, deeming herself singularly fortunate to get the opportunity of accepting it, but which Germany could not accept as it stands, without surrendering all her national ambitions. Further, Germany cannot very well say so; she can neither frankly accept nor frankly decline.

This justifies, perhaps, the view that Pope Benedict's peace proposal is not, as has been charged, pro-German; for even an immediate peace, with disarmament, would checkmate Germany. It is not pro-German. It is, first, pro-Roman, in the widest sense; but it is also distinctly and very strongly pro-Austrian. Pope Benedict has, in fact, marked a line of cleavage, which may at any moment become a line of fracture, not so much between Austria and Germany as between South Germany, including Austria, and North Germany, dominated by Prussia. For, while cutting the claws of Prussia, — a not unfair way of describing the disarmament of the supremely militarist state, — the Pope's proposals work no detriment at all to Bavaria, Württemberg, Silesia, and other Roman Catholic sections of South Germany.

Therefore Pope Benedict has with consummate skill drawn up a peace proposal, which would give Austria more than she has any right to hope for, and would work no injury to Roman Catholic South Germany; but which would, on the other hand, hit Prussia exceedingly hard in the present, and, by disarmament, leave her helpless for the future. The line of possible fracture is very distinctly marked.

Is it necessary to revert to the age-long bond between the Empire and the Pope; to recall the days when popes made emperors, and when emperors, as in the instance of Henry III, made popes? Nor need we enter into intricacies concerning the 'Holy Roman Empire' or its legal lapse in 1806; the substantial fact is, that the bond between the Vatican and Vienna is as strong as ever; that nothing would so strengthen the political position of the Vatican as a revived and rejuvenated Austrian Empire. Nothing, therefore, would better enable the Pope to take the next step from the position of arbiter between kings by persuasion, which he has now assumed, to the position of an arbiter with authority; the kind of authority which Gregory VII and Innocent III contemplated — and exercised.

Any one who has lived long in Austria has had to recognize the fact that, while Prussia is — not very popular, let us say — in Paris or London, one

must go to Vienna for really scathing criticism of Prussian idiosyncracies. Sedan, with all it has meant of spoliation and sacrifice for France, has not been forgotten. Sadowa will never be forgotten. Perhaps, for a really drastic characterization of the House of Hohenzollern one could not do better than apply to the House of Hapsburg. It is probably quite unnecessary to put this more clearly; whoever knows Austria will fully understand. Austria would like various things; she would, let us say, like to get back Venetia and Lombardy, perhaps all Italy. She would like to regain Silesia; she would like the whole Balkan region, including Saloniki and Constantinople, and much besides. But the dear desire of her heart, what she longs for infinitely more than any of these things, is to crush and subjugate the insolent upstart empire to the north, which has robbed her of the hegemony of Central Europe.

The practical effect, then, of Pope Benedict's letter becomes clear: it aligns Roman Catholic South Germany on the side of Austria — against arrogant Prussia, as in the good old days before the god of Junkerthum smoked his first cigar under the nose of the Austrian delegate.

The treaty of alliance with Germany would not stand in Austria's way for a minute, if she could only see some practical way of success. And things look more hopeful for her, with Prussia weakened and hemmed in, shorn of half her man-power, not beloved by Bavaria and Catholic South Germany, and now put in the position of compelling Catholic South Germany to continue a ruinous war, to further, not South German, but Prussian ambitions.

One remembers Schwarzenberg's dictum, in 1849, when the South German States were organizing with Austria in an anti-Prussian league: 'First humiliate Prussia, then destroy her.' Nothing that has happened since, nothing, especially, that has happened during the present war, has canceled that wish in Austria's heart. There have been many indications, since Pope Benedict made his appeal, that the line of fracture marked in it is developing — indications in the press of Vienna and Buda-Pesth, in Bavaria, in the whole South German region. The plan seems clear enough; it remains to be seen how far events will bring it to fruition.

The replies of Germany and Austria to the papal appeal have now been published. The outstanding fact about both, and it is said to be a cause of keen disappointment at the Vatican, is that they reveal no concrete peace terms whatever, not even a genuine consideration of the concrete terms suggested by Pope Benedict. It would appear that, even after the world-wide revelation of the enormous ineptitude of her diplomacy, Germany still hopes for a diplomatic victory — hopes to cheat the Entente Powers behind closed doors. The German document shows no grasp of realities. In tone, it is a "preachment," a homily on the virtues of Kaiser Wilhelm, by the head of the German Church.

The Austrian reply is more subtle. It contains two substantive statements: an eloquent recognition of papal supremacy, and a plea for the integrity of the Hapsburg empire — both in line with what one conceives to be Pope Benedict's purpose. And it is noteworthy that the really sharp criticisms of the German letter have come from the Roman Catholics of South Germany.

One thing more: In neither document is there the faintest shadow of real contrition or confession of wrong-doing; just as, in the Pope's appeal there was not the slightest recognition that genuine repentance and confession must of necessity precede forgiveness.

KERENSKY AND THE REVOLUTION

BY E. H. WILCOX

I

ALEXANDER FEODOROVITCH KERENSKY is the most striking human phenomenon of the war — one might even say, of our time. Last year he was a struggling political dissident, dogged at every step by the agents of the police, and never certain that he might not be seized the next moment and spirited off to that heart-breaking Siberian exile in which so many of his friends were already languishing. Now he is the virtual dictator of Russia — the real ruler of a nation of one hundred and seventy million souls, the accepted master of a larger number of human beings than have ever before willingly submitted to the sway of a single man. It is small wonder if the peoples of the world, a little dazzled by this human meteor who has rushed so suddenly into their ken, should be asking themselves, in some confusion of mind, what is the meaning of this strange unheralded apparition.

If, on the eve of the Revolution, you had scrutinized the ranks of the Imperial Duma, Alexander Kerensky would probably have been the last man whom you would have picked out as a successor to the autocrat of all the Russias. In many respects, he was the least distinguished figure in that assembly, and, so far as externals were concerned, one of the least ingratiating. As he hurried through the lobbies with short nervous steps, you might have taken him for an underpaid clerk or the reporter of a gutter newspaper. His undeveloped, undersized form was clad in a shabby, dark-colored sack suit, and the only noticeable characteristics of his pinched features were the morbid and blotchy pallor of his complexion, and a certain furtiveness in the expression of the eyes, which was possibly due to the perpetual anxieties of his revolutionary life. Neither the face nor the manner of the man would have inspired confidence in a stranger, though the indications of suffering and ill-health might have prompted to pity.

The writer last saw Kerensky before the Revolution, but it is evident from his recent photographs that the change in his fortunes has been accompanied by a corresponding change in his personal appearance. No doubt the sense of power and of high achievement, and the general recognition of great public services is having its mellowing and mollifying effect on the wan, drawn face of Alexander Kerensky.

On the tribune Kerensky seemed even more out of place than in the lobbies. The level of eloquence in the Duma was not a high one. Oratorical skill was no qualification for the Cabinet, and was consequently seldom found there. On those rare occasions on which a minister of the Tsar condescended to oral communication with the elected of the Russian people, he repeated in monotonous tones a dry official statement learned by heart, or even read it out with his eyes glued to the typewritten text. Those of the deputies whose names are best known outside Russia were speakers rather than

orators, and what they said was more effective to the eye than to the ear. No doubt that was as it should have been, for more result was to be hoped for from the newspaper reader than from anything that was likely to happen in the Chamber itself.

One man with real oratorical gifts the Duma did boast of, but he was always on the wrong side. That was Nikolai Evgenievitch Markoff, member for Koursk, who assumed the leadership of the defenders of reaction, corruption, and incompetence when their former chief, Vladimir Mitrofanovitch Puriskievitch left for the front as an organizer of the work of charity and underwent a Pauline change, which, in spite of his continued adhesion to monarchical principles, made him one of the chief contrivers of the death of Gregory Rasputin and a revolutionary force of tremendous potency. Markoff, who is a man of gigantic stature and picturesque exterior, — his large square head is crowned with bushy black curls, — has a complete command of all the classical tricks of oratory. The spacious gesture, the nicely modulated voice (his is mellow and resonant), the lightning repartee, the carefully calculated pause, were all employed by him with great adroitness and effectiveness. It was always an æsthetic pleasure to hear him and watch him speak in the Duma, and it was only when one read one's paper the following morning that one realized that he had said nothing. He had, indeed, nothing to say, for he was the champion of a cause which had been hopelessly lost through its own utter hollowness.

On the other hand, the speeches of the opponents of the old régime, though unimpressive in delivery, made convincing reading in the parliamentary reports. Kerensky stood out from the other members by virtue of the vehemence and pitch of his utterance. Their monotony was that of a babbling brook, his that of a railway whistle. He was always at the white heat of passion, and poured out an unbroken torrent of fierce words at the very top of his voice. One was amazed that his vocal chords did not give way, and that his puny frame was not broken by the storm of uncontrolled gesture which kept every limb in ceaseless febrile motion. As a matter of fact, his speeches actually left him quite exhausted, and he stepped from the tribune with his whole body trembling and perspiration pouring down his pallid cheeks.

This type of overwrought oratory does not impress a parliament; and Kerensky was listened to in the Duma mainly because there was no knowing what he might not say next. The majority of his colleagues heard him with a half-contemptuous curiosity, and heaved a sigh of relief when he reached the end of his peroration without having provoked open scandal. Outside the ranks of the extreme democratic parties, his demagogic frenzy aroused both dislike and distrust. He was regarded as a man of insatiable ambition, to whom it was of less importance that the fabric of the Tsar's government should be tottering than that he had struck the blows which had loosened it from its foundations. In this respect the attitude of the house toward him was in strong contrast to the amiable indulgence which it showed toward the leader of Socialism pure and simple, Nikolai Tcheidse, whose dull preaching of a more intense doctrine was further subdued by a strong Caucasian accent, and the permanent success of whose methods in the chair of that exceedingly stormy assembly, the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, has been not the least surprising among the paradoxes of the Revolution.

There was, however, one portion of Kerensky's audience on which his eloquence worked like a succession of powerful electric shocks, and to which, no doubt, it was chiefly directed. That was the groups of workmen, always marked out by their blouses and high boots, in the public galleries of the Tauride Palace. It was precisely those passages of his speeches which the censor had deleted from the newspaper reports which were best known in the artisan quarter on 'the Viborg side' and in the ship-yards and iron-works at the mouth of the Neva. The Trudoviki, or Laborites, are a representation rather of the landless rural peasant than of the urban masses; but with a sure instinct the Petrograd proletariat quickly recognized in Kerensky their born champion; and in the months of doubt and despair which preceded the Revolution he was the man they swore by through thick and thin.

For nearly a couple of years before the storm burst it was clear to close observers that he had only to lift a finger to fill the streets of Petrograd with men and women ready for almost anything. It was in August, 1915, that the head of the metropolitan Obrana (secret political police) drew the attention of the Minister of the Interior to this danger. His report, which is one of many interesting confidential documents brought to light by the Revolution, may be quoted textually: —

The strikes with a political background which are at present occurring among the workmen, and also the ferment among them, are the result of the revolutionary activity of members of the Social Democratic and Labor fractions of the Duma, and especially of the leader of the latter, the lawyer Kerensky. The revolutionary propaganda of Kerensky has expressed itself in the watch-word 'Struggle for power and for a constituent assembly,' and has led to a systematic discrediting of the government party in the eyes of the masses. For the success of these demands Kerensky has recommended the workmen to establish impromptu factory groups for the formation of councils of workmen's and soldiers' delegates on the model of 1905, with the object of impelling the movement in a definite direction at the given moment, with the cry for a Constituent Assembly which should take into its hands the defense of the country. For the greater success of his agitation Kerensky is circulating among the workmen rumors that he is receiving from the provinces numbers of letters with the demand that he overthrow the Romanoff dynasty and take its power into his own hands.

The aforesaid criminal activity of Kerensky has had the result that the present strike movement, in spite of the protests of the Social Democrats of the Lenine type, has had success only because the Social-Democrat liquidators and popular Social revolutionaries replied definitely that 'for more than a week their Duma deputies had been knocking at the door of the proletariat in search of sympathy and support; and that it would be criminal on the part of representatives of the proletariat not to support the deputies.' As I propose, with the object of checking further revolutionary propaganda, to carry out the arrest of the most active of the revolutionary agitators, I beg for instructions how I should act with respect to the chief ringleader of the present revolutionary movement, the member of the Imperial Duma Kerensky.

This document is one of the few pieces of tangible evidence we have on one of the most important and, as yet, most obscure questions of the Revolution, namely, how the movement was organized and set in motion among the working classes of Russia and in the rank and file of the army. We have known from the outset that it was the Imperial Duma, with those great organizations, so closely affiliated to it, the All-Russian Union of Zemstvos and the All-Russian Union of Municipalities, which prepared the ground

among the commercial and professional classes and among the officers of the army and navy, and it is not difficult to imagine how they did their work. But under the conditions then existing in Russia, anything like a universal organization for an illegal purpose of the masses of the civilian population and the army seemed out of the question.

The report of the head of the Petrograd Obrana gives us a hint how this apparent impossibility was brought about. Some day we may learn why it was that Kerensky was left at liberty till his revolutionary work was accomplished. A mere fraction of his transgression had sent thousands to Siberia; but it appears to have been only on the strength of his last Duma speech, on the very eve of the Revolution, that the Ministry of the Interior decided that his time was ripe, and issued an order for his prosecution.

II

One curious point about Kerensky is this, that, according to Russian conceptions he is an aristocrat, a 'nobleman.' Taine said of the great personalities which eventually emerged from the French Revolution, 'these men had no ancestors, but they were themselves ancestors.' The same could not be said of the men who up to now have been in the forefront of the Russian Revolution. Kerensky and Tcheidse are both members of the 'Dvorianstvo,' or nobility, and the same is true of most of those who so far have been the real architects, and not merely the site-clearers, of the Revolution. Prince Lvoff, the head of the first Provisional Government, belongs to this caste as a matter of course; and so do his namesake, who was Procurator of the Holy Synod, and Rodzianko, and Milyukoff. On the passports of those two great popular tribunes Kerensky and Tcheidse you would have found the word 'Dvorianin,' which the nearest available Russian-English dictionary translates by the single word, 'nobleman.'

In those Caucasian restaurants of Petrograd and Moscow to which you must go if you want to taste *pilaf* or *shashlyk* in their authentic form, your meal will probably be cooked by one prince and served by a second, while a third will relieve you of your hat and coat as you enter, and consider himself suitably rewarded for their restoration, when you leave, by a gift of twopence 'for tea.' The reason for this is that when the Tsardom annexed Georgia, it granted to all the feudal chiefs, great and small, the right to bear the only genuine Russian title, and the highest one in the country, namely 'Kniaz,' which is invariably translated 'prince,' and apparently can be only so translated. Where 'princes' are waiters, and messengers, and bootblacks, it is not surprising that a great part of the mere 'nobility' should be sunk in poverty and even destitution, and that Kerensky, though a 'nobleman,' should have been compelled to sub-let one of the four rooms of his flat, and should have had considerable difficulty in finding a tenant because he could not afford to keep the place properly heated. All the same, it is an interesting fact that this great democratic movement of the greatest aggregate of Christian people existing on the earth should have been headed by a man whose family traditions connect him with privilege and prerogative.

If, on the eve of the Revolution, an outside observer had been asked to sketch a portrait of Kerensky as a man and a publicist, he would probably have done so in something like these terms: 'An ambitious and shrewd young lawyer, of impoverished aristocratic stock, who has had the foresight

to realize that in the democratic development of Russia, which it is no longer possible to arrest, the popular side offers the best scope for his somewhat morbid talents and energies; a voluble and tempestuous orator of pronouncedly demagogic type, who has been intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity and, in the process of convincing others, is gradually raising his own convictions to the point of fanaticism.' Such a judgment would have been no serious disparagement of his honesty and sincerity.

Probably such a portrait would not have been far from the truth; but the Kerensky we know now is something quite different. It is not merely that his physical and mental powers, warmed by that great fire of revolutionary enthusiasm which he did so much to kindle, have been purified and enhanced. They have been radically transformed and enriched and ennobled by the addition of something which before was not of them. The old Kerensky could not have become the hope and the rallying-point of all that is honest and patriotic in a nation of one hundred and seventy million people. A rebirth, a renaissance, a 'conversion,' — to use the word that perhaps most aptly suggests the alteration in this man's soul — was necessary for that. The truth would seem to be that, under the influence of the great emotional storm which the Revolution let loose, what was to Kerensky formerly a political conviction, has now become a pious faith, a religious fanaticism. He has been called the great statesman of the Revolution. That may be true ultimately, but so far, as I shall point out later, it is not. Statesmanship is more a matter of experience than of inspiration. But what Kerensky can be called is the Prophet of the Revolution, the High Priest of liberty. A vast and overpowering belief in the thing he professes has seized his soul, burned all the dross out of it, and wakened to throbbing life qualities which were lying dormant and had not yet responded to any summons.

It is no longer possible to doubt Kerensky's sincerity or honesty. Calculating ambition can do much, but only faith can supply the supernatural force which has borne him up since he took over the Ministry of War. Before the Revolution a single speech seemed to leave him on the verge of collapse. Since then he has gone on for weeks on end, delivering a dozen or a score of such speeches in a single day, and finding time in the intervals between them to pour out proclamations, appeals, and decisions on the most critical matters of the most vital of all the departments of state.

I have read every word that the chief Russian papers have printed of Kerensky's doings since he became a member of the Cabinet, and only once has it been recorded that he had to disappoint his audience because his throat had broken down under the strain. During General Korniloff's so promising thrust at Stanislau, he seemed to be ubiquitous all up and down the front, exhorting here, cajoling there, threatening somewhere else, darting ceaselessly backwards and forwards between observation-posts, trenches, and reserve formations, everywhere working under the extremest tension of mind and body. Here, as in his great oratorical tour at the beginning of his tenure of the War Ministry, his working day often extended into the small hours of the following morning, and one can only wonder when he could have found time for sleep.

The very character of his oratory appears to have participated in the rebirth of the man. That his utterances should have brought down showers of popular offerings; that the platforms

on which he had just spoken should have been littered with gold chains, brooches, necklaces, and military medals, sacrificed spontaneously for the common good, does not in itself say very much. It was a time of extreme emotions, in which high-pitched oratory of the Kerensky type was necessary to give expression to the popular mood. But in some mysterious way he has evidently caught the power of sweeping off their feet even those who have been hardened to the appeal of the platform by long experience of public life.

Nemirovitch Danchenko is one of the oldest and ablest of Russian journalists, whose critical faculties have been sharpened by many years' service on the battlefields of war and politics; but he writes of the wizardry of Kerensky's oratory in terms of positive ecstasy.

Listening to him [he says] you feel that all your nerves are drawn toward him and bound together with his nerves in one nexus. It seems that you yourself are speaking; that on the platform it is not Kerensky but you who are standing before the crowd, dominating its thoughts and feelings; that it and you have only one heart, wide as the world and as beautiful. Kerensky has spoken and gone. You ask yourself how long he has spoken — an hour or three minutes? On your honor, you cannot say, for time and space had vanished. They had ceased to be; only now have they returned.

Again, he says: —

All impediments between himself and his audience are intolerable to him. He wants to be all before you, from head to foot, so that the only thing between you and him is the air completely impregnated by his and your mutual radiations of invisible but mighty currents. For that reason he will hear nothing of rostra, pulpits, tables. He leaves the rostrum, jumps on the table; and when he stretches out his hands to you, — nervous, supple, fiery, all quivering with the enthusiasm of prayer which seizes him, — you feel that he touches you, grasps you with those hands, and irresistibly draws you to himself.

To Danchenko, Kerensky is 'a volcano hurling forth sheaves of all-consuming fire,' actuated by 'an impulse of such headlong centrifugal feeling as could be compared only with lightning if lightning had the thought and consciousness where it must strike and what destroy.' For this hardened observer, although his past associations have been in circles with little sympathy for Socialistic views, there can be no doubt as to the abandoned fervor of Kerensky's conviction. Kerensky 'loves nobility, and, seeking it, finds it in every soul, which becomes purer responding to his appeal.' The driving power behind him is 'the indestructible and insatiable faith in the eternal and omnipotent truth of freedom,' and 'you follow him because you never for a moment doubt that if he calls you to a feat of daring, he will himself be in front, taking on his sunken chest, his weak and narrow shoulders, all the blows of the yet unvanquished monster of the evil past.'

Of the overwhelming power of Kerensky's personality in direct contact with the masses of his fellow countrymen, we have an example so astonishing, so incredible, that one hesitates to put it forward without the strongest possible authentication. Let the incident, therefore, be told in the words of the correspondent of the *Rietch*, Arzoubieff, who reports what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. It was in the first days of Kerensky's rule at the War Ministry and he was visiting one of the 'sick' (disaffected) regiments on the Dvina front. Arzoubieff says, —

The soldiers gave a friendly enough answer to Kerensky's greeting. He shook hands with the officers and the members of the Regimental Committee, and ordered

individual soldiers to come nearer. They formed round him in a wide close circle. And he began to speak.

All the time he talked of the same thing: how we had gained our precious and long-awaited freedom, and how we must guard, strengthen, and defend it, voluntarily submitting to a reasonable discipline, dictated not by fear but by a sense of duty.

When he had finished, some soldiers standing in the front row asked: 'But will you tell us what we must do to strengthen this same freedom? Do you mean that we should attack?'

The question was asked in a calm and peaceable, not at all in a provocative tone. Yet, all the same, one's heart trembled with some ominous presentiment. Not mine alone — of that I am sure. Hundreds of eyes were fixed upon the questioner.

Kerensky explained, that to strengthen freedom means, in the first place, to organize. Committees must be elected — by companies, regiments, divisions. These committees will decide matters together with the Command Staff. And if it proves that an advance is indispensable then an advance must be made.

'If we attack,' remarked the soldier calmly, quietly, and with conviction, 'we shall all perish. And what good will it be, this freedom, to a dead man? The dead need neither land nor freedom.'

Kerensky started back as if he had been struck in the face. A shiver ran through those who were present.

It was, indeed, an awkward moment. Here was the Commander-in-Chief, here was the Commander of the Army. Some hundred days back none would have dared blink in their presence. A soldier who had presumed to utter words like those just spoken would have been struck, not only off the roll of the regiment, but off the roll of the living. And mark, that not only here, in the former army of the Tsar, was it so, but it was so in all the armies of the world, in those of our allies as in those of our enemies.

Moreover, what are generals, and who thinks of generals now? Here was Kerensky — the living incarnation of the victorious revolution; the supreme wielder of revolutionary power in the army. If he departs hence humiliated and shamed, the whole Russian Revolution is a brag, a piece of tomfoolery, an absurdity. It means that our Revolution is good for nothing, a rotten rag, and the first peasant you meet has the right to spit on it according to his pleasure.

Kerensky and the soldier stood face to face. The representative of the spirit and the representative of the body, they measured one another with their eyes as if before a duel.

'Comrades,' Kerensky began.

'What is the use of talking?' cried the soldier, sharply and roughly, not at all as he had spoken hitherto; 'we must make peace quickly, that's all.'

Some one's sympathetic voice murmured in the back ranks. Another moment and the peasant would have won a victory over the Russian Revolution.

'Silence when the War Minister is speaking!'

There was a hush. All were on the alert — as still as death. It seemed that one could hear the quickened beat of hearts.

'Colonel,' said Kerensky in a choking voice, 'take this man' —

'And have him shot?' the mind involuntarily asked itself. The emotion of the moment was such that no one would have been surprised to hear such words. But no.

—'and to-morrow issue an order that he has been flung out of the ranks of the Russian Army. He is a coward. He is unworthy to defend the soil of Russia. He may go home.'

A stream of phrases, trenchant and merciless as the blows of a whip. 'Coward, coward, coward!' Kerensky repeated this word with the fury of one possessed. The face of the soldier took on the hue of death, became as gray as the earth. He began to sway to one side, ever farther to one side, and finally fell heavily to the ground.

'He is playing the simpleton,' some one shouted.

But it was not so. The soldier was in a deep swoon.

This time mind had triumphed over body. The revolution had humbled the recalcitrant peasant in the dust.

Here again we may say that the Revolutionary Kerensky proved him-

self different from and greater than his former self.

Moreover he has unquestionably developed powers of assimilation, intuition, and decision which even those most closely associated with him in his earlier life had never suspected. When he was appointed Minister for War he shut himself up in his room, having given orders that he was on no pretext to be disturbed, and for twenty-four hours at a stretch tore the essential facts out of a mass of military manuals. Emerging from his seclusion on the following day, he remarked to one of the members of his family, 'Now, it seems, I know a little about it and can leave for the front.'

This recalls that power of Napoleon — almost as remarkable as his specifically military genius — to absorb within a few hours all the main features of a complex and unfamiliar problem and at once to supply the best solution of it. It should be remembered that till Kerensky became Minister for War, the army was an absolutely unknown field to him. He had not even served the usual term in the ranks. And yet he had been only a few days on the visit to the front which followed his appointment, when General Brusiloff enthusiastically exclaimed, 'Kerensky is the very man the Russian army needs!'

There is much to be said against Kerensky's decisions, as indeed against the whole line of his policy, but there has, at any rate, never been any hesitation about them. While the government as a whole was encouraging anarchy by vacillation and temporizing, his personal decisions, so far as is known, were always instant, peremptory, irrevocable; and though some of them were fraught with mischievous consequences, the immediate result of his swift intuition and prompt action was undoubtedly a salutary one.

At an early stage of the Revolution Kerensky coined one of its most precious and memorable phrases. 'The Russian Revolution,' he said, 'will astound the world by its magnanimity.' And to this fine principle he has ever since remained true. When clamor was raised in the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates and elsewhere for a retaliatory persecution of Nicholas II and his family, he flatly declared that, so long as he was Minister of Justice, there should be nothing of the kind; and he told the murmuring Maximalists that free Russia should be the last country to allow the impartial administration of the law to be influenced by feelings of vengefulness, however great the provocation might have been. This rule he also applied in his own personal relationships. More than once he defended the right of the Maximalists to freedom of speech, at a time when the chief use they were making of it was to blacken his character and undermine his authority. Untold harm was done in the Twelfth Army by a Leninite organ called the *Okopnaya Pravda* [Trench Truth], which attacked him with especially scurrilous bitterness. At last the Executive Committee of the army decided to have the editor of this sheet, a certain Lieutenant Haustoff, arrested on the charge of libeling the War Minister. When Kerensky heard of this he at once telegraphed to the Government Commissary with the army: 'I beg you personally to investigate this matter, and if Lieutenant Haustoff has been arrested merely for criticizing my words and actions, then, since we have freedom of speech, I consider such arrest as unpermissible, and I beg you to make representations for his liberation.'

A similar spirit of magnanimity actuated him when he refused the St. George's Cross unanimously voted to

him by the cavaliers of St. George in the third Caucasian Army Corps, and sent to him at Petrograd.

The army corps sought to justify the conferment by appeal to a definite clause in the Statutes of the Order of St. George; but the legal mind of Kerensky saw that this passage had been construed a little liberally in his favor, and he refused the proffered honor, though both in his revolutionary career and on his visits to the firing-line he had undoubtedly many times shown courage which would have morally entitled him to accept it. In his case, however, physical courage is eclipsed by that much rarer and higher quality, moral courage, of which he has shown countless examples.

III

Nevertheless, with all our appreciation of the superb qualities of Alexander Feodorovitch, and of the elemental forces which the Revolution has awakened in him, we must also admit that the difficulties and dangers in his way were largely of his own creation. Unhappily, the Russian Revolution as it appeared to distant observers in the days of its birth will remain one of the great might-have-beens of history, and Kerensky is in large measure responsible for the pitiful culmination of a splendid promise.

Thanks to the unusual nature of the circumstances, — the thoroughness of the work of disintegration carried out by the old régime, the useful lessons of the great dress-rehearsal of 1905–06, and the war, which delayed action till the full ripeness of the opportunity, — the Russian Revolution made a better beginning than any similar movement recorded in the annals of our kind. It is questionable whether there ever was a government in which disinterested patriotism, ability, and energy were more abundant than they were in Prince Lvoff's first Cabinet. Several of its members had run grave risks and paid heavy penalties in the cause of popular freedom. They were nearly all experts in their departmental subjects, besides being practiced politicians. At the outset, at any rate, public opinion was solid at their backs, and it was inspired by a noble and high-minded impulse. With this magnificent start, there was really no reason in the nature of things why the Revolution should have got out of hand.

Yet within a few months the whole country seemed to be rapidly dissolving into a state of primordial chaos. Regiments, societies, towns, districts, vast areas with populations of many millions, were threatening to throw off the authority of the Central Government or actually defying it. Industry was rapidly being brought to a standstill through the lack of fuel and raw materials, the expulsion of the technical staffs from the factories, or the insistence by the workmen on hours of labor and rates of pay which had hitherto not even been dreamed of in any country. A licentious soldiery was running riot through the land, commandeering express trains and passenger steamers, looting drink-shops, sacking country mansions, and spreading disorganization and demoralization in all directions. The transport system, on which depended the lives both of the armies at the front and of the civilian populations in the rear, had sunk into a state of inextricable disorder and confusion, and the railway sidings were becoming daily more and more congested with broken-down locomotives and wagons which there was neither the labor nor the material to repair. Public expenditure was rising by leaps and bounds, and as the normal sources of revenues had almost completely dried up, the only way to

keep pace with it was to flood the already perilously diluted currency with paper money, which was being turned out at the maximum pressure of the government printing-machines. There could not have been a more lamentable contrast than that between the first promise of the Revolution and its fruition a few months later.

And why was this? No doubt the situation was always one of enormous difficulty, — the old régime had also seen to that, — but the real cause of the failure to cope with it successfully is unquestionably to be found in that 'duplication of authority' which arose out of the pretensions and intermeddlings of the Petrograd Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. Prince Lvoff's first Cabinet was never allowed to be a government at all in the ordinary sense of that term, though it should have been obvious, even to those of the revolutionary leaders who had had the least political experience, that, if ever there was a time when unity and firmness of authority were indispensable, it was then, when an exhausting war, bringing in its train a grave economic crisis, had suddenly been complicated by the destruction of the whole machinery of administration and the relaxation of the accustomed bonds of civic discipline.

So far it is impossible to apportion fairly the blame for the collapse between the Government and the Council. Before we can do that, we must be enlightened on one very material point which up to the present has been kept in obscurity. We know that the first Provisional Government was the result of an agreement between the Executive Committee of the Imperial Duma and the Council, but we have not been given cognizance of the negotiations between these two bodies or of the terms of their compact. It is almost inconceivable that Prince Lvoff should not have insisted on those conditions of plenary and undisputed authority, without which no government can fulfill its functions even in the most favorable of circumstances, and if that is so, then the Council was guilty of a deliberate, systematic, and continuous breach of faith. From the very beginning it arrogated to itself administrative functions, issued proclamations, and assured the credulous populace that it was the only body to which the adhesion of true democrats was due. One consequence of this was that lawless and wayward spirits refused to obey the Government because it was not the expression of the will of the people, and the Council because it was not the government.

For this untenable relationship Kerensky must accept a large share of the responsibility. He was one of the creators, if not the creator of the Petrograd Council; he was its first vice-chairman and apparently still holds that post; he had an incomparable authority, both with its members and with the Petrograd proletariat and garrison who had elected them, and it is exceedingly improbable that it adopted any of its hasty and ill-considered steps without his knowledge.

The first and most fatal of these was the notorious 'Proclamation No. 1,' said to have been drafted by the Jew Maximalist Nahamkes, who calls himself Stekloff. This document enunciated the principle that the troops had the right to choose their own officers, and thus at one stroke cut away the whole foundation of the discipline of the army before anything had been devised to take its place. The accumulated effect of all the other agents of disintegration did not together contribute so much to the riot that produced the catastrophe of Tarnopol as did this one foolish and fatal proclamation. It was the main cause of the *débâcle*

which Kerensky assumed the premiership to stem, and at the same time it was his own work.

Nor is that the only case in which he has had, in a sadder and wiser mood, to repair the consequences of his own ill-advised measures. One of his first steps as Minister of Justice was to abolish the death penalty. The act doubtless was nobly inspired, but it was not statesmanship, and it caused rivers of blood to flow. Less than six months later Kerensky himself was compelled to reinstate the death penalty on a scale on which it had never been applied since the days of Ivan the Terrible. Instead of sending individuals to the scaffold, he was compelled to have whole battalions of Russian troops mown down by Russian artillery or cut to pieces by Cossack charges. He proclaimed unrestrained freedom of the press and of speech; but six months later, he closed down the Leninite papers with as little ceremony as if he had been a Plehve or a Protopopoff, and suspended the right of public meeting at the front. In solemn words, he assured the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates that troops should never be brought from outside to intervene in the crises of the capital; but it was only with the help of regiments from the front that he made himself master of the open rising of treason, reaction, and anarchy which broke out in the middle of July. With proud confidence he issued the charter of soldiers' rights which his predecessor as War Minister, the really statesmanlike Alexander Gutchkoff, had refused to sign; but already its fundamental clauses have been revoked, and it will be long before they are again put into force.

These are only some of the mistakes which Kerensky has made, and the catalogue could be indefinitely extended.

His must be the major responsibility, because he was the only man in the country whom the masses of the people absolutely trusted and were ready implicitly to obey. If he had not been blinded by his own enthusiasm and faith in the miraculous workings of freedom, he would have told Russia that the Revolution was an accomplished fact, and that the only forces which could rivet the old shackles upon the nation were its own impatience and impetuosity. He would have pointed out that, after but a few months' delay, Russia as a whole would be able to speak through the Constituent Assembly, and decide once and for all what the future destiny of the country was to be. He would have indicated all the dangers of hasty experiments in the uncertain and insecure conditions of the interregnum, and would have earnestly exhorted his vast and submissive following to think for the moment only of the duties and not of the privileges of freedom. Finally, he would have insisted on the primary necessity of absolute obedience to the government and to it alone.

He did not do these things, and his responsibility is twofold. He is responsible as the most influential member of the corporation which encouraged license and undermined the authority of the government, and he is responsible as the most influential member of the government which retained office under these impossible conditions.

All men have the defects of their qualities and the calm calculations of a statesman were not to be expected from a man possessed by the religious fervor with which Kerensky greeted the Revolution. His mistakes have been grievous, but he would have been a less interesting and sympathetic figure had he not been the man who was bound to make them.

HIGH ADVENTURE. III

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

THE winter of 1916–17 was the most prolonged and bitter that France has known in many years. It was a trying period to the little group of Americans assembled at the École Militaire d'Aviation, eager as they were to complete their training, and to be ready, when spring should come, to share in the great offensive, which they knew would then take place on the Western front. Aviation is a waiting game at the best of seasons. In winter it is a series of seemingly endless delays. Day after day, the plain on the high plateau overlooking the old city of V—— was storm-swept, a forlorn and desolate place as we looked at it from our windows, watching the flocks of crows as they beat up against the wind, or as they turned, and were swept with it, over our barracks, crying and calling derisively to us as they passed.

'Birdmen do you call yourselves?' they seemed to say. 'Then come on up; the weather's fine!'

Well they knew that we were impostors, fair-weather fliers, who dared not accept their challenge.

It is strange how vague and shadowy my remembrance is of those long weeks of inactivity, when we were dependent for employment and amusement on our own devices. To me there was a quality of unreality about our life at B——. Our environment was, no doubt, partly responsible for this feeling. Although we were not far distant from Paris, — less than an hour by train, — the country round about our camp seemed to be quite cut off from the rest of the world. With the exception of our Sunday afternoons of leave, when we joined the *boulevardiers* in town, we lived a life as remote and cloistered as that of some brotherhood of monks in an inaccessible monastery. That is how it appeared to me, although here again I am in danger of making it seem that my own impressions were those of all the others. This of course was not true. The spirit of the place appealed to us, individually, in widely different ways, and upon some, perhaps, it had no effect at all.

Sometimes we spent our winter afternoons of enforced leisure in long walks through country roads which lay empty to the eye for miles. They gave one a sense of loneliness which colored thought, not in any sentimental way, but in a manner very natural and real. The war was always in the background of one's musings, and while we were far removed from actual contact with it, every depopulated country village brought to mind the sacrifice which France has made for the cause of all freedom-loving nations. Every roadside café, long barren of its old patronage, was an evidence of the tragic completeness of the sacrifice. Americans, for the most part, are of an unconquerably healthy cast of mind; but there were few of us who could frequent these places light-heartedly.

Paris was our emotional storehouse, to use Kipling's term, during the time we were at B——. We spent our Sun-

day afternoons there, mingling with the crowds on the boulevards, or, in pleasant weather, sitting outside the cafés, watching the soldiers of the world go by. The streets were filled with *permissionnaires* from all parts of the Western front, and there were many of those despised of all the rest, the *embusqués*, as they are called, who hold the comfortable billets in safe places well back of the lines. It was very easy to distinguish them from the men newly arrived from the trenches, in whose eyes one saw the look of wonder, almost of unbelief, that there was still a goodly world to be enjoyed. It was often beyond the pathetic to see them trying to satisfy their need for all the wholesome things of life in a brief seven days of leave; to see the family parties at the modest restaurants on the side streets, making merry in a kind of forced way, as if every one were thinking of the brevity of the time for such enjoyment.

Scarcely a week went by without bringing one or two additional recruits to the Franco-American Corps. We wondered why they came so slowly. There must have been thousands of Americans who would have been, not only willing, but glad to join us; and yet the opportunities for doing so had been made widely known. For those who did come this was the legitimate by-product of glorious adventure and a training in aviation not to be surpassed in Europe. This was to be had by any healthy young American, almost for the asking; but our numbers increased very gradually, from fifteen to twenty-five, until by the spring of 1917 there were fifty of us at the various aviation schools of France. Territorially we represented at least a dozen states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were rich men's sons and poor men's sons among our number; the sons of very old families, and those who neither knew nor cared what their antecedents were.

The same was true of our French comrades, for membership in the French air service is not based upon wealth or family position or political influence. The policy of the government is as broad and democratic as may be. Men are chosen because of an aptitude that promises well, or as a reward for distinguished service at the front. A few of the French *élèves-pilotes* had been officers, but most of them N.C.O.'s and private soldiers in infantry or artillery regiments. This very wide latitude in choice at first seemed 'laxitude' to some of us Americans. But evidently, experience in training war *pilotes*, and the practical results obtained by these men at the front, have been proof enough to the French authorities of the folly of setting rigid standards, making hard-and-fast rules to be met by prospective aviators. As our own experience increased, we saw the wisdom of a policy which is more concerned with a man's courage, his self-reliance, and his powers of initiative, than with his ability to work out theoretical problems in aerodynamics.

It is unquestionably true that many a French *pilote*, with a magnificent record of achievement in war-flying, has but a very sketchy knowledge of motor and aircraft construction. Some are college-bred men but many more have only a common-school education. It is not at all strange that this should be the case, for one may have had no technical training worth mentioning; one may have only a casual speaking acquaintance with motors, and a very imperfect idea of why and how one is able to defy the law of gravity, and yet prove his worth as a *pilote* in what is, after all, the best possible way — by his record at the front.

A judicious amount of theoretical instruction is, of course, not wanting

in the aviation schools of France; but its importance is not exaggerated. We Americans, with our imperfect knowledge of the language, lost the greater part of this. The handicap was not a serious one, and I think I may truthfully say that we kept pace with our French comrades. The most important thing was to gain actual flying experience, and as much of it as possible. Only in this way can one acquire a sensitive ear for motors, and an accurate sense of flying speed: the feel of one's machine in the air. These are of the greatest importance. Once the *pilote* has developed this airman's sixth sense, he need not, and never does, worry about the scantiness of his knowledge of the theory of flight.

Sometimes the winds would die away and the thick clouds lift, and we would go joyously to work on a morning of crisp, bright winter weather. Then we had moments of glorious revenge upon the crows. They would watch us from afar, holding noisy indignation meetings in a row of weather-beaten trees at the far side of the field. And when some inexperienced *pilote* lost control of his machine and came crashing to earth, they would take the air in a body, circling over the wreckage, cawing and jeering with the most evident delight. 'The Oriental Wrecking Company,' as the Annamites were called, were on the scene almost as quickly as our enemies the crows. They were a familiar sight on every working day, chattering together in their high-pitched gutturals, as they hauled away the wrecked machines. They appeared to side with the birds, and must have thought us the most absurd of men, making wings for ourselves, and always coming to grief when we tried to use them.

We made progress regardless of all this skepticism. It was necessarily slow, for beginners at a single-command monoplane school are permitted to fly only under the most favorable weather conditions. Even then, old Mother Earth, who is not kindly disposed toward those of her children who leave her so jauntily, would clutch us back to her bosom, whenever we gave her the slightest opportunity, with an embrace that was anything but tender. We were inclined to think rather highly of our own courage in defying her; and sometimes our vanity was increased by our *moniteurs*. After an exciting misadventure they often gave expression to their relief at finding an amateur *pilote* still whole, by praising his 'presence of mind' in too generous French fashion.

We would not have been so proud, I think, of our own little exploits, had we remembered those of the pioneers in aviation, so many of whom lost their lives in experiment with the first crude types of the heavier-than-air machines. They were pioneers in the fine and splendid meaning of the word — men to be compared in spirit with the old fifteenth-century navigators. We were but followers, adventuring, in comparative safety, along a well-defined trail.

This, at any rate, was Drew's opinion. He would never allow me the pleasure of indulging in any flights of fancy over these trivial adventures of ours. He would never let me set them off against what I liked to call 'the heroic background of Paris.' As for Paris, we saw nothing of war there, he would say, except the lighter side, the home-coming, leave-enjoying side. We needed to know more of the horror and the tragedy of it. We needed to keep that close and intimate to us as a right perspective for our future adventures. He believed it to be our duty as aviators to anticipate every kind of experience which we might have to meet at the front. His imagination was abnormally

vivid. Once he discussed the possibility of 'falling in flames,' which is so often the ghastly end of an airman's career. I shall never again be able to take the same whole-hearted delight in flying that I did before he was so horribly eloquent upon the subject. He often speculated upon one's emotions in falling in a machine damaged beyond the possibility of control.

'Now try to imagine it,' he would say: 'your gasoline tanks have been punctured and half of your *fuselage* has been shot away. You believe that there is not the slightest chance for you to save your life. What are you going to do — lose your head and give up the game? No, you've got to attempt the impossible'; and so on, and so forth.

I would accuse him of being morbid. Furthermore, I saw no reason why we should plan for terrible emergencies which might never arrive. His answer was that we were military *pilotes* in training for combat machines. We had no right to ignore the grimness of the business ahead of us. If we did, so much the worse for us when we should go to the front. But beyond this practical interest, he had a great curiosity about the nature of fear, and a great dread of it, too. He was afraid that in some last adventure, in which death came slowly enough for him to recognize it, he might die like a terror-stricken animal, and not bravely, as a man should.

We did not often discuss these gruesome possibilities, although this was not Drew's fault. I would not listen to him; and so he would be silent about them until convinced that the welfare of our souls and the furtherance of our careers as airmen demanded additional unpleasant imaginings. There was something of the Hindoo fanatic in him; or perhaps it was the outcropping of the stern spirit of his New England forbears. But when he talked of the pleasant side of the adventures before us, it was more than compensation for all the rest. Then he would make me restless and impatient, for I did not have his faculty of enjoyment in anticipation. The early period of training, when we were flying only a few metres above the ground, seemed endless.

II

At last came the event which really marked the beginning of our careers as airmen: the first *tour de piste*, the first flight round the aerodrome. We had talked of this for weeks, but when at last the day for it came, our enthusiasm had waned. We were like little birds, eager to try our wings and yet afraid to make the start.

Now this first *tour de piste* was always the occasion for a gathering of all the classes on the part of the Americans, and there was the usual large assembly when word was passed along that Drew and I were going to 'bump along the ceiling.' The beginners were present to shiver in anticipation of their own forthcoming trials, and the more advanced *pilotes*, who had already taken the leap, to offer the usual gratuitous advice.

'Now remember, son! Don't try to pull any big league stuff. Not too much rudder on the turns. Remember how that Frenchman piled up on the Farman hangars when he tried to bank the corners.'

'You'll find it pretty rotten when you go over the woods. The air currents there are something scandalous!'

'Believe me, it's a lot worse over the fort. Rough? Oh, là là!'

'And that's where you have to cut your motor and dive, if you're going to make a landing without hanging up in the telephone wires.'

'When you do come down, don't be afraid to stick her nose forward. Scare the life out of you, that drop will, but

you may as well get used to it in the beginning.'

'But wait till we see them redress! Where's the Oriental Wrecking Gang?'

'Don't let that worry you, Drew: pan-caking is n't too bad. Not in a Blériot. Just like falling through a shingle roof. Can't hurt yourself much.'

'If you do spill, make it a good one. There has n't been a decent smash-up to-day.'

These were the usual comforting assurances. They did not frighten us much, although there was just enough truth in the warnings to make us uneasy. We took our hazing as well as we could inwardly, and of course with imperturbable calm outwardly; but, to make a confession, I was somewhat reluctant to hear the peremptory, businesslike '*Allez! en route!*' of our *moniteur*.

When it came, I taxied across to the other side of the field, turned into the wind, and came racing back, full motor. It seemed a thing of tremendous power, that little forty-five-horse-power Anzani. The roar of it struck awe into my soul.

'Lordy!' I thought, 'I'm in for it!' and gripped my controls in no very professional manner. Then, when I had gathered full ground speed, I eased her off gently, and up we went, over the class and the assembled visitors, above the hangars, the lake, the forest, until, at the half-way point, my altimeter registered 1000 feet. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw all the beautiful countryside spread out beneath me, but I was far too busily occupied to take in the prospect. I was watching my wings, nervously, in order to anticipate and counteract the slightest pitch of the machine. But nothing happened, and I soon realized that this first grand tour was not going to be nearly so terrifying as we had been led to believe. I began to enjoy it. I even looked down over the side of the *fuselage*, although it was a very hasty glance.

All the time I was thinking of the rapidly approaching moment when I would have to come down. I knew well enough how the descent was to be made. It was very simple. I had only to shut off my motor, push forward with my 'broom-stick,'—the control connected with the elevating planes,—and then wait and redress gradually, beginning at from six to eight metres from the ground. The descent would be exciting, a little more rapid than Shooting the Chutes. Only one could not safely hold on to the sides of the car and await the splash. That sort of thing had sometimes been done in aeroplanes, by over-excited young *pilotes*. The results were disastrous, without exception.

The moment for the decision came. I was above the fort, otherwise I should not have known when to dive. At first the sensation was, I imagine, exactly that of falling, feet foremost; but after pulling back slightly on the controls, I felt the machine answer to them, and the uncomfortable feeling passed. I brought up on the ground in the usual bumpy manner of the beginner. Nothing gave way, however, so this did not spoil the fine rapture of a rare moment. It was shared — at least it was pleasant to think so — by my old Annamite friend of the Penguin experience, who stood by his flag nodding his head at me. He said, '*Beaucoup bon*,' showing his polished black teeth in an approving grin. I forgot for the moment that *beaucoup bon* was his enigmatical comment upon all occasions, and that he would have grinned just as broadly had he been dragging me out from a mass of wreckage. For I was very happy. It was precisely the same quality of happiness which I knew upon a day now some years past. Upon that occasion

I swam, for the first time, to the centre of the old swimming-hole at home, yelled, 'So deep, kids!' to the watchers on shore, and then let down until my feet touched the bottom of that appalling seven-foot abyss.

Drew came in a few moments later, making an almost perfect landing. In the evening we walked to a neighboring village where we had a wonderful dinner to celebrate the end of our apprenticeship. It was a curious feast. We had nothing to say to one another, or, better, we were both afraid to talk. We were under an enchantment which words would have broken. Drew was uneasy. He was not quite sure of me. I was curious to learn how fully his expectations had been realized in his first flight. But he made no confidences, and so, after a silent meal, we walked all the way home without speaking.

III

We started off together on our triangles. That was in April, just passed, so that I have now brought this casual diary almost up to date. We were then at the great school of aviation at A—— in central France, where, for the first time, we were associated with men in training for every branch of aviation service, and became familiar with all types of French machines. But the brevet tests, which every *pilote* must pass before he becomes a military aviator, were the same in every department of the school. The triangles were two cross-country flights of 200 kilometres each, three landings to be made *en route*, and each flight to be completed within forty-eight hours. In addition, there were two short voyages of 60 kilometres each — these preceded the triangular tests — and an hour of flight at a minimum altitude of 6500 feet.

The short voyages gave us a delightful foretaste of what was to come. We did them both one afternoon, and were at the hangars at five o'clock on the following morning, ready to make an early start. A fresh wind was blowing from the northeast, but the brevet *moniteur*, who went up for a short flight to try the air, came back with the information that it was quite calm at 2500 feet. We might start, he said, as soon as we liked.

Drew, in his joy, embraced the old woman who kept a coffee-stall at the hangars, while I danced a one-step with a mechanician. Neither of them was surprised at this procedure. They were accustomed to such emotional outbursts on the part of young aviators who, by the very nature of their calling, were always in the depths of despair or on the furthest jutting peak of some mountain of delight. Our departure had been delayed, day after day, for more than a week, because of the weather. We could not have waited longer. We were so eager to start that we would willingly have gone off in a blizzard.

During the week of waiting we had studied our map until we knew the location of every important road and railroad, every forest, river, canal, and creek within a radius of 100 kilometres. We studied it at close range, on a table, and then on the floor, with the compass-points properly orientated, so that we might see all the important landmarks with the bird-man's eye. We knew our course so well, that there seemed no possibility of our losing direction.

Our military papers had been given us several days before. Among these was an official-looking document to be presented to the mayor of any town or village near which we might be compelled to land. It contained an extract from the law concerning aviators, and the duty toward them of the civilian and military authorities. In another

was an itemized list of the amounts which might be exacted by farmers for damage to growing crops. So much for an *atterrissage* in a field of sugar-beets, so much for wheat, etc. Besides these, we had a book of detailed instructions as to our duty in case of emergencies of every conceivable kind — among others, the course of action to be followed if we should be compelled to land in an enemy country. At first sight this seemed a rather unnecessary precaution; but we remembered the experience of one of our French comrades at B——, who started confidently off on his first cross-country flight. He lost his way and did not realize how far astray he had gone until he found himself under fire from German anti-aircraft batteries on the Belgian front.

The most interesting paper of all was our *Ordre de Service*, the text of which was as follows: —

'It is commanded that the bearer of this Order report himself at the cities of C—— and R——, by the route of the air, flying an avion Caudron, and leaving the École Militaire d'Aviation at A—— on the 21st of April 1917, without passenger on board.

'Signed, Le Capitaine B——
'Commandant de l'École.'

We read this with feelings which must have been nearly akin to those of Columbus on a memorable day in 1492 when he received his clearance papers from Cadiz. 'By the route of the air!' How the imagination lingered over that phrase! We had the better of Columbus there, although we were forced to admit that there was more glamour in the hazard of his adventure and the uncertainty of his destination.

Drew was ready first. I helped him into his fur-lined combination and strapped him to his seat. A moment later he was off. I watched him as he gathered height over the aerodrome. Then, finding that his motor was running satisfactorily, he struck out in an easterly direction, his machine growing smaller and smaller until it vanished in the early morning haze. I followed immediately afterward, and had a busy ten minutes, being buffeted this way and that, until, as the brevet *moniteur* had foretold, I reached quiet air at 2500 feet. This was my first experience in passing from one air current to another. It was a unique one, for I was still a little incredulous. I had not entirely lost my old boyhood belief that the wind went all the way up.

I passed over the old cathedral town of B—— at 4500 feet. Many a pleasant afternoon had we spent there, walking through its narrow, crooked streets, or lounging on the banks of the canal. The cathedral too was a favorite haunt. I loved the fine spaciousness of it. Looking down on it now, it seemed no larger than a toy cathedral in a toy town, such as one sees in the shops of Paris. The streets were empty, for it was not yet seven o'clock. Strips of shadow crossed them where taller roofs cut off the sunshine. A toy train, which I could have put nicely into my fountain-pen case, was pulling into a station no larger than a wren's house. The Greeks called their gods 'derisive.' No doubt they realized how small they looked to them, and how insignificant this little world of affairs must have appeared from high Olympus.

There was a road, a fine straight thoroughfare converging from the left. It led almost due southwest. This was my route to C——. I followed it, climbing steadily until I was at 5000 feet. I had never flown so high before. 'Nearly a mile!' I thought. It seemed a tremendous altitude. I could see scores of villages and fine old châteaux, and great stretches of forest, and miles upon miles of open country in check-

ered patterns, just beginning to show the first fresh green of the early spring crops. At 5000 feet it looked like a world planned and laid out by the best of Santa Clauses for the eternal delight of all good children. And for untold generations only the birds have had the privilege of seeing and enjoying it from the wing. Small wonder that they sing. As for non-musical birds — well, they all sing after a fashion, and there is no doubt that crows, at least, are extremely jealous of their prerogative of flight. The flocks of them at B—— may have felt that we were trying to rob them of it.

My biplane was flying itself. I had nothing to do other than to give occasional attention to my revolution counter, altimeter, and speed-dial. The motor was running with perfect regularity. The propeller was turning over at 1200 revolutions per minute without the slightest fluctuation. Flying is the simplest thing in the world, I thought. Why does n't every one travel by route of the air? If they knew the joy of it, the exhilaration of it, aviation schools would be overwhelmed with applicants. Biplanes of the Farman and Voisin type would make excellent family cars, quite safe for women to drive. Mothers, busy with household affairs, could tell their children to 'run out and fly' a Caudron such as I was driving, and feel not the slightest anxiety about them. I remembered an imaginative drawing I had once seen of aerial activity in 1950. Even house pets were granted the privilege of traveling by the air route. The artist was not far wrong except in his date. He should have put it at 1925. On a fine April morning there seemed no limit to the realization of such interesting possibilities.

I had no more than started on my southwest course, as it seemed to me, when I saw the spires and the red-roofed houses of C——, and, a kilometre or so from the outskirts, the barracks and hangars of the aviation school where I was to make my first landing. I reduced the gas, and with my motor purring gently, began a long, gradual descent. It was interesting to watch the change in the appearance of the country beneath me as I lost height. Checker-board patterns of brown and green grew larger and larger. Shining threads of silver became rivers and canals, tiny green shrubs became trees, individual aspects of houses emerged. Soon I could see people going about the streets and laundry-maids hanging out the family washing in the back gardens. I even came low enough to witness a minor household tragedy — a mother vigorously spanking a small boy. Hearing the whir of my motor, she stopped in the midst of the process, whereupon the youngster very naturally took advantage of his opportunity to cut and run for it. I told Drew about this later. He called me an aerial eavesdropper and said that I ought to be ashamed to go buzzing over towns at such low altitudes, frightening housemaids, disorganizing domestic penal institutions, and generally disturbing the privacy of respectable French citizens. But I was unrepentant, for I knew that one small boy in France was thinking of me with joy. To have escaped maternal justice with the assistance of an aviator would be an event of glorious memory to him. How vastly more worth while such a method of escape, and how jubilant Tom Sawyer would have been over such an opportunity when his horrified warning, 'Look behind you, aunt!' had lost efficacy.

Drew had been waiting a quarter of an hour, and came rushing out to meet me as I taxied across the field. We shook hands as though we had not seen each other for years. We could not have been more surprised and delighted if we had met on another planet after

long and hopeless wanderings in infinite space.

While I superintended the replenishing of my fuel and oil tanks he walked excitedly up and down in front of the hangars. I could not help laughing at him, for he was an odd-looking sight in his flying clothes, with a pair of Meyrowitz goggles set back on his head, like another pair of eyes, gazing at the sky with an air of wide astonishment. He paid no attention to my critical comments but started thinking aloud as soon as I rejoined him.

'It was lonely! Yes, by Jove! that was it. "Lonely as a cloud." Happy choice of simile. Wordsworth had imagination. He must have known. A glorious thing, one's isolation up there; but there was something terrifying in the completeness of it. A relief to get down again, to hear people talk, to feel the solid earth under one's feet. How did it impress you?'

This was like Drew. I felt ashamed of the lightness of my own thoughts, but I had to tell him of my speculations upon after-the-war developments in aviation: nurses flying Voisins, with the cars filled with babies; old men having after-dinner naps in twenty-three-metre Nieuports, fitted, for safety, with Sperry gyroscopes; family parties taking comfortable outings in gigantic biplanes of the R-6 type; mothers, as of old, gazing apprehensively at speed-dials, cautioning fathers about 'driving too fast,' and all of the rest.

Drew looked at me reprovingly, to be sure, but he felt the need, just as I did, of an outlet to his feelings, and so he turned to my kind of comic relief with the most delightful reluctance. He quickly lost his reserve and in the imaginative spree which followed we went far beyond the last outposts of absurdity. We laughed over our own wit until our faces were tired. However, I will not be explicit about our folly. It might not be really so amusing from a critical point of view.

After our papers had been viséed at the office of the commandant, we hurried back to our machines, eager to be away again. We were to make our second landing at R——. It was about 70 kilometres distant and almost due north. The mere name of the town was an invitation. Somewhere, in one of the novels of William J. Locke, may be found this bit of dialogue: —

'But, master,' said I, 'there is, after all, color in words. Don't you remember how delighted you were with the name of a little town we passed through on the way to Orleans? R——? You were haunted by it and said it was like the purple note of an organ.'

We were haunted by it, too, for we were going to that very town. We would see it long before our arrival — a cluster of quaint old houses lying in the midst of pleasant fields, with roads curving toward it from the north and south, as though they were glad to pass through so delightful a place. Drew was for taking a leisurely route to the eastward, so that we might look at some villages which lay some distance off our course. I wanted to fly by compass in a direct line, without following my map very closely. We had planned to fly together, and were the more eager to do this because of an argument we had had about the relative speed of our machines. He was certain that his was the faster. I knew that, with mine, I could fly circles around him. As we were not able to agree on the course, we decided to postpone the race until we started on the homeward journey. Therefore, after we had passed over the town, he waved his hand, bent off to the northeast, and was soon out of sight.

I kept straight on, climbing steadily, until I was again at 5000 feet. As before, my motor was running perfectly

and I had plenty of leisure to enjoy the always new sensation of flight and to watch the wide expanse of magnificent country as it moved slowly past. I let my mind lie fallow, and every now and then I would find it hauling out fragments of old memories which I had forgotten that I possessed.

I recalled, for the first time in many years, my earliest interpretations of the meanings of all the phenomena of the heavens. Two old janitor saints had charge of the floor of the skies. One of them was a jolly old man with a beard like my grandfather's. He liked boys, and always kept the sky swept clean and blue. The other had no children of his own and took a sour delight in shirking his duties, so that it might rain and spoil all our fun. Perhaps it was the sense of loneliness and helplessness so far from earth, which made me think of winds and clouds in friendly human terms. However that may be, these reveries, hardly worthy, perhaps, of a military airman, were abruptly broken into.

All at once, I realized that, while my biplane was headed due north, I was drifting north and west. This seemed strange. I puzzled over it for some time, and then, brilliantly, in the manner of the novice, deduced the reason: wind. I was being blown off my course, all the while comfortably certain that I was flying in a direct line toward R——. Our *moniteurs* had often cautioned us against being comfortably certain about anything while in the air. It was our duty to be uncomfortably alert. Wind! I wonder how many times we had been told to keep it in mind at all times, whether on the ground or in the air? And here was I forgetting the existence of wind on the very first occasion. The speed of my machine and the current of air from the propeller had deceived me into thinking that I was driving dead into whatever breeze there was at that altitude. I discovered that it was blowing out of the east, therefore I headed a quarter into it, to overcome the drift, and began a search for landmarks.

I had not long to search. Wisps of mist obstructed the view, and within ten minutes a bank of solid cloud cut it off completely. I had only a vague notion of my location with reference to my course, but I could not persuade myself to come down just then. To be flying up there in the full splendor of bright April sunshine, knowing that all the earth was in shadow, gave me a feeling of exhilaration such as I had never known before. For there is no sensation like that of flight, no isolation so complete as that of the airman who has above him only the blue sky, and below, a level floor of pure white cloud, stretching in an unbroken expanse to every horizon. And so I kept my machine headed northeast, that I might regain the ground lost before I discovered the drift northwest. I had made a rough calculation of the time required to cover the 70 kilometres to R—— at the speed at which I was traveling. The rest I left to Chance, the godfather of all adventurers.

He promptly took the initiative, adopting rather heroic measures, as he so frequently does with aviators who, in moments of calm weather, are inclined to forget that they are still children of earth. The floor of dazzling white cloud was broken and tumbled into heaped-up masses which came drifting by at various altitudes. They were scattered at first and offered splendid opportunities for aerial steeplechasing. Then, almost before I was aware of it, they surrounded me on all sides. For a few minutes I avoided them by flying in curves and circles in rapidly vanishing pools of blue sky. I feared to take my first plunge into a cloud, for I knew, by report, what an alarming experience it is to the new *pilote*.

The wind was no longer blowing steadily out of the east. It came in gusts from all points of the compass, knocking me about in a very terrifying manner. I made a hasty revision of my opinion as to the calm and tranquil joys of aviation, thinking what fools men are who willingly leave the good green earth and trust themselves to all the winds of heaven in a frail box of cloth-covered sticks. 'If I can only get down,' I said to myself, 'I'll never step into an aeroplane again.'

The last clear space grew smaller and smaller. I searched frantically for an outlet, but the clouds closed in and in a moment I was hopelessly lost in a blanket of cold drenching mist.

I could hardly see the outlines of my machine and had no idea of my position with reference to the earth. In the excitement of this new adventure I forgot my speed-dial, and it was not until I heard the air screaming through the wires that I remembered it. The indicator had leaped up 50 kilometres an hour above safety speed and I realized that I must be traveling earthward at a terrific pace. The manner of the descent became clear at the same moment. As I rolled out of the cloud-bank, I saw the earth jauntily tilted up on one rim, looking like a gigantic enlargement of a page out of Peter Newell's *Slant Book*. I expected to see dogs and dishpans, baby carriages and ash-barrels roll out of every house in France, and go clattering off into space.

(*To be continued*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FLOOR

GETTING the floor in a discussion conducted by our family is no simple matter; but once you have it, you are safe. We do not interrupt. Changing the subject, making irrelevant comments, or breaking up into little sub-groups and talking all at once, are matters that we deal with to the full extent of the Parliamentary law. We do this, not because we are polite, but because each of us loves an audience. We love it to the extent that we are willing to grant it to others on the condition that they may later do even so to us. If one of us starts to talk, the others listen; if two start at once, precedence is given to the elder, or the female. Being myself the youngest, and male, I have led an anxious life. But even I, once started, was always absolutely sure of the undivided attention of the whole house.

Upon this tradition I shall, to use an Hashimuran phrase, establish my family, if any. The genuine friendly confab demands this sense of safety. The most harrowing page in any literature, to my way of thinking, is the passage where Mr. Direck tries in vain to tell Mr. Britling about the little incident that happened to his friend Robinson in Toledo. And one of the most pathetic touches is poor Mr. Direck's wistful day-dream later, when he imagines himself talking very slowly and carefully, while Mr. Britling listens. 'Already he was more than half way

into dreamland,' observes Mr. Wells, 'or he could never have supposed anything so incredible.'

A certain cousin of ours is very like Mr. Britling. She is to be found at a fine old sea-side farmhouse where we visit now and again. Whenever, in a placid moment, we all sit talking with the aunts and uncles, this particular cousin, not less dear than the others, but more restive, will come in from the milk-room, talking all the way. We hear her coming a long way off, and we suspend whatever sentence we are in the middle of, to strain our ears to hear her; much as an Episcopal congregation pricks up when the choir-boys begin to chant the processional in distant chapels. By that long-range method, our cousin puts a stop to our subject-matter, preëmpts the floor, and ignores our squatters' claims. We have only to refer to Cousin Britling when one of us, at home, changes the subject without giving due notice in advance. 'Come in from the milk-room,' we implore, and the offender at once subsides.

I know groups who are not satisfied unless everybody is talking all the time. Put six of them into a room, and they automatically split up into three groups of two talkers each. Each group listens with scattering attention to itself and to the adjoining one; remarks are overheard and replied to in bright asides; counter-messages are tossed back and forth with no checking system; until finally we are arranged in two groups with three talkers in each ring, and I suddenly find myself coping with two ladies who both scintillate at once, while my business partner near by contends with other twain. There is nothing for a deliberate-minded man to do but to dig in and do his best. Just as I have managed to train my forces on the objective before me, and our conversation really begins to grow interesting, one of the ladies from the other group calls over an appeal anent some remark of that partner of mine, and it is all up. I answer as nimbly as may be, but my soul stares balefully upon her. 'Come in, come in,' I long to say; 'come in once for all from the milk-room!' Rather would I juggle three croquet balls and a Derby hat than negotiate this sort of conversation with animated ladies upon my right hand and on my left.

The only parallel that I can think of is the way in which, during very early childhood, we sometimes played tiddledywinks. When the man-made rules of that staid sport became too wearing for our advanced intellects, we used to get to snapping all at once, promiscuously. Everybody snapped everybody else's wink, at the bull's-eye or the eye of his neighbor, regardless. This indiscriminating sort of thing lends a lawless charm most bracing to tiddledywinks, but it cancels conversation.

Now this is no mere masculine craving for monologues. I simply like a group, and I like to keep it whole. Why must it be broken up into chattering fragments? I want to see the personalities emerge distinctly. I like to hear a sustained sentence of each man's making, and enjoy the swift current of challenging thought that makes itself felt in a group of expressive beings who are all awaiting their turn to have their say. The interplay of individualities is more vivid and quickening if both men and women are in the group; but beware of those ladies who, the instant a remark stirs their interest, are possessed to gather unto themselves a private auditor or two and start up a low-voiced committee meeting of their own, instead of enriching the general group with their opinions. Such centres of volubility on the side-lines ruin real talk.

I suppose that even I would not de-

mand that the guests at a large social function should sit in a great ring while each in turn stood up and gave his Oral Theme. At large receptions everybody must talk and nobody listens. But who likes a large reception anyway? What I really do like, is to go home and find guests around the fireplace of a winter evening. My sister meets me in the hall, and in her condensed and rapid way gives me the outline of such recent gossip as I need to know to look intelligent. My mother meanwhile slips away in the direction of the larder and beckons me out for a sustaining bit of pie. (One of the most exquisite joys in coming home unexpectedly is to have one's mother offer one food of the forbidden variety that one had to steal out of the moonlit refrigerator of old.)

'Who's in there?' say I from my throne on the kitchen table.

I learn.

'What are they talking about?'

Barbara gracefully eavesdrops round the dining-room door. 'Father's telling his Captain Spicer stories,' she reports cheerfully.

'Then we have plenty of time.' I finish my pie with the lingering Fletcherism of which its brand is worthy; and we watch and listen for an interval in the reminiscent flow when we can join the fireside group.

There, in that circle of alert men and women of assorted ages and callings, our thoughts feather out and fly. There is time to think, and time to change one's mind; time also to express it. It is not only an interchange of ready-made ideas; it is a chance to hatch some different ones and add them to our own. We catch tantalizing glimpses into each other's hidden prejudices; and we disclose unsuspected convictions by the way.

But the most intimate moment of all comes after the company goes. Probably a truly upright family would not comment upon the vanished guest. We do. We discuss him and all his works. Sometimes, after this stimulating ceremony is over and we are on our way to bed, somebody thinks of an additional grain of truth which calls for conflicting comment. We pause upon the stairs for another session. I can see my father dimly, by the half-light in the hall, as he brings down his fist on the newel post to emphasize a vigorous ultimatum. In the heavy shadows he looks like a Rodin study of Authority. My mother, seated on the topmost stair, peers cheerfully through the banisters at him, and bides her time. Eftsoons, we know, she will carry her point, but for the present he has the floor. The floor! — that choice possession which none except the very spry can take away!

AN INTERRUPTED HOMILY

Somebody was having a tussle with the knob of my study door. It is not a difficult door to open. I have often felt it was too easy. Doubtless this was my small daughter, Virginia, attempting to turn the knob with one little fist, the other being engaged. A doughnut, perhaps. Verily, it is more blessed to give than receive a doughnut in the midst of a pile of books and papers. I resolved to watch Virginia's movements, stealthily.

She approached with mysterious air, bearing a small pasteboard box. Her attitude made a frank bid for queries. Much guessing would be expected. I rose to the occasion. The box was tiny, thus limiting the field of conjecture. Suggestions that it might contain a ring (Virginia frequently acquires jewelry as a premium with a stick of candy) or a four-leaved clover or a pretty pebble were received with derision. I gave it up. She faced the supreme moment

gravely. The box contained six trained ants. Often we have had dogs, cats, rabbits, and guinea pigs under training here, mostly to keep the peace and be hygienic. These were the first ants whose custody we had accepted.

'What can they do?' I asked, interestedly. 'Skip the rope?' Of course, that was merely flippant. I realized my blunder, at once, and renewed my query, seriously.

'They are just trained ants,' maintained Virginia, in a tone of finality. 'They are nice ants.'

I wondered how a nice ant was to be distinguished from other ants and gave voice to my bewilderment. Virginia could not inform me definitely on that point though her manner hinted that it was a stupid question. Apparently, any one should be able to distinguish between niceness and unniceness — why attempt to specify?

'You know, when people are nice they don't do wrong things,' she decided to explain. 'Same way with ants!' Not caring to be indicted on any more counts against my faculty of subtle discernment, I conceded that the ants, now that they had been taught to be nice, fully deserved the title of trained ants.

With the interview closed, I returned to my thinking on the text 'And be ye not conformed to this world.' There should be a difference between worldlings and the rest of us. Anybody would agree to that. I had just arrived at the point of distinguishing between worldlings and non-worldlings when Virginia came in with the trained ants. It was not so easy to complete the truncated idea. I must get back to first principles. I would draw up an itemized list of the distinguishing qualities of those who are not of this world. They were kind. In fact, everybody is more or less kind. Nearly every one is trying to uplift some one else, either through organized effort or through individual philanthropy. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the sick and imprisoned? Why, we had made a science of all this! These recommendations were no longer the considerations of pious people who sought eternal life through compliance with them; they were economic laws in obedience to which the very perpetuity of the race resides. Forgive your enemies? Certainly, people have quite left off carrying old grudges and hates in their hearts. Modern psychology insists that hating impairs physical vitality. The mote in thy brother's eye? It is not considered good taste, these days, to practice ophthalmology without a license. Good measure — pressed down and running over? Of course! Successful men have come to understand that it is the margin of time, thought, and effort, in excess of the amount required, that really counts for prosperity. Believe? Believe the inexplicable? Believe in the reality of unseen forces? Why, the largest share of the world's work is done by unseen forces. And the public is so surfeited of wonders that it not only doubts nothing but accepts the inexplicable with a yawn. Miracles? Is it too much to believe that a man could walk upon the water? Oh, no; not at all: certainly no more difficult than to fly through the air.

I began to wish that Virginia had not come in with her trained ants. The interruption had quite upset me. Here, I had arrived at secondly, in which I would show the identifying virtues of the unworldly. Must I now stammer and fall back upon the lame and vague explanation that the unworldly were the nice people who didn't do wrong things? Ah, there I had it! If no distinction was to be drawn between the ability and willingness of worldlings and non-worldlings to feed the hungry, look out for the sick, reform the prisons,

forgive injuries, offer good measure, I could, at least, draw up a list of the wrong things that trained unworldlings should refrain from doing. Let me see. They ought, for instance, to refuse to play golf of a Sunday afternoon, which is no worse than motoring, which is no worse than riding in a carriage, which is no worse than walking (much better, indeed). My junior deacon asked me what I thought about it. I did n't know. Julia Travers, who teaches a class in the Sunday School, inquired if it was wrong to dance. I replied that one man's meat is another man's poison. Which was quite beside the point. And a lie; except possibly in rare cases — too rare to warrant the manufacture of a maxim for this special purpose. Then, I told her it might be wrong for *her*. But why for *her?* What was there about *her* that might furnish an exception to a principle? Was it wrong to dance — that was the question! Certainly no more wrong than any one of a number of other pastimes indulged in by good people and far better than an unchaperoned tête-à-tête. Was it wrong to play cards? Probably no more wrong than to play a score of games indulged in by good people, and considerably more interesting than most of them. Theatres? It was merely a question of choosing between good and bad theatres, was n't it? And that choice depended more upon cultivated taste than religious conviction? It did. I had admitted it.

I wish my study might be located in some remote part of the house where I could be safe from intrusions. It is so distracting to be bothered, even for a moment. Here is a whole forenoon disorganized because a child wants to exhibit a box of ants — trained ants — carrying them about insisting that they are, or ought to be, different from other ants. How absurd! Let me get back to these identifying characteristics of the unworldly. Where did I leave off? Oh, yes; they must be nice and not do wrong things. Then, one can pick them out and tag them in ever so great a crowd.

If I may be permitted to interrupt myself, we have been stall-fed, of late, on clever articles about the church: What ails it? Why has it lost its grip? What's to be done about its failure to meet the needs of the time? And so forth. More people attending the movies, Sunday nights, than the churches. (Which is an honest-to-goodness fact.) More ethics taught in the silent drama, to the cubic foot, than in the average sermon. (Admitted.) Cooler and better ventilated. (The State rests.)

Now, something is the matter with the church, but this is n't it. The matter is our ungodly pessimism. We cannot understand why the difference between the worldly and the unworldly should be so inconspicuous. We moan over it. We climb up on the fence beside the highway, out of the dust and gasoline fumes, and watch the procession go by. As nearly alike as two peas are they all. We rail at the mad thing. It smiles back at us and waves a hand, thinking we have had a blow-out, else we would be of the procession ourselves. (Which may be true. I hate to think what would become of me if I had a hundred thousand dollars. By grace are ye saved through poverty, is a 'plenty good' text for a lot of us.)

It is not beyond thought that after laboring for nearly two thousand years to teach society a few fundamental principles about efficient and purposeful living, we should now see some reward of our toil. Maybe the slight difference between the worldlings and the non-worldlings, these days, is due to the functioning of the 'leaven.' If some of the dough has over-run the ecclesiastical pan, what of it?

Virginia has released her trained ants,

partly out of respect for their health and also because they were just ants, after all.

But I am still working on my sermon.

A HEN, A DOG, AND EVANGELISTS

Up on our farm there was once a hen who occasioned some discussion between John and me. The hen-yard was surrounded by a high wire netting. Just outside this our dog, during the day, was kept tied to a trolley which ran back and forth on a long wire. Every morning one particular hen used to stuff herself through under the netting, and for the rest of the day she wandered freely in the wide forbidden lands of orchard, garden, and swamp. Every evening she returned, and began to pick her way along beside the netting, looking for that hole that she had come out through. Of course she never could find it. No hen ever can. It grew late, and dusk was coming on. Back and forth, back and forth she stepped, more and more nervously, cocking her head at the invisible top of the netting, fluttering, giving low, anxious cackles, until at last her pacing brought her near the dog's wire. Out he burst from his kennel, and with a rush that set the wire jangling, made for the hen. She shrieked, fluttered, then with a mighty effort, born of consuming panic, flew up into the air — up — up — and over the netting. And there she was, back in the hen-yard! Once over, she emitted a few clucks of reminiscent rage, a few more clucks of growing satisfaction, and then, in the increasing dusk, she pattered comfortably into the hen-house.

This happened, not once or twice, but many times. So far John and I were both agreed. It was only as to the psychology of the incident that we differed. John gravely propounded the theory that the hen, finding the hole gone, and feeling herself unable of her own strength to fly over the netting, deliberately put herself in the way of the dog, so that he might, by scaring her almost to death, invoke in her powers which she herself could not unaided summon to her use. In other words, she could not make herself fly over the netting, but she could make the dog make her do it.

This theory I could not accept. Hens, I objected, although excellent creatures, were not subtle. Subtle or not, said John, the theory is correct. He even maintained that occasionally the hen, finding the dog asleep or indifferent in his kennel, walked back and forth near by until she had teased him into activity.

The question has never been settled, and there will be no more data, for the hen-house has been moved, and that particular hen has long since been gathered to her mothers. But I often think of her. I have been thinking of her especially during these last years, when the saving of cities through evangelists has been much in our minds.

It is not, after all, a very far-fetched parallel. The cities have escaped from the fold of the righteous and have wandered in forbidden fields. Dusk is coming on, and they want to get back, but they can't. They can't find the holes they came out through, and they can't fly high enough to get back that way. And so they appeal to the dog — the evangelist. He comes down upon them with a rush. He evokes in them powers they have not been able to evoke in themselves — and they make the magnificent flight, back again into the fold.

The evangelist, it is true, does not accomplish this entirely by scaring them almost to death. He does some scaring, of one sort or another, but he also undoubtedly has other methods as

well. The reactions between the hen and the dog were comparatively simple. The reactions between a city and an evangelist are complex in proportion as cities are more complex than hens, and evangelists than dogs. But between the two processes there is a certain real similarity.

Moreover, the process is one that is not confined to cities and evangelists. It is going on continually in all human relations. Are we not all continually finding ourselves in the situation of the hen? Do we not often long to summon to our use powers which, we believe, are latent in us, but which we seem unable to set free? And if they ever are set free, is it not always through the influence of some outside power?

All inspiration, whether it reaches us through persons, through books or other forms of art, which are only derivatives of persons, or through nature, is nothing more or less than this. The inspiration of religion itself is the extremest instance of this same process. Saint Francis and John Stuart Mill, to take temperaments as diverse as may be, each made the appeal to something outside himself, — Saint Francis called it God, Mill called it Nature, — and each through it rose to new heights, although the tablelands where Mill finally walked have little in common with the sun-lit peaks of Saint Francis. The evangelizing of cities, then, is merely calling into operation, on a large scale and in a conspicuous way, a law which holds good in all our spiritual life. Why then is it the object of so much criticism?

To this question there will be many answers. I shall not try to give them. But in thinking the matter over it occurs to me that there is one thing we have not scrutinized: that is, the nature of the fold into which cities are trying to get. For the hen had a very simple objective. She was trying to get back into the hen-yard; she wanted to go to roost, and she wanted to be where she would get a morning feed of grain. Once in the hen-yard, she could say complacently, 'I have arrived.'

But for cities is there any such fold? Or for souls? I fancy not. And here, perhaps, is the weak point in the evangelistic scheme. It rather assumes something like a hen-yard, it rather assumes that one magnificent effort will enable one to arrive. The hen, it will be remembered, after a few moments of agitated but rapidly subsiding reminiscence, settled contentedly upon the roost. This is what is said to happen much too often after the rush of an evangelistic movement. Perhaps, however, the responsibility for this is rather with the churches, since it is they who must follow up the movement begun by the evangelist. Theirs is the harder task. Their stumbling-block, which is also their opportunity, is found in these same latent powers of humanity which are always craving to be summoned into activity (hence the surge toward the evangelist), but which always have a tendency to sink back into latency. This is forever the difficulty of the church. It is not a new difficulty. It was probably not new when Moses encountered it in a people who continually and magnificently rose at his appeal, and continually and suddenly fell away again when the freshness of contact had passed.

Yet in this continual need of fresh contacts human beings make their strongest appeal. We cry to one another for help, for inspiration. We get it; and then, so very soon, we need it again — need, not the same help, the same inspiration, but new. For nothing involving human relations can ever settle into a formula. Nothing we can do for one another, whether through our churches or through other channels, is ever done finally.

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TALES OF A POLYGAMOUS CITY

I. TAFFETA TROUSERS

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

FORTY-EIGHT hours north of Calcutta, as the train passed between walls of swamp-grass and willows, I stood expectantly at the car window. My friends had said repeatedly, 'Be sure you look out at the city when you get to the river.' And as I waited — suddenly no more wall, but a great distance of gray sand stretching away to the purple foothills of the Himalayas, whose eternal snows glimmered shell-pink in the sunset. Far away, this stream of soft sand was bounded on either side by olive-green groves, and above it shone the highest, bluest sky I had ever seen.

The train hurried over a mile and a half of river-bed, and drew near to the river, flowing deep and green against a brick wall. Beyond the wall, flat-roofed palaces rose through the haze of blue smoke which came from the evening cooking. And near me I saw, screened from the street beyond, brick stairs which led down into the water, and on the stairs, under branches of great overhanging trees, naked women were bathing, and some, wetly draped, were lifting filled water-pots of brass to their heads. I saw this, and the train drew into the city. And I saw wide crowded streets, above which, very high in the air, great gnarled branches of the *she-shem* trees on both sides met in cathedral arches. And the streeets of that city were pure gold.

The doctor says that she met me at the station that afternoon, and drove me home. But of that I remember nothing. Because of course there are no streets of gold, yet I was riding down one of them. Through those lofty branches, shafts of rosy gold were slanting down over us, making the little leaves above us shine like copper, and lighting into glory clouds of dust kicked up by laden donkeys and flocks of goats. From a thousand such afternoon experiences I know now that through that goldenness black-bearded Sikh soldiers, clad in khaki, crowned with ephod-shaped scarlet turbans two feet high, were loitering along, swinging canes; gaunt farmers were stalking homeward, their rags of dark blue skirts flapping round their brown legs; vociferous schoolboys were quarreling over the cricket game from which they were returning; grass-cuts, nearly naked, were tottering along under the great

bundles of grass which they threw from their heads at the cart-stands; young men of the town, clad in full and immaculate white garments, were tossing coins magnificently at praying leprous beggars; common men arrayed in rainbow-colored cotton, loaded down with tin boxes and babies, were hurrying toward the station, furtively watching the veiled and bewildered wives who shuffled along behind them; Englishmen were riding past on high strange horses; voluminously trousered, hairy Pathans shrieked outlandish-sounding threats to men whose sauntering line of camels refused to turn out of their way. I heard men cry out, stung suddenly into wailing song; lambs bleating for their mothers; peddlers hawking ice-cream wrapped in banyan leaves.

All at once, where one tree of the rows was missing, I saw shafts of sunset light rush up against the high wall of a house, and bound back in waves of impossibly purple gold. Then I came to a place where, at one side of the road, beyond the trees, instead of contiguous houses, were cabin-like piles of pine logs, whose journey down the flooded river from mountain forests to the railroad had intensified their familiar fragrance.

After this I passed a hedged garden of roses grown for attar, protected on the far side by banana trees whose leaves flapped raggedly against the mauve twilight. Then, at the city side, beneath the largest tree of all, I saw a lemon-hedge trimmed high above a brick wall, and a gate. That gate I remember, because, when we turned in through it, beyond the gravel drive outlined with pots of freesias and heliotrope, beyond a clay tennis-court, on a brick wall, a peacock with spread tail was dancing in a misty amethyst light. We drove into the porte-cochère of a two-storied brick bungalow and had tea on the veranda. But of my impression of the tea and of the house, I remember only the jeweled peacock. I knew as I looked at it that my eyes were drunk with color. I had no way of knowing that I should never again be long content with sobriety.

That hour after I saw the river-front is the reason, I suppose, why I have lived in the city most of twenty years. Had I arrived on a day when the wind was stirring the trees into tempest and the driving rain carried only the odor of filthy soaked garments, doubtless I should have gone home again soon, as I had intended. But whenever I had a reason for going home, I had a better reason for staying.

That first evening the doctor took me up to my room. It was larger than some of the wheat-fields I had seen that day from the train. It was kalsomined in gaudy blue, and chastely furnished with six pairs of crude pine doors, a rush matting, a struggling fire in the grate, in one far corner a pine dressing-table with a mirror a foot square, and in the other a rope cot.

I had, of course, no experience of rooms which must be kept closely shut against heat from sunrise till sunset, for four months of the year. I took the kerosene lamp from the doctor; I looked around; I shivered. I guessed that I was five thousand miles from a steam-heated house. But when I remembered the peacock, I was content. The doctor and I slept on the veranda in front of her room that night, or rather we renewed our acquaintance there. But we must have slept, for I awoke — and beyond the great trees I saw the dawn come up like thunder, as it does in Mandalay. Exactly like thunder it came up, in rolling, rising, crashing clouds of copper and dull gold, reddening, breaking, mounting, out-topping one another. I needed a dawn like that to sustain me through my first Punjabi lesson, from which, a little later,

I limply emerged, as I have emerged five thousand times since, sadly convinced that I shall never know that language, unwritten and living.

After three or four hours, I stood staring out at the mid-morning light in the garden. I had supposed that I had lived in sunshine all my life, and I suddenly realized that I had never seen it before. Beyond the garden was the hedge, with its mighty trees. And between it and myself there seemed to be, not air, not space, but sheer light, flowing, shining, glowing into sheerer light, very thin, always clearer, intolerably sweet and green. I learned that day what a treacherous light that was: such a light that, if one turns one's back to it too long, one presently feels one's spine, from one's neck downward, being pulled out slowly, steadily, nerve by nerve; a light which, shining upon one's unprotected head a few hours, can relieve one of whatever intelligence one may have.

Our city is like that sunshine, marvelous to look at and powerful enough, if one comes to it unprotected, steadily to tear one's soul out, shred by shred, until presently one has no convictions left, no standards, no hope. Here we live exalted into heaven or cast down into hell — and so often the latter that I know every path and by-path of that place, whose existence to some seems problematic. Therefore have I seen compensating visions. That was a great initiation, when the significance of life around me broke over me in shocks and counter-shocks. As I came to realize that I was in all points exactly like the Indian women around me, whom I had supposed to be a cruder sort of oriental humanity, life became too sore for further bruises. But always, when I had begun to loathe every sort of consciousness, when I was too sickened for anything else, unless some little bit of that beautiful kindness which the women invariably show us made the world right again, we would tie our boat to the farther bank of the river and lie listening to the flow of the water till the starlight healed our souls and rested our bodies. At such times we agreed fervently with the admirable sailor who says that the heart of darkness is no place for women. It certainly is not. Why must it be so full of them?

Considering all this, we sometimes envied the exquisite English women who come from cantonments to call on us. Knowing nothing of Punjabi, because their husbands very rightly consider it a vulgar language, they glance at Indian women from a sanitary distance, and give their attention to paper-bound novels in the Club library, or to lesser drivel. When we talked to them, we enjoyed their beauty exactly as we enjoyed our tea-rose buds.

'How do you amuse yourself all day long?' one asked pityingly the other day. Then, feeling sympathetic, she added, 'I'll give you a receipt for chutney that you can get through a lot of time with.'

However, we are seldom driven to chutney-making, because the doctor manages a hospital of fifty beds, holds clinics every morning but Sunday, operates nearly every afternoon, trains her own flighty young Indian nurses, who marry as soon as they are at all efficient (or sooner), supervises three outlying dispensaries, looks after a girls' school, attempts to regulate the practice of native midwives, and visits patients in the city.

And whatever she has no time for, I do if I can. I manage the hospital housekeeping, looking after food and clothing and bedding for the staff and patients. I try to keep the very modern young nurses happy with much badminton inside our walled garden, with books and songs, and discreet

outings up the river. When any dispensary is left without a head, I chaperone some charming and susceptible young student back and forth to it twice a week until the place is filled. I manage the girls' school entirely, although the doctor is responsible for it to the mission because I am not a missionary. I spend hours there, watching the gay little black-eyed girls sitting cross-legged on the floor as they scratch their letters on clay-covered slates; listening to them as they sing their multiplication-tables monotonously in the sunshine. I follow up cases in the city which no longer demand the doctor's attention. I supervise three Christian Indian women, who go from zenana to zenana teaching those whom a young college Indian charmingly calls 'air-tight ladies.' But mostly I prowl about the city, wasting hours and years in listening to tales, and loving the women who tell them.

Visiting is something that the doctor, of course, has no time for, and so I am humbly glad that I am not the doctor. Since the first day she saw the hospital, what time she has had to study Punjabi she has spent like a good doctor, studying medicine. As a result her vocabulary is limited to medical terms, and the originality of her idiom is equal only to the reverence with which it is heard. 'Is the pain before or after?' is a question impressive enough if the sufferer is sure that the doctor's magic has only to be set going to give relief. Her skill, indeed, is too great to be considered anything but miraculous. 'A merciful incarnation,' Hindu women call her. And a genial, fat, low-caste dancing woman, who once enlivened one of our wards for a week, after pondering deeply the phenomenon of the doctor, remarked devoutly, seeing her hurry past, —

'Will you consider now the blessing which the prophet Jesus has bestowed upon that woman! She walks so fast that no man in this town can keep up with her. And as she walks she heals.'

II

Part of the halo which surrounds her the doctor has achieved, part she inherited from her remarkable predecessor who built the hospital. Every family in the city has its own edition of tales about the first doctor, and each tale grows with the telling. But this much I have reason to believe is true. She was a Eurasian, the result of a union which very likely amused some one for a while, and which certainly involved for the child a lifetime of the contempt of both races. She appeared abruptly years ago, at the home of a missionary in another part of the province, and asked to be given lodging. There was no other place in the town where she might put up, and so, although the family and servants were wretchedly trying to ease one another's malaria, — it was the season of the summer rains, — she was taken in. She began nursing them with a skill and energy that seemed heaven-sent. 'She was Scotch right through, if she was dark,' the son of that house told me once admiringly. After she had made herself invaluable in the household for weeks without offering any explanation of her presence, one morning her husband appeared.

'Send him away. Tell him I'll never see or speak to him again,' she instructed the missionary. And she never did, though the missionary, who liked the appearance of the man, urged her as much as he dared. 'The day I came here, before the train got into this station, I found out from the stranger in the compartment that he had another wife,' was all she ever said about it.

She decided, in spite of the family's attempts to discourage her, to go to

America with them to study medicine. She had only the passage-money. 'My father says she never argued or listened to advice. She decided things with a great and sudden determination,' the son told me. In America she worked and starved for years, till she had the best medical education then possible for a woman. Then suddenly, alone, sent by the mission, she, the half-caste, appeared in our Moslem city.

According to the women, this is what happened.

'She went to the deputy commissioner. "I will build a hospital for all sick women and children. Therefore let the government give me thousands of rupees," she commanded. So then that official, trembling, opened bags and bags of money, and what she wanted, she took. "I'll have that land," she said, pointing to what was then a truck-garden. So that land she had. "Build me a wall here," she said to one contractor, and "build me a wall there," to one. And they built. And she said to a man, "Bring me beams," and he brought poor beams. And he died. Yes. I did n't *say* she killed him. I said he brought poor beams, and he died. The whole town knows it. Yes. And all workmen feared and built hastily, not even stopping to smoke.

'Men feared her, but not children. What they did in front of her she saw, and what they did behind her. And she was as big as ten men—this big' —'this' is invariably measured by arms stretched out as far as possible sideways. 'And when the walls were half done, she saw a coolie peeking through a temporary screen, to where her first veiled patient sat. And she seized him by the arm and beat him with a riding-whip, so that they heard him howling from Ali Shah mosque to the railway station. And after that no man dared to joke about a woman's hospital. And whoever was sick, no matter what their disease, she healed them. No one died in her day. It was n't so much the medicine she gave as it was the way she patted you on the back and called you daughter.

'And when the walls were up, she began planting the garden. She put all young plants in the ground with her own fingers, as if she had no servant. And she said to them, "Grow for the babies who have to take sour doses." So they grew. Yes. And when the hospital was opened, no one came at first. So she went visiting through the streets, toward evening, when men are at home. Into every house she went, and when she saw a sick baby she said, "Send the mother with it to me tomorrow." And the men would say, "It is not our custom to let women go to public places." And if they refused, she just put her hand on their arm, and said, "Don't be silly." She always carried that whip, and she was as big as ten men. So the hospital filled up.'

We envy her way of proceeding to get a government grant as much as we admire the skill with which she arranged the plant and laid the gardens out. The hospital house compound is a right-angled triangle, formed by two shaded wide streets. She hedged this beautifully, planted the point of the angle in orange trees and grapefruit, and inside of the hedge and in front of the gardens and along the drive she set rows of hardy tea-roses and hybrids. Along the little ditches which take water to the oranges she planted white narcissus for Christmas, English violets, heliotrope, and irises for spring, amaryllis for summer, and clusters of hardy chrysanthemums for fall. The two-storied veranda she draped with Maréchal Neil roses and trumpet vines. And the high wall behind the house, which screens the hospital compound,

she covered at one side with sturdy honeysuckle, and at the other side, to hide our servants' houses, she set out low-growing fig trees. There is a gate in this wall which leads into the hospital compound.

The gate in the wall on the other side of that compound, which is the base of the triangle, opens, not into a busy street, but into a prudent narrow alley built up on the other side with the walls of respectable houses, leading into a network of little streets used only by those who live in them, and by the women who scrape their sandal heels comfortably along through them as they come unobserved toward the hospital. The gate they enter is shaded by an old bougainvillea vine, which covers the walk leading to the bungalow where the morning clinics are held. The spaces between this and the other buildings are shaded with trees that Indians especially like, and bordered with their favorite flowers — fragrant pink roses and jasmine, whose white blossoms our patients string into their earrings on hot mornings, and beloved marigolds, and less familiar ones: blooming calla lilies in pots, and tuberoses, and white petunias, which blossom after the heat has dried up every other flower; and for the fall, everywhere, chrysanthemums. All around this are walls so high that no man can see over — an airy fragrant garden of rest and unveiling, an enchanted world, to some.

'What sort of cabbages are those?' a poor old tired thing from a village asked me once, pointing to big pink chrysanthemums. That woman said when she left, relieved of the agony of gall-stones, 'I have seen heaven.' I wished that the first doctor could have heard that.

'When she planted those orange trees,' our old cook has told me often, 'she said, "I plant them. But others will eat the fruit that you carry from them to the tables."'

And suddenly in the fullness of her passionate service she died sleeping.

'In this city there has been no mourning like that,' they say. 'Her body lay in state in the room which is now the doctor's bedroom. And all day veiled and weeping women filed up and down the stairs, rajahs' wives, and pariahs.'

Two or three years ago a woman answered me, when I asked her if she never went out of her house, 'Yes, I was out once. They let me go to the doctor's mourning.' That day the road in front of the house was full of men, sitting bareheaded in the dust, who rose and followed the body to the English cemetery. I have seen her grave there. On the stone beneath her name is written, 'She hath done what she could.'

III

The hospital was deserted for a while then, until the morning when the city of women crowded out through the gate to see the new doctor. A bitter disappointment she was to them, they tell me, laughing over their misunderstanding. They had imagined, apparently, that she would be an exact duplicate of the first, and behold, although she was clearly all white, she was not nearly as large as ten men — scarcely as large as one. Her lovely brown hair, instead of being shiny and pulled back tight, curled about her face with a most untidy lack of dignity. She was young, and wore glasses over her eyes, and was unmarried, and was depressingly businesslike.

'The first doctor was a flowing river of pity for women. She'd had a husband herself,' they say.

The only thing that impressed the women about the newcomer was her professional air. 'She looked as if she

knew everything," they tell me; and I understand that, for I have seen a certain concentration of interest with which the doctor examines a case bringing to her face its utmost charm. She says now that she had great luck that first year. I know that, when I arrived, three years later, she had crowded clinics, full wards, and the exaggerating approval of the city.

That was a long time ago, and the doctor and I are no longer young. I take little pleasure now in the peacocks our neighbor the rajah keeps. In fact, I could gladly wring the necks of the lot of them, who screech like jackals through these summer dawns when one more hour's sleep seems the only good. The streets are pure gold still, but at times I loathe the dust that makes them so, and long for sprinkled and swept asphalt. Sometimes I would exchange a year of those dawns that come up like thunder for one of the well-bred sunrises at home, which know the value of restraint. Sometimes I have shut my eyes to our great trees, which stretch their branches upward yearningly and send them down caressingly, achieving beauty, in spite of heat and drought, and have recalled rows of northern elms, standing stiff and upright like the men who walk beneath them. Sometimes, driven by this longing for sights that my eyes were born for, I have gone home, and for a while have loved my native land as only exiles can, consciously loving for months the sweet pressure of home air against my face, of which American skins are unconscious, worshiping the greenness of grass that American eyes never see. But always, doubtless because my judgment is warped by the force and passion of our city, even as my palate has been dulled by curries, I grow tired, much to my disappointment, of the keen-minded, charming women of my own country. This is, perhaps, because their easy, liberty-filled way of living is too easy, the pattern of life too monotonous; from the base to the rim only laughing loves, monotonous unsatisfactory laughing little loves. I miss the skull things, in order grim — skull things in order, grim. I got the habit, when I was young, of living where

> Endurance is the crowning quality,
> And patience all the passion of great souls.

Many women get at life at home. I unfortunately never did. So I hurry back to where I found it.

Not that I imagine I accomplish anything here, unless, indeed, one is not altogether useless while one has a friend. I have thousands of friends, — I don't know how many thousands, — and I have loved them with a love which has devoured years, while they, I understand, like me because I amuse them. After all, to have made a woman laugh through an hour which otherwise would have bored her, is perhaps justification enough of one life.

There are homes in villages near our city where families receive me as a daughter. 'She has come back to her father's house,' they say, hugging me in their stately way And when I leave, they bring me gifts of eggs, which they cannot afford to eat, and of pop-corn. 'Can a daughter leave empty-handed?' they argue, when I protest. And I come away at such times mightily pleased with myself. Not every one in the world is worth half a dozen hoarded eggs. And sometimes a woman who used shyly to answer my questions in school, puts her baby into my arms. 'You name it,' she says. 'She is going to know as much as you. And she is n't to be married till she's fifteen, even.'

The other day in the Lahore station a stunning young man, black-bearded and red-fezzed, bowed his head for my caress and called me the dearest

name that the children have for their nearest aunts, their mother's sisters. He warded off my most annihilating glance by explaining that he was one of a family of small boys whom I used to play with in a zenana where every year I ate the season's first spaghetti. He told me about his wife as readily as if I had been his mother.

'My father saw to it that she was one who can read,' he told me. 'She knows very much. She loves me very much.' He meant that he loved her. 'I'll bring her to see you some day. No, I have n't any children *yet*,' he answered me with a sudden enlightening smile.

He brought a basket of fruit to my compartment. 'You gave me a rupee once for learning the Beatitudes,' he explained.

I called him son when I thanked him. He was a dear lad, and remembering his mother, I felt as if I had brought him up with my own hands.

But the city is the same old unspeakably brutal and black-hearted place. One sees no sign of peace, or trust, or understanding, or truce between men and women, between victors and vanquished. The war was old when our women fled from the soldiers of the army which Alexander the Great halted on our river-bank. When Buddha, beneath our banyan trees, sighed over the sorrows of the world, our women flocked out to worship him, because, from their point of view, his doctrine was adorable. They stripped off their jewels, later, to enable their kings to defend them from the conquering Mahmud. But he scattered their defenders, and possessed himself of them all. Generations afterward, remembering Timur's horsemen, whose hungry arms hauled them out of their hiding-places, they never ventured down to the river to wash their clothes without stationing a watchman on the high banks to warn them. Then Akhbar conquered the city, and saved the women alive. During the reign of the Sikhs, bandits once stole a wedding party, — bride, bridegroom, merry-makers, and horses, — at the place where the High School for Boys now stands. No one ever knew what became of the men.

And now the English rule, and the city has a hospital. But what of that? Can sudden institutions end centuries of experience of lust? Not that I would be unjust to the men of our city. They have, heaven knows, enough trouble with the women they have evolved, without my adding a grain to it. I have for them the sympathy that one has for men who are fools to the uttermost. They know no more of what they might make of those potentially magnificent women of theirs than they know of the design on the inner side of the seventh gate of paradise.

I know, too, just what they will say if they ever see this hopeful criticism of themselves. They will sigh patiently, and say again with that touching resignation, 'Ah, the materialism, the grossness of the misconstruing West!' and then they will smile at one another, knowing the gullibility of the silenced Occident. But I, fortunately or unfortunately, am neither of the West nor of the East. I understand perfectly what a temptation confronts them in the over-credulous, awe-smitten mediæval attitude of the West toward the East. I do not wonder that they evade questions which might arise. I only wonder that they evade them so tritely. I rather despise them for it. Because I myself, a woman, have had to explain at least three times a day for the last twenty years, why I am not married, and I have made it a point of honor never to give the same explanation twice. Doubtless I have often failed in this, and have often unconsciously

repeated myself. And often, since I was twenty-three, in the bodily exhaustion and mental weariness of the prostrating heat, I have backslidden into this explanation, so trite but oh, so effective! 'When I was young my father did not make me marry. And now that I want to, I am too old!' And when I have heard the answer, — sometimes a sympathetic, 'Too bad,' but very much more often a decisive 'Thank God!' — I realize the security with which the East of unfathomable subtlety begins again, 'Ah, the materialistic' — and so forth and so forth.

Of course, the men of our city, being Moslems, are far less influenced by the Indian systems of philosophy, which are more revered than understood, than the Americans who read this; and they know as well as I do that no people we have ever seen is more material, more grossly, sensuously materialistic, than they themselves are. 'A jug of wine, a book of verse, and thou,' — the ubiquitous temporary 'thou,' not even 'you,' — the intoxication of wine unnecessary, the book of verse forgotten, the wilderness unsubdued a paradise, — that is our city.

IV

Our city, I say — not India. Any one generalizes about India from what I have written, at his own risk. I venture to remark that it is no wonder that Indian poets, knowing the flagrant materialism of certain phases of Indian life, sigh over that of the new world, so apologetic, so tentative. And I believe — at times — that when the East is as spiritually minded as the West, she will be as industrial.

Far be it from me, however, to attempt to deceive the public. I acknowledge frankly that no one at all who knows me pays the least attention to anything that I believe or disbelieve. Only the other day, when I was upbraiding the doctor for having deliberately saved the lives of children who would so much better be dead, she sighed, 'You have n't a grain of common sense in your make-up!'

When I retorted, 'I don't want any; if there is one thing in the world I pray to be delivered from, it's common sense,' she answered, 'Well, I must say this is the most remarkable example of answered prayer I ever heard of.'

I insist that I am not an authority on India at large. I know nothing about it, and I am not a tourist, that I should imagine I do. I cannot even say that the stories I tell of my city are true. I only say I saw them happening, and it seemed to me they happened as I have related. I don't know that they could be true of any other Indian city; certainly they are no more closely connected with Calcutta or Madras than with Seattle or Paris.

For the benefit of tourists, I must say that the city is south of Lahore and north of Pindi, west of Multan and east of Jullander. It can be easily reached by the road that Kim and the Llama took through it. We are always glad to see visitors, and I believe that we are interesting to the medically inclined. We showed a lucky visitor one day recently a case of ophthalmia, one of leprosy, one of confluent smallpox, a baby born with malaria, — which is really a rare sight, — a woman in the last stages of syphilis, and, from a distance, a pest-house full of pneumonic plague. Of course we cannot always be so entertaining, but we usually have some of the aforesaid attractions.

Since the war began, we have had few tourists visit us. Our city is perhaps as little disturbed by war, and as quiet outwardly, as any city of its size in the British Empire — and possibly as broken-hearted as any. We can remember a long time ago when we were happy. Our sons were drawing good

pay in the peaceful army. Suddenly they said that they were going to fight in a war. The sun has never risen one morning since they went away. They went as far away as Delhi, as far as Bombay, which is the limit of distance; they went across something that is called the sea; for months and months they traveled away from us — for years and years — forever. And all we have now in their places, — in place of our big, strong sons, — are the cards that we keep sacredly folded away in boys' bright silk handkerchiefs, in the boxes with our jewelry — the cards that our Emperor sent when he heard that our sons were killed in his battles.

'God's will be done!' we say, though they were our life and our salvation. But some of us have gone blind, weeping. 'The Lord establish forever our Emperor in peace,' we repeat. There are no seditionists among us; we are pacifists all, and peace, we know, reigns through the English.

We know no history but the stories the old women tell us. 'When I was little there was war,' one says. 'My mother sat cooking our rice at this fireplace. Three soldiers climbed over the wall. We were just little girls. She cried to them to spare us. But they were soldiers. But now the King insures us peace. Our sons die for that. Long live the Emperor!'

'Long live the Emperor!' we repeat. And some of us, as we say it, have blinded eyes, that no longer see the faces near us. But the faces of the lads, — of those who died alone in what is called a foreign country, — those faces shine before us forever.

THE ROAD OF SILENCE

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

I

I HAVE just finished reading of two men, to both of whom had come the great disaster of deafness. By one it seemed to have been taken with a calm philosophy and ready courage, due, perhaps, to a more imperturbable mind and serener disposition, or possibly to a less vivid power of feeling. But to the other it was a blow from which he reeled, and his philosophy was brought to bear as against fire and sword. To him it was a curse, and he openly called it so, as he appealed to the more fortunate man for light on the problem of 'how to go on living.' The fine spirit and patience of the latter excites my deep admiration, but my heart goes out to the man with the curse. I know the road which he traveled, for I, too, am deaf. In the end, without doubt, he will win back a poise which is sufficient, but he will achieve it against fearful odds.

Deafness may easily be a curse to any one until he has learned how to manage it. It is like a sudden foe which has entrenched itself, not for a swift and terrible battle in which you may win or go down, but rather, for a battle which must be fought every day to the

end of life, — a foe which has made itself a part of your country forever. Victories do not vanquish it, nor triumphs bring the end. What this can mean unless one is able in some degree to get the upper hand, it is not hard to understand.

I do not know whether some special impression is always produced as the result of deafness or not. In the instance above, it was a curse. In my own case, my conception of its effect was literally that of a lost world. The palpable reality of life was suddenly void — its elemental phenomena suspended. Silence fell upon the world like a hush of death, and I alone seemed alive in the midst of it.

All my life I had found that world a beautiful and satisfying place. Always I had felt attuned to its manifestations — the subtle appeal of its hidden things. There were a thousand by-paths into its mystery and beauty, wherein I walked and found companionship and pleasure, — pleasures profoundly simple, but profoundly real and enduring. Whatever else failed, the music of the world was always there. For instance, I was born within sound of the sea and had always known and loved it. Its moods and voices were as familiar as those of the woods and fields. Its faintest call I heard and understood, for the sea has many tongues. When its storms were making up and the wind was 'outside,' one of my lifelong pleasures had been to listen in the dark to the heavy rote on a windward shore a mile away, — the long rake of the surf taking the worn rocks of the beach down with it, — a pause, and then the muffled rumble when it rolled them in again. The rise and fall of the deep far-off sound lulled me to sleep on many a night of childhood and womanhood.

When the sea itself was still there were the bells of the shipping in the harbor. The soft hollow notes of the 'ship's bells' in the night, the brief music, clear and high, of the bugle's call on the battleships, were always floating across the water, weirdly sweet; and still more beautiful than all the rest, came the mellow warning of the seaward buoy-bell. Sometimes it seems as if I still can hear the tolling of that bell.

Again, many days I have stood in the tower of an off-shore light in a winter gale. Two people standing side by side could not make themselves heard above the roar of the storm. The wind played a thunderous rhythm on the vibrant iron roof. The iron floor shook with sound beneath the feet. The shock of seas against the cliffs below was like the boom of heavy guns. It was as though one stood at the heart of the elements and listened secretly to their fury and power. But now, whether it is the wildest storm or a day when the water is still and blue, both alike are but moving pictures. There is no realness there. The winds never blow. The sea is silenced, and I have but a dream for the sound of its bells. Oftentimes I answer the call in my heart to go to it, always to find that an old friend has forsaken me — its familiar hail withheld.

Wholly unlike and yet akin to the life of the sea was the life of the fields and woods. As far back as I can remember, it was an intimate and daily part of my own. I think I had grown to youth before I realized that it was not of almost hourly interest to everybody about me. Thirty years ago the present popular habit of outdoor study did not prevail in the country, but our house was an exception. It was my father, during his infrequent stays at home, who went with me into the woods to trail the rolling drum of the partridge in the spring, my mother who sat with me beside a rock in the field,

to discover how a cricket sang. She taught me much of nature's lore, but she taught me a deeper and finer knowledge — the beauty of the world.

In those days the land was full of birds. There were woods all about us, and from May till August we were waked at dawn by such a splendid chorus of bird-song as would amaze and thrill the heart of a modern bird lover. No memory stands out with more vividness than this music. It was interwoven with the plastic influences of my youth. For years I never heard a whitethroat that it did not take me back to the nights when I sat on the porch with my father, whose cast of mind dispensed with much that was common to his generation, speculating on 'the many worlds or few' of the starry skies, but always consciously lingering, till a certain whitethroat woke on the edge of the woods and sent an eerie whistle across the dark to us.

When I remember the voice of the hermit thrush, I realize that only poets may speak of it. But the privilege of long knowing it leaves an echo of its mystery and beauty within the soul. Years later, when I heard it ascending from the old familiar woods in the springtime, it seemed a living link between me and those two who no longer heard.

But all these voices with their peculiar significance for me, went with my lost world. Callimachus wrote of Heraclitus two thousand and two hundred years ago, —

> And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
> A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
> Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
> For Death he taketh all away, but these he cannot take.

But deafness can take that which death itself would leave, and to us are lost even the voices that would sing to us from the dead. The loss of such things goes far beyond what is meant by a handicap or a serious inconvenience. They are the things which minister to the spirit, and there is no inborn composure, nor faith nor religion, nor wealth nor power, that can take their place.

There is obtained a certain easement of heart and mind against the changes which enter life — the shadows which darken it — by following along the mere commonplace external condition of things. The doing of this helps to unify a past and present which may have suddenly become dissimilar, and ignores disturbing events with a gentle insistence that is benign and restoring. It holds the personality unconsciously to a community of interest with life. But let the elemental possibility of this be destroyed — as deafness destroys — and the personality is stripped of its readjusting power both from within and from without. It cannot get bearings. The world beats in upon the deaf man with all the old insistence, but the reflexes within himself are baffled and shut off. Tormenting vacuity occupies the place of his comprehending and responding self.

This is one of the most disastrous results of deafness — its sense of incapacitating. It works a psychological hardship, not alone in daily intercourse, but in the personal feeling of the potential difference between the former and present self. A writer on this subject who spoke from experience has said that a deaf person is partly dead. I have heard every deaf person I know make identically the same remark. It is the voicing of a terrible revelation which comes to him, and the only reason he is silent under it, is because he remembers that deafness is entirely different from what he supposed it was, when he himself could hear — that

he could not then have accepted this idea and that others cannot now. The hearing person invariably regards this statement as having an imaginative coloring. He cannot grasp it. He has no test of experience by which he can arrive at the inner meaning, which is neither moral nor figurative, but is even more direful than the words themselves convey, for a dead person has the advantage of not knowing that he is dead. But the deaf person is not only partly dead — he *lives* his deadness. He is *buried alive.*

II

There were, of course, many other features which made up my lost world, but the two I have spoken of are typical of its reality and significance. The impairment of those things most intimately connected with the utilitarian and social relations of life, did not, to me, belong there. Their mechanical and material phases separated them into a group of results by themselves, and, while an intense source of trouble, they were never so destructive to the spirit, so subversive of my individuality, as the loss of the beauty and inspiration that went out with certain sounds.

The depression which invariably comes with the beginning of deafness is strangely and intensely overpowering. It exists sometimes indefinitely. The word depression, as commonly used, admits of varied shades of meaning. It all but carries with it a vague impression of lack of will-power, a more or less voluntary indifference to moral effort. But let no one suppose that its use here indicates any mere dull, dispirited outlook on life, or any other voluntary mental view of one's self or one's future. There is nothing voluntary about it. It is a feeling deeply physical as well as mental — a mingled condition of woeful sickness and sadness that beggars description. The distress and shock over what has happened to one, and the first experience of what it is like, is the initial factor. But considering what it ought to be as compared with the shock of blindness, which, it seems to me, must be sufficient to produce permanent blackest despair, the depression of deafness is out of all proportion — a matter which I shall refer to later.

A second factor is the knowledge of one's isolation, in that no one knows or can be made to know his true state, since deafness is so entirely different from what people suppose. This knowledge is the height of loneliness — a solitariness of mind that is devastating to the most heroic temperament. And yet neither of these two things is the fundamental explanation of the proverbial depression of the deaf as compared with the cheerfulness of the blind.

Just at this point, I was more fortunate than many, for I discovered certain things concerning depression, about this time, that proved of untold value to me. I have marked this point with a milestone, as the place of the first step where I began to retrieve — for, of course, nobody supposes that any one who becomes deaf, however flat he is morally thrown down, is not going to get on to his feet again.

Fully recognizing the immeasurable difference between being deaf and being blind, — that the interests and possibilities of life seem always largely open to any person who can still see, — my perplexed question was, why does not the realization of this remove one's trouble of heart? why does it not produce its logical result, a normal zest and pleasure of being — the age-old anticipation that mere living is good? In spite of all comparisons, why did I still feel indescribably depressed and hopeless?

In pursuance of this, one wiser than I suggested that there must be something more elemental in the background of these things than was generally understood, and that, according to certain principles of modern science, if identified, it might prove of help to me. Here was the inkling of an idea which I grasped, metaphorically, with both hands.

Now it developed after a little rereading and thought, that the whole matter fell under the head of facts that were perfectly familiar to me. Scientists have shown that sound not only informs the intellect, as does sight, but that, much in excess of that sense, it excites feelings — that is, sound pure and simple has a specific relation to feelings widely different from that of sight. Its primary effect was the *creating of moods.* It has been specialized into all kinds of forms which convey facts to the intelligence, but its earliest business was something else, and that business still exists. This being so, the simple fact is, that sound has far more to do fundamentally with originating our emotions, or how we *feel* from day to day, than has what we see.

It should be said, in passing, that there is very little recognition of this fact by the person with normal hearing. Sight and sound are so interwoven for him that he does not discriminate as to what belongs intrinsically to each in the province of feelings. It is only when the two are clearly separated, as in deafness or blindness, that experience takes note of what belongs to the one and the other. Of course, however, this is not the source of the scientific knowledge referred to. That has come from the long investigations of men of science.

This special function of sound may be easily illustrated. For instance, quick lively music produces so great an inward change — an exhilaration — that the body frequently expresses some outward manifestation of it. The foot begins to tap, the hand to mark the time, till, feeling more and more the inner urge of gayety, people spring to their feet and begin the dance. There is no combination of things coming by way of sight alone that could produce the same response and pleasure of feelings. The deaf person seeing the dancing and gayety would experience no change. He might enter into it as best he could, but his feelings would be but little different from those that he would have if he sat at his desk casting up accounts. His dancing could not produce the pleasure, the enjoyment of dancing, any more than merely seeing it could do. Only *sound* can do that. But unseal his ears and in a flash you have unsealed his feelings. From the consciousness of none in particular, he passes to the ripple and thrill of emotion — animation — life, and its urge to bodily expression. Sound has created a mood.

It cannot be claimed that because it is a highly specialized sound it appeals to some finer sense and inspires response only on that ground, for the function extends in the opposite direction — sound produces feelings of distress and irritation. A scientific writer points out that we can see with indifference the writhings of a suffering animal that is still, but that, if there are cries of pain, it produces emotion at once. We are distressed. In reports of terrible marine disasters, it is almost never said by people that they can never forget the sights they saw, but always that they can never forget the cries of the drowning. Likewise there are certain sounds which distinctly irritate. The hum of a mosquito excites feelings of irritation altogether in excess of seeing it or feeling it.

But the salient point between the two extremes is that sound, in its sim-

ple common forms, possesses its own degree of power to produce a measure of response which corresponds to the ordinary cheerfulness of normal life.

Although one would hardly hesitate to say that the excess of the blind man's calamity over that of the deaf man is sufficient to over-balance this elemental function of sound to produce moods, yet the universal fact remains that the blind are more cheerful than the deaf. If this be really true, then it must be because the blind are the involuntary subjects of a cause and effect so deeply fixed in the process of man's mental evolution that it cannot be entirely overpowered even by blindness.

Now it follows that the absence of sound is the very large withdrawal of the natural arouser of feelings, leaving in their stead an unbroken dullness or lack of cheerfulness, — for there is no possibility of auto-excitation in place of the external stimulus, — as was illustrated in the instance of dancing. Nor is there any general level or original capital of feelings which exist if just let alone, for dullness or depression does not mean (barring a sense of sadness) various feelings of a poor quality, so much as no feelings — negativeness. Hence the deaf man's depression.

Now then, it proved to be that this specific relation of sound to feeling was the 'elemental something' in the background, the understanding of which did produce surprisingly helpful results. Just why learning something of a cause should mitigate an effect is not easy to explain, even if this were the place to attempt a 'psycho-analysis.' But it has been discovered and accepted as the underlying principle in certain modern methods of treatment of deeply disturbed psychological conditions. Its discoverer and upbuilder 'showed that when patients were made conversant with the cause of their symptoms, and the reason explained to them, they got well.'

In my own case, it seemed as though the power to set out one element or cause of depression made it appear less hopeless than when everything was concealed in the blind whole. Here was definiteness, and there is nothing more paralyzing to the human mind and heart than the idea of the unalterably, inherently mysterious — the thing without a cause.

Though not always recognizing the fact, my footsteps from here on were forward rather than backward. I had gained an impersonal view of the situation — the vision of a law rather than a fate. I did not know what might lie before me, but, added to what familiarity I may have had with matters psychological, my experience in finding out what depression was, or rather why it was, had given me a glimpse into possibilities — into new heights and depths. If I had lost a world I had discovered that new ones might be created. It came to me that after all mind is master — experience the absolute teacher.

Having come thus far, the first effort of the deaf person must be to find and establish for himself a new philosophy or system of life. Under ordinary circumstances one does not think very much about a philosophy of life. Life flows in from full channels and brings all unconsciously its own code of living. But when one is cut off from mental association with his fellows, when he is denied all that comes from lectures, concerts, plays, church, music, conversation, — the subconsciousness even of the murmurous world about him, — the rain on the window, the fire on the hearth, — it is apparent to the most dull that there is a far-reaching change in his world. Life has been folded back upon itself and a new living-basis must be set up.

III

My own philosophy speedily resolved itself into three parts — work, study, and play; three familiar things, which yet served well the deeper mission to which they had been called.

But before even this, stands the pertinent question of reëstablishing in some degree the lost means of communication. No matter what you may think the impossibility of this to be, it must be done, because, with the best intentions of people in making things easy, the exigencies of life will require of you much the same that they always have required. Therefore, you should not hesitate to adopt any reasonable devices which have been invented to assist in this object. They serve their purpose better than nothing, and even if they do not prove indispensable to you, you will often find people who seem so to regard them when they are talking to you. This inclination you should be prompt to humor. Anything that makes for agreeableness or saves embarrassment must be favored, for one of the small surprises of deafness is to discover that there are people who are really embarrassed to know how to 'manage' a deaf person. Strange as it may seem, it is often you, the handicapped, who must come to the rescue, and your capacity for doing it will be one of your assets.

But speaking from experience, the best of all methods is to begin from the start to learn to understand the lips. I know many people are dismayed at mention of the idea, but I think it is because they regard it as among the most difficult of all things to accomplish. This is not so. Any person with a reasonably quick mind can do more for himself by persistent effort in lip-reading than by any other possible means. I do not mean learning it by going to a school where it is taught, or by professional instruction, although both appeal to me. I mean, rather, by keen observation, careful effort, and persistent practice. Everything is in favor of lip-reading. Facility increases with time; it is quiet, unawkward, and dignified. If it can be attained, it is an accomplishment *par excellence*. Of course, you will find those whose talking is hopelessly blind. Their lips are immobile and their articulation behind half-shut teeth. Give them up, together with that other class who are averse to making the slightest effort, and will make no difference between you and any one else. There are times, however, if one is thrown among these people, when it is impossible to follow this advice — when one must know what is said. For these the tiny ivory pad of four or five leaves with little pencil attached is an expedient solution. It can be tucked into the belt or vest-pocket out of sight. I have seen tense situations smoothed out by its timely appearance.

The question of work and business in the case of the deaf person is complex. It may be the most essential thing confronting him — a necessity. The work one has been accustomed to may seem to be greatly interfered with, if not impossible to continue in. This feeling should not be yielded to so long as there is a reasonable possibility of continuing in it. You need its familiarity, its friendliness. Certain workers, it would seem, must change their occupation, but I have known a teacher to hold his position as active principal of a boys' school for years after he had become very deaf. Little by little he worked others into the gaps he could not fill, and he played a certain rôle with force and dignity until his accidental death. I know a business man who successfully carries on a large and important business, involving many deals in properties and money, who has

been deaf for twenty-five years — the deafest person I have ever seen. Standing in a railway station with him one day, I asked if he could hear the tremendous ringing and clanging of the engines around us. He smilingly shook his head. Then, being an old friend, I asked how deeply it troubled him to be so deaf. To my astonishment he wrote, 'I never think of it. I have to be so busy in my business, looking out for the other fellow and the rights of the deal, that I don't have a minute for anything else.' This man had a world of his own.

Whatever you are doing, don't give it up unless forced to. The public forgets things after a while — if it gets its money's worth. And, above all, count yourself among the blest if you can work, and work hard. Work has specific healing for your trouble, although on other grounds I am its disciple — a pilgrim to its shrine. I had always liked my two hands inordinately for what they could do, but when, long ago, I learned how intimately and fundamentally the hands had had to do in primal ages with the evolution of the brain of earliest *homo*, when he yet struggled with his eoliths and his unperfected thumbs, I reverenced them anew. The power of the hand visibly to re-create the mental conception of a Raphael and a Praxiteles is indefinable and exquisite. The hands hold the sublimity of the spirit to the power of the flesh.

Furthermore, I would advise any deaf person to earn money whether there is real need of it or not. It is the practical measure of capability, — a quality in which the deaf need reassuring, — and it replaces old aims and interests which may have been lost. It tends to rehabilitate ambition and self-confidence — its largest good, perhaps, lying in its moral tonic force.

If you are at liberty to divide your time so that study may play an equal part with work, then you hold passports to all kinds of pleasure and profit. It is undeniable that people go through the world so careless and unseeing that some of the best of it escapes on every hand. The knowledge and truth which lies nearest to us we do not know is there, and we do not know how to lay hold upon it. It is under our feet, in the air above our heads, not to mention within ourselves. But study and observation open the doors of the mind through which all things come trooping in.

These studies may be grave or gay, simple or profound. I well remember my first experience with one of the wasps — Pompilus and her paralyzed spider. About all the knowledge I then had of the subject was a little I had read in one of Darwin's books long before. It was just enough so that I recognized what I had run across. The subject had greatly interested me at the time of reading, but it had seemed a far-off science-lore past attaining, so that when I realized that this was the same wonderful thing, I was breathless with excitement.

The strange little worlds in your back yard and along the country road are as absorbingly exciting, if you but see them understandingly, as those which have been sought out on the other side of the earth. And they are waiting only for two eyes and a mind to explore their secrets. Ears are an utter superfluity. It does not matter that others have found out long ago all that you may discover, — although there is a whole apocalypse of things that the wise ones do not yet know, — they are a discovery to you.

Therefore, in work and study alike, so-called hobbies serve an admirable purpose for us. I own to having pursued half a dozen of them, long and ardently — from working on the wood

of old mahogany pieces, which now stand burnished and glowing among my earthly possessions, to digging in ancient shell-pits for chipped flints and bone fish-hooks. And the beauty of all these doings is that they are as profitable as they are fascinating. Their pursuit is a constant source of new understanding which lures thought far from one's self. They teach the impersonal habit, — and some day you will find that you have learned, among many other things, how to forget yourself.

Last, but far from least, is the question of recreation and play. It is one of the perplexing problems, for while there are unnumbered resources for work and occupation, deafness paralyzes the sources of pleasure. Objectively, they all exist, but subjectively, you have no way of experiencing them. And yet, pleasure cannot be dispensed with — that way danger lies. Its persistent lack grows into definite distress, and the deaf person, like others, must have, to use the words of a writer already quoted, 'some little fun every day, and some human society.' The small pleasures which all people seek are a natural necessity, and very distinct from any deaf person's 'many resources,' which people are often fond of referring to as though they were a sufficient substitute. His play must mean change, anticipation, something outside himself — in short, just what it means to other people.

There is one field, however, which almost universally is left unaffected by deafness — the matter of games of competition and chance. Tennis, cards, golf, and similar things, give the chance of pleasure in the explicit sense of the word. In the competition lies the essence of association, and their further result is even doubled. They are not only keenly enjoyable in themselves, being sources which hearing people constantly seek for that purpose, but being the one activity which is not affected for one by deafness, the relief and change in its exercise is intense. One can be sufficiently skillful so that he need not feel that his deafness mars the pleasure of others, — although it would be indeed a striking selfishness in others who would have their fun perfect always at the expense of your having none — who intentionally would not share themselves and their pleasure reasonably to your need.

Nevertheless, it is probably better to recognize the fact now and then, like any sensible person, that the world is not wholly lovely — that a selfish and designing individual is an indisputable reality sometimes. This does not impeach the general kindness; but to be cognizant of such a person and of his real aim when it comes to you, makes for surer self-confidence and better judgment in playing your own rôle in regard to him. It can be done with entire equanimity, if not with a degree of interest, for the reading of character in its exceeding diversity of composition has long been not the least interesting of studies. Idealism is no abstraction, but the world as it is must not be forgotten.

The central thought which comes from my experience with deafness is, that remedy — recompense — here as elsewhere, is the natural law — that nature seeks always to balance itself. The only irreparable disaster in deafness is that one which would despoil the spirit — the will; and here again, as was shown in depression, it is within the personality, within the bounds and terms of our own understanding, that exist the laws which reharmonize the discordant condition and reinvest the mind with its conscious power to dominate the forces and events of life.

A FAMILY LETTER

BY RUDOLF HEINRICHS

Dear Felix, —

I am sorry you are angry with me. You know that. You and I are the only members of the family left in this country, and we should stand together. I don't want to quarrel with you. I want to avoid a break with you if it is possible to avoid it. At the moment, I do not see how a break can be avoided. You insist that my open and active espousal of the cause, formerly of the Allies and now of the United States, exhibits a disloyalty to father, to Carl, and to the girls, which makes you ashamed of our good name. You are yourself absolutely loyal to the United States. I know that. You want me to be loyal. But you insist that my loyalty should be more or less passive. You think that I should buy Liberty Bonds, and if I were drafted (which is impossible since I am considerably above the age-limit), that I should serve in the army; but you declare that voluntary aggressive action on my part, to help defeat Germany, is disloyal to father and the rest of the family now living in Germany and in one way or another fighting for Germany.

I need not repeat what I think of your point of view. I completely disagree with it. I believe that family ties must not, in such a crisis, be allowed to impede the individual's freedom of action. No ties of blood or birth should in any way be allowed to fetter his hands, his brain, or his spirit — least of all, in this nation, which is a conglomeration of many races and depends for its safety and strength, as no other nation in the world, on the speedy amalgamation of these races and the effacement of racial lines. An American may go to Italy, England, or Germany and live there all his days, remaining an American citizen, without especial loss to any one or anything except his own self-respect. Those countries, having each its own definite race, will suffer him as a self-indulgent expatriate, satisfied to live his days accepting protection without giving any service in return, even the small service of casting his vote once a year.

In the United States, however, the situation is different. With a wonderful generosity and a hospitality which has frequently threatened danger to the institutions on which this country is founded, the United States has opened its doors to every man, woman, and child in Europe, not a defective or a criminal, who cared to enter. It has done so, not from a sense of self-interest, but on principle. The United States has from the beginning been the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, the economically oppressed and the politically oppressed. Comprehending fully the problems which the coming of these hordes presented, she has nevertheless allowed them to enter with only slight restrictions, trusting that something that we like to call the American spirit would transfuse the different elements into a new metal more precious than any yet known. This American spirit was the spirit of individualism, the ardent and unhypocritical passion for freedom of thought and action, for

religious and racial tolerance, for largeness of view, derived in part from the early colonists, in part from the Revolutionary patriots, in part from the pioneers and frontiersmen, in part from Lincoln and the men who defended the Union with him, in part from men like Carl Schurz, who knew what it meant to live under a government which feared freedom of thought and speech and crushed them down with gunbutts. The American people have trusted in the working of this leaven of the American spirit in the lump of alien population. On the whole they have been right in trusting to it. In an incredibly short period, foreign children have been turned into American citizens with a distinctly American outlook. The American spirit has wonderfully done its work in transforming the Russian, the Italian, the Pole, the Irishman, the German, the Jew, into that curious new being, not yet fully formed, the American. It has succeeded so well because it worked unimpeded. There were no forces in operation to retard its working.

The Great War has brought home to us with a startling shock the realization that, unknown to the great majority of the American people, a foreign government has for the past fifteen or twenty years been slowly constructing machinery to counteract the assimilative potencies of this American spirit. Through the schools, through the churches, through the colleges and universities, through associations of school-teachers, through athletic, social, and literary clubs, organized and closely bound together into a highly centralized alliance; and lastly, and most effectively, through the daily and weekly papers, religious as well as secular, this government has been endeavoring to consolidate the largest and on the whole the most respected and most trusted portion of our population, of foreign birth or immediate foreign origin, into a solid mass organized, not only to prevent its own assimilation, but also to work actively toward its own political predominance, first in the State and later in the nation. I refer, I need not say, to Germany.

Whenever, in my more or less heated conversations with you during the past three years, I have made any statements concerning the German conduct of the war, you have answered that I was a victim of the anti-German propaganda which England had been conducting in this country in the interest of Wall Street, for years, even before the war. If there has been such a propaganda, it has been a monumentally stupid one, for, so far as I know, it has never called public attention to the most subtle and insidious case in history of one nation's interference in the internal affairs of another. You know as much as I of Germany's attitude toward her expatriated nationals. You therefore know about her 'centres of influence' idea, her resolution, expressed in a national policy, to keep loyal and serviceable to the German Empire the millions of her citizens who, for one reason or another, have emigrated to different parts of the world, principally to North and South America. Under pretense of keeping alive in the hearts of her 'exiled' sons and daughters the cultural ideals of the Fatherland, the German government has organized in different countries, notably in Argentina, Brazil, Canada, and the United States, elaborate 'systems' designed, on the one hand, to prevent these nationals from amalgamating with the peoples among whom for their own material advantage they have chosen to live, and, on the other, to create and spread doctrines favorable to the German government.

In the United States, the influential social, athletic, and other clubs have

been firmly knit together into the National German-American Alliance. The even more influential teachers of German in the schools have been organized into an Alliance of Teachers. This alliance is subsidized by the German government. I need not suggest that this subsidy is not granted merely for sentimental reasons or for the benefit which the German government expects the American people to derive from the spread of Teutonic culture. It is granted because Germany realizes that these teachers of the German language can exercise an enormous influence in spreading the gospel of German cultural superiority and general infallibility, and will exercise it if given a start under pro-German auspices. In many schools in Wisconsin, Nebraska, and other mid-Western States, the study of German in the public schools has, through the influence of German voters, been made practically compulsory. Children of strictly American parents may not want to study German, and the parents may protest, but in towns or cities where the school commissioner happens to be German, their protests are likely to be swept aside, or skillfully argued out of court. The teacher of German naturally begins his work by telling his pupils the advantages of learning German rather than French, Italian, or Spanish. He preaches the glories of Germany's past and present, the splendors of its literature and art. He teaches German, but through it, constantly, he teaches Germanism. To the best of his ability, he does what his colleagues in the German *Volkschule* and *Gymnasium* are doing, under the strict supervision of the Imperial Minister of Education. He moulds, out of the pliable clay of youth, docile and unquestioning admirers of Germany and all its works.

He is, of course, ably abetted in this work by confederates on every side. The pastor in the German church is one; the editor of the German language newspaper is another; the father of the family, who, influenced by the pastor and the editor, emphasizes the sacred duty of keeping up the German language and the German traditions and fails to emphasize the higher duty of becoming, first of all, a loyal American citizen is a third.

All aliens tend to be clannish, and the Germans in this country have kept more to themselves, possibly, than the nationals of any other European country. You know how it was in our own family. All father's and mother's friends were German except the M——s, and our intimacy with the M——s was due primarily to the accident that they happened to be our next-door neighbors. You remember that, after we moved away, we saw little of them, except on that annual occasion, Christmas Eve, when they always came, loaded to the gunwales with presents, to celebrate with us, German-fashion. Your friends were largely in the German set, though you, like the rest of us children, had been born in this country; and all the men who called on the girls were German. You remember, we spoke of it at the time, fifteen years or more ago. The girls did not seem to care for American men, and American men did not seem to be drawn to them, though they were unquestionably attractive, and Pauline was, I think, one of the cleverest hands at repartee that I ever heard. Counts and barons besieged her, but Americans somehow kept away or were gently pushed away — I never could quite decide which. And the girls were both born in America and had both attended American schools.

The trouble, I suppose, was that the atmosphere of our household was absolutely German, and American boys felt shy in it, out of their element, embar-

rassed to know exactly how to act. Father, in insisting on keeping our home as German as possible, was, we know, acting from the highest sense of loyalty to his German origin. I cannot help feeling, however, that he made a great mistake. He became an American citizen and a most conscientious supporter of good government in his city as well as his nation. At the time of the Spanish War, you remember, he was ardently pro-America and indignant at the assumption of his relatives in Germany (who were pro-Spain) that he should be anything else.

We had a wonderful home, and there are a thousand memories of things distinctively German which I cling to, gratefully. I need not tell you that. The memory of those Christmas Eves is something always to treasure, and there were countless Sunday parties, including always the whole family and troops of friends, parties lasting from one to ten (when father wound up the clocks), with *Volkslieder* and games and good, lively talk, that neither you nor I will ever forget or ever want to forget. Our home was the best sort of home a boy could have, but the insistence morning, noon, and night, that it be above all, a German home, has, so far as our family life is concerned, had tragic results. Father and mother and the girls returned to Germany to live. Mother died almost immediately; the girls married German officers; Carl, of course, was altogether German anyway. His schooldays in Germany definitely settled that. You, having had a part of the same training, were half German. I, coming at the tail end of the family and going to American schools, and particularly to an American boarding-school, became somehow Americanized. I don't know exactly how it happened, but the fact remains. I went to Germany as often as the rest of the family, but I never made any friends there. German boys and American boys, I found, looked at almost everything under the sun from different angles, and my angle happened to be the American angle.

I said a minute ago that the results of the insistence on Germanism in our home had been tragic. Look at our family to-day. Father has a son and two sons-in-law active in the German service, and two sons who are American citizens. The girls, born in America and living in America until they were twenty-five or over, are married to Germans. You know as well as I how ardently American they were at heart. Imagine what they must be suffering to-day; for love for the country where they were born and bred *will* come through! Carl, of course, always has been German. You and I are the only ones left in America, and even we seem to be hopelessly divided. If this is not a tragedy, in a family that cherished unity and get-together festivals as ours did, I don't know what tragedy is!

It was not the German government that was responsible for this particular wreck. It was mainly clannishness and sentimentality — clannishness, which prevented us as a family from striking our roots out into true American soil, having Americans as our daily companions and the guests of our Sunday parties, instead of always German bankers and merchants and reserve officers and traveling noblemen; sentimentality, which loved to insist that we were good Germans after all, and which prevented father from ever buying an inch of American land, because he wanted at any and every time to feel foot-free to return to Germany. Clannishness and sentimentality — the futile looking backward to a happy state which never was — are prominent vices of the German. They existed before the German government began,

some twenty or more years ago, to take a lively interest in her future in America. Germany recognized the existence of these vices and used them for her own purposes.

The propaganda of the German government began in this country, as I said, some twenty years ago. Prince Henry and the German exchange professors were factors in it, the German-American Alliance and the German language press have been its active and vigorous supporters, and unquestionably the German Embassy and its confidential agents have done their share. The aim of this persistent and effective propaganda has been to counteract the forces that make for the assimilation of aliens in the body of American citizens — principally, of course, to counteract the forces that were making loyal Americans out of Germans who were willing to forego the privileges of life in Germany for the sake of the greater freedom of action and opportunity which the United States offered.

From the point of view of the German government there is perhaps nothing reprehensible in her attempt to do this. For many years Germany lost thousands of industrious citizens annually by emigration to countries whence she could derive no benefit from the bodies and minds she had reared. Germans practically refused for one reason or another to emigrate to German colonies. In the United States, on the other hand, were millions of men and women of German birth or blood, whose integrity and efficiency were benefiting, not Germany, but the United States. They could be made to benefit Germany only in case they could be consolidated into a more or less compact political body endeavoring assiduously to spread German influence, both cultural and political, to control schools, churches, newspapers, and legislatures, and gradually to supplant the Anglo-Saxon influence in American life with the Teutonic.

It was, as I said, natural that the German government should want to do this. It is natural also that the American people should rise in wrath, as I hope they will, when they finally discover the impudent attempt that has been made to pervert the natural current of American political life.

For Germany's attempt to solidify her nationals in the United States into a definite political body, with interests apart from the interests of the rest of the American people, is a blow straight at the heart of the American democracy. America's promise lies largely in the fusion of many races in the hot fire of a common dream. Russian and Jew, Austrian and Pole, Britisher and Irishman, Frenchman and Prussian, have in America forgotten national feuds and prejudices, seeing a vision of liberty and fellowship and equal opportunity, against which the merely national aspirations of the past seem puerile and pompous and empty. Allow the Germans to solidify themselves into a political group, jealously guarding and insidiously extending their influence, and you must allow the Poles, the Italians, the Hungarians, the Irish, the Russians, to do the same. We should become a second Austria, where, in Parliament, the Magyars throw inkwells at the Czechs. The vision we hold and cherish would go off into thin air. Liberty and fellowship and equality of opportunity would be forgotten in futile squabbles about language or subtle racial prejudices.

Our language is English, our institutions are modifications of English and Teutonic institutions, touched up with French philosophy. They are not perfect, by any means, but they are a good foundation on which to build. Our culture, what there is of it, is largely a reflection of England's. We do not brag

about it, but we do not want to supplant it with German culture; we emphatically do not want to have it surreptitiously thus supplanted. We want to learn much from Germany; but we want to learn possibly even more from France and Russia. We want culture rammed down our throats, however, by no one.

You and I are both of the same German blood. There is not a drop of any other blood in us, so far as I know. You feel the tug of this blood drawing your sympathies toward Germany. Perhaps I am hard-hearted. I often wonder whether that is it. I think, however, that I feel as deep affection for father and the others in Germany as you do. And yet there does not seem to me to be the smallest corner of me that is not for America, first and last, and against Germany. I do not hate Germany, but I want to see her defeated, and I deeply hope that America will have a part in defeating her and that I may have a small part in helping to defeat her.

You believe that I should be passive, that, in deference to father and the family, I should at least have the grace to keep silent and to do no more than loyalty to the United States absolutely demands to help defeat Germany. You wanted me to keep silent, to be passive, after our first violent disagreement after the sinking of the Lusitania. You pleaded with me again and again during the twenty months or more that intervened before the final break, to take no active part against Germany. I tell you, Felix, too many Americans of German blood have been passive. Bound to Germany by ties of sentiment and bound to America by ties of self-interest, they have stood aside, afraid fearlessly to choose one side or another, to stand and fight for America or to stand and be interned for Germany. This is not a good war for neutrals. The issues are too clear.

In times like these we cannot afford to let the lesser loyalty of the family or the tribe interfere with the larger loyalty due the country that has protected us and given us happiness and the opportunity to achieve success; or the loyalty, even wider yet, which is due to the principles of justice and liberty on which this country rests. The German propagandists have tried to persuade us that we, American citizens of German blood, can serve two masters. You and I should know better. Our own family is a perfect symbol of what this America of ours would be if Germany should be allowed to continue her insidious propaganda. This country would be split into fragments as our family is now split, the members torn from each other and each member torn within himself. Germany must be beaten, her government must be thoroughly discredited, not only in order that the democracies of the world may be made safe from attack by her armed forces, but in order also that they may be made safe from attack by the sappers and miners of her destructive propaganda. That propaganda is, in the long reckoning, more dangerous than all Germany's armies. There is a room in Strand House, London, filled with nothing but examples of German propaganda written in every language and almost every dialect, and working through practically every sect of every religion in the world. Such a poisonous tree cannot be pruned or sprayed. It must be dug up by the roots and burned.

You think that I am disloyal. There seem to be times when a man must renounce father and mother, brother and sister, in order to be loyal to something higher than blood relatives. Fifty years ago Lincoln said that this country could not exist half slave and half free. To-day we can say with equal emphasis that this country can-

not exist half alien and half American. It must be all American, with one language, one literature, one culture growing naturally from the original root. You say that you are loyal if you are merely passive, and some fool in Washington, some official or other, said the other day that the government demanded no more than passive loyalty from its citizens of German birth or origin. I tell you, that passive loyalty to-day is disloyalty. You are needed, and I am needed, and every American of German blood, who considers himself an American and nothing else, is needed, to symbolize to the rest of Americans of alien origin, the working of the American crucible. We have boasted in the past that the American people was not merely a hodge-podge of fifty or a hundred races, but a new race, looking not to the past but to the future. Here is our chance to prove it, to prove that no temptation, however great, no lure, however insistent, can turn us who have received the benefits of American citizenship, who have lived and grown and prospered and been happy under American institutions, back to the land that our fathers left, back to the kings they renounced. We dare not be passive.

The basic principle by which the American people has grown great has been brought in question by the German-Americans. Are we merely an agglomeration of European expatriates, or are we a new people, richer in promise, as we believe, than any race which has yet existed? On men like you and me depends in this crisis the answer to that question. We are of German blood and only of German blood. We have brothers fighting for Germany. The temptation is great to say, 'I have a right to sit back and take no part in this conflict against my own blood.' But the greater the temptation, the greater the necessity to stand unflinchingly by the principle which other Americans of German blood have put in jeopardy. If you and I — who have brothers fighting in the armies of Germany — make clear unmistakably that we stand ready, with every thought in our minds and every spark of energy in our bodies, to fight for America against Germany, will not the hundreds of thousands of other Americans of German blood, who are held to Germany only by ties of faint sentiment, be ashamed to hold back? The very tragedy of our position enforces a deeper loyalty upon us, because it makes so much greater our opportunity to serve.

Instead of being passive, instead of sitting in armchairs at home, grumblingly nursing our resentment as you would have us do, you and I should be out on the housetops, declaring to the German-Americans our faith in the American democracy and the American people. Seeing how much we are willing to sacrifice for the privilege of claiming full American citizenship, other German-Americans, who have less to sacrifice, may value American citizenship higher than they now do.

Felix, you and I and men who are situated like us — there are not many — have a great responsibility. We can sit back passively, priding ourselves on our petty family loyalty which, in the greatest crisis in the world's history, keeps us smug and neutral within our own four walls; or we can claim the higher allegiance and, because of all that we leave behind, work as few are privileged to work, for the unity and strength of our country.

You know what I have chosen, and in a rash moment you told me that in so choosing I was dishonoring my father's name. Think again, Felix! What are you going to choose?

Your affectionate brother,

R.

THE FORMULA FOR PEACE

BY COURTENAY DE KALB

I

THE American people are beginning to pay for the costliest mistake that they have ever made. They did not prepare for peace, therefore they now are facing war. They listened to the dreamers who had never analyzed peace and they scorned those who taught wisdom, and now the wise and the unwise are paying the cost together. They never have realized that peace and war are parts of the same economic problem. George Washington was a practical pacifist; he admonished us to keep ourselves ready at all times to compel peace. That kind of peace is one that lies within the reach of any practical peace-loving people. It is a taurine peace, such as a well-horned bull commands in his pasture; the effective and reliable kind that was comprehensible to the great patriot who had led our Colonial armies to the victorious creation of a free republic. Moreover, it is the only kind of pacifism that will work in a world of nations that has never yet solved or even tried to solve the economic problems that make war unnecessary.

It may strike some minds as paradoxical to affirm that war is an economic phenomenon, yet the great majority of all the wars of history and particularly of modern history have been nothing less than attempts to adjust a continuously unfavorable trade-balance by resort to arms. Surely the great gathering of the nations in battle array, that now astounds and awes the human race, can by no possibility be regarded in any other light than that of a transference of the war of trade from the counting-house to the field of Mars. Our minds are likely to be tricked into false reasoning by the boasts of democracy and the thunders of autocracy, for the solution of the great problem of civilization does not lie in mere forms of government — neither in democracies nor in empires. It is far deeper than these; it might be said that, considered as a means of supplying human needs, it is not definitely related to either. It is not the way in which we are governed that determines whether or not we will get on with our neighbors peaceably; it is what we use our government to accomplish for us as nations that determines the matter.

It was just a year ago that a notable meeting of representatives of the Allies was held in Paris to draw up plans for the days after the war. The delegates meant well; they were preparing, as they thought, to cement a union between the Allies that would be effective in restraining Germany from future domination; but the world, even in the stress of a great conflict, holds to its saving sense of humor, and it characterized this plan as a preparation for 'the war after the war.' Such felicitous flashes of world-humor often have in them more sound philosophy than gets written into learned state papers. Is there any peace, is there any relief from poverty, any lessening of the hardships that grow out of national aggrandizement, in a commercial war? Is it conceivable that trade-war can maintain

a happy balance of industry, that it can fill the world with cheerful contentment, or encourage the spirit of brotherly love among nations? There is a vast difference between simple commerce and a trade-war, and that difference has not become the basis of reasoning for reform. We saw what happened during the last experience of a trade-war, when the legend 'made in Germany' was a challenge to the whole industrial world. It did not bring joy and gladness to Manchester and Sheffield to see the cottons and steels of Germany conquering the markets of the world. Instead of reposing in joy England was struggling with the blazing protests of the unemployed.

What happened in England was the menacing growth of a starvation-socialism; it was no mild philosophical socialism, no fanciful scheme for social reorganization, but a stern and fearsome demand, like the cry of a hungry panther that can be met only with guns or with food. It has been said that if Germany had but waited a little longer she might have conquered England by commercial displacement — but Germany could not wait. The weapons of national aggrandizement are like rapiers that finally bend backward and wound the nation that wields them while striking at their victims. The peculiarity of our modern system of commercial struggle, using such aggressive mechanisms as bounties, subsidies, tariffs, and the like, is that the effort to control foreign markets becomes a national movement. That is the same thing as to say that it is collectivistic, which allies it at once with what is called Socialism.

We are familiar with the game as played in a crude unscientific manner in our own country. The politicians of one party explain to the man in the street how he will benefit by the trade stimulus that is certain to follow protected industry. One party shouts itself hoarse for a tariff on iron, on steel, on shoes, on wool and woolens, while the other — but that is part of the threadbare humor of presidential campaigning. It is all so unscientific, so distorted by special pleading, as to teach little to the serious inquirer after the economic bases of those balanced equities which we instinctively feel should operate in a rational world-commerce. The arguments of the free traders and the protectionists in America have been merely political ammunition to be used in the contests between the 'ins' and the 'outs.' If the leaders were more patriotic than partisan they would find real issues in which there might be room for dispute. It requires little knowledge of political science to see that free trade, containing as it does the germ-principle of the charter for Utopia, would be suicidal to any mature nation attempting to apply it before it had been accepted by all the great commercial powers of the world. What has actually occurred in America has been that, under a high tariff, the manufacturers have profited, and to a degree the laboring classes have also benefited, but they have presently exclaimed at the correspondingly higher cost of living which resulted from complex causes initiated by the disturbance of the economic balance brought about by the altered tariff schedules. When the political pendulum swung back to a lowered tariff, the masses have again suffered by the invasion of foreign goods, which cut off industry at home and reduced the wages for labor.

The topsy-turvy schemes of a country with little international trade experience, a country that is still nearly half pioneer, and that has sustained its shop-workers by manufacturing chiefly for home consumption, while its strength in the world-markets has come mainly from the exportation of foods

and cotton, are not to be taken too seriously in a search for the errors in the principle of the trade-war. It is in Germany that the most brilliant national success has been attained by it. Most interesting is it to see how a state committed to this doctrine inevitably accumulates a top-heavy burden of population, with mouths to feed increasing faster than the resources with which to feed them. The only arguments for aggrandizement are race-pride, which is expressed in a desire for dominance, and race-prejudice, which shrinks from expatriation and the consequent loss of racial identity in fusion with foreign peoples. Aggrandizement through a fostering political system offers a tempting solution of the problem. It contemplates the acquisition of lines of trade that will develop manufacturing at home to an abnormal degree; that will provide work for the growing population; but the profit must be elastic enough, which means big enough, to absorb the strains of competition or of reduced foreign purchasing power, due to droughts or other causes. Necessarily, then, the wage-rate will not advance proportionally to the double increase of business and population, so that a shortage of available supplies presently is felt by the working classes, producing social discontent. At the same time the necessity for safe-guarding foreign commerce, and the food-supply coming from less densely populated countries, as well as the fear of reprisals by competitive nations, compels the intensive culture of militarism, in which is experienced moreover a measure of physical development, that is recognized as valuable in saving the nation from loss of vital energy.

To visualize clearly the forces at work in a nation under the modern system of nationally fomented industry, which is but a more polite phrase for the trade-war, it is necessary to examine some of the elements that enter into this great game of national aggrandizement. A country that contents itself with administering police discipline would, of course, be devoting itself to the simplest and most fundamentally necessary functions that a government is supposed to perform. The next discovery that a nation makes regarding its range of possibilities occurs in the realm of commerce. It appears in the form of special charters granted for monopolies in manufacturing or trade. This extremely crude system has been set aside in England scarcely more than a century. Through the chartered East India Company she once governed her jeweled possessions of the East, until the trial of Warren Hastings brought the evils of political control for commercial purposes forcibly to the understanding of the British people. Their rising sense of justice then opposed extending such arbitrary powers in conjunction with special trade privileges.

Nevertheless, the idea of monopoly based on governmental grant has lingered to our own time. The Rhodesian concession obtained by Cecil Rhodes was an example of yesterday, in which the barbaric method of securing the unfolding of virgin resources through chartered privilege was deemed good enough for a vast, undeveloped, but by no means unpopulated, African wilderness. In a milder form large concessions for exclusive mineral exploration have been granted in Canada in quite recent years. The system of concessions, as every American should know, is also rampant in all the smaller Spanish-American countries, and constitutes the basis on which is founded a large part of the political graft which proves so enticing a bait to envious revolutionaries who possess the physical courage of their predatory ambitions. At the same time American owners of such undemocratic charters soon find

themselves hated by the people, because the very nature of these protected enterprises converts the foreigner in their eyes into the embodiment of a grasping, blood-sucking monopoly.

II

In the progress of social evolution a nation presently outgrows these elementary monopolistic forms. Although the apologists may find plausible excuses in the attraction offered to capital and in the development of enterprises that would not have been undertaken without such a shield from competition, the method belongs, nevertheless, by its very essence, to the period of industrial incubation in a nation's history. It will be seen on further analysis, however, that it is of the same genus as the more familiar tariff, differing in this important respect, that it openly singles out a specific concessionaire on whom its benefits are to be conferred, instead of throwing open a protected trade-opportunity to any citizen who may be in a position to take advantage of it, which is the special characteristic of a fostering tariff. The barbaric crudeness of a protective tariff is glossed over, as also is much of the saving vitality of barbarism in human nature, by association with legal refinements that mask its grossness.

It must not be assumed that a tariff is either morally or ethically wrong because it is crude, nor yet forever right because it is tolerated as a step in the growth of nations toward finer adjustments of the economic problems of existence. We should treasure eternally in our hearts the fact that the State is for the individuals composing it, not the individuals for the State; but the State is, or should become, the practical expression of the idealized system for personal good that is to be attained only through corresponding personal sacrifices in civic coöperation. We shall find at last that these supreme ends of peace and general prosperity are not attainable in nations that attempt a commercial interlocking while they bristle with bayonets of tariff-opposition. Because it is associated with the system of indirect taxation, put into effect partly through customs duties, the nature of a protective tariff is concealed under the folds of this attractive revenue cloak. Its true character is better understood when we go back to what, with some irony, have been called 'the expansive days of Queen Elizabeth.' We there confront industrial protective laws which, for example, made it punishable by death to bring a foreign-made brass or copper article of manufacture into the kingdom. The result of such drastic laws was the development, among other things, of the Cornish and Welsh copper-smelting centres with their dependent train of industries, enduring, though with lessened relative importance, to this very day and hour. That was protection, brutally, cheerfully, frankly barbaric and—effective! Not mincing matters, it did what all protective tariffs are meant to do: it built up business at home. Evidently there is a time for concessions and a time for tariff walls in a country's development.

While retaining some traces of both of these primitive systems, England passed through its fever of Cobdenism to a new and more highly refined type of the same old genus. She proclaimed herself a free-trade country, and, in a restricted sense of that term, a free-trade country she is; but in the sense of a country with unprotected, unfomented trade, she just as certainly is not. In order to follow understandingly the higher post-graduate methods of Germany in this sphere of economics, one must get the primary college system of the British clearly in mind. Great Britain has discovered the reflex influ-

ence of sea-power on domestic trade. A great naval establishment and a great maritime shipping grew as complements to each other. The carrying trade of the world, confined preponderatingly to British bottoms, accomplished many things at once; it gave the British manufacturer a first opportunity to supply foreign markets; it yielded a corresponding advantage for obtaining raw materials and foreign foods cheaply; it brought the British trade propagandist into closer personal touch with other nations, affording a more intimate acquaintance with their peculiar needs, their legal regulations, and their methods of conducting business, so that the British merchant became possessed of a knowledge of practical details which rendered the course of trade easy, while other nations, lacking this information, must of necessity run counter to foreign prejudices and administrative methods, putting them at a great competitive disadvantage.

The history of Britain's more important foreign wars and diplomatic struggles is almost wholly a history of aggression directed against other nations that were undertaking to develop maritime power. Thus were witnessed the overthrow of the foreign-trade pretensions of Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, and France. In later years, when Britain was the most deeply interested of all nations in universal means of communication, it was easily possible for her statesmen to demonstrate that the granting of mail subsidies was in the interest of national economy. The manufacturer at Manchester and Sheffield and Birmingham, the importer at London and Liverpool, upon whom the manufacturers depended for raw materials, and also the working classes who found abundant and remunerative work for their ever-increasing numbers, were all protected by the granting of subsidies which helped to maintain the supremacy of British shipping. In this way the world was brought to pay tribute to England, and for a long period there was no surplus of workers, who, in order to live, must seek opportunity by expatriation in foreign lands. Furthermore, money was provided by the government for building merchant ships under a system whereby these vessels were to be available for service as armed cruisers in time of war, and were accordingly designed, in coöperation with the Admiralty, to serve advantageously this double purpose.

These methods perform identically the same function as restrictive tariffs, being designed to protect home industry by giving preferential advantages in foreign trade against competitive nations. Accordingly, though England is a free-trade country, she found other means of putting into effect the selfsame principle of protectionism. Without this, or some equivalent, she would have been reduced to a minor position among the nations decades ago.

III

The principle of free trade in its broader sense of unrestricted commercial intercourse has had but a single trial in the world on a large scale. That was in the United States, where the most impressive example of its beneficent influence that the world has ever seen has been presented. In a continent of self-governing commonwealths trade has been allowed to follow natural laws, unhindered by discriminating advantages except as imposed in some degree by private transportation systems, until finally regulated by the Interstate Commerce laws. Here have been operative the nice adjustments of production and manufacturing that result automatically where trade is regulated in conformity with the economic balance. The iron and steel industry grew at the

logical points, near the coal mines of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Alabama, these happening to coincide with favorable points for distribution of the finished commodities. Cotton-spinning developed at the waterfalls of New England within easy reach of the sea, because, primarily, the raw cotton could be brought cheaply by ocean carriers from the sparsely populated South to water-powers in the North close to the centres of largest consumption. Thence, with the increase of population in the West and South, a corresponding development of cotton manufacturing occurred where a similar advantage of cheap power was available in the Carolinas, in Georgia, and in Alabama. The aluminum industry moved from its first illogical centre at Pittsburgh to the water-power of Niagara, and is now beginning to take advantage of southern water-powers nearer to the bauxite mines that supply the ore.

Under this rational and natural system harmonious growth of industry has reached mighty proportions without arousing interstate jealousies, and without artificial coddling by the several states. No one has ever thought of measuring prosperity by the trade-balances between the states; the only concern has been to assure a suitable provision of bank credits to facilitate trade movement to meet the self-adjusting economic balance. It has been the peculiar distinction of the United States to present this impressive object-lesson to the world, proving the essential equities of industrial opportunity over a vast area when the laws of natural trade are permitted to assert themselves. Commerce has thus grown to mammoth proportions despite the evils of misguided legislation, of blundering tariff and shipping laws, of experimental state constitutions, of political corruption, and widespread indifference to individual civic responsibility. It is free trade over an enormous area, including all the essential elements of a complex and well-balanced industrial life, which has made America great.

Germany adds another startling example of the benefits of free trade. The Napoleonic wars left a multitude of petty kingdoms, duchies, and principalities, completely independent, but not individually self-sustaining. Between them raged a frantic tariff-war, supplemented by trade-agreements having in view commercial advantages which at the same time were offset by their mutual jealousies and restrictive policies. These obstructions existed even between the minor political subdivisions of the separate kingdoms. Prussia led in the direction of reform. Unrestricted trade intercourse within her own dominions was established, and Prussian prosperity followed. The example was a strong argument in favor of extending the principle to associations of the Germanic states. Out of the original Prussian *Zollverein* of 1818, arose the commercial union which extended until, by 1842, it included the whole of Germany with the exception of the Hanseatic towns, Mecklenberg, Hanover, and Austria. This led logically to the diet of Frankfort in 1848, which proposed a basis of political consolidation.

It is interesting to note that the force which drew Germany into effective national union was the demonstrated advantage of free commercial intercourse. It was free trade that made Germany, not the deliberate political aggressiveness of one of its constituent kingdoms. Indeed, the North German Bund of 1867, which signalized the birth of modern Germany, was consummated only after Frederick William IV of Prussia had conditionally refused the imperial crown offered him by the Frankfort diet. It required another nineteen years to give further proof that the full

benefit of unrestricted trade was not attainable without political confederation. Thus was formed the North German Bund, after the elimination of the Hapsburg pretensions to Germanic leadership which had never included a firmly conceived economic policy, and the Bund then promptly cemented to itself the sympathies of the southern States by the customs union of 1867 that paved the way for the larger plans of imperial unity consummated under the enthusiasm of military successes in 1871.

It was the constructive economic policy of Stein, appealing to the sense of order and system in the people, that laid the foundation of German nationalism, just as it was the political genius of Bismarck that kindled in the national mind the aggressive imperial spirit which seemed able to offer a realization of the dream of pan-Germanism that had so long been cherished in the Teutonic heart. Germany, drawn into union by free trade at home, adopted all the devices of protectionism in her exterior relations. The tariff played its part in keeping for the people of Germany the domestic trade in such goods as she could manufacture. This, however, soon reached its economic limit in a country of restricted natural resources. The principle of charging high prices in the home market in order to produce a surplus to be sold at smaller profits abroad cannot long be tolerated in a country so circumstanced. Just as England found that other methods of protection must be devised, so Germany confronted the need of more refined and permanently helpful stimulants to industry. She followed the essential features of the well-tried shipping policies of England, just as Japan is now so successfully doing; but she went much further.

As all national trade propagandism is necessarily based upon collectivist ideals, Germany eliminated the risk of trade restriction through the whims and favoritisms of individually owned and operated transportation systems. The internal movement of commerce was brought under the dominance of the central authority which planned the utmost economy in distribution, and gave special advantages to raw materials coming into the country destined to be reshipped in manufactured form to foreign markets. This is Socialism in one of its aspects, and Germany has not hesitated to apply Socialistic principles broadly, because at bottom Socialism is in perfect harmony with an autocratic administration, whether personified in an expert commission or in an individual autocrat voicing the conclusions of his expert economic advisers. Germany even ventured to invade the sacred prerogatives of capital by cleverly organizing all capital into a great complex unit for the general good in trade expansion. She did not nationalize capital, which is what the Socialists mean by the extinction of capitalism, nor did she take away from the individual the capitalistic resources that he might call his own, but she created a system of cartels, which consisted in a coalition of individual enterprises similar in kind. These groups were then further coördinated so that each cartel should contribute its quota to the completion of any undertaking that depended upon contributions from a number of different manufacturers.

Through such a highly centralized system it was possible to insure delivery of any article on time from whatever works were found to be best situated to take the contract. The costs of solicitation under a competitive system were largely eliminated; business was equally distributed, and time and money were saved. The banking system also was coördinated for purposes of financing industry, and this took

care of all needs for additional capital in operating and development. Every part of this vast system was interdependent in important particulars, and all were mutually supporting through interlocking credits, balanced finally through the central reserve bank, which was in effect an arm of the Imperial government. Thus was industrial Germany financed, directed, provided with materials and with contracts, protected, and fostered as a gigantic unit, working like a well-drilled and well-officered army in its onslaught upon the world for commercial conquest.

The strength of the Teutonic system is impressive; the weakness that lay in it is less apparent. We become aware of differences by comparison, and as Germany was the first modern nation to attempt collectivism on a great scale, the contrast between her fundamental characteristics and those of other nations lacks an extensive historic background, yet it is plain that in the rapidity of her development she affords an example of the operation of biologic law. Nations are founded on living organisms, and therefore they are subject to biologic laws. A creature that is simple in its structure reaches the climax of its development swiftly. The German system is a simple national structure built up of large and simple units. The individual was specialized, giving him much the effect of a single cell in the civic organization; his power of adaptation through development of new characters was thereby reduced; he was assigned simple and relatively unvarying functions under centralized control. The power of individual initiative was crippled, and the national initiative was thereby intensified for the time by concentrating that function in authority that could control and direct the activities of the unit masses behind it. Through utilizing the principles of protectionism, carried to their logical extreme, it was accordingly possible to make rapid strides toward world-dominance; but the defect of the system is that it is based upon things as they are; it lacks creative power. Instead of having a whole nation expanding in the direction of wide and varied activity, building from generation to generation by transmitted powers of increasing complexity and energy, it was necessarily tending toward fixedness of the special capabilities of the units of which it was composed.

The effect of such a system is seen in the stagnation of the Chinese, which made them as a nation the inflexible conservators of what the individuals had accumulated during an earlier epoch of freer growth. The German collectivist ideal was heading in that direction. The cardinal instinct of the Teutonic mind is to seek authority for guidance. The creative powers of the free lance are feebly operative in his nature. He is at bottom socialistic in his thinking and his habit. Even the great philosopher Hegel, long before there was such a thing as a united German people, recognized and commended what he called their power of 'reconciliation of the objective and subjective.' That puts the bar to individual progress, for in the advancement of man into the unexplored realms of intellectual attainment through learning and applying the forces of the universe, it is his subjective self that projects him forward beyond the apparent limitations of his objective appreciations. He must create for himself new objective relations beyond his experience, in a spirit of prophecy, and go forward to their concrete discovery. Furthermore, Hegel, as a representative Teutonic intellect, so felt the need of finality, which involves stagnation, that he idealized the autocratic State in which, as he said, "the personal decision of the monarch constitutes

the apex, since an ultimate decision is absolutely necessary.' From these considerations he predicted the pan-Germanism which has recently been attempted. He realized that in it lay a strength which peoples less unified in purpose seem not to possess. There is indeed a power in it; the might of concentrated mass, like the water impounded behind the dam, that can perform prodigies while it lasts but will presently exhaust itself unless perpetually replenished; and the collectivist system is deficient in this, that it omits the vital requisite of renewing and developing power in the individual.

In this also we perceive the value of many nations of men. By multiplying the units, the power of variation and growth is also multiplied, and the progress of the world assured. The wills and ambitions of divers peoples oppose the weak surrender of initiative that would impede the cultural development of the human race were the world reduced to a single civic organism. The natural stimuli of effort and friction and distinctive visions would disappear. If the Teutonic ideal of specialization and intense centralization of these compound, but not complex, units were to prevail, mankind would have reached its biologic zenith from which the rest of its history would be one of decline.

The plan of a league to enforce peace, stripped of its details, is in the direction of unification and denationalization. To carry it out requires the sinking of national aspirations in the will of a controlling central authority, which, to become effective, must progressively enlarge its scope of world-dominance, and that inevitably means the ultimate supremacy of the most aggressive of the represented groups. It is contrary to the fundamental laws of broadly developing life. There is something better than this; something that will preserve the natural tendencies to intellectual growth in the race, without requiring military aggressiveness as a national prerogative. That is to introduce the principle of natural trade by taking steps to eliminate the fostering devices on which national aggrandizement depends. It might not be possible to reach every scheme for artificial trade-development which will lift its head, but the tariff can be stripped off, and the granting of ship-subsidies and bounties, and all the cruder forms of industrial parentalism. This would at least go far toward the organization of the sisterhood of nations on the true competitive basis of relative inherent skill, knowledge, and ability. In that direction lies the open road to peace and progress. The world may not delude itself; it must take that highway, or accept the principle of the trade-war which goes hand in hand with Mars.

MORE SONGS OF AFRICA

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE FAREWELL

ALIEN earth and alien river-brink;
Alien stars that stand before the door;
Small sad house that sheltered all my sleep —
I am gone and shall return no more.

Small sad house that shook beneath the rain;
Leaf-thatched roof that rustled in the sun —
You are left all brown among the trees,
Like a nest when nesting time is done.

Here I dreamed, and here I woke to weep;
Hence I go, to dream and weep no more.
Leaf-thatched house, I leave you to your sleep;
Wistful dream — behold, I bar the door!

THE HOME-GOER

The jewels of the Southern Cross
Are fallen every one;
I would not turn the ship about
For loss of star or sun;
I would not turn the ship about
For all the stars, to hunt them out.

About the ship's sides in the dark
How bright the fires shine!
The little fires of my delight
That kindle in the brine,

The primrose fires of my delight,
How quick about the ship at night!

The figure at the keen prow leaps
And runs upon the sea;
The ship's heart like a man's heart yearns
To northward and to thee;
And, like my heart, the ship's heart yearns,
And sobs and hurries and returns.

THE REPROACH

The apple tree but knocketh light,
And straight you rise to see;
You open to the quiet night
In answer to the tree;
You lean to where it blossoms white —
Who never leaned to me.

You lean to where the net of Spring
Shines in the moonlit air;
Your maiden fancy droops a wing
Above that silver snare —
A heart in blossom was a thing
Too common for your care.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. IV

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE[1]

I

LATIMER rose the next morning some time after dim sounds in the kitchen and the outhouses intimated that the girl and her father were astir. But when he was dressed and downstairs, it was still early enough to fall in with Manning's suggestion of a sheltered cove in the river just below the house, where one might bathe with comfort if one overlooked the sharp-edged stones on the bottom. Latimer acquiesced all the more readily because his sleep had not been of the best. Part of the night he had been reviewing, wide-eyed, a painful number of flaws in his discourse with Manning. By changing his pillow to the foot of the bed and back again, he succeeded in going to sleep; but it was ill resting on the platform of the Auditorium and trying to make your voice carry its message of an Ultimate Purpose over the blare of a full-sized union orchestra under Mrs. Jamieson's direction. It was the sight of his heavy-eyed guest that caused Manning to suggest the swimming-hole.

The sky was overcast, with a threat of rain. As Latimer made his way to the river, he was more than ever conscious of several points in Manning's argument that called for a more explicit reply. But with the first shiver of his body to the chill of the mountain stream the world began to adjust itself, and as he splashed out vigorously the sun broke through the clouds. At the swing of that familiar baton, the non-union orchestra in the tree-tops struck up in full strength, the surface of the stream fell into a shimmering Oriental dance, and Manning's objections were revealed in all their flimsy nakedness.

'Why are not all of us sun-worshippers?' said Latimer, as he threw the tingling cool of the water into his face from the hollowed cup of his upturned palms. 'The reason may be — Oh!' He had stepped with his full weight on a sharp flint and he jerked his foot out of the water prepared for the necessity of cotton and peroxide. With relief he found that the skin was not broken. Still, that might be a reason why people did not universally pray to the sun from a pebbly bottom. His clear eye at breakfast delighted his host.

The sky was gloomy once more when he shouldered his knapsack. Manning's caution that it would surely rain before noon he dismissed as unworthy of a man and a tried pedestrian. Would he come again, soon, by Sunday, perhaps? They might then go up to the Big House, inhabited, as Margaret had told him, by so many queer people. It would be worth Latimer's while, insisted Manning; but he was thinking really of himself. He had not exhausted his visitor.

'I will come back,' said Latimer, and shook hands with Manning. He took Margaret's hands between his own and held them for some time. 'Thank you very much, Margaret,' he said.

'For what, Dr. Latimer?' she asked.

He blushed, stammered slightly, and saved himself.

[1] A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column.

'For the color of your eyes, my dear.'

At the gate he turned back.

'What would it cost to put a self-starter into that automobile of yours?' he asked.

Manning looked at him in surprise.

'Why, there's one coming down next week,' he said. 'You see, I've sold a piece to the *Poultry Grower's Journal* on "Mobilizing the Incubator."'

II

It was Latimer's intention to head back for Williamsport and Harriet. This might be done, without retracing one's route, by striking out across the hills and turning north along the eastern slope. It was a much easier climb than the road out of Williamsport. Less than an hour brought him to the summit, and then it was a steady drop through cornfields and meadows criss-crossed with trickling water, by which the cattle were feeding — the beautiful eugenic herds that ministered to the high butter-fat standards of the great city. The clouds were low; it would rain before nightfall, but not long before that. Surely there was time for the snatch of sleep under the trees, which his growing drowsiness demanded; it was habit reinforced by the reaction from his morning bath. He stretched out on the edge of a broad shallow of granite-paved water and pulled out *Quentin Durward*. From the other side a contemplative Jersey watched and gave approval. Between the pages of Walter Scott and that gentle, sympathetic gaze across the stream, it was only a matter of minutes before his eyes closed.

A wet puff of wind roused him and brought him to his feet. There was thunder in the near distance, and the clouds were sweeping up from the west at a rate that made it a problem of minutes for Latimer to find shelter. It would not be a difficult matter in this thick-studded farmland. Only it was not a farmhouse that offered itself first, but an ancient barn now converted to the uses of a public garage.

'May I turn in until the storm is over?' asked Latimer of one in besmeared overalls who sat tilting back against the wall just inside the double doors of the barn and dozed, apparently.

The proprietor looked up at Latimer out of a pair of very light blue eyes that were not at all heavy with sleep, massaged his chin, with thumb and index finger, looked out over his shoulder at the mad drive of the clouds, spit judicially, and said, 'I reckon you better.'

He indicated a chair on the other side of the doorway.

'It will keep up some time when it comes,' said Latimer, turning his chair so as to command through the doorway the massed darkness piling in from the west, the hill-tops already lost in the mist, and the sudden little tremor of the leaves in the anxious hush before the downpour.

'You can't always tell,' said the other, with complete lack of conviction.

Latimer stared.

'I hope you won't take it as a personal animadversion,' he said, 'but the non-committal nature of your reply makes me wonder once more at the seeming inability of country folk to make a definite assertion. Why, for instance, is it that no farmer will ever tell you how many miles it is to anywhere? Unlike us of the city, you who travel in buggy or haywagon are not occupied with your newspaper or conversation when in transit. When your eyes are not fixed on a spot somewhere between the horse's ears, you must be looking at the road. You know its every turn and stretch. Why, then?'

The garage-master's cigar went from one corner of the mouth to the other by

a single dento-labial manœuvre that would have delighted a philologist.

'It don't make the least difference to people out here,' he said, 'if it's five miles or ten. Out here we hitch up in time so as to get back in time; that's all. Miles is an artificial thing.'

'You're a philosopher?'

'Wagons and general repair work was my line. Now it's mostly automobiles. The only people who are interested in miles are those who can afford to go anywhere at any time. They pull up here and ask how far to Kingston. You tell 'em and they say, "That's a hundred and fifty miles since breakfast." Now those hundred and fifty miles might be anywhere, I reckon.'

'True,' said Latimer.

From beyond the hills the growl of thunder came rolling up and broke in a great crash overhead. The face of the earth was rigid with suspense.

'"Gas, 28 cents," ruminated Latimer, studying the signs before the door. 'Gas, I presume is gasoline. But what do you mean by Free Air?'

The garage-master looked at him in wonder.

'For the tires,' he said.

'But that is the same air we breathe.'

The other grinned.

'Ever try to fill a 36-inch tube by hand?'

'The cost of inflation, to be sure!' cried Latimer. 'I am a tyro in motor-science. Strange, though! One may now say as free as the air on condition only that one buys something with the air, like gas at 28 cents. It is one disadvantage under which the rich labor as compared with the poor. These do have their air free.' The first drops fell cool on his face. 'It looks as if you might be compelled to shut up shop for the afternoon.'

The proprietor got up and stood in the doorway, his cigar drooping heavy with thought.

'Well, I don't know. They come by in all weather. Some of them like the splash of the mud.'

'And seeing them come and go raises no desire to be up with them and out into the world?'

The other grinned.

'Seein' the world costs, even if the air be free.' He searched his pockets for a match and, finding none, was just as content. 'I guess you see just as much by staying here and havin' the world come to you. There'll be sometimes a dozen cars stopping in the course of a day. That's fifty people you see, face to face. You ain't likely to see that many if you climbed into a car yourself and went out inspectin' the world.'

'Only here you see them under the same limited aspect,' Latimer insisted. 'Either they want gas or oil or free air.'

'Yep,' said the owner. 'And when you've done a thousand miles in your machine, you've met about a dozen men who sell gas or air or chicken dinners.' Once more he searched for matches and fell back into baffled resignation. 'Don't you think you'd get tired going through the same game on their holidays they do all the rest of the year at home?'

'What game?' said Latimer.

'The man in front drives like mad all day, and the ladies sit still and look at the scenery. Man at the wheel has no time for that. When they stop for the night, he's too tired for conversation.'

(Now by this time it must be obvious to the discerning reader that for some pages back he has been in the presence of a philosophic tinker. As for the bacon, that is to come immediately.)

Without warning the show began. A zigzag of violet flame shot down into the grove across the road, signaling the last desperate bombardment before the

charge. While their ear-drums were still aching with the fury of the thunder salvos, the rain came down in a sweeping barrage, the yellow dust in the road had turned to steaming chocolate, and the wagon-ruts were overflowing gulleys.

The men rose to draw their chairs out of the swirl of the storm, but the owner did not resume his seat. He stood in the doorway and listened.

'Had dinner?' he said.

It was a loosening of the flood-gates. Latimer was instantly assailed by the swirling tides of famine. He dived into his knapsack.

'I have with me an ample provision of hard-boiled eggs,' he said. 'Also fruit, chocolate cake, soda crackers, salt and pepper.' It was Margaret who had thought of the salt and pepper at the last moment. 'I should be happy to have you share with me.'

From a cupboard the other man brought forth bread, a sizeable tin pail, and a basin containing eggs. At sight of the pail Latimer straightened on his chair.

'Not bacon?' he said.

His host nodded. 'You'd better save your provisions for supper, if you prefer this.'

'Oh!' said Latimer.

On an empty packing-case in one corner the proprietor placed a small kerosene stove, and on that a skillet. Latimer laid out his share of the feast, bustling about in the divine aroma from the frying-pan. He brought up the two chairs from the doorway, while his host began breaking eggs into the pan. Suddenly the latter stopped, listened, and moved to the door.

'Car coming,' he said. 'Big machine.' And he cleared a pathway from the door to the rear of the barn.

'You expect them to turn in?'

'They better,' said the proprietor.

The heavy, mustard-colored car ran past the garage, slackened, slipped, stopped, and began churning its way back. The driver had caught sight of shelter too late. He now manœuvred his retreat so deftly as to evoke a glance of expert approval from the judicial garage-master. In spite of the protection of top, side-curtains, and wind-shield, the three men who emerged from the car were, two of them, in damp discomfort, and the driver wet to the skin.

Thomas Carlyle thought that, if you were to strip a roomful of people of their clothes, the essential democracy of man would be demonstrated. But an easier way, more in harmony with the requirements of modern decorum, would be to put a number of men into motor-dusters; and if such coats should be sodden with rain, the semblance of human equality would be complete. At first Latimer saw only three men in soggy apparel and uniform ill-temper. That the driver was likewise the owner of the magnificent car was plain from the easy manner in which he turned over the machine to the garage-master, with a few quiet words of direction.

'One of our rulers,' thought Latimer, embracing in one swift glance of appraisal the tall, trim-shouldered figure, the iron-gray hair, the clean-modeled nose and chin, the close-clipped moustache, which, set above a thin-carved mouth, is the distinguishing mark of our best American physiognomy. He looked ownership; not offensively so, but immediately, unquestionably authentic.

Of his companions Latimer decided that the short, pudgy, bald-headed gentleman with a professional beard was of Teuton origin. The third stranger was native again; a man under forty, of the fairly ordinary type which the magazines usually describe as keen and aggressive.

The owner of the car and the keen-

faced young man gave one glance at Latimer, and one at the frying-pan, and then turned away to perform their share of a tourist's duty in a garage, which consists in looking on as intensely as may be while the mechanic is at work. But the third member of the party threw his coat and hat into the tonneau and revealed himself to Latimer in a flash as a lovable human creature.

'Pacon!' he shouted, thrusting his nose much closer to the delectable dish than good manners, not to say safety, permitted. 'And we have breakfasted at seven o'clock. What a breakfast! Half-cooked ham gulped down to the dedriment of the indestinal secretions! And the coffee — my Gott!'

'You are heartily welcome to what you see,' said Latimer.

'You are not a guest here?'

'I am, but likewise half-owner of what is on the table.'

'Yes, but for five strong men, of whom three have breakfasted at seven o'clock; and such a breakfast!'

'There is more in our host's tin pail, and I can vouch for his kindliness,' said Latimer.

The bald-headed famine victim sank into a chair with a vast sigh of felicity. 'The meganism of an automobile is something that has never interested me,' he said; and with two slices of bread he dredged a sliver of bacon from the pan. One slice of bread with the bacon went to its destiny, the other came back and scooped up a magnificent portion of egg and gravy.

'Life has its atvendures,' he said, as soon as the facilities offered; 'but also it has its combensations.' He searched the barn for Latimer's car. 'You are embarked upon a pedestrian tour?'

'Rather late in life,' said Latimer, 'I have succumbed to the lure of the out-of-doors. My name is Latimer. I'm from the city.'

'I too; Hartmann is the name. And you find it not disappointing?'

'The contrary — delightful; only not altogether in consonance with the classic model.'

'Not quite Cheorche Porrow, hey? The wind on the heath, the tends of the Romany Rye? Gasolene fumes, rather?'

'Quite so. But, on the other hand, some of the essentials persist. For instance —' and Latimer indicated the frying-pan. 'If you will allow a kerosene stove for a fire of dry twigs, we are by the road, virtually in the open, on the edge of a wood, the storm in our ears — now what else does it need to fill up the picture?'

Hartmann paused with two slabs of bread suspended over the skillet like one of the witches in *Macbeth*, I, 1. He stared a moment, then shouted, —

'A dinker! Don't say you have found a dinker, with a little din stove and bellows — and a tonkey?'

'A tinker precisely, though without the accessories you specify. Our friend there.' And Latimer pointed to the garage smith, at that moment peering under the lifted hood of the car. 'Modernized, to be sure, but genuine enough in the possession of the one quality which makes tinkers what they are?'

'Bacon, you mean?'

'Well, then, I should have said, two faculties: bacon, of which you have already tasted; and homely wisdom, of which I had a goodly portion before you came, and to the quality of which I can testify.'

Hartmann clutched at his unanointed bread slices with the joy of a great illumination.

'But, my Gott, I am sdupid! For two weeks I have been traveling with the greatest of them all, the greatest in America, and I have not known it.'

Latimer was puzzled. 'We were speaking of tinkers.'

'Brecisely. You have heard of him.' He nodded toward the owner of the car. 'Foreman — Cornelius J. Foreman of the International Can and Car Company. He began, you will remember, by soldering tin cans for the preserved vechetable trade. Since then he has picked up side lines — tin-plate, steel rails, beams, automobile parts, ships, munitions.'

'When a man of business reaches that stage,' said Latimer, 'it is my impression that his interest is no longer in producing real things but in financing them. Strictly speaking, Mr. Foreman is not a tinker but a capitalist.'

'Even so,' replied Hartmann. 'In other words, the highest tevelopment of the dinker's trade. He patches up leaky corporations. He polishes up darnished credit. He organizes, reorganizes, gonsolidates, absorbs — as I said, a dinker.'

'And the young man?' said Latimer.

'That's my good friend Hamlin Filbert, efficiency expert.'

The automobile had now received all the supervisory attention it needed. Foreman and the young man with the executive eye walked to the door, took just one sufficient glance to show them that they were weatherbound for some time, and turned to the packing-case, where room was somehow found for them. The garage-owner put down his oil-can and turned cook. Hartmann pondered the moral problem whether he was entitled to a share in the new supply of eggs which the host brought forth from the cupboard and was now assimilating with fresh bacon into a heavenly mess. From this reverie he tore himself to make the required introductions, with special emphasis on his own happy conceit of Cornelius J. Foreman, Tinker.

'Fine,' said Foreman. 'Now tell Mr. Latimer something about yourself.'

But Hartmann suddenly became tongue-tied with shyness, and Foreman expounded.

'Dr. Hartmann has kindly consented to collaborate with me in a project I have now under way.'

'It's dis way,' cried Hartmann, in a desperate attempt to shift the focus of interest from himself. 'Fifty miles from here, in the Bennsylvania hills, Mr. Foreman has a big plant which before the war used to produce more salmon dins and fruit-jar covers than the compined outbut of — what shall I say? — Tenmark and Sweden?'

'You might throw in Spain and Guatemala,' said Foreman.

'To-day it produces munitions,' said Hartmann. 'And we are rebuilding Fairview into a model town. Mr. Foreman was always inderested in his workers. But undil recently the broject involved very serious financial considerations. Fortunately, the war' —

He stopped short, fearing that his narrative was verging on satire, but Foreman calmly went on with his meal.

'Fire ahead; you're doing fine,' he said.

'The asdounding brosperity the country is now enjoying,' said Hartmann, 'has brought the great plan to fruition. We are building. Our present mission is a final survey of the watersubbly.'

For Latimer the first pleasing vision of a comfortably housed and safeguarded factory population was spoiled by the presence of the keen-faced efficiency expert. He saw the new Fairview, with its sanitary homes, — no doubt in the sixteenth-century English village architecture, — its community hall, its open-air swimming-pool probably, and about the heart he felt the cramp of formula from which he was fleeing.

'Tell me this,' he said: 'does your plan provide freedom for your workers as well as health and recreation?'

For the first time Filbert spoke up.

'A healthy man is a free man. Seventy-eight per cent of dependency among the poor is directly due to illness.'

'I read only the other day of an efficiency specialist,' said Latimer quite inconsequentially. 'He found out that the middle-aged women stenographers were being paid according to their years of service, although they averaged twelve words to the minute less than the girls a year out from business school. He therefore readjusted the salary schedule on a words-to-the-minute basis. For that may a patient God take pity on his soul!'

The next moment he was racked with shame.

'Every profession has its muckers,' said Filbert quietly. 'We shall ultimately live down ours.'

'Mr. Filbert has not been taking the bread out of the mouths of my employees,' said Foreman. 'He has helped me increase wages twenty-five per cent in the last two years.'

'And output?' said Latimer.

'Thirty-five per cent,' replied Foreman. 'And when Dr. Hartmann gets through with Fairview, wages and output will be still higher.'

'Dr. Hartmann?' said Latimer; and Foreman showed his surprise.

'I imagined you had identified him before this,' he said. 'Hartmann is the T.B. specialist at the New Medical College, and head of the East Side Hospital for Industrial Disease.'

'In other words,' said Hartmann, who squirmed and blushed under the scrutiny directed toward him, 'another dinker. That makes three.'

'How three?' said Foreman.

'There is our friend the blacksmith over there,' said Hartmann, 'and you, and myself, whose sbecialty is patching up human bots and kettles. That makes three. No, by Gott, four, four! My friend Filbert will not object to choining the class as a dinkerer of nerve-energy and muscular fatigue. What?'

Filbert accepted the badge with a grin.

'Hartmann's tinkering being the hardest of all,' said Foreman, with obvious affection for the man.

'No; not at all the hardest,' cried Hartmann. 'The simblest. Yes. I work with the simblest tools. You have a thousand machines in your blants, Foreman. You have a most imbressive collection of hammers, saws, files, wrenches, bits, chacks, pumps, oilers, what not. But you need them all. I, too, make a great show of machinery. My office is gluttered up with X-ray machines and arterial gauges. But that is pluff. My real tools are three.'

'Yes?' said Latimer.

'Eggs, milk, and air,' said Hartmann.

'Fortunately the latter comes free, save for the well-to-do,' said Latimer, pointing to the sign outside.

Hartmann's face darkened.

'Dat is the devil of it all,' he cried. 'My friend Foreman, when he buys his gasoline and oil, gets his air free; but my batients on the East Side, when they buy milk and eggs, have yet to buy their air, and it is the most expensive of the three. In fact' — and here Hartmann was full charge on his hobby — 'give me enough free air and I want liddle else. I want windows in every room, so that I can build sleeping dents. It's a simble matter. You arrange the awning so that the patient's body is all inside the room and only the head brotrudes. But I must have windows — hundreds, thousands, dens of tousands of them.'

'You'll have them in Fairview,' said Foreman.

Hartmann's face glowed.

'Fairview will be all windows, with shust enough building material to frame them.' Then, suddenly and in the happiness of his heart, 'Mr. Latimer,' he cried, 'why don't you choin this merry dinker's party? Come with us to Fairview!'

'We'd be delighted,' said Foreman.

'Perhaps I might qualify,' said Latimer wistfully. 'I, too, in my time, when I was in active service on the campus, did some tinkering with the minds and souls of young men.'

'Bravo!' shouted Hartmann. 'It beats Cheorche Porrow! Five jolly dinkers!'

III

'I will come gladly,' said Latimer. 'Only tell me this, Hartmann. The common man upon whom we have been practicing our trade — after this war, will he consent to being tinkered with as before? Or will he insist on a larger share in mending his own pots and kettles?'

'You mean —' said Hartmann.

'Just this,' said Latimer. 'Here is a great mass of raw and half-shaped material which we may call the common life, and here are the four of us whose business it has been to tinker with this raw material in our several lines; to whom you might add many others — the military tinker, the ecclesiastical tinker, the æsthetic tinker, and the rest, and every one of us pretty well convinced that we were the people, and that the common man could not possibly get on without us — without my educational formula, or your milk-and-egg formula, or Mr. Foreman's buying and selling formula, or Mr. Filbert's fatigue curves. How does the war affect our pretensions? What chance do we stand after peace is signed?'

'Something, but not very much,' said Foreman cheerfully. 'The war has shown us all up.'

'There will always be need for leadership,' objected Filbert.

'Leadership,' laughed Foreman. 'A joke, and after the war we will admit it. You don't agree, Mr. Latimer?'

'I don't disagree, but I am surprised. Surely, if any one is entitled to believe in exceptional gifts and exceptional services, it is you — a hackneyed phrase, but after all, a Captain of Industry.'

Foreman grinned.

'Call it accident, Mr. Latimer, and you will about hit it. I'm not a leader. I am a lucky bit of driftwood bobbing along on the crest of a great wave which you have called the common life; the common life of a people of one hundred millions. It's luck. Just as good men as I am have failed. If Foreman had n't organized the International Can and Car, a fellow named Jones would have done it. After all, the people must have their canned salmon and barbed wire. The war has found us out, I tell you. Leadership! Organization! Bunk! The war would have petered out long ago if half a billion people had n't revealed unsuspected capacities for going without food. That's what our leadership has amounted to.'

'Without leadership Germany would have collapsed two years ago,' said Filbert.

'Without leadership Chermany might now be in a bosition to look a tecent man in the eye!' cried Hartmann. 'Even if it is my father's country which he left two chumps ahead of the drill-sergeant. Chermany! The most thoroughly dinkered nation in history, and its soul has gone to the devil.'

'No, there I refuse to follow you,' said Latimer, leaning forward to put a hand on Hartmann's shoulder. 'It is precisely my point that, in spite of its tinkerers, the soul of the German people has not been sold to the ancient enemy: it beats somewhere, blinded,

wounded, but with the current of life in it. Just as my boys at college managed to grow into life in spite of us on the faculty. Just as Hartmann's patients frequently get well — I beg your pardon.'

'But it is quite right,' shouted Hartmann. 'Eggs, milk, air, and let dem alone!'

'Even before the war, it seems to me that we were turning away from the magic of formula to the simplicities of the common life,' said Latimer. 'It has been away from pills and drugs to eggs, milk, and air. Away from gerund-grinding and trigonometrical gymnastics to — free air. Away from ecclesiasticism toward — well, let us say, free air. And so in the factories and the mines — though a little.'

'We'll get there yet,' said Foreman.

'Will you run your factories after the war under orders from the I.W.W.?' said Filbert.

'I've fought them and I imagine I can get on with them,' said Foreman.

Latimer's face glowed.

'So that, in spite of the war, in spite of the pain and the loss, you think the common life will run on after the war? And freer, richer, perhaps?'

'I think so,' said Foreman gravely.

'It is a happy thought,' said Latimer almost to himself. He walked to the door and looked at the sky. 'There is no sign of letting up.'

'Do you play augtion?' shouted Hartmann.

'Occasionally and badly,' said Latimer; and in the course of the next hour and a half he proved the absolute truth of the second part of his statement. Then the sun came out.

They made Fairview after dark, partly because of a blow-out which spoiled for them the glory of the setting sun behind hills of hemlock and birch, and partly because the roads would not dry fast enough to let Foreman exploit his twelve cylinders to the limit. After two attempts at letting her out, one resulting in the aforesaid blow-out and the other in a swerve toward the ditch, which caused Latimer to turn pale and brace himself in his seat, Foreman turned the wheel over to Filbert with a shake of disgust, and sulked in contemplation over the speedometer the rest of the way.

Politely disregarding that gloomy protest by his side, Filbert held the car down to a safe twenty-five miles an hour, and took the curves without timidity but without bluster.

They crossed a wooden bridge and ran swiftly over the railway tracks, through the reedy flats out of which the massed chimneys of the International Can and Car shot up into the dark, mercifully softened from their indescribable noon-day ugliness. It was another ten minutes up grade to their destination, the home of one of the International's resident managers, as Hartmann explained, who was also the boyhood friend of the president of the company when Fairview was a small mill town and Foreman delivered grocer's parcels after school hours. The party was to dine with the Bauers, and Latimer made little difficulty in acquiescing with Hartmann's argument that one more guest would not matter.

Ten minutes were enough to reveal Fairview as a community living in the state of double transition which is so common in our older industrial towns. It was like the strata of civilization which Latimer's favorite Babylonian excavators are so fond of digging up, only that the epochs were twenty years instead of twenty centuries apart. Latimer caught traces of primitive Fairview in the decayed sheds and homes along the creek over which they entered the town, the shingled post-office, the open doors of a smithy which gave a glimpse of wagon-litter, of men

with hands in their pockets conversing to the rhythm of plug cut, and children, overflowing from the smithy to the sidewalk and into the roadway. Most authentic survival of all was the row of elms and locusts which arched the road and rose to the crest of the hill, with a promise of mystery.

That was old Fairview. Along the side streets Latimer saw flashes of a newer and infinitely depressing Fairview, born out of the smoke and ashes belcning from the chimneys on the flats. An alien people had inundated these former lanes of Pennsylvania-German cleanliness and turned them into alleys of congestion. The old houses were now tenements. The old gardens, outlined by bleak survivals of white wooden palings, were now a framework for hideous lines of intimate family garb, for discarded household goods, for the elementary domestic functions which the old American reticence had kept primly behind low-drawn shades and closed shutters. It reminded Latimer of an overgrown boy breaking out of his clothes — this blur of heads protruding from windows in neighborly and resonant conversation, of open doors giving vistas into the interior of kitchens, of mothers nursing their young on the porch-steps, and of children swarming everywhere.

Between these old homes of an aboriginal population and the hundreds of ugly frame barracks that flanked them and outnumbered them, there may have been a difference of thirty years in age, but new and old were in the same stage of grime. This was the industrial town, which had sprung up around the factory chimneys without order and without care on the part of the International stockholders and managers.

'There,' said Hartmann, slapping Latimer on the shoulder and waving promiscuously in the dark.

They were now half a mile, perhaps, above the meadows. Latimer peered into the night and saw the vague forms of strange creatures which were derricks, stone-crushers, road-rollers. The pale geometrical lines and curves were the avenues and crescents and terraces of the newest Fairview. He caught the glint of timber scaffoldings, and here and there the ghostly white face of a mortar-bed; metal forms which were brick piles; and shadowy rows of angles, gables, curves, which he judged to be the completed homes of the Fairview in the making.

'We have thirty houses ready,' said Hartmann. 'The nearest of them is well up above the fog from the meadows. To-morrow you will see.'

To the left, through the side streets, Latimer had a glimpse of electric globes which dimmed the quiet illumination of their own tree-shaded road and plainly outlined the principal commercial street of Fairview, running parallel with them. At every intersection streams of light ran down the side streets toward them from Fairview's Great White Way. He heard the clang of a trolley-car, the noise of motors, the hum of a community's conversation *en promenade*. Under the arc lights he caught glimpses of the gigantic colored posters which are the mural art of the 'movie' age.

IV

Dinner at the Bauers' was not a prolonged affair, inasmuch as Foreman had much business to cram into his two days' stay in Fairview. Seven persons sat down to table — our own party of four, their hosts, and a young lieutenant son in khaki, on a short furlough from the cantonment, where he was imparting to the recruits of the national army the very fresh stock of military technique that he had acquired in three months at Plattsburg.

In the talk between Foreman and his boyhood friend, now one of perhaps a half hundred subordinates of the same rank in the employ of the International Car and Can, Latimer was pleased to find a happy absence either of condescension or of that forced amenity which would have amounted to exactly the same thing. Foreman was plainly living up to his creed of luck as the foundation of his own prosperity. A turn of the wheel the other way, and Bauer might have been president of the International and Foreman one of his useful assistants. Of Bauer's attitude one had to judge by manner rather than by words, since it was obvious from the first that the conversation would be entirely dominated by the future field-marshal. Mrs. Bauer was a simple and silent house-mother.

It was inevitable that Latimer should inquire after the progress made in the training of America's new armies.

'We'll hand the Kaiser his, all right,' said the Second Lieutenant, O.R.C., 'but it won't be the fault of the people who planned and built the camps.'

'What's the matter with the gamps? Health arranchements all right, ain't they?' sputtered Hartmann, partly with indignation, and partly because of a heavy spoonful of rice pudding.

'You could n't kill our fellows if you tried,' said the second lieutenant. 'But what our specialists don't know about ventilation and drainage is quite a little bit. You should hear Major Corbin tell about the way they do things in France. I'll have some more of the pudding, dad.'

'Do you always get three helpings in camp?' asked Mr. Bauer.

'The boy has had very little, William,' said Mrs. Bauer.

'And the spirit of our young men?' said Latimer.

'Nothing like it in history,' said the lieutenant. 'At least, not since Napoleon's first campaigns, says Major Corbin. When we once start, good night!'

'But that is splendid!' cried Latimer. Rather curtly he waved aside the girl at his elbow who was offering him coffee, and almost immediately, 'I'm sorry,' he said and looked up at her and wondered. He judged her normally a hearty, fresh-colored young woman obviously of Slav origin; but now she went about her work as if in a daze, he thought, and there were blue rings around her eyes. Then to the young officer, 'And how long will the war last?' he said.

'Till June, 1919,' said young Bauer. 'Germany's reserves will hold out until then.'

'You don't think financial pressure might force her to make peace before then?' said Foreman.

'Not in the least. It's all a matter of paper money. Major Corbin says it's all rot about bankruptcy and war.'

Such other doubts concerning the issues and contingencies involved in the war as may have troubled any one at the table, were speedily allayed by young Bauer with the help of Major Corbin, before he excused himself on the plea that he must return to camp next morning, and with his mother retired for a final review of problems of the wardrobe.

The other men remained with their cigars, while the maid, after the simple standards of the Bauer household, busied herself with clearing the table. Once more Latimer caught the unhappy look in her eyes, and his gaze in turn did not escape the attention of Bauer.

'The poor girl has been crying,' he said when she had left the room. 'She heard from home this afternoon.'

'Home?' queried Latimer.

'Somewhere in Galician Poland,' said Bauer. 'There were three brothers and a mother. Two have been killed; the youngest is in hospital.

And the mother is a refugee. I wonder' — to Foreman — 'if the people at Washington might help us trace her.'

'Wire to Golding,' said Foreman.

Business matters carried off Foreman and Hartmann for the rest of the evening, and Latimer gratefully accepted Filbert's offer of his company for a stroll through town. At his own request they made their way down-hill toward the grim alleys of which he had caught just an impression. It was some time after the supper-hour in Fairview. The doorsteps and porches showed groups of bare-armed and collarless men gossiping from between lips tightly wrapped round the stem of corncobs. Among the elder people the segregation of the sexes was strictly observed, and there were separate groups of women, in the front yards and on the kitchen-steps, each the centre of bands of infant skirmishers who swarmed over the sidewalks and into the shadows. They should have been in bed an hour ago, thought Latimer, disapproving; but he rejoiced in the vitality of their shrill voices.

'I beg your pardon,' he said suddenly and stopped short, peering down straight at his feet. He had nearly fallen over a youth of perhaps three years, sex not stated, who, in the middle of the road, was calmly planted in a child's-size arm-chair. Whereupon the young native rose, with the chair permanently affixed behind, trotted off, and resumed his contemplation on another section of the pavement.

Latimer was discovering in Fairview a new world which he might have studied any day in New York City, if chance had brought him into the proper quarters for observation. But that is always the case with foreign travel.

They had been walking the better part of two hours when Latimer felt depression settling down on him. Probably it was mere physical weariness, but an ache seized upon his heart.

'Where is all this to end, Filbert?' he said. 'Is this life?'

'I was thinking,' said Filbert quietly, 'of the settlers in the Ohio bottoms about the year 1800. Have you ever read Henry Adams's first chapter?'

'Pioneers?' said Latimer, embracing Fairview in one sweep of the arm.

'I like to believe so,' said Filbert.

Latimer put his arm over the other man's shoulder.

'I want you to forgive me, Filbert.'

'For what?'

'For that brutal remark of mine about the efficiency expert and the stenographers.'

Filbert laughed.

'Dr. Latimer, I never gave it a thought and should have forgotten it by this time if I had.'

'Then my apology is what you would technically describe as a lost motion?' said Latimer. 'Let us turn into Main Street.'

But on the first corner they reached in that dazzling thoroughfare, Latimer stopped and pointed excitedly to a poster in front of a 'movie' theatre.

'Miss Winthrop,' he said.

'I've seen her frequently — on the screen, that is,' said Filbert.

'I have met her in person,' said Latimer, trying hard not to be supercilious.

'Oh!' said Filbert, with something like awe. 'Should you like to go in?'

'By all means,' said Latimer; and then, turning abruptly, raised his hat in the direction of a group of young girls who fell into line behind them.

'Good evening,' he said; and turned back to his companion.

'An acquaintance in Fairview?' said Filbert.

'It's that housemaid at the Bauers'.'

(To be continued)

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

I

SHALL cabinet officers have seats in Congress? This question has been agitated at intervals for more than a half-century, and argued in the affirmative by publicists of the standing of Presidents Garfield, Taft, and Wilson, of George H. Pendleton, James G. Blaine, John D. Long, and Gamaliel Bradford, besides many lesser lights. It is now undergoing a revival. The idea is, not to revolutionize our system of government, or even to expand the powers of any part of it, but merely to seat the nearest representatives of the President where they can answer questions or make suggestions concerning pending legislation, as he might if present in person.

American schoolboys of my generation, taught that the more complex a government is the better it is, grew up with so pious a reverence for the tradition of separateness between the legislative and executive machinery of our Republic as almost to lose sight of the fact that the Constitution lays as much stress on the mutual interdependence as on the mutual independence of Congress and the President. Congress, though vested with all legislative powers granted in the Constitution, may not enact a law without submitting it to the President for his approval; the President may not spend a dollar in executing it except by the consent of Congress. The great lesson of the Civil War was that the strength of our nation lies not in a jealous aloofness between its several organs, but in their sympathetic coöperation. The desire of the foremost modern students of constitutional government to bring the President into the most intimate practicable relation with Congress, therefore, does not mean that they would have the President make or Congress execute the laws; their aim is merely to place a practical interpretation on the requirements that the President shall give the lawmakers 'information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall deem necessary and expedient'; and that Congress, thus informed and advised, shall make 'all laws which shall be necessary and proper' for carrying into execution the powers vested in any officer of the United States — a sufficient warrant, surely, for the freest consultation between the body and the functionary clothed respectively with these responsibilities.

How shall such intercommunication be conducted? In the early days, the President used to come and speak with Congress face to face. Jefferson let this custom lapse; Wilson revived it; but in the interval the practice became well settled of sending a written message by the hand of a White House clerk, to be read aloud to the two chambers in joint session. Nearly always the reader has had a stentorian voice but no elocutionary skill, and the dreary formalism of the whole programme has resulted in most of the listeners' leaving the hall with only a general impression of the contents of the

message, unless it chanced to be confined to a single subject, or to have been called forth by some serious emergency.

Long experience shows that, in order to command the most earnest consideration from Congress, any recommendation of the President should be put into compact and exclusive form, or delivered by himself. Besides the added weight of human presence and personality, there is a marked advantage in the brevity of the spoken as contrasted with the written exchange of opinions — the reason, probably, why most men of large affairs prefer an interview to correspondence as a vehicle of negotiation.

For their highest value to Congress, the information and recommendations offered by the President sometimes need an elucidation in detail that can be brought out only by questions and answers. Obviously it would be impracticable to require the President to stand up in the hall of either house of Congress as a target for a battery of interrogatories on matters of everyday administration; but there are other ways of reaching the same end. Every subject falls within the jurisdiction of some executive department managed by a member of the Cabinet. As the President's close counselor and spokesman, why should not this officer place himself at the convenience of Congress, to furnish it with any assistance he can in its task of lawmaking? For a fact, that is what he is supposed to do now, except that his ministrations are filtered through a committee, subject to the usual discounts for indirection. A glance at the present practice may be enlightening.

A representative, let us say, introduces a bill to change the methods of accounting by naval paymasters, which is referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. If the committee regards it as of sufficient consequence, it refers it in turn to the Navy Department, and the head of the department sends back, in due time, a written opinion that, with an amendment or two of its phraseology, he sees no reason why it should not be enacted into law. Perhaps he may be invited to appear before the committee and supplement his written views with an oral statement. After that, the committee prepares its formal verdict on the merits of the measure, which the House is now free to pass or defeat.

At this stage, however, some member with an inconvenient memory, who has had no share in the committee's deliberations, may suddenly offer a resolution of inquiry, calling upon the Secretary of War for certain data in the records of his department concerning an experiment in the same general line made by the army paymasters many years ago, which he believes proved unduly expensive in operation. This resolution, referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, may have to wait nearly a week for a meeting, take another day for consideration and report, another for adoption by the House, another for transmission to the War Department, another to find its way to the clerk in that department who has special charge of this class of topics; it may then lie dormant two or three days more while the clerk contrives to find time from his routine duties to search the archives and collate the material desired; by another day the material is put into proper shape for formal transmission, and another is consumed in delivering it to the House. Thus the better part of a fortnight may elapse before the Secretary's response can be laid before the chamber that sent forth the inquiry. Meanwhile, if new matters have arisen which crowd this one aside momentarily, its chance of disposal is jeoparded, if not lost.

Now, suppose that either of the two secretaries, sitting in the House when the inquiry was propounded, had been notified that on the second day following he would be interrogated regarding such-and-such methods pursued by his pay corps between certain dates. On his return to his office he would have passed the questions to his clerical factotum, who would have gone straight to the sources of information and equipped the Secretary in short order for telling the House what devices had been tried by this or that predecessor, why they had been undertaken and why abandoned — reasons which might instantly have made plain their availability or unavailability for the purpose now contemplated; and the notice would have been served, the data looked up, the interrogatories put and answered, and the ground cleared for the passage or rejection of the bill, — all in one-fourth the time, but with fourfold the effectiveness, of a similar proceeding with the means employed to-day.

II

When it comes to accuracy, there is no comparison between the old manner of connecting the administration with the work of Congress and the manner here proposed. In the spring of 1863 the Senate had before it the alternative of extending the bounty system for voluntary enlistments in the Union army or recruiting the ranks by conscription. Whatever was to be done must be done with no needless delay. The military committee had gone through the form of considering a bill, but had not been able to agree on a recommendation. Some of the senators said that if they could find out what the Secretary of War thought about it, they were willing to vote for anything he deemed essential; others did not care to go so far, doubting whether the Treasury was just then in condition to meet the demand for $20,000,000 which seemed to be involved.

The chairman of the committee was unable to furnish any authentic information on either head. Of the financial aspect of the situation he knew nothing whatever; of the military aspect the most he could say was that he 'understood' that 'a member of the committee' had 'had some consultation' with the Secretary of War, and had 'come away with the impression' that the Secretary thought well of postponing the conscription and extending the bounties. The member referred to then rose and admitted that he had no authority to speak for the Secretary, but that he had gathered his 'impression from a casual conversation.' In this instance the Senate wisely refused to act without more positive guidance; but occasionally I have known action to be taken on not much firmer ground.

Is there any excuse for subjecting the legislation of a great nation to such hazards? Take for another illustration the loan bill of 1864. In the House debate over its details, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania insisted that the principal of the five-twenty bonds was payable in 'lawful money,' which meant greenbacks, then worth less than sixty cents on the dollar. He was a strong man, with a large popular following. If his view had prevailed, the markets of Europe would have been closed against our securities at a time when we needed every available resource. Pressed by a fellow member to say whether the Secretary of the Treasury agreed with him, he confessed that he did not know; whereupon Mr. Spalding of New York informed the House that he had 'that morning learned from the Secretary of the Treasury that in his opinion the principal of the five-twenties was payable in gold.' This semi-

authoritative statement did not prevent Stevens from offering an amendment that the interest of the bonds should be paid in currency, or from drumming up a majority of twenty-one votes in its favor; and it was only by springing a roll-call upon him that this was changed to a majority of twenty-two in the negative, a number of members shifting sides when they discovered that their demagogic tricks were in danger of being advertised to their hurt.

All's well that ends well, perhaps; but why should time be wasted and risks invited in framing measures of vital importance, — to say nothing of exhibiting Congress to the world in so undignified a light, — when absolute assurance concerning the attitude of the administration could be obtained by putting a direct question to one of its responsible officers, seated in the hall for the purpose?

The proposed reform would undoubtedly benefit the executive branch of the government by holding the departments to a more satisfactory accountability. How loath we Americans are to overhaul our higher public servants, is manifest from the fact that, in the century and a quarter of our national existence, but one President and one member of the Cabinet have been impeached, and even the formal investigation by Congress of charges against cabinet officers has been so rare as to be negligible. Proceedings as serious as these can be instituted only when the offenses charged are of great magnitude; so all alleged misdeeds of a secondary character are passed over with slight attention, if any. This does not make for wholesome discipline at the bar of public opinion. It is human nature to be less careful about things that go unscrutinized by our neighbors than about those upon which the glass of inquisition is liable to be turned at any moment. Moreover, it is only fair to the conscientious cabinet officer to inquire into his acts while they are still recent enough to enable him to marshal names, dates, and figures without delving through a library of musty files; for any unexplained item, however innocent, if allowed to fall into a dark corner and gather dust, may become to the professional defamer what Captain Kidd's imaginary loot is to the hunter for treasure-trove; and it may emerge one day in a brand-new and particularly vicious species of scandal, to baffle for a long time the best efforts of its victim to expose its real character.

There is still another reason why a prompt, authoritative, and public inquiry into anything in the conduct of an executive department which wears a dubious air, would be a great aid to efficient administration: it would give the head of a department some suggestive hints as to what the men under him are doing, and enlighten the men as to the significance of the tasks they are directed to perform. It would be a physical impossibility for any secretary to supervise personally the work of his department in all its ramifications, or for his subordinates to ask him the meaning of every move he makes; yet, unless a way be devised for keeping the two ends of a department within sight of each other, the faithful subordinate may become a hopeless mechanical drudge, or his tricky colleague be guilty of malfeasance or neglect without the secretary's suspicion till some artfully embroidered version of the facts crops out in local gossip. The best managed of departments would be better for a frequent airing of its affairs in Congress, in the presence, and with the participation, of its responsible head; and if the more intelligent element in its clerical staff could learn, from public discussions between their chief and the lawmaking body, to what

end their work points, their interest would be reflected in a fresh vitality.

Besides producing an excellent moral effect, this sort of publicity would soon prove its value as a measure of economy, by exposing the places where one office could be made to perform the duties now assigned to two or more. Duplication of functions and wasteful diffusion of energy have always been weak spots in the federal service. One department will go on indefinitely doing on a miniature scale what another is doing on a large one: the practice may have grown out of this or that exigency long past, and been continued because nobody has felt directly inspired to meddle with it. Such a relation may exist even between sundry bureaus in a single department. This means, of course, an unnecessary outlay for what accountants style 'overhead' expenses. It would take some study, doubtless, to concoct a satisfactory plan for redistributing the duplicated work, but problems far more perplexing are solved every day. If the cabinet officers concerned were subject to interrogation in the open halls of Congress, and thus, as it were, in the hearing of the whole taxpaying public, the uncovering of cases of extravagant duplication would be promptly followed by a demand for an explanation, and this in its turn by an amendment of methods.

In these ways and others, the drawing of the legislative and executive branches into more intimate communion would tend toward the unification of the government generally. No such organism can work to the best advantage with its constituent parts maintaining the attitude of mutual rivalry which has been observable among the executive departments in Washington ever since they became so large and varied in scope. The fateful Pinchot-Ballinger feud resulted from the indisposition of one party to unite with the other in a joint campaign for the achievement of certain aims for the common welfare on which both declared themselves bent.

I never realized how far down into the departments this individualistic ideal had penetrated till once, when I was in the West on a government errand, a mystified field superintendent laid before me two letters he had received from Washington, bearing the signature of the same acting chief-of-bureau, one dated in March and the other in April of that year. The former authorized him to make a certain purchase; the latter notified him that his quarterly accounts had been held up to await proof of his authority for that very purchase. The initials in the upper left corner of each sheet showed me that the letters had been prepared by two division heads who sat, in the home office, at desks facing each other, with only a narrow corridor between; and their superior officer had unquestionably affixed his signature in the ordinary routine of business, merely glancing at the initials as his guaranty. Both division heads were men of conscience and responsibility; yet so absolutely was the unwritten law of insulation then respected in the bureau, that each was going ahead, day after day, turning out his own grist of correspondence without the remotest reference to what his vis-à-vis might be doing. If so ridiculous a game of cross-purposes was possible in one small office, what, pray, dare we hope from a non-coöperative relation between the legislative and executive branches of our huge governmental system?

III

If cabinet officers sat in Congress, right-minded but uninformed members would be spared many mistakes in

legislation, the ill effects of which may be of indefinite duration. For example, in 1906, when the House had under consideration the Burke bill to simplify the process whereby an intelligent and worthy Indian could get possession of his property, a well-meaning Ohio representative proposed an amendment 'that the provisions of this act shall not extend to any Indians in the Indian Territory.' Congress had been working, amid great difficulties, to perfect an exclusive scheme for the dissolution of the so-called Five Civilized Tribes — the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles — and the equitable division of their lands and funds; and, as these tribes had made their homes in the Indian Territory for seventy years and were identified with it in every one's mind, our Ohio friend supposed that they were the only members of their race living there. It was his benevolent purpose to ward off any possible interference with the plans that Congress was maturing for their benefit; but, instead of exempting them by their specific names, or under their familiar title as the Five Civilized Tribes, he resorted to the sweeping generalization already quoted. No one else in the hall at the time appears to have understood the situation any better; and, as the session was pretty far advanced and it was assumed on all sides that to submit the provision to the Secretary of the Interior would be a mere matter of form and might involve a fatal delay, it was passed at full gallop. Unfortunately, there were then settled in the Indian Territory, besides the Five Civilized Tribes, remnants of seven others, who were thus shut out from the benefits of the Burke act, although probably a majority of them were better entitled to those benefits than thousands of the privileged Indians just over the border in Oklahoma. Had the Secretary of the Interior been where he could hear what was going on and speak an admonitory word, the blunder need not have happened.

The presence and consultation of cabinet officers while Congress is debating important bills would reduce to a minimum the exercise of the President's veto power, and thus avert a deal of friction. As Congress is constituted to-day, the President's objections have the weight of 63 votes in the Senate and 289 in the House. Besides that, they have a tremendous influence with the people, who regard this one man, under ordinary circumstances, as peculiarly their spokesman, whether they know very much about the subject in controversy or not. When he vetoes a bill, therefore, its sponsors suffer a certain humiliation which they would go far to avoid if they could do so with self-respect. True, the President's like or dislike of a pending bill commonly leaks out through the press before the climax is reached, and if his attitude is hostile the parties in interest can govern themselves accordingly; but the most scrupulously edited newspaper is liable to be misled; so it is customary for any member of Congress who is anxious about the fate of a measure he has in charge to seek an interview with the President and try to fortify himself. This is a highly unsatisfactory resort at best; and occasionally, as its sequel, Congress has passed an act, only to discover, when too late, that there has been a misapprehension somewhere. After the die is cast, there is little comfort, and no seemliness, in bandying vengeful charges of bad faith.

Such disagreeable possibilities, not to mention the anticipatory worries and heartburnings, could be assuaged, perhaps diverted altogether, by the expedient of publicly interrogating a responsible representative of the Presi-

dent regarding those clauses in a bill toward which his disposition is uncertain. When, for instance, in the Fifty-first Congress, the Senate sent back the conservative Conger bill converted into one for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and Speaker Reed had actually to conceal it till he could reorganize his scattered forces for the defense of the public credit, what a blessing would have been the presence in the House of the Secretary of the Treasury, prepared to set the public mind at rest as to the firmness of the Harrison Administration. Again, does any one imagine that the Brice-Gorman tariff of 1894 could have been forced into the statute-book over Mr. Cleveland's protest if Secretary Carlisle could have responded in the open hall of either house to such questions as Allison and Mills in the one, or McCall and Wilson in the other, would have put to him for the benefit of the whole American people?

Such a change of practice as I have been advocating would materially abridge the activities of the lobby, with advantage to the political morals of the nation. This is not because lobbying is evil in itself, but because, like all forms of indirection, it is more open to abuse, and therefore to suspicion, than the direct way of accomplishing the same end. The lobbyist pleads in his own behalf that he is striving only to induce Congress to do something which it ought to do, but which it will not do unless it is prodded by one who camps constantly at its door; and within certain limitations this is deplorably true. Can any one tell us why we should stand for a neglect of duty by our servants which affords an excuse for such roundabout methods? If, as its apologists assert, Congress leaves so much of its work undone because it has not time to look into the merits of all the propositions submitted to it, why should we encourage it in seeking the facts and figures it needs at the hands of some one not related to the government in any way, and usually having no interest in the business beyond a chance to earn a fee?

In Washington, within a stone's throw of the great white dome, are ten executive departments, supported at enormous expense in order to insure the government's mastery of any subject likely to come before it, from the statistics of child-welfare to a declaration of war. Yet, while the people see the secretaries sitting quietly in their offices, signing papers and receiving calls, they see the sleepless lobbyists briskly moving about the Capitol, supplying information here, arguments there, drumming up absentees for a vote, and in a hundred other ways earning their title to membership in the 'third house.' What sort of an impression does this make on the mind of the man in the street? And does familiarity with the spectacle of lobbyists doing the legitimate work of public officers tend to make him a prouder or better citizen?

Just here a skeptical friend inquires, 'Supposing your plan to have been in effect when the Lusitania was sunk, what sort of a figure would Mr. Bryan have cut, sitting in Congress as a cabinet officer and answering questions regarding the policy of the Wilson Administration?' That possibility may be dismissed in seven words: Mr. Bryan would not have been there. It is no disparagement of his abilities in other fields to say that, being neither a lawyer nor a diplomatist, he was out of place in this one, and would not have been put into it except as a concession to political expediency. But political expediency is not a consideration which a president could afford to let influence him in choosing a cabinet officer if he knew that the man of his choice would

have to stand before Congress in person and act as his mouthpiece, any more than a trustee of a great estate could afford to select his attorneys on grounds of friendship, or because their admirers have made an active canvass in their behalf, or because they come from certain parts of the country, or because they were once either his competitors or his backers in a struggle for a prize he ultimately won. He would look first for professional fitness; and if any extraneous element were permitted to enter into the business at all, it would be as a mere makeweight in discriminating between several candidates with nicely balanced claims. Such ought to be the process of judgment of a trustee for the welfare of one hundred millions of people; such will it be, if one day his most intimate counselors are assigned their full share of duty and responsibility in helping him administer the affairs of the nation.

IV

This brings us to the argument most commonly urged against the project which has furnished my present text: that the American Cabinet, unlike the cabinet of a country under parliamentary government, has no independent or organic standing. It is not mentioned in the Constitution, its nearest approach to recognition there being the authorization of the President to 'require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices.' We are asked, therefore, how we could fitly dignify these outsiders as the direct representatives of the President, and seat them in the halls of Congress to speak and advise in his name.

The answer is, that we are contemplating no radical innovation. The laws creating what we call the cabinet offices, in some instances explicitly, and in all by implication, make their occupants, as it were, the living instruments of the President in the performance of his complex functions; and the solemn acts of the heads of departments have long been given effect, even for judicial purposes, as acts of the President. How well rooted this conception of the Cabinet has become in the minds of Congress and the people is evidenced by the law, enacted in 1886 after an exhaustive discussion, placing the heads of departments, in the order of their official seniority, in the line of succession in the event of a temporary vacancy of the presidency and vice-presidency. This provision seems to give them a recognizable and highly important standing in the government, whether or not they ever had one before.

As to their bodily presence on the floors of Congress, surely it involves no worse incongruity than the presence there of a group of territorial delegates who for many years have been sitting and speaking in the House, and doing substantially everything that regular members are entitled to do except vote; and we are asking no more for our cabinet officers. If such a privilege is granted to representatives of minor bodies of our population not yet organized into full-participating political units, on what pretext shall we deny it to a group of federal officers who in a peculiar sense represent the entire body politic, for purposes of commenting on pending legislation? Nobody raises a protest against an outsider's being brought into either hall to conduct as chaplain the religious exercises at the opening of every day's session, or against the services of another outsider, the sergeant-at-arms, when he uses the symbols of force to compel good behavior among the lawmakers

elected by the people. Nay, it is within the range of possibility that the House may decide one day to have an outsider for its Speaker: there is not a word in the Constitution to forbid it, and within a dozen years the question has been quietly mooted. Concerning the President *pro tempore* of the Senate the Constitution is similarly silent; and I remember its being seriously proposed, during the Readjuster deadlock of 1881, that the Senate avert a threatened crisis by taking this officer from private life. So it seems not unfair to discard the familiar 'outsider' objection as too fragile to block the way of a desired improvement.

Another well-worn adverse argument is that the proposed plan would tend to aggrandize the executive branch of the government at the expense of the legislative branch. Since Jefferson prophesied, 'The Tyranny of the executive power will come . . . at no distant date,' a handful of his faithful worshipers in every generation have felt bound to echo the warning. Yet, with the proverbial obduracy of the watched pot, the Republic has refused to be made over into an empire, even by a Man on Horseback like Grant, or a so-called war-lord like Roosevelt. Jesting aside, the public interrogation of cabinet officers in Congress would tend to the opposite end. As things are now, the Congressional spokesman who would rebuke such subtle menaces of White House despotism as may appear in some novel form of phraseology used in a Presidential message, or in the appointment of 'some Hoover' to tyrannize over the defenseless food-speculators, is obliged to depend on invective. This, if it be cheap in quality and have nothing more substantial to follow, presently wearies the ear, without affecting the convictions, of the public. How much greater would be its effectiveness if it were supported by a demand for an explanation, served, in the open arena of debate, upon the officer charged with offending!

In truth, the danger of executive aggression is more to be dreaded from the present haphazard way of doing business, than from any fixed and logical arrangement. It is notorious that when a president wishes to obtain something from a reluctant congress, Washington soon effervesces with stories — of which not a few acquire a color of reality from significant later events — concerning pledges of patronage given to this and that member whose vote is deemed necessary to success. It is such conditions which do more than anything else to destroy the constitutional equilibrium between the executive and legislative powers. The remedy would be simple if all the members of Congress could be trusted to stand together in resistance to every temptation, bold or insidious, to exchange their votes for favors; but a more effective stop could be put to any form of traffic by bringing the potential bargainers face to face, where either side could throw the other into the public pillory if need be. And as an antidote for any alarm about domineering by cabinet officers, it must not be forgotten that the departments, including both their heads and their bodies, are creatures of Congress, which can wipe them out at any time by merely reversing the process by which it called them into being.

Again, it is asserted that Congress has already, in its committee system, all the machinery it needs to aid it in intelligent legislation. Theoretically, no doubt; but practically — as every one knows who studies it at close range — the system leaves overmuch to be desired. Painstaking as many committeemen are, enough others are slipshod, or worse, to mottle their common product pretty badly. I have sat in a com-

mittee room at a hearing, and have listened to a witness describing the operations of a government office of which he was grossly ignorant, swearing complacently to one false statement after another, which a stenographer soberly took down for the official report, and the refutation of which, from documentary evidence, the chairman brazenly refused to admit to the record. Nor is it long since one of the executive departments lost an important appropriation for which the presiding secretary had applied in writing, because an officious clerk who had been called before the committee took it upon himself to discredit his chief's recommendation.

Do incidents like these exhibit the committee system in a favorable light, by contrast with a system which would bring the heads of departments themselves squarely into the focus of the inquisition?

Of the objection that it would take too much of the time of the cabinet officers to require them to leave their regular work to attend the sessions of Congress, it suffices to say that under normal conditions they would be needed at the Capitol probably only a few hours every week — certainly no more than they now sacrifice to the visits of Congressmen. These visits, albeit paid under the guise of government business, rarely cover any errand more important than obtaining favors for their constituents. If all genuine government business between members of Congress and members of the Cabinet were transacted in the open halls of House and Senate, most of the ostensible necessity for consuming a secretary's time in private interviews would be obviated, and the secretary would be relieved from routine duty for so many more hours, which he could put in with great profit at the Capitol.

Our topic is so fruitful of suggestion that, to keep this paper within reasonable bounds of length, a hundred pertinent points must be left undeveloped. It would be easy to show, for example, how, when vital questions arise, like the real condition of the Treasury at the beginning of the second Cleveland administration, or the degree of actual preparedness of our army and navy in the present crisis, a few plain statements drawn by public interrogation from the cabinet officers having these matters respectively in charge, would clear the air and open the way to timely legislation; and also, how much the closer coöperation of President and Congress would do toward evolving a self-consistent, permanent national policy, to replace the shifty opportunism which now is our only pretense to any policy at all. But these and many other lines of thought must be left for the reader to work out for himself, with the assurance that, the deeper he goes into the question, the more leads he will find, all in the same direction.

RUGGS — R.O.T.C.

BY WILLIAM ADDLEMAN GANOE

I

It was only because it was the middle of the night that the barracks of Company Number 1 lay quiet. Even at that solitary hour the squares of moonlight from its sliding windows revealed two long huddled rows of Gold Medal cots creaking with the turnings of one hundred and sixty restless sleepers.

Down toward the end of Squad 15, Joseph Morley Ruggs lay wrapped in dreams more troubled than was his wont. The 'Meter' was standing before him, writing with a feathered sword in a giant book, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and *found*—' The words kept spreading until the *d* was crushed against the edge of the page. The Meter's eyes became flaming nozzles, which shot waves of gas into Ruggs's unmasked face. There was a crashing sound of many bands, playing mostly upon cymbals.

All at once the 'U.S.' on the Meter's collar and the silver bars on his shoulders became incandescent, his body lengthened out like Aladdin's genie, and he slowly disappeared upward in a whirl of smoke, mounted on the shaft of a rifle grenade—and Ruggs was left alone, holding in his hand a rectangular parchment headed, 'Honorable Discharge from the Service of the United States.'

When he raised his head Alice, with sorrowful eyes, was looking him through and through — Alice, whom he had left a month before with the trembling words of acquiescence on her lips and a kiss of hope at his departure. There she stood, shaking a finger of scorn at the paper of Failure in his hand.

The earth was giving way under him. As he sank lower and lower, voices grew abundant about him; and there arose a continuous clatter of rifle-bolts, bayonets, and mess-tins. A bugle somewhere was sounding the assembly. The company in the dusky distance was falling in under arms; the corporals were about to report, and he, Candidate Ruggs, would be absent.

He tried to hurry over dressing himself; but his arms worked in jerks, and when he attempted to run, his legs merely pulled and pushed back and forth heavily in one spot. Frantically he struggled to make headway against the solid air, but in vain. With a supreme effort he lunged forward — and came down at the side of his cot on both feet, with a resounding shock that made the boards of the flimsy barracks rattle.

'For Gawd's sake,' growled the Duke of Squad 15, rising on his elbow, 'don't you get enough settin'-up stuff in the daytime without jarrin' your muscles when decent folks sleep?'

'Who fell into the trench?' inquired Naughty, his legal mind going to the bottom of the matter.

'No use tryin' to sleep around here,' continued the Duke with a groan. 'Got to get a pass and lock yourself in a hotel over Saturday and Sunday.'

Some one in the middle of barracks

was attempting to search out with a pocket-flash the cause of the excitement.

'Use of — star — shells — specially successful — 'gainst active enemy — in No Man's Land,' droned the great voice of small Squirmy in a far corner.

And the disturbance subsided with several chuckles, allowing Ruggs to dispose himself upon his rumpled sheets without further fire upon him.

In the morning, as he stood in ranks at reveille, he was secretly relieved to note the Meter's normal appearance, and his life-sized pencil, though that active instrument was spelling out death to some career possibly at that moment. Degradation to the name of Ruggs had not yet come; the chance to be included among the commissioned few at the end of camp lay before him as a possibility.

He was wakened smartly from his musings. 'Dress up, put up your arm! you still asleep?'

The Duke, who had been a sergeant in the National Guard for six years, realized that, since the Meter was near at hand, it was a fortunate time to make penetrating corrections. The awe and respect which had bestowed on him the name of Duke on account of his knowledge of the rudiments, were now, in the squad over which he had tyrannized as acting corporal, beginning to wane.

Ruggs put up his arm, every bristling hair of his mouse-colored head erect with fury. It was difficult for a man fifteen years out of college, who had by dint of energy and foresight worked his way to the superintendency of one of the largest banking houses in the East, to take orders from a grocery clerk much younger and of slight education. 'Every kind of military communication should be impersonal.' These words of the Meter came to him opportunely. He fastened his mind on the details for the following day which the first sergeant was then reading out, and was rewarded.

'For company commander to-morrow — Ruggs!'

'He-re!' His voice came all cracked and husky.

'You 'd better get onto those drill regs and get up that company stuff,' admonished the Duke at breakfast. 'I always find I can get along better after givin' it a once-over, no matter how well I know it.'

Ruggs made no reply. He was lost in the thought of the chance he had waited for through thirty-five days of slavery. His opportunity had come.

It was a red-letter day because of another circumstance. For the first time he had been called by name by the Meter at the morning conference.

The elation was so great that, when a note from Alice in the noon mail told him that she would spend the week-end near the camp, he had only time to reflect on what joy his success in handling the company would bring her. Every spare minute during the afternoon and evening he concentrated on close-order drill. Not satisfied with the snatches thus taken, he disappeared after taps, with his books and a small improvised stool, into the lavatory, where there was still a faint light from two badly arranged bulbs. There he delved into combat work and reviewed the company drill. It was one o'clock before he crawled dizzily into bed, with reveille before him at five-thirty.

He woke at five with a start. This was the day of his trial. Although he had stood at the head of ventures involving millions, no day of his life had seemed to him so full of hazard. The fact that he had made good in civil life, he understood, meant nothing in his favor in a military way. For only the previous week Cyrus Long, an industrial manager, with a salary of fifteen

thousand a year, had been told plainly by the Meter that he could not make good. And Cy had left with the first failure of a lifetime in his wake.

When Ruggs, making every inch of his five feet eleven count as the Meter approached, commanded 'Company, attention!' his accent was very unlike the ideal one he had planned to use. He noted the men in ranks eying him as much as to say, 'Well, how are you going to handle us this morning?'

'Give the company ten minutes' close-order drill, after which proceed with fifteen minutes of extended order under battle conditions.'

The Meter shot the words out in two definite explosions.

It was the first time that such instructions had been issued, but Ruggs asked no questions.

'Squads right!' he sang out (meaning secretly squads left); then added, 'March!' in a surprised and subdued tone that he had not intended.

On the whole the first of the drill went along fairly well, except that at times some of the men were unable to hear his commands, and *he* knew that *they* knew that he continually meant *right* when he said *left*, and vice versa; facts which did not add to his authority. But he was too honest to 'bluff' the matter before the Meter, each time admitting the error by a loud 'As you were!' and setting them straight without delay.

When the extended order part of the drill began, he inadvertently made his deployment so that one flank fanned out across the commanding officer's lawn.

'Halt your company!' roared the Meter. 'Company commander report here!'

Ruggs yelled a demoralized 'Halt!' and ran to the captain.

'Who's in command of this company?'

'I am, sir.'

'It does n't appear so; or possibly you wanted them to dance over the colonel's lawn?'

'No, sir.'

'Then why did you put them there?'

'I did n't mean to, sir.'

'You did n't mean *not* to, did you?'

'No, sir.'

'You lead your command out over a fire-swept zone, and after it is decimated, you make a report that you did n't mean to place it there. How will that look when the dead are counted?'

'Not very well, sir.'

'Go place your company where it belongs.'

Ruggs saluted and ran toward the centre of the line, yelling at the top of his lungs, 'Assemble, *assemble*, ASSEMBLE *over here!*'

'Come back!' shouted the Meter.

But Ruggs was so intent on gathering up the tramplers of the colonel's lawn that he did not hear.

'Company commander — Mr. Ruggs!' repeated the Meter, putting all his power against his diaphragm.

Ruggs returned, his thick chest heaving, his hair matted, and a drop of perspiration clinging to the end of his big Roman nose.

'How was this drill to be conducted?' snapped his torturer.

'Under battle conditions, sir.'

'Do you suppose that the company stretched over a space of two hundred yards, while the barrage fire was going on, could hear such caterwauling as you've been attempting? What should you do?'

'Use whistle and signal, sir.'

'Have I not directed you to do so heretofore?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Either malicious or wooden — take your choice! Proceed with your drill.'

Cut to the quick, Ruggs thought hard what to do in his predicament.

The studious, sleepless night was beginning to tell on him, but he called to his memory the signal for 'Assemble' and blew a stout blast on his whistle. He felt the Meter behind his back making damaging notes in the book, and the glances of his fellows before him betraying pity and superiority. The number of errors increased with the length of the drill. Each time the Meter summoned him, the criticisms were more caustic. At last he waved his arms in unknown combinations and directions. But whenever the Meter stopped him, he was able, with much teeth-gritting that made his jaw muscles swell his cheeks, to set the movement straight without excitement.

In the afternoon, during a march along the road, the Meter directed the company to be halted and its commander to report to him.

'Mr. Ruggs, you see that little bluff about four hundred yards to the left of this road?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You have been marching along here as the advance party to your advance guard, when suddenly you receive a burst of fire from that bluff, which you estimate to be directed by about a platoon. What do you do?'

'I'd tell them to —'

'I did n't ask you what you'd tell. I asked you what you'd do.'

'I'd put them, sir —'

'Put who?'

'I'd put the company —'

'You speak of the company as if it were a bird-cage or a jack-knife.'

'Sir, I just wanted —'

'I just asked you what YOU would do, — do you get it?'

By this time Ruggs was so aroused that every fibre of his mind was alert. Instead of being more confused, he was able to concentrate more acutely than before. He pulled his whistle from his pocket and blew it almost in the Meter's face, at the same time signaling to the company to deploy and lie down.

'That will do,' snorted the Meter. 'March your company back to barracks!'

Ruggs replaced his whistle in his pocket in a hang-dog way which showed that he was convinced that his doom was sealed.

'Squads right!' he commanded. 'As you were! I mean, squads left! — Oh, steady! Squads right about! March!'

The company, at route step, had become a ripple of mirth from end to end.

'O Ruggsie!' shouted the Duke, 'I know a good civilian tailor!'

The remark brought on a quantity of local laughter, and Naughty did not help matters much by starting, 'Keep the home fires burning.'

That evening the flank of Company Number 1 individually condoled with Ruggs, who was trying to decipher how he could be so full of so many different kinds of mistakes.

'He's got the raspberry all right,' commented the Duke, before a large group including Ruggs.

The 'raspberry,' be it said, was the name applied to the Sword of Damocles suspended by the Meter. When he called a failing candidate into the orderly room and implied that a resignation would be in order, that lost soul was known the company over as 'getting the raspberry,' or 'rasp.'

II

Just before taps, after life had become subdued through study, the small red-headed form of Squirmy was observed making its way to the centre of the long room. He was dressed in a black overcoat fished from the bottom of a trunk. A white tie torn from a stricken sheet made a flaring bow at his

neck, and goggles and an old cap-cover served as headgear. He carried in his hand a Webster's Unabridged, which he placed on an old box previously used for the same purpose.

'*St!* The Exhorter of Squad 21!' came in whispers from a dozen throats, and the room became still.

Squirmy searched his half-dressed congregation witheringly over the tops of his spectacles. Then from his small body proceeded slow tones of thunder, —

'And the Lord said unto Moses, "Squads right!" (Dramatic pause.)

'But Moses — not being a military man — commanded, "Squads left!" (Longer pause.)

'And great — was the confusion — among the candid-ites.

'Peace be with you,' he concluded, pointing an accusing finger at Ruggs; and the company went to bed holding their abdomens.

After the last drill on Saturday Alice arrived with her machine, chauffeur, and chaperone. When she spied Ruggs across the parade, with twenty-two pounds of office flabbiness gone, his hardened muscles holding his shoulders and neck erect underneath his khaki, an unmistakable admiration filled her wide hazel eyes.

For a moment his gladness was unalloyed, and the disappointments of crowded barracks and tangled drills faded utterly away. But as the day wore on, the pleasure grew limp in the face of the bleak future. His mind was repeatedly met with the question, 'Shall I tell her?' and he always turned on himself with the reply, 'I am not yet through.'

The unacknowledged dullness between them finally drove them into the distraction of a movie theatre. There, in the darkness, she caught stealthy glimpses of his tightened jaw and distressed face.

'It's going to be very hard on him; he'll be so disappointed,' she said to herself.

At the same time, while apparently following the antics of Mary Pickford, he was thinking, 'It's going to be so hard on her! She'll be so disappointed in me!'

When she had gone, and he found himself once more seated on his bunk in desolation, he berated himself violently: —

'I must have treated her badly. This will not do. I've never given up before. I've got to pull myself up to my best if it be only a corporal's job. It's better to be a *man* than a higher-up anyway. Good God, I can serve better by going where I'm put than where I want to *be put!* True patriotism, after all, is filling the niche whatever —'

'Say, Ruggsie,' burst in the Duke from the side door, 'big doin's here Monday. Big review for a Russian general. This company is goin' to be divided into two — A and B companies.'

Ruggsie was silent.

'Don't you care anything about it?' continued the Duke.

'I'm not interested in reviews — to be frank.'

'Say, old fellow, you don't need to get so down because you tied up that drill the other day. Course, there's a great deal to know about this military game. At first I was pretty green myself. May be in a second camp you can get onto the stuff.'

Ruggs was not desirous of discussing the matter with the Duke, who, having been given the natural opportunity, filled the gap with conversation.

'You know the Meter called me and that Reserve Lieutenant Sullivan into the orderly room and told us we were goin' to be in command of the two companies. He went over with us just

how we were goin' to do. He's a first-rate chap — the Meter is. First we line up along the road near the gate, and then we march to the parade-ground and review. I know every command I'm goin' to give right down in order — could say 'em off backwards. That's the way to know your drill.'

At supper the Duke leaned over the table toward Vance, a broker from Wall Street who had spent the previous summer at Plattsburg, and observed confidentially, —

'Do you know, Vance, I'd like to have you as my first lieutenant when I'm a captain. You suit me O.K. I like the way you drill.'

Vance, immaculately neat and clean-shaven, acknowledged the remark with a bow and went on eating. Mortimer, just out of Dartmouth, aged twenty-two, gazed at the Duke with that deference with which Gareth first looked upon Lancelot.

At three o'clock Monday afternoon the twenty companies of the training camp were drawn up ready to display themselves to the Russian general. Automobiles were parked thickly on the roadways, making a black, gray, and brown banded circle around the parade-ground. Under the dense fringe of trees, the many-colored gowns of the women edged the green like a thick hedge of sweet peas. The heat and stillness had settled down over the camp tensely.

The dignitary, eagerly awaited, was overdue. The Duke, as he wiped the perspiration from his hat-band in front of the long column of companies standing at ease, congratulated himself on the certainty with which he would give the appropriate commands at various points before him on the level stretch of grass. Conscious fingering of his pistol-holster indicated his belief in the Meter's choice.

A half-hour passed and the general had not arrived. All at once, the band, contrary to plan, started to move diagonally across the parade-ground. A mounted orderly popped out from a group of regular officers and galloped straight toward the Duke.

'The major's compliments,' he announced. 'The ceremony along the road-side will be dispensed with. You are to march your company to the line for review at once, sir.'

The field music struck up adjutant's call, which was the signal for the first company to form line.

'Squads left!' shouted the Duke in most military fashion.

It was the command that he had rehearsed to start the company from the roadway to the ceremony proper, an opposite direction from the one toward the spot where the line should now be formed.

'March!' he added, without seeing his error. And the company wheeled off toward the woods away from the visitors, away from the band, away from everybody.

'Damn me!' he muttered, looking back over his shoulder at the vanishing goal. Then he roared, 'Column left! March!'

Again he had steered the head of the column in an opposite direction from the one intended. B and C companies were now directly between his objective and his organization, which was marching farther away with every step. He realized that he had taken time enough to be well on the way toward, instead of away from, the spot where the adjutant was waiting for him.

'Squadsleftmarch!' he bellowed desperately.

The company, in the shape of an L, not having completed the turn in column, now accordioned its flanks toward each other, intermingling inextricably. The organization became at once a crowd of fellows with rifles.

'Halt! Halt! Halt!' the Duke exploded; and immediately fell into helpless bewilderment.

There was a dreadful pause, during which beads of perspiration dropped from his face, making black spots on his starched clothing. His arm and fingers twitched and he blinked horribly.

'What a steadying influence he'll have on Vance!' whispered some one near Ruggs, who, through compassion, was unable to feel mirthful.

The same orderly galloped up for the second time and delivered an ultimatum from the major in no uncertain language. Several platoon leaders sprang forward and succeeded in getting the company started in the right direction. But the strain had weakened the Duke's nerve to such an extent that he was slow in dressing his company and failed to give 'Eyes, right' in time, when actually passing in review under the scrutiny of the general himself.

And all this time the Meter had been hovering about, using his eyes mightily and his mouth not at all.

Back in barracks when ranks were broken, there were no remarks made openly on the leadership of the Duke. He had been a trusty drill-master and, it was reported, had a 'stand-in' with the Meter. It was not discreet to taunt him.

Indeed, it had been such a soakingly hot proceeding — the whole review — that most of the men were glad enough to grasp what little comfort they could without more ado. The extra marching beforehand had not helped to cool them off, mentally or physically. Under the single thin roof that separated them from the sun, the atmosphere, besides being hot, was excessively oppressive. As soon as they could get rid of their rifles, belts, and coats, they tossed them away in any direction. Those who arrived inside first, and consequently had a chance for the shower-bath, peeled off every soggy garment.

They were in this chaotic state of dishabille when a cry rose from the first squad, 'Man the port-holes!' Immediately one hundred and sixty male beings struggled for a view from the eastern windows.

'It's the general — the whole party!' exclaimed one of the first.

'They're coming in here,' volunteered another.

The crowd surged back and the voice of the acting first sergeant could be heard in an effort to prepare the company for inspection. They hurled their belongings into place with the speed and accuracy of postal clerks. Two nude unfortunates were without ceremony ejected into the cold world on the side of barracks farthest from the Russian advance. History does not record what ever became of them. A bather clad only in a scant towel and a scanter piece of soap, while making his entrance from the shower where he had splashed in ignorance of the coming invasion, was, to his amazement and resentment, forced suddenly into the lavatory, where, he was given to understand, he must remain. Ruggs, most incompletely dressed, coiled himself up underneath his cot behind two lusty suitcases.

When the general came down the aisle, the candidates standing fully clad at the foot of their bunks, at 'attention,' gave the impression of having waited for him nonchalantly in that position ever since the review. Mattress-covers were smoothed, bedding folded, clothing hung neatly, and all evidence of hurry or confusion effaced.

But the Meter smiled a Mona Lisa smile as the door closed upon generals, colonels, aides-de-camp, and himself.

'Rest,' shouted the acting first ser-

geant, and the company collapsed into tumultuous laughter. Wet underclothing, matches, and cigarettes, were hauled from beneath mattresses, equipment from behind pillows, and knick-knacks from yawning shoe-tops.

In the midst of all this turmoil one of the doors reopened and the Meter stepped inside. Some one near him murmured a half-hearted 'Attention!' and all who were within earshot arose — all except one. At that moment Ruggs found himself halfway up from between the cots, his head and body upright and his legs fast asleep under him.

'Mr. Ruggs, I seem to see more of you than I did a moment ago.'

If the Meter had returned for a purpose, all idea of it vanished now, for he turned and disappeared, leaving Ruggs to bear his chagrin and to blush down as far as his legs.

That night Squirmy took his text from the book of Currussians, and gave a splendid and inspiriting talk on how Moses, although he had been found by the King's daughter in the bulrushes, had nothing on Ruggs, who was discovered by the King himself among the valises. 'And be it said,' concluded the exhorter, 'that both foundlings wore the same uniform.'

III

The first of August was close at hand. Rumors kept coming up like the dawn 'on the road to Mandalay.' The 'makes' (those recommended for commissions), it was said, had already had their names sent to Washington. Before and after drills, members of the company were being constantly summoned into the orderly room for interviews, the purport of which was leaking out through the camp. A reserve captain had been given his walking papers. Squirmy was to be a second lieutenant; Naughty, a first lieutenant; and Vance, a captain.

The Duke had just been summoned. As he made his way up the aisle to the front of barracks, hushed whispers ran around from circle to circle, 'Will he get a captaincy or just a lieutenancy out of it?' And many a covetous eye followed his retreating figure.

At dinner he had not returned. In the afternoon and during the next day his place in the squad was vacant. It began to be rumored that he had been sent away on some special detail, perhaps to France.

In the evening Ruggs, having finished his supper early, was surprised to find the Duke in civilian attire sitting on the cot he had occupied, which was now divested of all its former accompaniments.

'Good-bye,' began the Duke, extending a cold hand rather ungraciously. 'Jus' turned in all my stuff.'

'Leaving?' queried Ruggs.

'Yep, got the rasp all right!'

There was an awkward pause, which was filled by the Duke's interest in the lock of his suitcase, after which he continued haltingly, —

'Meter called me in and told me no use to stay here — said my experience was all right — but because I'd had so much, he expected more. Told me any man that got fussed up and could n't get out of an easy hole without help after six years' trainin' was no good for leadin' men. Said he could n't trust men's lives to me, and so he could n't give me a commission. Gave me a lot of guff like that, with no sense to it. He's a hell of a man!'

'Do you mean to say you're discharged — and that's all?' Ruggs was plainly astounded.

'You bet; that's the end of the little Duke of Squad 15. Be good to yourself. Say good-bye to the fellows for me, will you?'

Several men strolled back from supper. The Duke casting a furtive glance in their direction as much as to say, 'I don't care to meet any of them any more,' added a 'So long,' and disappeared, suitcase in hand, through the side door.

'What chance for me,' thought Ruggs, 'if the Duke gets the raspberry?'

That night he carefully smoothed out a civilian suit and placed it on a hanger at the head of his cot. He also wrote several letters to business friends at home. He did not write to Alice.

Excitement for the next few days was severe. Some were not eating their meals, few were sleeping much, and all were stale. The physical training had truly been intensive, but the mental strain had been breaking. Friends greeted each other in a preoccupied way, and the nightly singing had grown feeble.

As for Ruggs, he looked forward to the acceptance of his discharge with as much grace as possible. He had striven honestly, and had apparently made of himself only an object for laughter, but he was far from giving up. Several candidates had confided to him their disappointment, as they would have liked, they said, to see him gain a commission. Indeed they had felt all along that he was going to make good.

Yet the day of his reckoning seemed never to materialize. Men went into the orderly room, and came out with hectic smiles of relief or sickly efforts at cheerfulness, while he watched and waited.

One day, after the first drill, Vance was sitting on his bunk talking finances, when a voice from the other end of the barracks called out, —

'The following men report in the orderly room at once!'

The silence was crisp. Then the voice continued with a list of about ten names, toward the end of which was Ruggs.

'Good-bye, Vance,' said he, rising. He put on his coat and brushed his clothing and shoes carefully.

Vance eyed him narrowly and pityingly during the operation, as much as to say, 'There's no use taking any more pains with those clothes; you'll never need them again.'

Ruggs caught the look and understood.

'You see I can't get out of the habit,' he confessed. 'It's not so much the clothes as — as — myself.'

At the orderly room door he waited a small eternity before his name was called.

Once inside he found himself for the first time alone with the Meter. Under his scrutiny heretofore Ruggs had felt himself to be merely number one of the rear rank needful of correction. And yet the victim felt that he could part from the captain with no feeling of resentment at the blow he was about to receive.

'Mr. Ruggs!'

The Estimator of Destinies wheeled in his chair and cast a look of brotherly frankness into Ruggs's eyes.

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr. Ruggs, you've been here almost three months.'

'Yes, sir.'

'I have n't time to mince matters with you. You have one great failing which I'm going to dwell upon. You attempt to do too many things at once. In the military service you are compelled to consider what is best for the moment. Nothing changes so fast or furiously as a military situation. Don't forecast what you'll do next so much as figure what you'll do *now*. Make your men be of the greatest use in the team right *now* — understand? What you'd be liable to do would be a certain amount of banking in the

trenches. While you'd be speculating on how much interest your venture would bring you to-morrow, a gas wave comes over to-day and finds your men without masks. Be ready for the thing at issue. You've got to take this matter in hand at once and overcome it.'

Ruggs acknowledged to himself that his difficulties were all too plainly exposed. He had tried to compass the whole of drill regulations in a single night. He had been so interested in what he was going to do to the enemy after he reached the bluff, that he had forgotten to give the proper signals to start the company on its mission. If only he had understood the correct method of approach at the beginning!

'That,' went on the Meter, as if in continuation of Ruggs's thoughts, 'has been your downfall.'

There was a knock at the door. In answer to the captain's 'Come in,' a thick official document was handed him.

'Be seated, Mr. Ruggs. Pardon me while I read this!'

It took some time for the perusal, during which Ruggs saw light in the shape of a new plan.

'Captain,' he inquired, as the Meter looked up, 'is there any chance for me to get into another camp or could n't you recommend me?'

'Second camp!' cried the Meter, staring at Ruggs as if the candidate were bereft of reason. 'Second camp! You'll get all the second camp that's coming to you. The whole purpose of this camp is to pick out the proper wood-pulp — that's all. None of you is capable of being an officer now; but the men I've chosen, I hope have the makings. You yourself have two assets: first, a knowledge of men, and second, the power to think under stress. In another month you'll be training rookies from the draft. What I wanted to tell you was, you'd better look out for your failing when you're the first lieutenant, instead of the captain, of that company of yours. Do you understand?'

Ruggs understood and managed to retire. Outside, he leaned against the building to steady his knees, and pressed his hands into his pockets to keep his fingers from trembling.

'Sorry about it, old chap!' spoke up one of those waiting near the entry.

Ruggs realized how the shock must have affected his features. The incident gave him an idea.

When he had recovered sufficiently to go back to his bunk, Vance, in a rather conventional and perfunctory tone, inquired about the outcome.

'Oh,' the dissembling Ruggs declared, 'the Meter said he'd let me stay on till the end of camp for the training I'd get, if I wanted to.'

It was enough for Vance, and those standing about refrained from asking embarrassing questions. For the next four days Ruggs was treated as one who has just lost his entire family in a wreck. On the evening of the fifth day, after supper, a reserve officer from headquarters appeared in barracks with a list, the substance of which he said could be disclosed to the public. When he had finished reading the first lieutenants every eye glared at Ruggs; and when the list was completed there was a rush for blankets and the victim. How many times Ruggs's feet hit the ceiling, he never quite remembered.

Later, Squirmy gave a very helpful talk on Joseph, who was sold by his brothers down into Egypt after they had hidden him under a bushel. 'Ah! gentlemen,' he exhorted, '*this* time little Joey sold his brothers. Little Joey Ruggs is going to have a coat of many colors and be ruler over many!'

And again the fun turned on Ruggs, but he stole away and wired Alice.

SOME BLANK MISGIVINGS

BY GEORGE BOAS

I AM sitting in Carruthers Hall giving an examination in Elementary English Composition. To be sure, I have no business here, for this is a university which enjoys the Honor System. These young Americans before me are distinguished from almost all others: they are allowed to use their sense of right and wrong; they punish their own offenders. The force of public opinion is enough to prevent cheating. And yet I am here. It is suggested by my superiors that my help may be wanted.

And so here I come at nine o'clock, and here I sit behind the desk on the raised platform. It is fortunate that it is raised, one can see appeals for aid so much more easily. My knowledge that I must lend a helping hand prevents my concentrating on this very delightful volume of Propertius, which I have brought along to make my altruism seem less aggressive. My presence must not be misinterpreted. It would never do to let the students think that I was watching them.

What a mass of ritual for something so simple! I sometimes think that it was the ritual which attracted me to this dismal profession. To ascend a platform every day, to lecture, to see one's words being eagerly copied into notebooks, to be applauded at the end of the semester, to be called 'Professor,' all these are signs of majesty. And then, to make out examinations by whose results a boy's life may be determined: this surely is a Nietzschean existence. Here is one's opportunity to exercise one's Will to Power.

Before me sit one hundred and fifty men who have taken my course for a year. They are now trying to answer questions in such a way as to show me that they know more than I think they do. Some of them will surprise me and I shall know that my questions were ill-chosen. Most of them will live up to my expectations, however, and as I plod through their books I shall see my early predictions verified.

Hopkins will return to me my every thought, phrased in my most individual manner; he will stand forth as a man whose generous mind disdains a failure to agree with an authority. Clarkson will jumble 'clearness' with 'emphasis,' 'coherence' with 'unity,' and write page after page in self-exposure. Mason will denounce everything he has heard this term as so much rubbish, and rage violently against all instruction. I sympathize with Mason. Smith will misinterpret each question and weep over my unfairness in flunking him. Lyons will write calmly and quietly a book of sense, not brilliant, not original, but honest and correct. Wheelwright will have a great deal of brilliance and very little correctness. And so it goes. Before one of the three hours is up, Wilson will slap his papers together, briskly throw them on my desk, wish me a happy vacation, and stride out swinging his hat. He too will wonder at my unfairness in a week or two.

There is Baker in the back row showing distress signals. Baker is an excellent mining engineer, but, curiously

enough, he can never tell whether and how an essay achieves the indispensable quality of unity. This is indeed unfortunate, for when Baker's shaft at Motion, Arizona, caves in, he will bitterly regret that a knowledge of the one thing which might have saved him is forever a sealed book. True, Baker may never attain a mine. Not if a degree is a prerequisite. For he has no chance whatsoever of passing his English, and passing his English is a prerequisite to a degree.

For all his stupidity, I saw Baker on the hills one day, flat on his belly, tickling a little blue lizard with a blade of dry grass. Out of his pocket was sticking a corner of *The Golden Age*. His is no simple soul. But it has no room for English 1. And now he sits with wrinkled forehead over an examination which is totally unintelligible. God grant him a sight of his neighbor's book!

Baker is typical of so many of these students. Plucked out of the river of events in the full flush of their youth, from mountain villages, from prairie ranchos, from orange groves, from wheat-fields, they have been set down in a community whose one purpose is said to be 'the intellectual life.' It has been done with full confidence in the implied theory of values. My colleagues and I are sure that 'the intellectual life' is the best life, and that its supremacy ought to be realized by all. We have no misgivings about refusing our approval to him who tickles blue lizards but knows not rhetoric. For we say that we are teaching him 'how to think.' Of course we are committed to this programme. The world has learned how to think for many centuries in just this way. We cannot 'fly in the face of tradition.' For me to hazard the remark that mining engineering involves as much thought as English composition would be treachery to my chosen task. And yet this new and unwearied country might have been given the chance to develop its own tradition.

There is Roberts over in the corner. He will industriously answer my ten questions and consume three hours in doing it. His book will be clear, complete, sensible, and dull. Roberts is one of these people who will be called 'scholarly.' He will go to Harvard for graduate work and will agree with Corssen that Virgil's name derived from *vergiliæ*, 'a name for the Pleiades as rising at the end of spring (*vergo*),' and is not Gallic in origin. He will write treatises on 'Some Disputed Points in Milton's pre-Hortonian Poems.' He will then acquire a reputation as an authority on 'the young Milton.' When he is forty-five, the Modern Language Association will publish his paper on 'Analogues of the Vision on the Guarded Mount in Celtic Folk Ballads.' At sixty he will startle the world by his *magnum opus*, 'A Comparison of the Hells of Milton and of Dante,' and will die. Already he knows things *quæ vix intelligat ipse Modestus*. He loves to talk about words and, though only a Freshman, has written a sonnet to M. Valerius Probus, who introduced the asterisk into western Europe.

Not an unaccomplished person is Roberts. But dull, hopelessly dull. Why is he here? He knows all this stuff and despises me for teaching it. Day after day he has sat before me with cold eyes, wondering how I could be so childish as to talk about unity, coherence, and emphasis. He does not openly rebel. He has not the originality. He simply looks uninterested. If he is forced to study English 1, he will. But, mark you, he will not be a partner in the crime.

That man will be a credit to his college. The Department of English will send him to Harvard with personal

letters to the Great. And when he shall have died, the world will be neither richer, nobler, nor wiser for his having been in it. I have never seen Roberts tickle a blue lizard. But he does know how to think.

I cannot see that we teach these people anything. There is no doubt that some of them are getting better marks now than they did at the beginning of the year. But that may be because I am more tired. Most of them end as they began, bad, mediocre, or good. They were born that way and they will die that way. And my task has been, as I see it now, simply to give them a chance to exercise their native talent.

THE LAST POST

BY NAN MOULTON

DARLING MY MOTHER, —

There's a dispatch-rider just going to the earth. He will take my word to you. He waits silently by, while my message is framed from my mind and my heart. In your sleep he will stand silently by while your mind and your heart receive it. It is an allowed grace so, when an only mother and an only son have been as you and I.

A queer old chap just floated by, beard awaft in the breeze. My dispatch-rider saluted smartly with an audible 'Major!'

'Major who?' I asked, amazed, for the old fellow scurried along in a robe of sorts, with neither military uniform nor a crown on his cuff.

'Major Prophet,' twinkled the trim messenger — then joined in my grin. You'd like this dispatch-rider.

You'll know by now, dearest, of Fresnoy? You'll know that I could n't leave Mark out there, broken and alone? You'll know of the shell that sent me out in a smother of smoke? Mark did n't come with me, so he's surely in a clean hospital now, being ministered to. I think it's because I sit apart often, not so eager, because of the pressure of your grief, to savor the new life with the others — I think that is why the dispatch-rider is being allowed to take my thought to you. They know what we feel here without our putting it into the shell of words.

I don't know how long it was after Mark on my shoulder and the scream of the shell and the bite of the smoke, that I came into some new consciousness and a feeling of warmth and protection as if — does it sound strange? — as if I were in the safe hollow of a sheltering Great Foot.

A chap paused beside me just now (I told you of the luminous quality of our thoughts?) — a wan, lit sort of fellow, strapping tall, with brick-dust curls.

'But I,' he said, 'I awakened on The Great Bosom.' His voice thrilled.

'But he,' said the dispatch-rider, husky with pity, 'he died a prisoner of war.'

Oh, it's bad to die unmothered. But to die harshly among one's foes, the loneliness of it! Perhaps a companion

prisoner curved a shoulder to the other's pain. Think of his great, gaping need for comfort, and the long solace of The Great Bosom!

From my new edge of consciousness I looked about. Back in the distance, leaning against a wind, went old Sergeant Death through the blown powder-smoke mounting to the posts of cinnabar. 'The Father of the Regiments'—how we had walked with him and talked with him, chaffed with him and laughed with him, until we had learned the goodness beneath his grim old face and he had bared our soldier-souls! He was a comrade going, and I saluted his back with sorrow. I'll see him again perhaps, parading the souls trooping here from the war. (The dispatch-rider says not; says I've looked my last on Sergeant Death, who never comes past the portals; says that always now I'll be going farther from those portals.)

War-worn souls were crowding behind me into the refuge. One beside me whispered over and over gaspingly, 'From a red place to a white one, a white one, a white one,' and so sighed himself to sleep. That *was* the feeling of it all — whiteness and morning.

'Is this Heaven? Where is this?' I asked of a white horseman on a white charger.

'This?' He looked down at me thoughtfully. 'This is Afterwards,' he smiled; and wheeled off toward a waiting squadron of fair chivalry.

In this Afterwards I've found the boys. Wee Timmy is here, the baby of my platoon. How the fellows used to rag him, singing 'Rock-a-bye, Baby'! How they dug when a shell took the parapet right in front of him! And how the great things sobbed unashamed when he went home fifteen minutes after they got him out! With Timmy are his brothers who went down in the Dardanelles. You know who everyone is here without being told, just as the dispatch-rider answers my thoughts. I knew Timmy's brothers. I knew the great hulking chap who shouldered into the story-telling one day.

'Hello, London Irish!' I said. 'Is the football you kicked into the trenches at Loos here, too?'

'Is it yersilf at all, Gordon Highlander?' he brogued back. 'Are ye aal here? Bedad, the leather itsilf ran out across the fields no faster than yer old Scottish love-songs as ye stepped.'

I knew the Canadian padre who captured several prisoners with his emptied pistol, the martial instinct cropping up queerly in these men dedicate to peace. I knew the American paymaster over sixty, who went into action with a very effective walking-stick. They were none too young, these two, the one little, the other fat. The boys make a great fuss about these two, and a wonderful old German physician, and a lot of Serbian cheechas, brave, ragged old things from the trenches of a savage Balkan winter. The boys of the air and of the sea, you meet them; light thrills — you know them and their legend; they know you.

There's Geordie Carmichael. You remember how slack he was about the hips, yet insisted on a kilt over his architecture — or lack of it? You remember how heather grew in his fiery hair? He sprouted a fiery horizontal sort of moustache and looked out at you over the top of it as if he had good reason to be proud of himself. He was meat for the cartoonist, and added daily to the gayety of the gay Gordons. Well, one day Geordie quietly turned himself into a human tripod for a machine-gun, while his officer fired two belts of cartridges from the dismounted quick-firer into the ranks of the enemy. Later, Geordie found himself in a church, among the wounded placed in rows clear up to the altar.

'Yon,' said Geordie, awe in his burrs for once in his life, 'yon was the Virgin Mary an' them a' luikin' down on us maimed and wounded.'

He had been a poor, brave, grotesque wonder of a boy going down the long trail alone, when he was thus halted and mothered on his way by the sweet eyes of the Lady Mary. His sandy effrontery is overlaid by a diffident fine pride at the wee cross cuddled in his palm.

Do you remember how my first casualties were all hard cases? The best poker-player went west first, up in the air as we sat tight to the parapet; then the funny man. He sauntered in, following the stretcher-bearers after a bombardment, his cheek grazed by a rifle-bullet. He was carrying a piece of metal, half of an 'auntie' (a twelve-inch shell, you remember — the fifteen-inch ones were 'grandmothers'), and he spoke blandly, saying, 'Here is the culprit.' Then there was a noise like the end of the world and, incidentally, the end of the funny man. The one has still his air of *gamin*, the other of Punchinello. For the thing that makes each man himself is not extracted by any death, but becomes more fully emergent.

How they talk and talk and revel in reminiscence! For the thought transmission has not yet stopped the joy of speech. Red brick estaminets; devil mules; gay and careless faces; pruning wire entanglements; gas torture; sheeny circles of water scooped by Jack Johnson and his brother, the Woolly; murky roads through the heavy clay lands of Flanders; army dubbin in your hair and varnish on your legs; the screaming of the pipes; the numbed sleep of winter trenches; deeds of flawless valor — the memories flash. The Anzacs have their sinister legends of Gallipoli. The laughing lucidity of the Frenchman follows the epic wildness of Hwfa Williams. The boys used to say they could n't pronounce his name unless the wind were blowing. He was a past master of infelicitous theological argument, his blue eyes blazing and his hair filled with wrath. The high, gobbling note of an enemy shell one day out-argued Hwfa. He is no longer infelicitous, but goes about like an excited psalm.

They roar in groups over the priceless old stories, 'loaded' stories, stories presented suavely or tinged with unmistakable army humor: the absent-minded thrower of grenades who threw his matches at the enemy's trenches and carefully put into his pocket the jam-tin bomb with the fuse lit; the time that the officers for vaccination and honors were mixed; the unexploded shell in the chimney of the old French dame who was afraid to leave it in and afraid to have it taken out; the Dismounted So-and-So Horse who attacked a gleam in a trench, only to come back with busted heads from the picks and shovels of their own engineers, gathering up their tools after a hard night's work in a sap; the terrified raw Lancs., who surrendered on sight to some husky, jabbering foreigners who turned out to be delighted French-Canadians; Sheumas O'Brien, who always saved his rum ration until he had enough to send him blazing on to the parapet, where he ran derisively up and down, steady enough on a tight old pair o' legs, but rancorous of speech and miraculously escaping bullets — Sheumas O'Brien, hardened sinner, who, without any rum ration at all, scrambled over the top as cavalierly and unrestrainedly and took chances again to put his cross, two little pieces of wood, beside the dead, patting down to them, with the sticks, his loving old Irish blarney; and the Tango Army and Veil and Goggle Campaign of South West Africa, the sand muffling everything but profanity.

Wise old saints look on and listen, smiling at the laughter, looking sometimes at one another with a question in their eyes, then shaking their wise old heads with a soft 'Not yet.' Often we look up and find Lord Michael himself, leaning on his sharp, subduing sword, listening when the yarns are precipitous and there is through them the wif-waf of guns and the gleam of bayonets. He is all ruddy and very handsome, the Archangel of War, with level-lidded eyes. Once he sang for us a sword-song, a sharp, winged song.

Once the Mad Major asked him, with his high Oxford manner and drawl, 'I say, sir, did you really pull up the mountains by the roots and throw them about, that time of your close-in with Lucifer and the rest?'

'Does not my old friend Milton say so?' reproached Lord Michael, with a sort of gleaming gravity.

I wish I might tell you how beautiful all these men are, how cleansed are all words, what new values there are everywhere. It is good to have all words walking cleanly here, naked and unashamed, vital with the sap and flow of life. It is good to know the wonder and beauty of one's comrades and the glory of the fire in their hearts. It is wonderful to be beginning to see with more enlarged vision and a more correlated interpretation.

There is War, for instance, and the Crosses. If a cross has any meaning at all, it must mean a crucifixion. 'For Valor,' we men have ours. We brought them with us for comfort and companionship and pride. They shine on us in some intangible way. It was our bodies that we crucified, our youth, all that a man holds dear in his flesh. But, as we break a little away from our soldier-groups, we note the shine and pride of the cross on the most astonishing folk, and learn of crucifixions before which ours are abashed. Did Lord Michael tell us, or did we come somehow to know it, that all life and lives and worlds are war and conflict; that nothing is alive, bodily or spiritually, but in strife and victory; that trees and gentle flowers and brave stones are but conquests, that war is growth and growth is war, in Europe or among souls? I begin to see dimly what some of the crosses must mean on the breasts and foreheads of these amazing folk walking always more and more assured. Sometimes, when the light is violet, a great gold Cross shows misty through — everything and everyone is hushed and bowed and strangely glad, and one's own little cross throbs exultingly. I can't somehow seem to get this to you; I can't somehow seem to get much more to you. The dispatch-rider will soon be peppering to the earth where you sleep.

I am disquieted just one bit. They have silvery names, those who pass by with the gleam of their cross. O mother, I don't want a new name, but just to keep my fine old Scottish name, Alastair Geddes.

O my mother, you who are in life, say to all the women in the homesteads, dwelling with the ghosts of their slain, say that the boys whose arms were once strong around them are now no army of silent boys lying beneath the crooked, wooden crosses. Say that the bugles are sounding magic notes, and the trumpets calling to the spirit, and the striding, comely boys footing it straight and proud on some new way, where something enormous, prodigious, full of stir and excitement, is waiting.

We must not have you mothers back there, blind with the years of your weeping, while we press eagerly on with new knowledge and new power at every pause.

Now the great days of Life begin!

O mother, mother, mothers, *hang on to the step!*

THE MIND AND MOOD OF GERMANY TO-DAY

BY A. D. McLAREN

I

ARE the German people, or only their rulers, the responsible authors of this war? Since I returned to England early in 1916, I have been asked no other question so frequently as this. My answer throughout has been that the military caste and the Junkers — landed aristocracy — are primarily responsible, but that Germans of every class must share the general responsibility. If I state the broad grounds on which I base that conclusion, it may assist the reader to estimate the existing state of public opinion in Germany.

In England and France a good deal has been written to fix the guilt upon some single group of German propagandists. Writers and historians like Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi; a military autocracy dominated by an ambitious war-lord; university professors; industrial magnates seeking to remedy an economic situation which was heading for financial collapse; the manipulators of a press that systematically perverted public opinion — upon one or another of these groups of exponents of German ideals the responsibility for the cataclysm has been almost universally fixed by newspapers and publicists in the Allied countries.

But no one section of the German people should be singled out in this way as the sole cause of the war, though each has contributed some influence to the general result. The most aggressive imperialists could not have united the German people against the rest of Europe without a moral pretext acceptable to the whole nation. This pretext has been found in the German world-mission, which the militant autocracy and the intellectuals have preached for a quarter of a century; and the ever-growing political and economic influence of Germany lent support to this missionary idea. The two channels through which especially official Germany has worked to win the popular imagination to a policy of expansion, have been the press and the nation's educational institutions.

It would require much space to record in detail the efforts of the German press to foster a national self-assertiveness and the idea of a world-mission. But, like the barracks and the school, the German press and its propaganda are part of a system. All alike are used to stencil-plate the collective mind. A free press in a country lacking free political institutions is impossible. To lose sight of this fact and at the same time to assert that the German newspapers have been the chief offenders in misrepresenting British and French feeling toward Germany, or in precipitating one international crisis after another, betrays some confusion of thought regarding the nature of Germanism and the very real type of culture for which it stands.

The Greater Germany gospel found its most active apostles in the schoolmasters and university professors. History in the German schools has always been taught on lines calculated to inspire respect for the national heritage as determined by the Prussian tradition. *Deutschland über Alles*, known to every

boy and girl, I have frequently heard sung in the schools. The school-books all breathe an ardent nationalism. I also recollect vividly other books, widely read by the youth of both sexes, which present the potentialities of Germanism in glowing colors, and contrast Germany's cultural achievement with that of 'decadent' nations, to the disparagement of the latter. The university professors have done more than any other body of men in the empire to sow the seed of an aggressive *Deutschtum* in adolescent Germany. Their influence on public opinion has been particularly sinister, because, not only military officers, but thousands of students from the commercial middle class spend their most impressionable years in the atmosphere of the university.

The influence of the press and of the country's educational institutions issues from a system whose effects are felt in every reach of Germanism and its *Kultur*. What is this system? What do writers and politicians in Great Britain and France mean when they speak of 'the Prussianized Germany of to-day'? It is essential that those who would understand the deeper causes of the war should face these questions. It is misspent energy to rehearse to the average person in Great Britain and the United States the philosophy of the State preached by Treitschke, because he will always doubt whether this philosophy corresponds to a living reality. The nature of Prussianism is best brought home by concrete experience.

In the winter of 1910 I spent a few days on the skirts of the Lüneberg Heath, and watched the process of a hard, resistant soil being slowly reclaimed. I realized, as I had never done from any textbook, what Prussia owes to nature and what to discipline. A visit to the Lüneberg Heath reveals a little world in actual transformation. Its features are stamped on the whole nation to-day. During my sojourn of seven and a half years in Germany, most of it in the north, I often tried to put my finger on some one quality that might be said to characterize the Prussian spirit, but was always baffled.

We are sometimes told that the idea underlying Prussianism is the creation of an efficient machine. So it is; but such a statement in itself explains little. No military caste or bureaucracy ever created the German national spirit out of nothing. Innate qualities, quite as much as the 'enlightened despotism' of personal government, determine the character of the German people, the most scientific people in the world. Germany to-day is the Prussia of the Lüneberg Heath reinforced by science. The German states have been united by and under this Prussia, whose 'German mission' has expanded into a world-mission. The European powers have all been missionaries in the course of their history, and there is no reason in the nature of things why the German should not feel the quickening pulses of the same spirit. But in 1917 a nation which remains 'an army possessing a country,' and whose political morality is the *Realpolitik* of a Bismarck, will find no common ground of coöperation with other nations. In this fact we find the true significance of Germany's moral isolation in the world.

The incidents of the past three years have made Germany much more than a name to the man in the street in every other European country. The German intellectuals, in the manifesto issued at the beginning of the war, complained bitterly of the misrepresentation by enemy nations of German ideals and German *Kultur*. Since August, 1914, there is nothing else that Germans of all classes have proclaimed so persistently as that they are misunderstood by other nations. There is much truth in their contention. Germany has de-

liberately declared a 'cultural' blockade of the rest of humanity, and at the moment of writing nearly the whole world is at war with her. The British press declares that the other nations are combined against Prussian militarism. Rather are they combined against the *Kultur* embodied in the collective will of the German state, and of which militarism is only one factor.

The Germans admit that they are disliked by the rest of the world, but this dislike they attribute to their superior virtues. From their point of view this explanation is substantially correct. No other people possesses so high a degree of organizing ability and plodding application to work.

'What other people can bring the nations together, and enable them to realize their intimate union, like the German?' These words occur in a leaflet, *Deutschlands Weltberuf* (Germany's World-Mission) which was scattered broadcast over Germany during 1915. 'We are fighting for Germanism' was the burden of the cry to which I listened in Berlin in the great summer days of August, 1914. I listened attentively, for it confirmed opinions already formed as to why Germany was the central figure in those European crises which succeeded one another with dramatic suddenness for over a decade. On the strength of the qualities inherent in this *Deutschtum* Germans base a claim to 'organize' Europe, though up to the present they have not been able to 'organize' Alsace and Lorraine.

II

For three years the press in England and France has been assiduously collecting passages from the speeches of prominent Germans, and from official publications, concerning Germanism and its ideals. A large proportion of these Germans are either university professors or members of some such organization as the Pan-German Union. The passages reflect faithfully enough what is in the minds of most of the intellectuals, and they are valuable as indicating the conditions which a victorious Germany would impose upon the world. But Germanism did not suddenly develop its nature in 1914, and the ambitions wrapped up in it are not entirely due to artificial stimulus. To ascertain the real sentiments of Germans in regard to the war, one must come in contact also with the classes not professionally interested in continually prodding the country to a conscious anticipation of the march of events.

Amid the turbulent unrest of international politics in the critical period 1909–1916, I read all sections of the German press, approached men of all political parties, intellectuals, average members of the middle-class trading community, and even the proletariat, to see if I could probe the sense of imperialism in the German mind. I could not avoid the conclusion that Germans of all classes and parties were actuated by ambitions which could be satisfied only at the expense of some other power. How far did they honestly think that Great Britain was jealous of their growing commerce, or that France was smarting for revenge? Was the alarm at Russian designs genuine or feigned?

To answer these questions one must have a real insight into the German national character, and must also understand the conditions in which the imperialism of the present generation has been nurtured. The world was being rapidly industrialized, Asia was awake all territory in the temperate zone had been appropriated, Germany's population was increasing at the rate of over 800,000 a year, and the interests represented by alliances were being more and more consolidated every day. Germany's economic progress alone

has not effected the radical moral change which some writers see in the transformation of the country from an agricultural to an industrial community; but it has had an unmistakable influence on the growth of German imperialism. Rudolf Eucken had once — it seems a long time ago now — sounded a clarion call to Germany and Europe to return to a spiritual view of life. To-day he proclaims jubilantly that the real Germany, the great Germany, has always been a nation of inventors and conquerors in the world of matter; that the true Deutschland was that of the Hanseatic League and the Teutonic Knights, and that this was no land of dreamers and poets.

Germany has passed far beyond the stage of paying homage to her dreamers and poets. The vast developments of technical science are leaving a characteristically 'real' mark, not only on the intellectuals, but on the common people. The men who shape industrial policy have left no stone unturned to stimulate a consciousness of the growing power of Germany, and to strengthen the hands of the class that directs imperial policy. One of the curious paradoxes in the internal economy of Germany to-day is that a situation has been created which has brought Junkers and commercial magnates into close coöperation. The former refer to the latter contemptuously as *Schlotbarone* (factory kings), and yet they are united in their enthusiastic support of imperialism. What the university professors have been for the pure intellectuals, captains of industry have been for the middle class and the masses. Their joint influence has tended to infect the nation with a restless impulse, accompanied by a strange fatalism, to shape things anew at whatever cost, materially and spiritually. *Drang nach Osten* (pressing to the east) and *Weltpolitik* are the catchwords that seized the popular mind, and one gorgeous tableau succeeded another as the manipulators of the lime-light pointed the missionaries on to new vistas of power.

In any attempt to arrive at the mind and mood of Germany to-day there is that definite groundwork to start from. For Germans *Deutschtum* is a sentiment for which it is not easy to find a parallel elsewhere. The fatherland is not the same thing to a German that *la patrie* is to a Frenchman. It is something less and also something more. The German's patriotism is something very real, but it differs widely from the Englishman's. The Germans are members of a state, in a peculiar signification of the term, and their sense of duty means duty to the institutions in which Germanism finds expression. In the vanguard of the world's material and intellectual progress, yet Germans lack the will to freedom. Time after time, before and since the war began, Germans have said to me, 'You acquired a fifth of the earth's surface without even enforcing general military service.' That is one of the strangest paradoxes to the German mind.

I have also frequently heard German Socialists exclaim, 'We don't want mere political freedom; the masses have that in England and are no better off!' In the last resort this expresses the whole disease of Germany. The despotism which holds sway has sunk into the soul of the people. It is a despotism of a peculiar kind, scientific and full of energy; it is a spirit pulsing through the life-blood of a nation. Its existence is a menace to liberty everywhere, for such a spirit must grow, and it can do so only in accordance with the laws of its growth. The idea which had captivated the imagination of the whole German people had to prove its right to survive.

'What is the war all about?' From the outset the average German was

able to give an infinitely more intelligent answer to that question than the average Englishman. In Berlin, amid the exultation born of the early successes in the present struggle, I was able to gauge how determinately the vision of a greater Germany had gathered shape. The noisy national jubilation which I witnessed caused me no surprise, for I had long noted the existence of certain mental and moral influences which were producing a deleterious effect, not only on the national culture, but also on personal character. The daily discussion of the terms Germany would impose upon a stricken world, of huge indemnities, and the eager scanning of blue-and-green maps redistributing territory, were the natural fruit of those influences.

This state of mind was in marked contrast with the later emphasis on the 'purely defensive' character of the struggle. At the outbreak of the war Maximilian Harden said that it was 'a high and holy experience.' It was then. The people had not had time to forget the preparation of the preceding twenty-five years. Since the war began I have heard Russia, France, and England, each in turn, denounced by Germans as the hereditary enemy of Germany. There is an illuminating symptom of soul in this fact. In July, 1914, Germans were listening to impassioned appeals to defend their *Kultur* against an unprovoked attack by a semi-Asiatic power. At the beginning of 1917 the German press and public were proclaiming vehemently that England alone stood in the way of peace. Last July, when M. Ribot, the French premier, made the positive statement that the French people would never consider any peace terms which did not include the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, France again became the hereditary enemy and instigator of all the evil influences that led up to the conflagration. Less than a month later we find the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which represent official Germany more faithfully than any other section of the press, declaring that, if the European nations are to be saved from perpetual strife, their only hope is to combine against the 'Anglo-American menace.'

If we accept at their face-value the assertions of the German press and the utterances of German statesmen, we can only conclude that, at the beginning of the fourth year of war, we are confronted by an enemy as full as ever of overweening Prussian confidence. Press and politician here do not reflect the view of more thoughtful Germans, but the Allies will be preparing a cruel disappointment for themselves if they underrate the determination of the German people, or look for a speedy collapse of German morale. So long as no German territory is ravaged, Germans will endure severe discomfort, and the strain of war-weariness on the national temper will not cause a complete moral breakdown.

Nevertheless a change has come over the mood of the people. All sections of the press are acting in concert to keep alive the notion that a peace securing Germany's interests may be expected in a comparatively short time. After Dr. Bethmann Hollweg's last speech in the Reichstag, the leading Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*, requested the government to state definitely what it was fighting for. Since Dr. Michaelis succeeded him in the office of Chancellor, other Socialist organs have made the same request. The German Socialists know well enough the answer to their own question, which would never have been asked if the military programme had not miscarried. Their attitude to the Socialist mind outside Germany is now engrossing attention at home and abroad, as it did in August, 1914, when

the 'Internationalists' voted the war credits, and Dr. Bethmann Hollweg acclaimed the unity of the nation. No Socialist conferences at Stockholm or elsewhere can reverse this vote or alter a syllable of the speeches delivered.

Germany, still intrenched in what she professes to believe are impregnable positions in Belgium, says that she is willing to negotiate. This does not mean that the German's patriotism has lost its fervor, but that he is looking at the debit and credit side of the situation and sees that he cannot now reap from it the full harvest of his imperialist policy. The British attitude toward the war at the present stage is entirely different. In England I note nothing that corresponds to the cries '*Wir müssen siegen*' (we must win), to which I had to listen during several months in Berlin. After three years of conflict there is simply a fixed resolution to 'see the thing through,' which contrasts strongly with the peace talk in Germany and the depression which all neutral observers agree has settled upon a section of the people there.

For some months there has been a good deal of speculation in the English press on the possibility of revolution, and on the outlook for responsible parliamentary government, in Germany. Only a combination of military defeat and starvation seems to me likely to cause a violent upheaval that would affect the foundation of the political structure. Every man and woman are so fitted into the German system that it can collapse only as a whole. Herr Scheidemann, the leader of the majority Socialists, whose recent utterances have evoked expressions of strong disapproval from non-German Socialists everywhere, said practically the same thing in July, 1917: 'The destruction of the Prussian military machine means our destruction as well.'

All parties and all sections of the press are evidently united in the effort to convey the impression of confident outlook. The domestic distraction in Russia and the military situation on the Eastern front resulting therefrom have given the moulders of public opinion a welcome respite; but this is to some extent counteracted by the British and French offensive in Flanders. The newspapers, in any case subject to strict censorship, put the most favorable interpretation on these events. But what is the reality behind press and politician? The internal condition of Germany and the mood of the people have for at least eighteen months been the subject of rumors and reports in the English press. Had these been at all trustworthy, Germany should have collapsed some time ago. The German press, on the other hand, is assuring the people that the war is making serious inroads upon both the material resources and the morale of all the Allies, and that the ruthless submarine warfare must ultimately bring Great Britain to her knees. One outstanding item of interest in the recent revelations of Mr. James W. Gerard, late American Ambassador in Berlin, is the statement that official Germany accepted this view, and down to the last moment refused to believe that the United States would go to war over the question. Meanwhile the British offensive is proceeding somewhat more vigorously than when the submarine campaign was decided upon.

The Pope's appeal on August 17 marks another stage in the movement of German opinion. I fully expect further peace proposals, either direct from the Kaiser or through the Pope, within the next few months. But, apart from this indication of the national temper, outsiders will not perceive any weakening of morale until it becomes evident to Germans of all classes that the military machine can

no longer bear the strain. Only then will the German people agree to the recession of Alsace and Lorraine to France. This will leave the ruling minority face to face with an embittered populace. For the hopes raised have towered so high, the efforts to realize them have been so stupendous, that final failure means nothing short of national demoralization. But I do not think that a general revolution would result. One fact is worth noting. The German press for at least three months has been eagerly discussing constitutional questions, and the Prussian government has already promised to abolish the three-class electoral system and to substitute one based on a much more liberal franchise. This concession, however, is a widely different thing from the democratization of Germany.

What is the real feeling of the average man in Germany in regard to the sinking of hospital ships, the destruction of cathedrals and universities, air-raids on defenseless towns, and similar acts? I am often asked this question. In the first place, the people are misled by press and politician, and official reports can always justify any procedure intended to advance the national cause. Germany is not entirely singular in this respect. But that is not the real explanation of the everyday German's attitude toward 'frightfulness.' Here, as in all the other factors which go to make up Germanism, we trace the influence of the Prussian system. 'Frightfulness' of some kind or other has characterized the whole history of the Prussian state, and it is to-day accepted as a matter of course by the man in the street. *Krieg ist krieg* (war is war) has been the usual excuse for the outrages of the past three years. The question so often asked in England, Is the German conscience dead? points to an inability to grasp the implications of that conscience. *Deutschland über Alles* has long been the expression of the conscience of Germany.

III

Doubtless many others besides myself are wondering what the new Germany will be like, whether the old ties can ever be renewed, and if hate and revenge are ultimately to give way to goodwill. Germany cannot live for all time on the gospel of hate, even though her poets may find therein a source of inspiration; but there will be no real conversion until Germans of all classes have learned by bitter experience that 'strongest feet may slip in blood.' No service will be rendered to the cause of freedom or to the international idea by closing our eyes to the fact that the moral issue between Germany and ourselves is clear and definite.

The time-spirit that underlies the events of the past eight years brought the sojourner in Germany into conscious contact with a form of *Realpolitik* which was the resultant of many factors — of influences of tradition, race, and economic progress. Throughout this period four dominant facts seem to me to characterize the attitude of the German people as a whole toward the new imperialism. (1) A large proportion of the people clearly foresaw that German policy and aspiration would rouse the whole world to active opposition. (2) The present generation kept its gaze fixed on the deeds and methods by which its predecessors achieved unity and power. (3) Germans of every party resolutely set their face against every effort to reduce competition in armament. (4) German intellectuals and educationalists are well satisfied with the results of their teaching as exemplified in Germany's conduct of the war.

Probably few people have arrived at precise views as to what Germany's

ultimate position may be, and in the vast range of issues involved in the present struggle the answers to all after-the-war questions must turn on speculation. Assuming that the Prussian military machine is destroyed, one may look for some developments in the direction of responsible parliamentary government. An industrialized community, although its members may be educated along very special lines, cannot remain forever in the bonds of a semi-feudal political system. But I do not expect the collapse of Prussian militarism to destroy German unity. Such a result would not make for permanent peace in Europe. For the Germans, as for every other people, salvation can come only from within, and they must themselves be masters in their own house. But the Allies are deeply interested in the future of Germany's domestic affairs. If Prussianism is to be the supreme influence in them, it is difficult to see how any guaranties for security can prevent imperialism, race-consciousness, and the will to dominate others, from again becoming factors in an aggressive world-mission. That is why it is essential for the peace of Europe that the German military machine be reduced to impotence by material force.

With regard to the general European situation to follow the war three conclusions seem to suggest themselves. (1) International law may tend to solidify into real law. (2) The rights of smaller nationalities and languages will be more respected. (3) Some of the Allies may decide upon a commercial policy that will have far-reaching effects on Germany's future economic position.

The question of security comes first in any discussion of peace terms. The German press to-day is insistently demanding that these terms shall give ample guaranties for the future. With equal insistence the Allies are demanding the same thing, and the more obstinately as they acquire a truer conception of German ideals. These guaranties will be settled by deeds. 'There is no longer any international law.' If this statement, made by the Kaiser to Mr. Gerard in 1916, is to hold for the future also, and the competition in armaments is to continue as before, there can be no durable peace in Europe.

The opening years of the twentieth century saw a stream of sentiment throughout the greater part of Christendom tending to substitute the reign of law for anarchy in inter-state relations. This tendency Germany consistently counteracted — sowing difficulties at every Hague conference, resolutely setting every obstacle in the pathway to international arbitration, and at home impressing on public opinion the necessity of resisting the principle of arbitration as a danger to her imperial interests. Germany's clamor for a 'place in the sun' has been mainly responsible for the present war, but her whole colonial policy has been simply a part of her *Weltpolitik*. The German press is now insisting that the German colonies must be restored, and that it is Germany's destiny to become a greater colonial power than ever after the war. Dr. Solf, German Imperial Secretary for the Colonies, said in April last: 'Germany must have the territories back, and make them into well-developed colonies properly capable of resistance.' But at the end of 1913 the total number of Germans in German colonies — parts of which are quite suitable for white settlement — was only 24,389, and officials and soldiers formed a large percentage even of this number. These colonies were little more than points of vantage for an attack on near-by territory, or drilling grounds for native troops. The future must guarantee Great Britain's vast

oversea dominions against any aggression from 'colonies' of this description.

Since Herr Friedrich Naumann published his *Mitteleuropa*, advocating a close economic union of Germany and Austria, and stumped the Austrian Empire in support of his scheme, the press of the two Central Powers has given much space to a discussion of the possibility of their being able, at the end of the war, to form a great Middle Europe state. The destiny of the national groups which make up the Dual Monarchy will have a most important bearing on the future of Europe. The reduction of Serbia to the condition of an Austrian vassal state, and the retention in forced allegiance of millions of Czechs and Jugo-Slavs, constituted the first step in the policy of *Drang nach Osten*. Only those who have come into contact with these subject Slavs know how heavily the Austrian and Hungarian yoke has lain upon them. If the Danubian monarchy is to be left in a position to use these small nationalities for imperial purposes, the Central-Europe idea of the Pan-Germanists and the Balkan problem will remain as ever-present sources of new conflict in Europe, and the North Sea to the Persian Gulf project will follow in a more menacing form than ever.

Our own line of diplomacy in regard to the Near East has not always been either consistent or clear-sighted. But as the war proceeds, one of Germany's main objectives becomes plainer and plainer to the everyday Briton. Whatever else Germany and Austria may have hoped to gain, they certainly aimed at incorporating Serbia in the Central Europe 'block' as a preliminary to the complete control of Asiatic Turkey. An essential condition of lasting peace is the satisfaction of the national aspirations of the Slavs of south-eastern Europe, who for nearly a century have striven to shake off the yoke fitted on their necks by diplomatists.

It is, however, the economic outlook that is causing the deepest concern in the general mind of Germany to-day. The utterances of statesmen and the tone of the press make this transparently clear. Germany's finances are in a desperate plight, and a debt is being piled up which will have a crushing effect for several decades. In April, 1916, Herr Sydow, the Prussian Minister for Commerce, declared that after the war 'Germany must have access to the markets of the world if she is to live.' Dr. Michaelis, the late Imperial Chancellor, said, on July 19, 1917, that peace terms would have to 'provide a safeguard that the league in arms of our opponents shall not develop into an economic offensive alliance against us.' Herr Ballin said, shortly after the outbreak of war, that the conflict was really to prevent the establishment of a preferential tariff within the British Empire. These utterances are significant.

I dissent altogether from the view that this war is due solely to a clash, or anticipated clash, of economic interests. But time after time before the war I noted how any approach to British imperial unity, and especially to agreement on a preferential trade policy, sent a shiver of apprehension through all politicians in Germany as well as through those interested in trade and commerce. In England Germany has found an open market, and throughout the rest of the world her trade has enjoyed most-favored-nation treatment. Germans are clamoring for 'freedom of the seas.' But in normal times there was no desire, on the part of Great Britain or any other nation, to exclude them from the highways of the world's traffic. On the contrary, German shipping enjoyed the most-favored-nation treatment in every port of the British Empire, and in some of them had secured almost a monopoly. But Ger-

man traders, shipping agents, and settlers abroad, some of them naturalized citizens of their adopted country, were not satisfied with these very substantial results. They have for several decades been carrying on a policy of organized 'peaceful penetration.' Some of their methods of commercial infiltration were legitimate. Some were not. Many of these Germans were apostles of *Deutschtum*, and used the rights and privileges accorded them to secure control of products and industries of direct national or military importance, and to exercise political influence.

In France, Italy, Russia, and the whole British Empire, there is a strong feeling against leaving the way open for a revival of this subtle form of aggression. The Germans themselves seem to be aware of the existence of this feeling, and there are many among them who dread its possible consequences to themselves.

THE GUEST

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

SOMETIMES I feel that Death is very near,
And, with half-lifted hand,
Looks in my eyes, and tells me not to fear,
But walk his friendly land,
Comrade with him, and wise
As peace is wise.

Then, greatly though my heart with pity moves
For dear imperilled loves,
I somehow know
That death is friendly so,
A comfortable spirit; one who takes
Long thought for all our sakes.

I wonder: will he come that friendly way,
That guest, or roughly, in the appointed day?
And will, when the last drops of life are spilt,
My soul be torn from me,
Or, like a ship truly and trimly built,
Slip quietly to sea?

THE GREAT EXPECTANCY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

YESTERDAY we had our Sunday-school picnic. We have one every year, and heretofore they have all floated down the tide of memory, hardly distinguishable, in a medley of green trees, fried chicken, boys and girls, toddling babies, and old people. But this one was different. I shall always remember it on account of old Aunt Livy.

It so happens that three of our four volunteers come from different branches of the same family, and they are all Aunt Livy's great nephews. They had come home for the picnic from near-by training-camps, — very gay and self-conscious in their khaki, — and were soon to leave us, first for larger training-camps, and then for France. And while they strutted about and drilled the girls in their Red Cross costumes, Aunt Livy sat under the green trees and wept all alone, and everybody pretended not to notice. We did not want to see the tears, we wanted to think that war was just smart uniforms, and pretty Red Cross girls, and picnics; and so, when Aunt Livy, in her bright purple dress and her hat with its black plume nodding grotesquely down over her eyes, said, 'He's my little nephew,' and, 'Well, write ef you kin,' mopping her eyes and her trembling mouth with a big old hand, because she had lost her handkerchief, we all tried to slip away from her. But I shall always see that picnic, with the boys and girls laughing together, and the babies meandering here and there, and in the background, poor Aunt Livy, with no one to comfort her, sitting all alone under the sugar-maples, trembling and old, weeping over her little nephews.

And now Christopher is dead, Christopher, who came all the way from England to our mountains seeking his fortune; Christopher, who shot ground-hogs, and rode, and fiddled, and sang 'John Peel' so gayly, and who sat at our dinner-table just before he sailed for home and the great adventure.

'Yes,' Maggie says, 'I kin see him now a-settin' right here,' — she indicates a special corner of the table, — 'an' he says, "Yes, when the war's over I'll come back an' give a lecture here in the church and tell you about fighting in France and everything."'

O Christopher! If you would come back now and tell us all about everything, how breathlessly we should listen! But I like to think how happy you were just before you went. Down here in the West Virginia mountains, so far away from the great conflict, I suspect that you had known 'great thoughts of heart.' But once the decision was made, you won through to a great serenity and content; and one thinks of you only as young and gay and fortunate; for, in the old days, — such a short little time ago, — when we all made merry together, who ever thought that so many of you Englishmen were to be offered a place in the ranks of a great crusade, to have the glory of a very great enterprise?

And what of us who are left? Life has all at once become a very solemn and sacred thing. We cannot take it lightly any more, it is sanctified by the

deaths of too many. It is a gift to us, something to be accepted gravely and reverently from dead hands, and to be lifted up to such high and shining levels, that the consecrated gift may be the medium through which the Great Expectancy may find its way into the world for its fulfillment.

Yes, war is here; it is staring at us through the boys' khaki, the girls' red crosses, and through old Aunt Livy's tears. But what next? What after the war?

Well, as I come now to the last paper in these apparently random notes of War and the Big Draft, it becomes evident that they have all been traveling in the same direction, that they all constantly break through the confines of their own limited subject and emerge into something beyond. As the life of our valley breaks through its own narrow isolation and goes forth into the activities of a wider world, so all those activities are gathered up and enfolded in something else, something larger, something further on—and this something seems to me to be what the Great Expectancy points to.

When I look back over the years, and seek to reconstruct my own past, I see it most often against the background of the Big Draft. I see myself seeking, hoping, and dreaming, under its trees, on the tops of its hills, and in the green pie-corners of its rail-fences; and certainly, if hopes and fancies and aspirations ever do have a resurrection, then, at the Day of Judgment, most of mine will arise and take wing out of the woods and fields and hillsides of the Big Draft in which they have so long lain asleep.

But the Great Expectancy, which was the chief among the dreams, is having a resurrection already, without waiting for the Judgment Day, — unless indeed that day is now upon us; and if it is to be born again, it shall be here in the Big Draft where it was first conceived, and where it went beside me, so constantly, albeit so elusively, through all those early days.

If I am doubtful of the good taste of the personal pronoun, I rejoice to think that there are other and bigger things in the world at present than good taste; life has surged up, and overflowed its dykes too far to be stagnated in the cockle-shells and silver bells of the small proprieties. Moreover, what I seek to offer through the narrow medium of self is, I know, a flood tide which is pouring itself into the world through many another channel of personality, and mine will be only one among many.

I came into the world with a Great Expectancy. Somewhere, sometime, something immense, something wonderful might happen while I was here. What the great event was to be, I did not know; I only knew a vague restlessness and waiting. Possibly I suspected that the existing order of things was not quite as permanent as older people appeared to think it. Amusingly enough, one of my earliest recollections is of myself trying to refute the gloomy statement of an older person that we all had to die, on the ground that the end of the world might come while some of us were yet alive, in which case we should be translated to heaven without the formality of death. For this contention I believe I had biblical authority to offer. But I was not allowed to offer it; I was told instead that, if I said such a silly thing again, I should be sent to bed; which of course was no argument, but was, I suppose, all that could be expected from elders living in a finished world.

My world, however, was not finished; it had not really begun, and I was waiting from moment to moment for the curtain to go up. I opened many a door, thinking that each might

be the magic one that would give on the great adventure. And they all disclosed delightful bits of life, but they all stopped just short of what I was seeking. Perhaps I should never have felt that there was any big unseen thing afoot in the world — any romance just there behind the curtain — if I had not lived so close to nature. Some say that they are of Paul and some of Apollos, but I was, first of all, of the Big Draft, of its woods and its fields, its wide sky and its mountains. They lifted me out of the littleness of self, and what they first suggested, Paul and Apollos, Wordsworth and Blake later on elaborated. There was always a certain adventure in going into the woods alone. When I pushed through the undergrowth and emerged under the trees, as the bushes swung to behind me, intangible doors closed on the outer world and inner doors opened. If I could not exactly say with Wordsworth, —

> There was a time when meadow, grove and stream
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light, —

at least I constantly expected that I might see them thus. There was always a chance that that something else that was there might drop its curtain of woods and grass and birds, and suddenly stand forth revealed. I hoped and feared that some day I might meet Pan.

Later I pursued this will-o'-the-wisp of expectancy through many other things. That was after Nature, my first love, had begun somewhat to relax her hold, knowing full well, the wise old woman, that she had set her image and superscription upon my heart forever; knowing that, no matter how occupied the rest of me might be, there would always be a little sentinel of love deep within me, who could never see any of her merry children, bird, bee, or blossom, without answering with a gay and affectionate salute.

But while Nature had awakened love and drawn me ever on a quest of wonder and reverence that was outside of my own small self, the other things too often played on vanity with extravagant promises. Well, I never really believed them; for, when one grows up with mountains rather than molehills against which to measure one's self, one's importance becomes amusingly small. Indeed, 'Why so hot, little man?' But at last I grew weary of the chase, deciding that if there were any great adventure it was not in the mirage of the just beyond, but rather in a clearing of the inner vision by a passionate devotion to the least and simplest events of everyday life. In which reflection I was no doubt nearer to clutching the hem of Truth's garment than I had been at any time since childhood, when Nature, through the medium of the Big Draft, sought so tenderly and so charmingly to open my eyes.

So, like a spectator at the play, I had come early, and waited so long for the performance to begin, that I had almost dropped asleep in my chair, when suddenly, with a crash, the curtain flew up on a drama so amazing, so titanic, so overwhelming, that one's very breath was snatched away in horror. In the wink of an eye we beheld the old stable world that we knew go up in fire and smoke — vanish like the snows of yesteryear.

'Just think,' commented a friend of mine, looking at two little girls of five and six, 'these children will not be able to remember what the world was like before the war.' No, that is past history now. Where are those old years of 1911, 1912, 1913? They seem ages away across there in the sunshine of the past, with a black chasm yawning between us. Never did history leap so abruptly from one epoch to another.

Some of us do not even yet realize the change. We think that, when peace returns, the old world as we knew it will return with it. And in that hope we are still trying to pull the remnants of that old world up over our ears to shut out the tremendous footfalls of the oncoming new. We think to placate the ravenous times with little sops of service, a little knitting, a little patriotism, a little Red Cross work, as if one sought to defend one's self with a knitting-needle against the Kingdom of Heaven. Like the man in the parable, we had built snug material barns, and thought ourselves safe, when suddenly God said, 'Thou fool, this night is thy soul required of thee.'

Can Fate be moving toward such an overwhelming event, just there behind the curtain of human sight, and no one in the world have any prescience of it? Did not the coming events cast their shadows before in all the wild restlessness of the first years of the century? And did not some of us perhaps invite ourselves into life for this very period? Since time immemorial there has been the belief that the spirit, before it enters the world, pulling the dark veil of time and matter over the eyes, has chosen its entry with a foreknowledge of what that period in life is to hold. What if some of us came into the world for the very sake of these tremendous times? Can this be true? Who knows? Not I, at least. I know only that, if it were true, when we got back to the other side, and stood at the crossroads of eternity, where we could look both forward and back, we should be deeply humiliated if, when the great events which we had sent our spirits forth to meet had arrived, they had so overwhelmed us that we went down into despair before them, instead of meeting them with courage and high hearts, and weaving out of them some great redemption.

I would not force the idea either that the Great Expectancy which invited me through all the early years — as it doubtless invites most young people — was any veiled prophecy of the coming of a world-war. But one begins now to hope that that expectancy, which was no doubt the spirit groping through the dark, may yet out of all this world-agony come to a fuller realization. Shall nothing spiritual be born for the world out of all this grief? Shall old Aunt Livy weep all alone for her little nephews, in vain; and Europe be crucified for no resurrection?

We have been like bewildered mariners swept by a dark tidal wave out of all our bearings, and, like the sailors of Columbus, we too, at times, have been mutinous with fear.

> They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
> Until at last the blanched mate said:
> 'Why, now not even God would know,
> Should I and all my men fall dead.
> These very winds forget their way,
> For God from these dead seas is gone.
> Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —
> He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'

And well, indeed, has it been for any of us who could hear a brave voice crying through the dark, 'Sail on, and on,' for now at length such a voice begins to be justified. In 1914, the old world, as we knew it, suddenly became without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; but now we begin to believe that all the time the spirit of God was moving upon the face of the waters, and that presently He shall say, 'Let there be light.'

The first act of the great drama was war and blood and destruction, and the second act was the same, more agony, more grief, terror, and destruction; but now there begins to be a great hope flaring through the darkness in many different quarters, and voices of many watchmen set upon towers begin to cry the glimmer of daybreak. Perhaps the

world, sailing a dark track, has all along been headed toward a great consummation — 'Time's burst of dawn.'

One holds no brief for war. This new thing was knocking at the doors of the world before 1914, and no one can say whether the war has hastened or retarded its entry; but perhaps it was inevitable that the old world of the materialist, topheavy with its overweening pride, should, like the devil-possessed swine of the Scriptures, rush violently down a steep place to its own destruction, and in the throes of its titanic suicide pull the rest of the world temporarily down with it. Moreover, when man is well and prosperous and full of himself, there seems to be little room for God; but when his prosperous world comes suddenly to an end, it leaves within him a vacuum of despair, into which the Spirit may pour itself. Perhaps also we hold too cheaply beliefs for which we are never called upon to die. The early Christians did not take their faith lightly — they knew that at any moment they might have to offer their lives for it, and a thing that one dies for is a precious thing. We had forgotten that we could die for ideals, and when enough have fought and bled, those who are left may accept from their hands, with a stricken reverence, the hyssop of Eternal Truth, seeing how very deep it has been dipped in the sacrificial blood.

Some look for a furtherance of democracy out of this great conflict, and some for a brotherhood among the nations; but others again look for something more — a fuller incarnation of the Spirit. I could quote many passages from late books and from magazine articles giving voice to this expectancy, but I will take instead the words of a blacksmith — not, it is true, of the Big Draft, but of this state, at least.

'Yes,' he said, 'there's something new comin' — you kin sorter feel it in the air.'

The first sight is the difficult sight. When one goes into the spring woods to look for hepaticas, at first the woods are gray and dead. Then the eye lights upon a single clump of blossoms, and then, the sight being cleared, as it were, by this one cluster, suddenly one perceives that the woods are full of bloom. The eye must be attuned to hepaticas; so also the inner vision needs its adjustment as well. But catch one glimpse of this Great Expectancy, and suddenly one realizes that it is bursting forth in every direction. It is the young people who have the quick, the fresh eye; their sight has not been too long accustomed to the old things. And it is natural that they should be the first to offer a response to the oncoming of the Spirit. They have not been blind to the terror and awfulness of the time, they have seen the darkness of the tower, they have dared the worst, —

> In a sheet of flame
> I saw them and I know them all, and yet
> Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
> And blew, 'Childe Roland to the dark tower came.'

They are the children of the new generation; they are seeing something that their elders cannot always glimpse.

'They have rediscovered the secret of the Ages of Enthusiasm,' says Maurice Barrès. 'By this token they are more complete natures than we, and come nearer to fulfilling the type of man made perfect.' And earlier in the same essay, he says, 'In these young men is taking place a resurrection of our most glorious days. Some great thing is about to come into being.' And again, 'Have you noticed that they speak constantly of God — that they pray?'

'Some great thing is about to come into being.'

'There's something new comin' — you kin sorter feel it in the air.'

Blacksmith in West Virginia and Member of the French Academy echo each other. All over the world there is this feeling, this sense of expectancy,—

Waiting to see some wonder momently
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky.

Yet they are careful not to formulate the hope beyond expectancy. Remembering Christ's admonition against the pouring of new wine into old bottles, they await the outpouring of this new wine, not anticipating it, or insisting that it shall go into any old inflexible bottle of the past, but offering to it instead the humble and passionate receptacle of a broken and a contrite heart.

And now we are beginning to have cold nights and frosty mornings; the cut corn is marching straight across the fields in long ranks of neat shocks; the harvest — substance of the things Mr. Hoover has hoped for through the summer — is stored in barn and cellar; kettles of apple-butter are simmering in door-yards, and soon after these notes are printed, the momentous year 1917 will have burned itself up on a glorious funeral pyre of autumn flame; its gray November ashes will have been laid to rest beneath the white consecration of snow, and the Christmas month will be upon the Big Draft, and upon all the world as well.

And what tribute shall we bring to the season?

The herald of the times displays a black scroll, but it is shot through with a transcendent gleam, a hope that cries to humanity for a great service, a great faith, and a great surrender. Shall not this be our gift: that we in America offer to all those gallant young men who have died for our country no less than for their own, a solemn consecration and dedication of our hopes to the Great Expectancy? And bringing what treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh our souls possess, pay a passionate tribute to their heroic memories in a high-hearted devotion to the blazing hope of the hour?

If we can make answer in some such way, then indeed may we have confidence that none of old Aunt Livy's tears have been wasted, that none of the unutterably dear and brave Christophers of the world been offered up in vain. These last have in very truth, like their prototype, been the Christ-bearers to the world; and as that Christopher of old carried the mysterious Child through the raging torrent, so they, breasting a darker and more dreadful flood, have brought his shining spirit back into the world and presented it to humanity at this most solemn Christmas. Shall we fail, then, to accept their poignant gift with anything short of the complete surrender of soul and body?

What does the future hold? Agony, death, and war, no doubt, but also our own souls, God, and the Great Expectancy.

THE THREATENED ECLIPSE OF FREE SPEECH

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

I

In the letter in which the editor of the *Atlantic* suggested that I say something about the limits of free speech during critical times, he wrote, 'Personally, I am heartily in favor of prosecuting the present war with every ounce of American vigor, but I question the effect of the growing intemperance of the public attitude.' I, too, am eager, now that our country has entered the fearful game, that it should play its part bravely and skillfully.

All paths to peace seem momentarily to be blocked by towering obstacles — even the ancient and oft-trodden highway of war. Although reconciled to taking this as the most promising way, I cannot share the flushed indignation of those who denounce as traitors all who take a different view of our national policy and of the choice we have made. The present crisis baffles the insight of the wisest men and pitifully dwarfs the resources of the most seasoned intellect. If we can honestly agree with the great mass of our countrymen on the wisdom of joining in the war, we should be devoutly thankful, for we are lucky in escaping the disgrace and danger of dissent and suspected loyalty. We may well pity those who find themselves in disagreement, for their lot is a hard one; but some of us who now warmly support the war cannot find it in our hearts to contemn all so-called pacifists, or even those who are torn by conflicting allegiances. They sadly irritate us, and in the free expansion of friendly conversation I, at least, can deal damnation round in a way fully to justify my claim to be a patriot. Yet in many cases we are forced to confess that those who disagree with us appear to be quite as noble as we, their ideals are no less lofty than ours, and their estimate of the present and guesses about the future quite as inspired.

Man must have his woes and sore perplexities in order to develop his faculties. Philosophers have often pointed out that uninterrupted contentment would speedily land us in unconsciousness. Now, to our úsual steady and beneficent supply of private troubles have been added public disasters and social problems of unprecedented magnitude. The war has stirred men's minds as nothing else could have done. It has made certain questions acute and urgent which have hitherto been only languidly asked and never answered. What causes wars? What assures peace? What is democracy? What is neutrality? Who is a non-combatant? What is freedom of the seas?

When we see khaki uniforms all about us, when we are saying good-bye to relatives and friends departing for French trenches; when coal runs low in the cellar and sugar in the kitchen; when we have a guilty feeling in giving preference to rolled wheat over oatmeal, and are consciously grateful for a boiled potato; when we note the lowering of the exemption limit of the income tax, and are suspected of being a scoundrel if we do not invest in government bonds, the mind is quick-

ened as never before. We would seem to have a right to suspect that many things must have been fundamentally wrong in the old and revered notions of the State, of national honor, even of patriotism, since they seem at least partially responsible for bringing the world to the pass in which it now finds itself.

Just at this critical juncture, when scrupulous thinking and ruthless analysis of accepted principles of social and political order are forced upon us, come reports of government censorship, exclusions from the mails, the breaking up of public meetings, and expulsion of teachers from our schools and colleges for expressing opinions adjudged disloyal, seditious, or treasonable.

Here is a new puzzle. We have had little sympathy for similar proceedings in the belligerent countries. We have freely expressed our contempt for the ninety and three distinguished German professors who, in the autumn of 1914, — under the Kaiser's whip, it was assumed, — addressed to the civilized world their passionate defense of their country's policy. Our most conservative newspapers, which always damn Socialists at home, have quoted ecstatically the brave utterances of the same party in Germany. We have denounced the stupidities of the British censors and lamented the cutting off of our supply of German newspapers, even of scientific periodicals; and why, we asked, need any one get so heated by the words of a gentle philosopher like Bertrand Russell? And, now that we are actually in the war, these same things which we deprecated in the policy of European countries have become our policy.

We have, furthermore, been taught from childhood to sing of our country as a land of liberty and to flatter ourselves that freedom of speech is an indubitable element of 'Americanism.' The Constitution of the United States precludes Congress from passing any law abridging freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peacefully to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. The state constitutions abound in praise of freedom of speech. For instance, the constitution of New York (1894) assures to every citizen the right to 'freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects'; and the constitution of Pennsylvania (1873) declares that 'the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man.' In the constitution of North Carolina the freedom of the press is pronounced 'one of the great bulwarks of liberty'; and freedom of speech is held 'sacred' by the constitution of Mississippi. According to those of Wyoming and Kentucky, absolute and arbitrary power exists nowhere in a republic, 'not even in the largest majority.'

Such are the ideals of our constitutional law — and they should be a source of deep satisfaction to all free-minded people. In practice, however, one is not permitted, even in times of profound peace, to publish and utter publicly all the criticisms, recommendations, and denunciations which he may deem important for the public ear. According to those very laws which proclaim freedom of speech, 'every individual is to be held responsible for the abuse of the same.' This means that, although no laws are to be passed by Congress or by the state legislatures imposing limits upon the expression of opinion, yet if any one says anything at a public meeting which is deemed immoral, indecent, inflammatory, or treasonable by the policemen or plain-clothes men present, he may be arrested, and mayhap imprisoned or fined. If one seeks to disseminate his ideas by means of periodicals or pamphlets, the post-office officials may decline to trans-

mit anything that does not suit their taste; and the courts have decided that the United States post-office has precisely the same right to refuse to carry *The Masses* that it has to exclude sulphuric acid and dynamite from the mails. So it comes about that the rights of public discussion are always really limited, and that they may readily be impaired by narrow, ignorant, and prudish interference. Such then is the legal status of the matter in times of peace.

Many intelligent persons, as well as the great mass of the unthinking, would, now that war is on, have us surrender some of the normal constitutional safeguards of free speech; they would have the plain-clothes men and police officials, our district attorneys, juries, and judges, exercise new vigilance in their control of meetings and public speeches. The excuses for this are the activities of German agents and sympathizers, the encouragement which slackers may receive, and the depressing effect upon our troops of tolerated pacifists and conscientious objectors.

The people, speaking through their duly appointed representatives, — the President and Congress, — have, after the most atrocious provocations and reiterated attacks upon our national honor, deliberately and with the general sanction of the nation decided to enter the war in defense of the highest ideals of democracy and of world-peace. The minority, who are still unreconciled with this decision or are not yet fully persuaded, must, it is urged, yield to the majority and keep their mouths shut. For them to continue their protests when the boys are in the trenches is giving aid and comfort to the enemy; it is essentially disloyal, if not downright treasonable. It promotes disunion at home, when every nerve should be strained to obtain a speedy victory, and it encourages the enemy to continue the struggle.

As a writer in the New York *Evening Post* has recently put the case: 'Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, academic freedom, freedom of conscience — these are noble and inspiring phrases; as symbols of causes they are worth fighting for and dying for. The more pity that they should be invoked so often these days in behalf of those who abuse their freedom to the injury of their country's cause. When peace comes, freedom will be as regnant in American life and thought as ever before. But in the meantime, they are not helping the cause of freedom who are using it as a cloak to conceal disloyalty.'

It may be urged further that war is a very ancient expedient and will bring its inevitable ancient accompaniments. When we start out to kill enemies abroad on a gigantic scale, we are not likely to hesitate to gag those at home who seem directly or indirectly to sympathize with the foe. But just here we may well stop and make a couple of distinctions.

In the first place difference of opinion is not necessarily disloyalty. This name is now applied with the utmost *abandon;* much as 'atheist' was once used to defame any one who differed from the generally accepted religious doctrines, no matter how fervently he believed in God and the Bible. Some people in the United States wish Germany to be victorious; to express this wish publicly, or to do anything with a view of hampering the efficiency of our preparations for war, or to transmit useful information to the enemy, would certainly be disloyal, not to say treasonable. Those, however, who continue to say that they wish we had not entered the war; that some other less horrible policy might have been selected; that war has never yet begotten

lasting peace but only new war; that some men loathe shooting their fellow men under government auspices in the same sickening way that they would loathe private murder — such persons are in no way treasonable, and disloyal only in the sense of failing eagerly to coöperate with the majority in a crisis. To accuse them of 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy' is not only to use this legal expession *in just the sense that it was designed to preclude*, — namely, constructive treason, — but the charge might facetiously be brought against President Wilson himself, who, by distinguishing between the German people and their government, has, according to the Germans themselves, only solidified their intimate union and fortified their resolution to defend their beloved ruler to the end.

It is this confusion between real traitors on the one hand, and on the other hand those persons whose human sympathy and idealism outrun the common bounds, that fills many of us with dismay. Few readers will feel any misgivings in regard to measures, however harsh, taken against the first group; it is the second category that raises the question of freedom of speech and its proper restraint in war-times.

II

There is another consideration which must not be neglected in any discussion of free speech, whether in peace or war; and that is the time, place, and manner in which talking is carried on. Speech is, after all, only one phase of our general behavior. It may be used to give information, to present various interests and points of view, to clarify problems, and to suggest solutions. On the other hand, it may degenerate into violence, gross misrepresentation, and confusion. Human speech is derived directly from the various noises that our humbler kinsmen in the animal world are wont to make. We can growl, snarl, bark, whine, cackle, and purr, articulately as well as inarticulately. Talk enables us to warn, frighten, conciliate, threaten, soothe, and startle our fellow beings. In the beginning language was made up of vocal gestures which gave relief to fundamental emotions. It still serves this purpose and will continue to do so, *in sæcula sæculorum*.

What passes for reasoning on most occasions is a series of vocal sounds which serve — to use a phrase at once popular and scientific — to 'relieve our minds.' Arguments employed in political addresses, sermons, and newspaper editorials are commonly little more than mere ejaculations, called forth by feelings of approval or disapproval, comfort or alarm.

Language is also an ingenious substitute for other and more laborious forms of action. A purely verbal attack often produces the same attractive results that might be looked for from a bodily encounter, and with none of its hazards. It gives the weak and timid a weapon for vanquishing the strong. One can arraign and punish whole nations in this way, without shedding a drop of blood. Those who are wont to be frightened by violent talk should realize that the more violent it is, the less dangerous. The very utterance of one's feelings produces a sort of Aristotelian catharsis, relieves the tension, and reconciles the speaker to inaction. If we do not approve of the talk, we are tempted to declare that it is a menace to morals and public order; but it is the talk that disconcerts us, rather than any appreciable risk that it will take the form of actual physical violence. Why cannot we learn that most people are continually saying things that they have no intention of doing, and of urging others to do things which they well know will not be done? The very free-

dom of speech is commonly its own antidote, and so should logically be welcomed by all those who would have the existing order remain undisturbed.

If speech were confined to cool reasoning, it would attract but little attention and would rouse little objection, whatever might be said. But since it is primarily or exclusively an expression of feelings and sympathies, of approbation and hostility, it will always be offensive so far as it does not suit the tastes and accord with the habits of those who listen to it. It will inevitably be judged as polite or impolite, courteous or inconsiderate, gracious or insulting, godly or impious. Now such adjectives as these are inapplicable when we are employing our powers of speech, as we now and then do, for real reasoning — analyzing complicated situations, making distinctions, agreeing on definitions, and seeking the proper educations and inferences to be made from new knowledge. Conclusions that we express in regard to the constitution of the atom, the construction of a carbureter, the obligations of neutrality, the historic development of marriage, or the nature of the modern state, should not aim to be polite or impolite, gracious or rude; they should aim to be what we call true. But strangely enough most of us most of the time are really quite indifferent to truth, and are using language in the old, primitive way as a signal of agreement or disagreement. We become partisans before we realize it. We get pledged to beliefs we know not how, and they become dear to us by reason of their familiarity and associations. When they are questioned, we are outraged, and rush to their defense in the name of truth. Our hypocrisy is too deep and impulsive for us to detect. Our beliefs are not the result of reasoning, as we fondly conceive in our childlike innocence of the processes of the mind; they are, on the contrary, the motives which prompt us to 'rationalize' — that is to discover plausible grounds for continuing to believe what we wish.

In practice, those are very few who have any inclination to talk in a way that is likely to lead to their arrest, or to express their indecencies with so little subtlety as to attract the attention of the postal officials and guardians of the public purity. The censor is commonly slow-footed and heavy-eyed, for otherwise he would not aspire to his rôle. It is not hard to elude him; one need only avoid a few phrases which he has learned to recognize as wicked or dangerous, and express one's self with a little freshness, or resort to irony, or a scientific phraseology, in order to be quite safe. Indeed, one cannot avoid at times lamenting the decay of censorship, which in the eighteenth century was the occasion of much humorous pussyfooting on the part of Diderot, Voltaire, Gibbon, and the rest; a source of innocent pleasure to themselves and their discriminating readers.

At present, all things may be said and printed if only time and circumstance be somewhat carefully considered. One may reject every vestige, not only of Christianity but of all religious belief, even the existence of God and the life to come; and there are many occasions on which this privilege can be exercised. Indeed, except for blasphemy, which is a sort of breach of good order, no arrests or exclusions from the mails are likely to take place, unless one's negations are accompanied by seditious or otherwise shocking remarks. One can always criticize and attack the policy of all government officials, from the President of the United States down to the local coroner; they can safely be denounced as knaves, fools, and, latterly, even as traitors. One can pick flaws in our Constitution and the courts which interpret it; one

can even question the expediency of the State itself, as now understood; but one would better not be associating with supposed anarchists when so doing.

Our economic system, our prevailing rights of property and methods of distributing wealth, may be freely dealt with, and the Socialist has his say so long as he does not choose an acute labor crisis as the occasion for expressing his mind. Lastly, marriage, the family, and the relations of the sexes, are rapidly freeing themselves from the reticences of our rather prudish traditions. The recent agitations in regard to methods of contraception indicate clearly that there is still a good deal of old-fashioned frantic obscurantism; but the work of Havelock Ellis has proved that even the most intimate and usually repulsive details of sexual relations, normal and abnormal, can be presented in a spirit at once high-minded, scientific, and sympathetic. Then, too, all the speculations which are associated with Freud's name have given a certain dignity to what might formerly have been regarded as prurient reveries. The modern story and drama are also serving to diminish the importance of the impurity complex.

When one reviews the history of toleration and of freedom of thought, one has no reason to be discouraged. The issue of free speech is really modern, and emerged clearly as a defensible proposition only with Milton's *Areopagitica*, to be followed by the widely divergent reasoning of Jeremy Taylor and Joseph Glanvil, and by Locke's classical first *Letter on Toleration* (1689), which says almost the last word on the matter so far as religious differences are concerned. Natural science and philosophy have gradually escaped from the control of an antiquated theology, and it is a good while since any one has been imprisoned for his scientific or philosophical views. English experience and the democratic revolutions, beginning with the first French Revolution, have served to assure practical freedom in the discussion of current political questions; which is a gain of incalculable importance. Finally, the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century has opened up such fundamental matters as the limits of private ownership, the apportionment of profits, the implications of the new position in which woman finds herself, her place in the family, and her general relations with the other sex.

The world-war has greatly deepened our study of the State and has forced us to consider, not merely the old questions as to how it should be governed, whether by a king, an aristocracy, or democratically, but whether the national state as now conceived is not a product of particular historical conditions which are passing away, and whether it is not coming to be an anachronism and the chief obstacle in the way of the permanent peace for which we all sigh.

It is clear that the extension of public discussion to matters hitherto deemed too fundamental and sacred to be questioned is a secular process, extending through the centuries, which is widening the range of our thought and speculation *malgré nous*. In the beginning, social relations and religious beliefs changed so slowly that there was no idea of progress and improvement, only of degeneration, since the old have always been prone, for rather obvious psychological reasons, to suspect that things were brighter and nobler in their youth than in their years of decline. The Greek and Roman writers tried in some cases to account for the manner in which man had reached the condition in which they found him, but they did not look at themselves as contributing to or hindering advance. Indeed, the notion that man can learn more and

more of the world in which he lives, of the nature and workings of natural things, and that he may succeed in applying his knowledge to better his estate was not very clearly stated until Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* appeared, in 1605. This truth has become a commonplace with us now, and we see on every side multiform demonstrations of its validity.

Nevertheless few people as yet realize that the great increase in our knowledge of man and the world, and the practical revolution that this knowledge is making in our environment, may in time discredit practically all the opinions and beliefs which have been handed down to us from the Middle Ages and earlier times. How much of contemporaneous thought, widely accepted as peculiarly binding and sacred, was formulated for us in the decadent Roman Empire and transmitted to the Middle Ages, only a student of intellectual history is likely to appreciate. He is constantly impressed with the fact that thought, instead of taking the lead, too often lags behind the procession of outward changes, and tardily and grudgingly adjusts itself to them.

To take a good illustration, the principles of International Law were set down by Grotius in the first half of the seventeenth century with such insight and astuteness that his work became a classic. But there were no standing armies of highly trained conscripts in his day, no nations in arms, no strong national feeling, no monster guns, no steel ships driven by steam or oil, no such deadly explosives as modern chemistry has discovered. As yet war was carried on neither in the blue heavens nor beneath the ocean wave. Distant colonies and defenseless peoples in Asia and Africa had not yet become objects of European exploitation on any considerable scale. As yet there were no Quakers to denounce war altogether, and to found the line of conscientious objectors; no Voltaire to admire them and spread the fame of their good sense and humanity among the philosophers. What could Grotius know of the causes and etiquette of war as we know it, or of the conditions essential to the peace which it devolves upon us to hasten? Yet, if I am not mistaken, many of the cherished principles of international law as it was treated before the war were derived from the Dutch jurist and his *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, published in 1625.

Nothing could be less intelligent than to assume, as many respectable persons still manage to do, that the forms of agitation which are popularly summed up in the terms socialism, anarchism, feminism, and pacificism are mere eccentricities of unbalanced minds, seeking to cloak their hatred of restraint and their cowardice under theories of social regeneration. All these movements are simply indices of altered conditions produced by modern applied science, and the new vistas of necessary adaptation which these have opened.

The patience of even the most tolerant is bound to be sorely taxed. Old-fashioned toleration of religious dissent and of political views, which is now pretty generally established, as well as the freedom of scientific and philosophical speculation, are no longer sufficient. Pascal remarked that, if the earth were turning on its axis, the decisions of the Roman Curia would not stop it. If the terms and conditions of human relationship, private, national, and international, are being revolutionized, as they obviously are, the protests of distracted reactionaries cannot check the process; they can serve only to render the adjustments slower, more bungling and circuitous, than they would otherwise be.

Were there time, it might be shown by glaring historical instances that it is

the conservatives, not the reformers, who have hitherto been responsible for disorder and bloodshed; who organize inquisitions and censorships, Albigensian crusades and massacres of St. Bartholomew. It may be that this is only because they have always constituted the dominant party; that those advocating change may some day become so numerous and so well organized that they too may be in a position to coerce the laggards. As yet only a few minor attempts, the gravity of which has been grossly exaggerated by the heated imaginations and fears of the conservative, can be charged up against them. It might be shown that the horrors of the present war are largely due to the perpetuation of outworn institutions, of discredited ambitions, and of illicit national aspirations.

Burke, if I remember rightly, feared lest, if the foundations of the State were really revealed, they would be found to be so insubstantial that anarchy might supervene, and he concludes therefore that they should always be shrouded in mystery. We are now beginning to see that man is not naturally an unruly animal; on the contrary, he is, perhaps, o'er docile, o'er solicitous in regard to the esteem of his fellows. He has always been readily enslaved, and the curtain of history rises on tens of thousands of laborious Egyptians, neglecting their own convenience to drag great blocks of limestone to construct a suitable home for their ruler when he should pass to the realms of the sun.

Our inborn subservience is reinforced by the ineffaceable impressions of childhood's dependence. Man spontaneously generates social order and reveres his guides and rulers. He has always been cowed by the wishes of his ancestors and by the writings of ancient sages. He is not naturally anarchic and is not likely ever to become so.

Personally, I am convinced that modern conditions are far more favorable than any previous state of the world for the rapid extension of an unprecedented degree of toleration, and that the revived restraints due to the war are transient, and need not be a serious cause of apprehension to any one, however irritating they may appear to those who regard them as foolish and unnecessary.

One may reach such a stage of intellectual emancipation that he exempts nothing from scrutiny; he perceives that the spheres in which mankind has made the most startling achievements in human coördination and effectiveness are those from which all notions of reverence, except for intelligence and success, have been eliminated. Only when that ancient, savage term 'sacred' disappears from our thought and speech, except as a reminder of outlived superstition, can we hope for a full and generous acknowledgment of the essential rôle of absolutely free discussion.

HOW TO DESTROY PAN-GERMANY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

PAN-GERMANY'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

In April last, when it was generally believed in Paris that the revolution at Petrograd made certain the end of German influence over the vast former Empire of the Tsars, I wrote the study which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June. I then said, 'It is possible that idealistic extremists may guide the revolution toward pacifism or anarchy. The swarming agents of Germany are working there without respite. If their efforts succeed, the strength of Russia will swiftly dissolve.'

Unhappily, events have justified this word of caution in only too full measure. The Allies have now to set to work to reorganize the forces of Russia. It is a task to which their duty and their interests alike make it imperative for them to devote themselves with their utmost strength. But we must cherish no illusions. The rebuilding of the forces of Russia must inevitably be a long, arduous, and doubtful undertaking. It is advisable, therefore, to consider, at the same time, if there is not some method of making up for the Russian default by bringing into play, to further the victory of the Entente, certain powerful forces which the Allies have not thus far even thought of employing.

Now, these forces and this method do exist; but in order to enforce clearly their reality, their importance, and the way to make use of them, I must, in the first place, call attention to a fundamental and enduring error of the Allies, set forth the extraordinary credulity with which they allow themselves to be ensnared in the never-ending intrigues of Berlin, and describe the principal shifts which Germany employs, with undeniable cleverness, to annul to an extraordinary degree the effect of the Allies' efforts.

These essential causes of mistaken judgment being eliminated, we shall then be able to understand what the existing forces are which will enable the Entente to make up with comparative rapidity for the Russian default, and to contribute with remarkable efficiency to the destruction of Pan-Germany.

I

THE FUNDAMENTAL AND ENDURING ERROR OF THE ALLIES

For three years past events have notoriously proved that the concrete Pangermanist scheme, developed between 1895 and 1911, has been followed strictly by the Germans since the outbreak of hostilities. Now, the diplomacy of the Entente is devised as if there were no Pangermanist scheme.

This is the source of all the vital strategical and diplomatic errors of the Entente — consequences of the failure to understand the German military and political manœuvring. Here is proof derived from recent events — one of many which it would be possible to allege.

When it was announced a few weeks ago that Austria would play an appar-

ently preponderating part in the reconstitution of Poland, a very large number of newspapers in the Entente countries decided that 'it is perfectly evident that the Austrian policy has carried the day in Poland.' A similar deduction has led Allied readers to believe that Vienna has prevailed over Berlin. The result has been to strengthen the faith of those who deem it possible to impose terms on Berlin through the channel of Vienna, and even to induce Austria to conclude a separate peace. Now, to convey such an impression as this to Allied public opinion is to lead it completely astray. If the Hapsburgs are playing an apparently predominant part in Poland it is solely because that part, as we are about to prove, is assigned to them by the Pangermanist scheme.

In the pamphlet, *Pan-Germany and Central Europe about 1950*, published in Berlin in 1895, which contains the whole Pangermanist plan, we find the following: —

'Poland and Little Russia [the kingdom to be established at Russia's expense] will agree to have no armies of their own, and will receive in their fortresses German or Austrian garrisons. In Poland, as well as in Little Russia, the postal and telegraph services and the railways will be in German hands.'

For twenty-two years the Pangermanist scheme has been followed up. Tannenberg, in his book *Greater Germany*, which appeared in 1911, — a work whose exceptional importance has been demonstrated by events, and which, in all probability, was inspired officially, — prophesies very distinctly, —

'*The new kingdom of Poland is made up of the former Russian portion, of the basin of the Vistula, and of Galicia, and forms a part of the new Austria.*'

These most unequivocal words appeared, it will be admitted, *three years before the war*. Now *Le Temps* of September 7, 1917, said on the authority of the Polish agency at Berne, which is subsidized by Austria and publishes news communicated to it by the government of Vienna, —

'Germany would take such portion of Russian Poland as she needs to rectify her "strategic frontiers." This portion would include almost a tenth of Russian Poland. *The rest would be annexed to Austria. The Emperor Charles would thereupon issue a decree of annexation of Russian Poland to Galicia, under the title of Kingdom of Poland. . . .* The dual monarchy would then become triple, and the first result of this readjustment would be to compel all Poles to undergo military service in the Austrian armies. All the deputies representing Galicia would automatically leave the Austrian Reichsrath, to enter the new Polish Parliament, which would give the German parties in the Austrian Parliament, a certain absolute majority.'

This result of the present action of Vienna and Berlin, foreshadowed by the *Temps* apparently for the near future, has been in view for twenty-two years. In fact, in the fundamental pamphlet of 1895, already quoted, it is said that '*Galicia and the Bukowina will be excluded from the Austrian monarchy. They will form the nucleus of the kingdoms of Poland and Little Russia . . . which, however, may be united, by the personal link of the sovereign, to the reigning house of Hapsburg.*'

So it is that, very far from having forced anything upon Germany in relation to Poland, Charles I of Hapsburg has shown that he submits with docility to the Pangermanist decrees, since he gives his entire adhesion to the carrying into effect of the plan followed at Berlin from 1895 to 1911 — for nineteen years before hostilities began! The actual fact, therefore, is the direct antithesis of what the conclusions of

many Allied newspapers have, of course in absolute good faith, permitted their readers to believe. Now everything goes to show that this error arises solely from a technical ignorance of the Pangermanist scheme, of which the guiding spirits of the Entente seem to have no more conception than a considerable portion of the Allied press. However, if they wish for victory, the Allies must inevitably act in systematic opposition to the Pangermanist scheme. They cannot therefore dispense with the necessity of becoming thoroughly familiar with it.

Nor is there any more reliable guide, since the events that have taken place for three years past have demonstrated the absolute accuracy of the Pangermanist outgivings anterior to the war. Knowing what the Germans are going to do, we can deduce therefrom the best means of opposing it. If this method had been followed, no serious error would have been committed by the Allies. They would have understood that Germany was making war in behalf of the Hamburg–Persian Gulf enterprise, — which was intended to supply her with the instruments of world-domination; that, consequently, the Danube front, *which the Allies held*, must be retained at whatever cost, which would have been, comparatively speaking, very easy, if they had recognized in time this imperative necessity.

Now, if the Allies had retained their hold of the Danube front, the war would have been over nearly two years ago. It is, in fact, solely because they did not grasp the necessity of thus holding it, that the Germans have been able to carry out their Eastern plan and to constitute the Pan-Germany which must now be destroyed in order to avoid the defeat of civilization, and eventual slavery. To effect this destruction is infinitely easier than is generally believed, on the condition that the most is made of the causes tending to the internal dissolution of Pan-Germany. But, to understand these available causes, familiarity with the Pangermanist scheme is indispensable. It is urgently necessary, therefore, to put an end to this intolerable condition, namely, that, while the Allies have an extraordinary opportunity to become accurately acquainted with the whole programme of procedure at Berlin, as contained in a multitude of German documents, — that is to say, the real objects of Germany in the war, — while they have this opportunity, they go on acting and arguing as if that programme did not exist. It is this condition which proves most clearly the extraordinary and enduring credulity which the Allies exhibit in face of the endless German intrigues.

II

THE ALLIES' CREDULITY

The heads of the Allied governments, moved by the best intentions but completely taken by surprise by the war, are carrying it on far too much in accordance with the ordinary procedure of times of peace: negotiations, declarations, speeches. Notably in the gigantic palaver into which Maximalist Russia has developed, men fancy that they have acted when they have talked. The events of three years of war prove conclusively that the Boches, turning to their profit the predilection of the Allied leaders for verbal negotiations and manifestations, — a predilection complicated by ignorance of the Pangermanist scheme, — have succeeded in nullifying to an extraordinary degree the effect of the sacrifices of the Entente.

Until the Russian revolution, Berlin brought to bear on the diplomacy of the Entente those allies of Germany who were then regarded by the En-

tente as neutrals. Indeed, the declarations of Radoslavoff, confirmed by the recently published Greek *White Book*, have conclusively established the fact that the agreements between Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, and King Constantine, *in contemplation of this war*, antedated the opening of hostilities — that certain ones of them go back as far as April, 1914. Now, it is known that the Entente diplomacy had no knowledge of this situation, and that it allowed itself to be hoodwinked for three months by the Turks, for thirteen months by the Bulgarians, for thirty months by the King of Greece, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, and even, to a certain degree, down to a very recent period, by Charles I of Hapsburg, certain Allied diplomatists having persisted in coddling the chimæra of a peace with Austria against Germany.

Unhappily, to solve the present problems, which are, above all, technical, the best intentions, or even the most genuine natural intelligence, are insufficient. *It is necessary to know how*, and one cannot know how without having learned. The Allied Socialists who have placed themselves in the spotlight have shown themselves to be, generally speaking, utopists, entirely ignorant of Germany, of the German mind, of geography, ethnography, and political economy, pinning their faith, before all else, to formulas, and knowing even less than the official diplomats of the technique of the multifold problems imposed by war and peace. As the anti-Prussian German, Dr. Rosemeier, has stated it so fairly in the New York *Times*, these idealists, by reason of their radical failure to grasp the inflexible facts, are doing as much harm to the world in general as the Russian extremists and their German agents.

It is undeniable that Berlin has found it easy to profit by the state of mind of the idealistic Socialists of the Entente by causing its own Social Democrats to put forth the *soi-disant* 'democratic' peace formulas, which for some months past have been infecting the Allied countries with ideas that are most pernicious because they are impossible of realization. Despite the efforts of realist Socialists, like Plekhanoff, Kropotkin, Guesde, Compère-Morel, Gompers, and their like, the Stockholm lure, notwithstanding its clumsiness, has helped powerfully to lead Russia to the brink of the abyss, and hence to prolong the war and the sacrifices of the Allies. In France and England a few Socialists have been so genuinely insane as to say that the occupations of territory by Germany are of slight importance; that we can begin to think about peace; that Germany is already conquered *morally*, and so forth. In view of such results, due to the astounding gullibility of the idealistic Socialists of the Entente, it is quite natural that Germany should pursue her so-called 'pacifist' manœuvres.

Late in 1916, the Frankfort *Gazette* advised its readers of the spirit in which these intrigues were to be conducted by Berlin. 'The point of view is as follows: to put forward precise demands in the East, and in the West to negotiate on bases *that may be modified. Negotiation is not synonymous with renunciation.*'

This last sentence summarizes the whole of German tactics. All the proposals of Berlin have but a single object: to deceive and sow discord among the Allies by means of negotiations which would be followed by non-execution of the terms agreed upon, Germany retaining the essential positions of to-day's war-map which would assure her, strategically and economically, the domination of Europe and the world.

Now, it is an astounding fact that the warnings given by the Germans

themselves — the occupation of more than 500,000 square kilometres by the Kaiser's troops, the burglarizing of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey by the government of Berlin — have not yet availed to prevent a considerable proportion of the Allies from continuing to be enormously deceived. At the very moment when the German General Staff is strengthening the fortifications of Belgium, especially about Antwerp, there are those among the Allies who seriously believe that, by opening negotiations, they will succeed in inducing Germany to evacuate that ill-fated country and to repair the immense damage that she has inflicted on her.

There are those who wonder what the objects of the war on Germany's part can be, when the occupations of territory by Germany, corresponding exactly to the Pangermanist scheme dating back twenty-two years, make these objects as clear as day.

There are those who attach importance to such declarations as the German Chancellor may choose to make, when every day that passes forces us to take note of monumental and never-ending German lies and of the unwearying duplicity of Berlin.

There are those who are willing to listen to talk about a *peace by negotiation*, when the facts prove that Germany respects no agreement, that a treaty signed by Berlin is of no value, and that, furthermore, it is the Germans themselves who so declare. At the outbreak of the war Maximilian Harden said, '*A single principle counts — Force.*' The Frankfort *Gazette* printed these words: '*Law has ceased to exist. Force alone reigns, and we still have forces at our disposal.*' To Mr. Gerard, United States Ambassador to Germany, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin said, '*We snap our fingers at treaties.*'

After such facts and such declarations, the persistent credulity of a certain fraction of the Allies is a profoundly distressing thing, for which the remedy must be found in a popular documentary propaganda, thoroughly and powerfully prepared.

The pacifist German intrigues are manifest enough. We can particularize six leading examples, employed by Berlin, either separately or in combination.

III

THE SIX LEADING PACIFIST GERMAN INTRIGUES

1. *A separate peace between Germany and one of the Entente Allies. The Alsace-Lorraine coup*

It is evident that the defection of one of the principal Allies would inevitably place all the others in a situation infinitely more difficult for continuing the struggle. If we assume such a defection, the Germans might well hope to negotiate concerning peace on the basis of their present conquests.

That is why they have multiplied proposals for a separate peace with the Russians. At Berlin they are especially apprehensive of a continuance of the war by Russia because of the inexhaustible reserves of men possessed by the former Empire of the Tsars. The time will probably come when they will attempt also to lure Italy from the coalition by offering her the Trentino, and if necessary, Trieste, at Austria's expense, this last-named cession, however, being destined, in the German purpose, to be temporary only.

The desire to break up the coalition at any cost is so intense among the Germans, that we must anticipate that, at the psychological moment, they will even go so far as to offer to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France. As for the sincerity of such an offer, these words of

Maximilian Harden, written early in 1916, enable us to estimate it: —

'If people think in France that the reëstablishment of peace is possible only through the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine, and *if necessity compels us to sign such a peace, the seventy millions of Germans will soon tear it up.*'

Moreover, nothing would be less difficult for Germany, thanks to the effective forces of Central Pan-Germany, than to seize Alsace-Lorraine again, very shortly, having given it up momentarily as a tactical manœuvre.

2. A separate peace between Turkey, Bulgaria, or Austria-Hungary, and the Entente

A particularly astute manœuvre on the part of Berlin consists in favoring, under the rose, not perhaps a formally executed separate peace, but, at least (as has already taken place), semi-official negotiations for a separate peace between her own allies named above and the Entente.

The particular profit of this sort of manœuvre in relation to the definitive consummation of the Hamburg–Persian Gulf scheme, is readily seen if we imagine the Allies signing a treaty of peace with Turkey, for instance. In such a hypothesis the Allies could treat only with the liegemen of Berlin at Constantinople, for all the other Turkish parties having any political importance whatsoever have been suppressed. Now, if the Allies should treat with the Ottoman government, reeking with the blood of a million Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs, massacred *en masse* as anti-Germans and friends of the Entente, the following results would follow from this negotiation: the Entente, agreeing not to punish the unheard-of crimes committed in Turkey, would renounce its moral platform: it could no longer claim to be fighting in the name of civilization. The Turkish government, which is notoriously composed of assassins, would be officially recognized; and thus the selfsame group of men who sold the Ottoman Empire to Germany would be confirmed in power — the group whose leader, Talaat Pasha, declared in the Ottoman Chamber in February, 1917, 'We are allied to the Central Powers for life and death!' The control by Germany of the Dardanelles, a strategic position of vast and world-wide importance, guarded by her accomplices, would be confirmed; the numerous conventions signed at Berlin in January, 1917, which effectively establish the most unrestricted German protectorate over the whole of Turkey, would accomplish their full effect during a Pan-German peace.

The Bulgarian intrigues for a so-called separate peace with the Allies have been at least as numerous as those of the Turks of the same nature. In reality, the Bulgarian agents who were sent to Switzerland to inveigle certain semi-official agents of the Entente into negotiations, were there by arrangement with Berlin for the purpose of sounding the Allies, in order to determine to what degree they were weary of the war. The Bulgarians have never been really disposed to conclude peace with the Entente based on compromise upon equitable conditions. They desire a peace which will assure them immense acquisitions of territory at the expense of the Greeks, the Roumanians, and, especially, the Serbians, for at Sofia they crave, above all things, direct geographical contact with Hungary. Thus the great Allied Powers could treat with the Bulgarians only by being guilty of the monstrous infamy of sacrificing their small Balkan allies, and of assenting to a territorial arrangement which would permit Bulgaria to continue to be the Pangerman-

ist bridge between Hungary and Turkey over the dead body of Serbia — an indispensable element in the functioning of the Hamburg–Persian Gulf scheme, and hence of Central Pan-Germany.

Now, this is precisely the one substantial result of the war to which Bulgaria clings above all else. So it is that a peace by negotiation — in reality a peace of lassitude — between the Allies and Bulgaria, would simply give sanction to this state of affairs.

In the same way, such a peace with Austria-Hungary could but give definitive shape to the Hamburg–Persian Gulf scheme. From the financial and military standpoint, the monarchy of the Hapsburgs, considered as a state, is to-day absolutely subservient to Germany. The reigning Hapsburg, whatever his private sentiments, can no longer do anything without the consent of the Hohenzollern. Any treaty of peace signed by Vienna would be, practically, only a treaty of which the conditions were authorized by Berlin. There must be no illusion. Nothing less than the decisive victory of the Allies will avail to make Germany loosen her grip upon Austria-Hungary, *for that grip is to Germany the substantial result of the war.* In truth, it is that grip which, by its geographic, military, and economic consequences, assures Berlin the domination of the Balkans, and of the East, hence of Central Pan-Germany, hence of Hamburg–Persian Gulf, and the vast consequences which derive therefrom.

Let us make up our minds, therefore, that all the feelers toward a separate peace with Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary, which have been put forth and which will hereafter be put forth, have been and will be simply manœuvres aimed at a so-called peace by negotiation, which would cloak, not simply a German, but a Pan-German peace.

3. *The democratization of Germany*

Certain Allied groups having apparently made up their minds that the 'democratization' of Germany would suffice to put an end automatically to Prussian militarism and to German imperialism, it was concluded at Berlin that a considerable number, at least, of their adversaries, being weary of the war, might be willing to content themselves with a merely formal satisfaction of their demands, in order to have an ostensibly honorable excuse for bringing it to an end. That is why, with the aim of leading the Allies off the scent and inducing them to enter into negotiations, Berlin devoted herself during the first six months of 1917, with increasing energy, to the farce called 'the democratization of Germany.' Meanwhile the most bigoted Pangermanists put the mute on their demands. They ceased to utter the words 'annexations' or 'war-indemnities.' They talked of nothing but 'special political arrangements' — a phrase which in their minds led to the same result but had the advantage of not embarrassing the peace-at-any-price men in the Allied countries. The device of democratization of Germany was complementary to the Stockholm trick, which, as we know, was intended to convince the Russian Socialists that Russia had no further advantage to expect from continuing the war, since Germany in her turn, was about to enter in all seriousness upon the path of democracy — and so forth.

We must acknowledge that many among the Allied peoples allowed themselves to be ensnared for the moment by this manœuvre, and honestly believed that Germany was about to reform, of her own motion and radically. But when the German tactics had achieved the immense result of setting anarchy loose in Russia, — a state of

affairs which was instantly made the most of in a military sense by the Staff at Berlin, — the farce of the democratization of Germany was abandoned. Von Bethmann-Hollweg was sacrificed to the necessity of dropping a scheme which he had managed, and Michaelis — Hindenburg's man, and therefore the man of the Prussian military party and of the Pangermanists — succeeded him.

As a matter of fact, the Germans have, for all time, had such an inveterate penchant for rapine that they are quite capable of setting up a great military republic and submitting readily enough to Prussian discipline, with a view to starting afresh upon wars for plunder.

We must bear this truth constantly in mind: if the Hohenzollerns have succeeded, in accordance with Mirabeau's epigram, in making war 'the national industry,' it is because, ever since the dawn of history, the Germans have always subordinated everything to their passion for lucrative wars. The same is true of them to-day. Especially in the last twenty years the secret propaganda of the Berlin government has convinced the masses that the creation of Pan-Germany will assure them immense material benefits. It is because this conviction is firmly rooted among them that substantially the entire body of Socialist workingmen are serving their Kaiser without flinching, and are willing to endure the horrors of the present conflict so long as it may be necessary and so long as they are not conquered in the field.

4. *Peace through the International*

This is another of the tricks conceived at Berlin. In reality the International, having always followed the direction of the German Marxists, has been the chief means employed for thirty years to deceive the Socialists of the countries now in alliance against Germany by inducing them to believe that war, thanks to the International alone, could never again break out. In a report on 'the international relations of the German workingmen's unions' (1914), the Imperial Bureau of Statistics was able to proclaim as an undeniable truth: 'In all the international organizations German influence predominates.'

The conference at Stockholm, initiated by German agents, and that at Berne, upon which they are now at work, are steps which German unionism is taking to reëstablish over the workingmen of all lands the German influence, which has vanished since the war began. The idea now is to force the proletariat of the whole world into subjection to the guiding hand of Germany. The object officially avowed is to rehabilitate the International in the interest of democracy. In reality, it is proposed, above all else, to replace in the front rank the struggle between classes in the Allied countries, in order to destroy the sacred unity that is indispensable to enable the most divergent parties to wage war vigorously against Pangermanist Germany. As the Berlin government is well aware that it has nothing to fear from its own Socialists, the vast majority of whom, even when they disown the title of Pangermanists, are partisans of Central Pan-Germany, the profit of the manœuvre based on the International would inure entirely to Germany, who would retain her power of moral resistance unimpaired, while the Allied states, once more in the grip of the bitterest social discord, would find their offensive powers so diminished by this means that peace would in the end be negotiated on the basis of the present territorial occupations of Germany.

5. *The armistice trick*

All the schemes hitherto discussed, whether employed singly or in combination, are intended, first and last, to assist in playing the armistice trick on the Allies. This is based upon an astute calculation, still founded on the weariness of the combatants, which is so easily understood after a war as exhausting as that now in progress. At Berlin they reason thus — and the reasoning is not without force: 'If an armistice is agreed upon, the Allied troops will say, "They're talking, so peace is coming, and, before long, demobilization." Under these conditions our adversaries will undergo a relaxation of their moral fibre.'

The Germans would ask nothing more. They would enter upon peace negotiations with the following astute idea. If, hypothetically, the Allies should make the enormous blunder of discussing terms of peace on bases so craftily devised, Germany, being still intrenched behind her fronts which had been made almost impregnable, would end by saying, 'I am not in accord with you. After all is said, you cannot demand that I evacuate territories from which you are powerless to expel me. If you are not satisfied, go on with the war.'

Inasmuch as, during the negotiations, everything essential would have been done by German agents to accentuate the moral relaxation of the country which was most exhausted by the conflict, as they succeeded in doing in Russia in the first months of the revolution, the immense military machine of the Entente could not again be set in motion in all its parts. The result would be the breaking asunder of the anti-German coalition, and, finally, the conclusion of peace substantially on the basis of existing conquests. Thus Berlin's object would be attained.

6. *The 'status quo ante' trick*

The last of the German schemes, and the most dangerous of all, is that concealed under the formula, 'No annexations or indemnities' — a formidable trap, which, as I pointed out in my paper in the November *Atlantic*, has for its object to confirm Germany in the possession of the gigantic advantages she has derived from the war, which would assure her the domination of the world, leaving the Allies with their huge war-losses, whose inevitable economic after-effects would suffice to reduce them to a state of absolute servitude with respect to Berlin.

THE BEST WAY TO CRUSH PAN-GERMANY

IV

THE UNITED STATES AND THE VASSALS OF BERLIN

In the wholly novel plan which I am about to set forth, the United States may play a preponderating and decisive part; but by way of preamble I must call attention to the fact that the United States is not, in my judgment, as I write these lines, in a position to give its full effective assistance in the conflict, because it is not officially and wholeheartedly at war with Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey — states in thrall to Berlin and constituent parts of Pan-Germany. This situation is, I am fully convinced, unfavorable to the interests of the Allies, and it paralyzes American action, for these reasons.

As a matter of fact, Germany can no longer carry on the war against the Entente save by virtue of the troops and resources which are placed at her

disposal by Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. If the Allies wish to conquer Germany, their chief adversary, it is necessary that they understand that they must *first of all* deprive Prussian militarism of the support — apparently secondary, but really essential — which it receives from its allied vassals. It is, furthermore, eminently desirable that it should be recognized in the United States that Turkish, Bulgar, Magyar, and Austrian imperialism are bases of Prussian imperialism, and that in order to establish a lasting peace, the disappearance of these secondary imperialisms is as necessary as that of Prussian imperialism itself. Moreover, the fact that Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey are not officially at war with the United States enables Berlin to maintain connections in America of which we may be sure that she avails herself to the utmost.

This situation is propitious also for that German manœuvre which consists in making people think that a separate peace is possible between Turkey, or Bulgaria, or Austria-Hungary on the one side, and the powers of the Entente on the other. However, as the game to be played is complicated and difficult, good sense suggests that we proceed from the simple to the complex, and hence that we strike the enemy first of all in his most vulnerable part. Now, as we shall see, it is mainly in the territory of the three vassals of Germany that the new plan which I am about to set forth can be carried out in the first instance, without, however, causing any prejudice — *far, far* from it, — to the invaluable assistance which the Americans are preparing to bring to the Allies on the Western front. For all these reasons, it seems desirable that American public opinion should admit the imperious necessity of a situation absolutely unequivocal with regard to the governments of Constantinople, Sofia, Vienna, and Budapest, which are vassals of Berlin and by that same token substantial pillars of Pan-Germany.

V

DESTRUCTION OF PAN-GERMANY BY INTERNAL EXPLOSION

I believe that I demonstrated, in my paper in the November *Atlantic* that, because of the advantages, both economic and military, which the existence of Central Pan-Germany guarantees to Germany for the present and the future, the essential, vital problem that the Allies have to solve — a problem which sums up all the others — is, how to destroy this Central Pan-Germany.

It is infinitely easier to destroy than is generally supposed among the Allies, because it contains potent sources of dissolution. The Allied leaders seem not to have bestowed upon this situation the extremely careful attention which it deserves. In any event, down to the present time they have not sought to take advantage of a state of affairs which is eminently favorable to them.

To understand this situation, and how it may be utilized at once, we must set out from the following starting-point. Of about 176,000,000 inhabitants of Pan-Germany early in 1917, about 73,000,000 Germans, with the backing of only 21,000,000 vassals, — Magyars, Bulgars, and Turks, — have to-day reduced to slavery the immense number of 82,000,000 allied subjects — Slavs, Latins, or Semites, belonging to thirteen different nationalities, all of whom desire the victory of the Entente, since that alone will assure their liberation. In addition, a considerable portion of Germany's vassals would, under certain conditions, gladly throw off the yoke of Berlin.

Among the 176,000,000 people of Pan-Germany we distinguish the following three groups.

Group I. — Slaves of the Germans or of their vassals capable of immediate action favorable to the Entente — say, 63,000,000, made up as follows: —

(*a*) In Turkey, —

Arabs	8,000,000

Generally speaking the Arabs detest the Turks. A portion of them have risen in revolt in Arabia, under the leadership of the King of Hedjaz.

(*b*) In Central Europe, —

Polish-Lithuanians	22,000,000
Ruthenians	5,500,000
Czechs	8,500,000
Jugo-Slavs	11,000,000
Roumanians	8,000,000
	55,000,000

There are, then, in Central Europe alone, 55,000,000 people determinedly hostile to Germanism, forming an enormous, favorably grouped mass, occupying a vast territory, commanding a part of the German lines of communication, and comparatively far from the fronts where the bulk of the German military forces is.

Moreover, at the present crisis, these 55,000,000 human beings, subjected to the most heartless German and Bulgarian terrorism, are coming to understand better and better that the only means of escape from a ghastly slavery, from which there is no appeal, is to contribute at the earliest possible moment to the victory of the Entente. The insurrectionary commotions that have already taken place in Poland, Bohemia, and Transylvania, prove what a limitless development these outbreaks might take on if the Allies should do what they ought to do to meet this psychological condition. It is clear that, if these 55,000,000 slaves of Central Europe should revolt in increasing numbers, this result would follow first of all: *the default of Russia would be supplied.* Indeed, the Germans, being harassed in rear of their Eastern fronts, would be considerably impeded in their military operations and in their communications. Under such conditions the attacks of the Allies would have much more chance of success than they have to-day.

Group II. Slaves of the Germans or of their vassals, who cannot stir to-day, being too near the military fronts, but whose action might follow that of the first groups — about 16,000,000, made up as follows: —

(*a*) In Turkey, —

Ottoman Greeks	2,000,000
Armenians	1,000,000
	3,000,000

(*b*) On the Western front, —

French	3,000,000
Belgians	7,500,000
Alsatians and Lorrainers	1,500,000
Italians	800,000
	12,800,000

Group III. Vassals of Germany, possible rebels against the yoke of Berlin after the uprising of the first group — about 9,000,000.

Of 10,000,000 Magyars, there are — a fact not generally known among the Allies — 9,000,000 poor agricultural laborers cynically exploited by a million nobles, priests, and officials. These 9,000,000 Magyar proletarians are exceedingly desirous of peace. As they did not want the war, they detest those who forced it on them. They would be quite capable of revolting at the last moment against their feudal exploiters, if the Allies, estimating accurately the shocking social conditions of these poor Magyars, were able to assure them that the victory of the Entente would put an end to the agrarian and feudal system under which they suffer.

Is not this a state of affairs emi-

nently favorable to the interests of the Allies? Would not the Germans in our place have turned it to their utmost advantage long ago? Does not common sense tell us that if, in view of the pressure on their battle-fronts, the Allies knew enough to do what is necessary to induce the successive revolts of the three groups whose existence we have pointed out, a potent internal element in the downfall of Pan-Germany would become more and more potent, adding its effects to the efforts which the Allies have confined themselves thus far to putting forth on the extreme outer circumference of Pan-Germany?

Let us inquire how this assistance of the 88,000,000 persons confined in Pan-Germany in their own despite can be obtained and made really effective.

Let us start with an indisputable fact. The immense results which the German propaganda has achieved in barely five months in boundless Russia, with her 182,000,000 inhabitants, where it has brought about, in Siberia as well as in Europe, separatist movements which, for the most part, — I speak of them because I have traveled and studied much in Russia, — would never have taken place but for their artificial agitation, — these results constitute, beyond dispute, a striking demonstration of what the Allies might do if they should exert themselves to act upon races radically anti-Boche, held captive against their will in Pan-Germany. Assuredly, in the matter of propaganda, the Allies are very far from being as well equipped as the Germans and from knowing how to go about it as they do. But the Germans and their vassals are so profoundly detested by the people whom they are oppressing in Pan-Germany; these people understand so fully that the remnant of their liberty is threatened in the most uncompromising way; they are so clearly aware that they can free themselves from the German-Turkish-Magyar yoke only as a result of this war and of the decisive victory of the Entente, that they realize more clearly every day that their motto must be, 'Now or never.'

Considering this state of mind, so favorable to the Allies, a propaganda on the part of the Entente, even if prepared with only moderate skill, would speedily obtain very great results. Furthermore, the desperate efforts which Austria-Hungary, at the instigation of Berlin and with the backing of the Stockholmists and the Pope, was making to conclude peace before its threatening internal explosion, show how precarious German hegemony in Central Europe still is. The Austro-Boches are so afraid of the extension of the local disturbances which have already taken place in Poland and Bohemia, that they have not yet dared to repress them root and branch. Those wretches, to fortify themselves against these anti-German popular commotions, resort to famine. At the present moment, notably in the Jugo-Slav districts and in Bohemia, the Austro-Germans are removing the greatest possible quantity of provisions in order to hold the people in check by hunger. But this hateful expedient itself combines with all the rest to convince these martyrized peoples of the urgent necessity of rising in revolt if they prefer not to be half annihilated like the Serbs.

To make sure of the constant spread and certain effectiveness of the latent troubles of the oppressed Slavs and Latins of Central Europe, there is need on the part of the Allies, first of moral suasion, then of material assistance.

To understand the necessity and the usefulness of the first, it must be said that, despite all the precautions taken by the Austro-Boche authorities, the declarations of the Entente in behalf of the oppressed peoples of Central

Europe become known to these latter comparatively soon, and that these declarations help greatly to sustain their morale. For example, President Wilson's message of January 22, 1917, in which he urged the independence and unification of Poland, and his 'Flag Day' speech, on June 15, in which he set forth the great and intolerable peril of the Hamburg–Persian Gulf scheme, manifestly strengthened the determination of the Poles, the Czechs, and the Jugo-Slavs to free themselves at whatever cost from the fatal yoke of Vienna and Berlin. In addition, the constantly increasing power of the aeroplane enables the Allies to spread important communications broadcast over enemy territory.

First of all it is essential that the three races which, by reason of their geographical situation and their ethnographical characteristics are indispensable in any reconstitution of Central Europe based on the principle of nationalities, and who consequently have a leading part to play in the centre of the Pan-Germany of to-day, should be, one and all, absolutely convinced that the victory of the Entente will make certain their complete independence. The Poles have received this assurance on divers occasions, notably from President Wilson, and very recently from M. Ribot, commemorating in a dispatch to the Polish Congress at Moscow 'the reconstitution of the independence and unity of all the Polish territories to the shores of the Baltic.' But the 11,000,000 Jugo-Slavs and the 8,500,000 Czechs have not yet received from the leaders of the Entente sufficiently explicit and repeated assurances.

There are two reasons why this is so. In the first place, the absolutely chimerical hope of separating Austria-Hungary from Germany, has obsessed, down to a very recent date, certain exalted personages of the Entente, who, having never had an opportunity to study on the spot the latest developments in Austria, still believe in the old classic formula, 'If Austria did not exist, we should have to create it.' In the second place, certain other personages of the Entente incline to the belief that, in order to obtain a swift victory, the problem of Central Europe is a problem to be avoided. Now, as to this point, the few men who unquestionably know Austria well — for example, the Frenchmen Louis Léger, Ernest Denis, M. Haumant, Auguste Gauvain, and others, and the Englishmen, Sir Arthur Evans, Seton-Watson, Wickham Steed, and others — are unanimous in being as completely convinced as I myself am that the breaking-up of the monarchy of the Hapsburgs is indispensable to the establishment of a lasting peace — and furthermore, such a breaking-up as a result of the revolt of the oppressed peoples is one of the most powerful instruments in the hands of the Entente to bring the war to a victorious close.

In fact, there are certain quasi-mechanical laws which should guide in the reconstruction of a Europe that can endure. Now, without a free Bohemia and Jugo-Slavia it is impossible — impossible, I insist — that Poland should be really free, that Serbia and Roumania should be restored, that Russia should be released from the grip of Germany, that Alsace-Lorraine should be restored permanently to France, that Italy should be protected from German domination in the Adriatic, in the Balkans, and in Turkey, that the United States should be warranted against the world-wide results of the Hamburg–Persian Gulf enterprise. Bohemia is the central point of the whole. With its circle of mountains, it is the indispensable keystone of the European edifice rebuilt upon the basis of

the principle of nationalities. Whosoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe. It must be, therefore, that liberty shall be master of Bohemia.

On the other hand, it is undeniable that the successive uprisings of 8,500,000 Czechs and 11,000,000 Jugo-Slavs, taking place concurrently with that of 22,000,000 Poles, is absolutely in line with the present military interests of the Entente. Therefore, for the Allies to assume an attitude of reserve toward the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs is as contrary to the democratic principles they invoke as to their most urgent strategic interests. But this mistake has been frequently made, solely because the exceptional importance of Bohemia has not yet been fully grasped. Mr. Asquith, in his speech of September 26 last, furnishes an example of this regrettable reserve with respect to the Czechs — a reserve which is diminishing, no doubt, but which still exists. He said: —

'If we turn to Central and Eastern Europe, we see purely artificial territorial arrangements, which are repugnant to the wishes and interests of the populations directly concerned, and which, so long as they remain unchanged, will constitute a field fertile in new wars. There are the first claims of Roumania and Italy, so long delayed; there is heroic Serbia, who not only must be restored to her home, but who is entitled to more room in which to expand nationally; and there is Poland. The position of Greece and of the Southern Slavs must not be forgotten.'[1]

Thus, while Mr. Asquith manifests the best intentions toward the oppressed peoples of Central Europe, he does not even mention the Czechs, that is, Bohemia. Now, in reality, all the promises that the Entente can make concerning Poland, Serbia, Roumania, and Italy, are not capable of lasting fulfillment unless Bohemia is set free, for Bohemia dominates all Central Europe. Furthermore, Mr. Asquith's silence as to the fate of Bohemia may be a legitimate cause of uneasiness to the Czechs, who are now doing the impossible to contend with Germanism, despite the shocking terrorism which lies so heavy upon them. So we may say, that Mr. Asquith would have served the interest of the Entente more effectively if he had emphatically named Bohemia and the Czechs who are so much in need of being supported and encouraged by the Allies, whom they regard as their liberators.

The misconceptions that have led to the ignoring of the claims of the Central European Slavs, and of their extreme importance in the solution of the war-problem, will soon prove themselves an even heavier load to carry than those committed in Bulgaria and Greece. To put an end to these vagaries, it is necessary that henceforth the leaders of the Entente should earnestly encourage, at least the Poles, Czechs, and Jugo-Slavs — that is to say, about 42,000,000 slaves of Berlin in Central Europe. The encouragement of these peoples as a single body is indispensable, for, although the Boches are able to control the local and, so to say, individual insurrectionary movements, on the contrary, because of the vast area which a general insurrection of the 42,000,000 would involve, its repression by the Austro-Boches would be practically impossible. The example of a successful general uprising would certainly induce a similar movement by the balance of the 88,000,000 human beings who are vitally interested in the destruction of Pan-Germany. To bring about this result, then, the first essential thing to be done is for the leaders of the Entente to put forth a most unequivocal declara-

[1] In default of a verbatim report of Mr. Asquith's speech, it was necessary to be content with a translation of M. Chéradame's translation of it. — THE EDITORS.

tion, giving the Poles, Czechs, and Jugo-Slavs assurance that the victory of the Entente will make certain their complete liberation. It is impossible to see what there is to hinder such a declaration. Its effects would soon be discerned if it were enthusiastically supported by the Allied press and by the Allied Socialists, who, let us hope, will finally realize that, while it is impossible to bring about a revolution against Prussian militarism in Germany, it can very easily be effected in Austria-Hungary.

But, some one will say, a revolution is not possible without material resources. Naturally, I shall discuss this point only so far as the interests of the Entente will allow me to do it publicly. In the first place I will call attention to the fact that, by reason of the immensity of the territory they occupy, simple passive resistance on the part of the oppressed races of Central Europe, provided that it is offered in concert and accompanied by certain essays in the way of sabotage and strikes, which are easy enough to practice without any outside assistance, would create almost inextricable difficulties for the Austro-Germans.

But there is something much better to be done. At first sight, it seems very difficult for the Allies to bear effective material aid to the oppressed peoples of Pan-Germany, because it is surrounded by impregnable military lines. In reality, by combining the results of the tremendous development of the aviation branch made possible by the adhesion of the United States, *with certain technical resources* which are available, the Entente can, comparatively quickly and easily, supply the Poles and the rest with material assistance which would prove extraordinarily efficacious.

I am not writing carelessly. I have studied for twenty years these down-trodden races and the countries in which they live. I know about the material resources to which I refer. If I do not describe them more explicitly, it is because no one has yet thought of employing them, and in such matters silence is a bounden duty. But I am, of course, at the disposition of the American authorities if they should wish to know about the resources in question, and to study them seriously. I am absolutely convinced that, if employed with due method, determinedly, and scientifically, in accordance with a special technique, these resources, after a comparatively simple preparation, — much less in any event than those which have been made in other enterprises, — would lead to very important results which would contribute materially to the final decision.[1]

To sum up — in Central Europe, through the liberation, preceded by the legitimate and necessary revolution, of its martyred peoples, are found in conjunction, (*a*) the means of making good the default of Russia; (*b*) the basis of a new and decisive conclusion of the war; (*c*) the possibility of destroying Central Pan-Germany; (*d*) the consequent wiping out of the immense advantages from the war which the mere existence of Pan-Germany assures to Germany; and (*e*) the elements of a lasting peace upon terms indisputably righteous and strictly in accordance with the principles of justice invoked by the Entente.

[1] To the editor, M. Chéradame has written with less reserve on this vital subject; but it seems best to put in print at this time no more than the suggestion indicated. — THE EDITOR.

SHOCK AT THE FRONT

BY WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER

I

In Compiègne we lunched and dined — the Carrels, the surgeons, and the guests, for the hospital was a place of pilgrimage — in the garden of a villa commandeered for that purpose. There was good talk there, and a gayety protective against the strain of the wards. When any one cracked a joke, there was a moment's stillness, then each of us grasped his knife and in concert we gravely beat upon the table the refrain of a merry French song.

We were never free from the sound of cannon. All day long and often half the night they thundered from the trenches six kilometres away. But Compiègne, unscarred, slept in the milky sunshine, bedecked with flowers. There was a tennis-court, green-walled with flowering shrubs. We played each day at half-past four; light laughter and pleasant voices floated into the soft sky to meet the satanic overtones of war. To a green bank at the side, men would crawl from their beds to watch the game. There they sat, a smiling, mangled row. One day I found a pipe. It appeared that it belonged to a mass of bandages, a mere remnant of a man, armless, blind. We stop the game, we fill the pipe, light it, and place the stem in the groping mouth. The man laughs, his comrades laugh, everyone laughs — such fun! No man talks of his wounds — his pride and his secret grief.

In the wards we spoke of *choc*. The symptoms were not in question; even a stretcher-bearer could make a diagnosis. The *choqué* looked the part; he was utterly relaxed, pale as the dead, with eyes like those of a dead fish; he was apparently, but not really, unconscious; his breathing was shallow and frequent; his heart-beat was rapid and feeble; and his pulse scarcely to be felt at the wrist. Much of the blood had collected in the great abdominal veins, the heart was poorly filled, the driving pressure of the blood in the arteries was less than half the normal — too low for the maintenance of a proper circulation of blood to the brain; the brain-cells suffered for lack of food.

The surgeons at Compiègne had noticed that shock came on chiefly after wounds of the great bones, such as the thigh-bone, and after multiple wounds through the skin and subcutaneous fat, as from a shower of shell-fragments. These facts seemed very significant, although I little knew at the time that they would at length lead me to the discovery of the cause of shock.

A question of urgent importance seemed to press for immediate reply: does the life in the trenches, under fire, predispose to shock? The bombardments in this war were of a new and strange intensity. It might be that certain men were sensitized by this highly abnormal environment. In that case a wound not historically grave might bring on shock. If the low blood-pressure and other symptoms of shock appeared immediately after the wound, a preëxisting sensitization was probable. Remedies should then be employed

before the wound was dressed. If, on the contrary, there was a significant interval between the wound and the onset of shock, sensitization was not the explanation, and shock must be the result of forces set free by the wound itself. On the length of this interval would depend the character of the treatment and the moment at which it could be most profitably applied. On the length of this interval rested the serious practical question whether treatment must be given in the dressing-station or in the nearest field hospital.

It was therefore my first duty to measure the blood-pressure immediately after the wound. The wounded at Compiègne arrived too long after their injury. Besides, the hospital was too small. To solve my problem without undue loss of time, it was necessary for me to place myself in a stream of wounded, for shock attacks only one or two men in every hundred casualties. I accordingly went to La Panne.

La Panne is the extreme left of the Allied line, so close to the North Sea that at high tide the spray drifted through the open windows of my bedroom. It was the seat of a hospital of eight hundred beds, ably directed by the celebrated surgeon, Dr. de Page. I was stationed in the *salle de réception*, the receiving ward to which the ambulances brought their loads directly from the firing-line.

There comes a rumble on the stone-paved street, an ambulance drives up, the word *blessé* passes down the corridor, and the *brancardiers* appear with their long staves. A group of dark forms gathers about the motor-car in the starlight, the curtain is unbuttoned, the loaded ambulance stretcher is pulled out, an empty exchange stretcher is shoved in, and the ambulance departs for the trenches.

The mass of dirty cloth and bloody bandages is carried into the ward. A surgeon comes, rubbing his eyes. The wounded man is radiographed. This done, the radiographer places his hand over the supposed site of the fragment. A great magnet is let down upon the hand. If the embedded steel is not more than seven centimetres deep, the metal object is shaken by the magnetic waves and its vibration can be felt. The radiographer writes for the surgeons a report, giving the location and depth of the fragment.

Meanwhile a nurse shakes my bed, where I lie fully dressed, sound asleep, tired with fourteen days and nights of continuous service. I open sleepy eyes. 'A bad *blessé*. You are asked to take the pressure.'

I find the patient in the operating theatre. An intense light floods the trim surgical nurses, the bloodstained bandages, the patient half naked on the table, — the leg and foot so oddly at variance with the broken thigh, — the three surgeons, in white, their shoes in white sterile wrappers. They wait silently while I put the hollow cuff on the upper arm and the ausculting tambour at the fold of the elbow. The air is pumped into the cuff; the artery is stopped; I slowly diminish the air-pressure; a faint sound in the stethoscope, like a far-off cry for help. I read the gauge — 140 millimetres, the maximum blood-pressure. The air escapes again; slowly the recording needle passes along the dial; the sound of rushing blood increases for the moment; as the artery takes its full size, the sound fades away — 92 millimetres, the minimum blood-pressure. The normal is 97; there is no shock yet.

The patient is turned and a hollow needle is passed into the vertebral canal. Cerebro-spinal fluid is sucked into a syringe containing the anæsthetic novocaine; and slowly the mixture is driven back into the canal. The tourniquet above the wound is tight;

but little blood escapes from the torn vessels. The wound is opened freely. Bruised flesh, fragments of dirt, pieces of cloth, and splinters of bone are scraped out. The bleeding points are ligated. The Carrel tubes are placed for the Dakin solution.

I am at the pulse. Suddenly it fails. He is pulseless. His abdominal arteries have dilated. Through the open gates the arterial blood is rushing into the veins. The man is bleeding to death in his own veins. He becomes deathly pale, the whites of the eyes show, he is scarcely conscious. The nurse hurries the bandage about the padded splint. He is borne to his bed, wrapped in blankets, surrounded with hot bottles. The foot of the bed is placed on two chairs, so that the blood may drain by gravity from the congested abdominal veins back to the heart. The vein at the elbow is prepared. He gets a few drops of adrenalin solution; the pulse comes back, color floods the face; the eyes become natural, they open; he speaks — he is saved.

But no — he is pale again, he vomits, the pulse is irregular. The adrenalin is attacking the heart. Will he die? Shall we have failed him? I pray silently. The ward is hushed. Two, three minutes pass, dragging like hours. The pulse strengthens. The heart is again regular. Youth has its day. He lives. Now, to make sure. Warm serum[1] is passed into a vein. The blood-pressure rises. The arm is bound up. The electric reflector is brought by two men, and placed astride the bed, covered with blankets. Miss T——, a Scotch angel of uncertain age and unfailing devotion, stands by. I wait at the wrist. A single shaded light burns in the great ward; the screens round my bed rise ghostly in the gloom. We watch, while beat by beat the ebbing flood returns. The clammy hands and feet feel again the warm and healing tide. He lies like a cocoon in his warm blankets. His face is calm. He has cheated the grave. He tells us of his two children. The mother is dead; the waifs are in an orphan home; one is eight years old, the other six; he has not seen them for two years — not since the war began.

Trembling, I go out upon the beach and watch the sea — that northern sea that has looked unvexed on so many foolish wars. The tide is low. The wide sands are smooth and firm. Two officers are out for a morning gallop. In the distance a battery is drilling. The horses are of heroic size in the early mists. I hear the faint thud of hoofs on the hard beach. Above, a solitary aeroplane swoops low, while the observer searches the depths for a lurking submarine.

So the days and the dreadful nights went by, with their unceasing stream of broken men. Often I lay sleepless through the dark hours, while next me howled a *blessé* mad with subconscious agony and the last wild ether dream. But there were compensations. One gave and gave and gave — a blessed thought.

And there were spectacles of poignant interest. Late one afternoon a nurse came running to tell me that there was an English monitor off the beach. We hurried out, full of the charitable hope that she would shell Ostend. The sun was setting. A golden light touched soothingly a half-tamed sea, still sulkily mumbling. A ship of no great size lay a mile from shore, circled by two torpedo-boats. They kept untiringly a ceaseless round. We strained our eyes. Suddenly there burst from her side a flame as big as a house, followed by an immense cloud of black smoke. We held our breath.

[1] A solution of common salt and some other substances in the proportion in which they normally occur in the blood.

In a few seconds there was a sound that was more than a sound. It was a commotion in all that part of Belgium. And then, a moment later, a faint boom, fifteen miles away, where twelve hundred pounds of trinitrotoluol wrought ruin in Ostend, the resort of tourists.

Presently there was another dim sound, like the low curse of a malevolent fairy, —

> Strange terrors seize thee
> And pangs unfelt before, —

and down from the sky fell a great shell. A mighty column of broken water towered above the waves, and all was once more peace. The spotless nurses walked upon the beach, and we heard the maids laying the table for our evening meal. Again the monitor shook heaven and earth, and again there came the great reply, more threatening than before.

It was enough. A German plane hovered far in the blue and guided with a gesture these mighty thunderbolts. The monitor ceased firing, turned her prow, and made for England, still circled by her tireless guard.

II

The outcome of the work at La Panne was an organization for the systematic treatment of shock, employing all the remedies then known, basing them on repeated measurements of the minimum blood-pressure. These special measures saved two-thirds of the cases, but the questions with which I had come to La Panne were still unanswered. The difficulty was again the interval between the wound and the arrival in the hospital. It was obviously necessary to be actually on the firing-line. Dr. de Page accordingly arranged that I should meet General P——, then colonel commanding the 58th French brigade, in the sector which included Nieuport.

This distinguished officer was a veteran of the Moroccan campaigns. He was brave, gay, and highly intelligent. Like so many of the French, he had an appreciation of physiological science unusual in less favored nations. Claude Bernard had not lived in vain.

One happy day the general arrived in his gray limousine and took me to brigade headquarters. They were in a villa which had belonged to a Belgian of some taste. There was a large living-room, some good prints on the walls, and at one end a billiard-table, now used for military maps. At the other end was the table at which we dined. By this time our friendship had made great strides. The general was enchanted to find that I smoked a pipe. Himself, he adored *la pipe*. His tobacco left something to be desired; it was a species of Algerian hay. I gave him of my choice Virginia leaf. We were brothers. He would visit me in Boston when the war was over.

The dinner was superlatively good. I asked him how he managed. 'Oh,' he replied, 'my chef before the war was the chef of a great New York hotel. But this is easy,' he continued; 'you should have seen him at Verdun. Eight of us and the chef in a hole thirty feet under ground. He had for his art a space only two feet square,' — and the general marked such a space on the tablecloth, — 'but we lived just the same.'

He led me to the maps. 'You will like to see what we are doing to-day. Observe this salient. We make a curtain of fire behind it, so that the Boches can neither get in nor get out. Then our shells destroy their defenses. Every hour an aeroplane makes a photograph. Here are the photographs. You see they are quite large and very clear. Even the posts of the barbed wire show. We do not send our men forward until we see that all the wire is down.'

A dozen steel helmets were brought. The general and his staff helped me to find one that would fit. Then we set out for Nieuport. There I was consigned to Colonel D——, of the 3d French Line, another veteran of the Moroccan wars. Eight delightful days I lived with this dear man beneath the shells.

Nieuport lies upon the Yser, the tidal stream that stopped the German rush for Calais. That June before the world went mad, the peaceful town drowsed in the sun — the pearly Belgian sun that painters love. The men went down to the sea in their fishing boats, or worked their fields; old women, their lace upon their knees, sat in a patch of shade before the door and plied their bobbins; children, with shrill sweet voices, darted about like birds; the creaking wain went to and fro piled high with the harvest. Four thousand simple folk! Not one remains. Their houses too are gone. Their ancient church, their historic tower, are mounds of ruin. And still the hissing shells, hour by hour, day by day, tear down the crumbling walls, adding fresh ruin to a scene most desolate. The people of the sun are gone. Another race inhabits there. They live in holes beneath the ground. They come not forth except to kill.

I too lived in a hole beneath the ground. I came not forth except to save. At least that would have been the wiser part, but the life was so interesting that in truth I roamed about like a boy at the fair. By day the soldiers lay *perdu*. The streets were empty. It was incredible that the blast of a trumpet would raise two thousand men. With the night they swarmed. The place was full of horses and carts, bringing in water-casks, sand-bags, gabions, beams, chloride of lime, barbed wire, ammunition — a hundred articles needed in the trenches. There was no light except the moon. Strange shadows crept along the roads.

One morning I walked with Lieutenant N——. 'Suppose we ask Captain B—— to show us a seventy-five,' he said.

We found Captain B—— in a dug-out lined with beautiful maps. He led us to a passage that dipped beneath the ruins. It was perhaps twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. At the lower end was the celebrated *soixante-quinze*, poking its shining nose out of a hole in the wall. I sat in the gunner's seat and trained the cross wires on a distant object, opened and closed the breech, and examined the recoil.

My pleasure was so evident that kind Captain B—— was touched. 'Perhaps you would like to see some practice on the Boches?'

'I most certainly should,' I answered, much gratified.

So the gun crew took their positions, we stuffed our ears with wads of cotton, and Captain B—— went to his post, a short distance away. There he called up an observation tower. The observing officer gave him the number of a square in the German lines, where a few shells might have a salutary effect. The captain called to us the number and the range, 4350 metres. A soldier opened a cupboard in the wall, seized one of the shining brass shells, placed it nose down in a fuse-adjuster, and turned a handle round a graduated scale until he reached 4350. By this operation, the fuse was set to explode the shell at the given range. In an instant the shell was in the piece, the breech-block swung shut, there was an ear-splitting crash, and away flew our compliments to the Boches. The barrel slid swiftly back, spat out the shell-case at our feet, and returned to its position, passing on the way over a cushion of grease. The observer telephoned the result, the range was cor-

rected slightly, and off went another shell. After twelve shots were fired, Captain B—— returned with a pleasant smile to receive our thanks for his courtesy.

This battery was so skillfully masked that I never saw it again, though it was not more than three hundred yards from the cellar where I lived. No wonder the Huns could not find it. There was a ruined garden, with pear trees, in front of my quarters. I used to read in the garden while the enemy tried to silence these guns. Five or six times a minute the familiar curving hiss would rush toward the suspected spot; there would be a loud explosion and a cloud of black smoke. But the seventy-fives were never struck. Sometimes the great shells from our heavy artillery would pass high above me, seeking some distant objective. They gave a new flavor to Daudet. Imagine: three pear trees and an optimist — above, filling all the upper air, the vast soft weary groaning of an eleven-inch shell. This was not bravado — far from it. To stay all day in a damp black cellar was insupportable; outside, one place was as safe as another.

In fine weather we ate our meals — the colonel, three officers, and myself — in one corner of a half-destroyed court. Punctually to the minute, brushed and combed, we arrived at the small round table. Through the centre of the table rose the trunk of a tree, the branches of which were trimmed flat about ten feet from the ground, to make a canopy. We sat ourselves gravely down. The good colonel would fumble in the pocket of his tunic until he fetched out his great horn spectacles. He would place them carefully upon his martial nose. Then he would proclaim '*Ordre*,' in a deep, serious voice, and reaching forward would take up a glass holder containing the menu. This he would read to us slowly, from hors d'œuvres down through cheese and coffee. It was a way of giving thanks for the food that was set before us. After this ceremony, he would nod to the orderly, whose white coat and brass buttons illuminated the middle distance. The hors d'œuvres would advance. It was the signal for conversation.

Meanwhile, the shells went over, singly or in flocks. I sat on the colonel's right, about eighteen inches from him. He had two voices — one for giving commands to his twenty-five hundred men, the other for ordinary talk. He always addressed me, as a foreigner, in the tone in which he commanded the regiment. The dinner proceeded sedately through seven excellent courses, undisturbed by the artillery.

During my stay at Nieuport two shells fell in that court; one slightly wounded our valuable pump, the other just missed our treasure of a cook. The stove was at the other end of the court, in a recess. The shell exploded outside this retreat. In that neighborhood not a square foot but got its piece of steel. The hurtling storm swept by the culinary shrine. Fortunately, the chef was at the stove, his post of duty; his deserts were great and he escaped unharmed.

On stormy days we dined in the colonel's cave. It was a tight fit. Through an open door we saw our commander's bed, alongside a stove in which the fire never was allowed to go out. Even with this, the walls were always damp.

One evening the soup had just been served when the telephone rang. Lieutenant C——, who was acting adjutant that day, saluted the colonel and reported that a party of Boches were cutting grass behind their third line.

'Tell Captain F——,' said the colonel, between two spoonfuls.

Captain F—— was of the artillery.

Before the soup was taken away, we heard the seventy-fives at work on the Boches. This speed and accuracy was due to the ever-watchful observers. I loved to go to the observation towers, especially at night. They were usually at the top of some ruined building. One stumbled up two or three ladders and at length entered a little wooden cage which held two men, elaborate telephones, and several powerful telescopes. With these you could have seen the buttons on a man's waistcoat miles away. The enemy was, however, rarely visible; he stuck closely to his communication trenches. When darkness fell, the flares began. The French flare had a parachute and for several minutes lighted up hundreds of yards as bright as day. As far as the eye could see, up and down the lines, these witch-fires burned.

The aeroplanes liked to fly near sunset, when the air was quiet. Then we would hear our pompoms, fifteen staccato barks, and a pause. I would rush up the cellar steps and search the sky. There, a mile aloft, would be a German plane. Off would go a pompom, fifteen rounds. A moment later, fifteen soft white fleecy little clouds of shrapnel, like puffs of thistle-down, would break out one after the other, about the flying plane. The planes were often hit, but seldom in a vital place.

The officers' caves were alike in one respect: they all contained mirrors in immense gilt frames. These mirrors had been found in the deserted houses. The major's cave was rather a show place. It consisted of two tiny rooms, dressed with flowers, and very neatly kept. On a table in the 'salon' was a marble bust, a derelict.

'You must not miss my garden,' said the major, swelling with pride.

I looked for the garden; it was not in the room.

'No,' said my friend, smiling indulgently at my little irony, 'it is not in here. It is outside. You can see it through the window.'

Now, the window was a cellar-window and opened into a little 'area,' where for the light the earth had been dug away in a space twenty-four inches by twelve. Here indeed was the garden. 'Of course,' continued the major, 'with the ground at my disposal, you would not expect me to go in for shrubs. I have had to content myself with a lawn.' A perfect lawn it was — not a weed — a battalion of tiny bright green grass-blades; very refreshing.

I went into the trenches to measure the blood-pressure. The trenches lay on the other side of the Yser. We crossed a pontoon bridge. Spare pontoons were anchored in the river, in case the bridge should be struck by a shell. We entered a communication trench. Here and there were signs, where men had been killed often enough to show that a German sniper had marked that particular spot: 'Obligatory'; 'Forbidden — in view of the enemy'; 'To grand redan.'

Our trench is narrow and it is deep enough to protect the head. It winds through fields covered with grass and poppies. These overhang the edge and brush our faces. The bottom of the trench is covered with a slatted walk about eighteen inches wide. We meet great pots of hot food, borne on a pole hung between two men. Happily, we are not fat; we slide by without being burned.

Soon we are in the lines. Here are real defensive works, heavily timbered, and with space for many men. At frequent intervals are the burrows in which the men live. Telephone wires run near the bottom of the trench, on the side next the enemy; they are fastened to the earth with long wire staples. From time to time we peep through an observation-hole, but we

do not stand more than two minutes in any one spot; always there are aeroplanes and tower observers on watch, and we may get a shell. The shells are now flying over us, with a noise like the tearing of a great sheet. Presently, we reach the point nearest the enemy. It is near indeed; about the length of a tennis-ground. I look through a periscope and there, as clear as in a clean looking-glass, are long mounds of earth and sand-bags — the German 'trenches,' one hundred and fifteen feet away. Apparently deserted, absolutely silent, they lie heavily upon the unkempt fields, mile upon mile. Their sinister quiet speaks louder than the screaming shells.

The *poilus* are delighted with the blood-pressure apparatus. It is like a game. Their faces are wreathed with smiles. They take off their tunics, roll up their sleeves, and are proud to be told they are 'normal.' We keep our voices low and hug the front wall of the trench, but otherwise we might as well be in the Boulevard des Italiens, though, now I think of it, that also is a dangerous place. We are about to return, when the surgeon is telephoned that an officer is wounded. Bicycles are ordered to meet us at the third line, and we run back. The surgeon is younger but he is a trifle too plump. I keep him in sight. As we approach the machines, he calls over his shoulder, 'Can you ride a bicycle?' 'Perfectly,' I reply. I do not say that it is thirty years since my last ride. We mount, and he hurries off without looking behind. I follow. It is a wild ride. The roads are filled with débris — low heaps of brick and plaster from the tumbling walls. When I go over a heap, my helmet flies into the air; it requires nice calculation to be under it when it comes down. Clark Maxwell is right: science is indeed a matter of grammes, centimetres, and seconds.

III

I had now based the treatment for shock on exact measurements of the blood-pressure, and I had determined that the habitual bombardment does not predispose. There remained the study of the blood-pressure in the fury of an assault, the question of the cause of shock, and the hope of a new remedy. Nieuport was exhausted. The war at Nieuport was all in the day's work. After two years, the daily round was the daily round, and it was nothing more. My comrades told me that, when they were at Verdun, there had sometimes been emotions, if their memories were not at fault. So I went to Verdun, that 'name of thunder.'

I found myself in a military car, flying along the great road that leads to the front from Bar-le-Duc. I was bound for the Mort Homme. Along this road passed the greatest transport the world had ever seen. Gangs of German prisoners toiled constantly to keep the road in repair. For more than thirty miles there was at the side a continuous ridge of broken stone. The working gangs drew steadily from these stores of road-metal and the losses were as steadily supplied. It was a task for Sisyphus, the son of Æolus. On this work hung the destiny of France.

We stopped some miles on this side of the Mort Homme; the road beyond was under fire, and by day it was too dangerous. When night came, we proceeded in the black depths of an ambulance, bumping over shell-holes. I found myself at the Château Esne, a *poste de secours*, at the third line of trenches, in a cellar of what once had been a glorified grange. It was a miserable hole, where one could stand upright only in the centre. The cold mists of late October drove through it, pursued by an eager, nipping wind. My *poilu*, a tall bearded man plastered

with clay, showed me a sort of kennel set off with rough boards picked up in the fields. He brought a sack stuffed with straw for me to lie on. It was dark chocolate color. He surveyed it doubtfully. The honor of France demanded something more. He went to the case containing surgical dressings and cut off pieces of aseptic gauze, which he laid upon the sack, overlapping them like shingles on a roof. I lay down, but not to sleep. When day broke, a cold rain was falling. I looked out on the tragic slopes of Dead Man Hill. Craters and graves — graves and craters, in horrible confusion! Through the Château Esne, that wet dirty verminous hole, had passed thirty-five thousand wounded men. They lay in rows outside among the graves, waiting their turn.

But at the moment there was no great battle here, and I went to the Somme, still searching for emotions. There I was in a rough field hospital of twenty-five hundred beds. They had had twenty-seven hundred fresh cases in a single day. The courteous *médécin-chef* directed an officer to show me to my 'chamber.' I followed the officer. He led me to a low wooden building, somewhat worse than the rest. Within were two rows of tiny cubicles, with partitions of unplaned boards, and a blanket that served for front wall and door combined. Here the staff slept. Between the rows of cubicles ran a dark passage two feet wide. We reached my chamber.

'Be a little careful,' the officer remarked. 'Don't step in that hole in front of your door. The Boches were here last night. They dropped a bomb in there and it has n't yet gone off.'

It was interesting. The French had sent a squadron to bomb a railway junction in Germany. The night was not very clear, and in the excitement an unlucky bomb fell upon a hospital. In revenge the Germans dropped twelve bombs on the hospital at S——. Fortunately, nine fell in the open, and two did not explode. Mine was one of these. The remaining bomb burst in a crowded building, with very serious results.

Again I was disappointed. The same old mill of death ground steadily, but there was no great offensive. Winter was at hand, and I perforce took ship for home. It was the Espagne. Worn out, I went to bed at eight o'clock the first night out, though we were still in the submarine zone. At once I fell sound asleep. At ten minutes past eleven, I was roused by a voice shouting down the corridor, 'Every one on deck — the ship is sinking.' I sprang from my bunk. Around me all was silence. The others had already gone. I reflected that no great ship ever sank in less than twenty minutes. I could dress in ten. It was a cold November night. In an open boat I should perish without warm clothes. So I put on my uniform and my thick military overcoat, seized my life-belt, and rushed out. In the corridor I ran against a bolted steel door. Fortunately the bolts were on my side. I hastily drew them, closed the door behind me, and ran up the companion-way.

Near the boat-deck I came upon the passengers. As a physiologist, I had read of people gray with fear, but I had never seen them. Here they were, — an admirable observation, — a hundred women and some men, their faces the color of wet ashes. Seen in the mass, the effect was remarkable. The passengers behaved well. There was no screaming. But I was almost the only one dressed *comme il faut*. Most of the women had simply thrown a wrapper over their night-clothes. One man had on nothing but a suit of red pajamas — solid color. I went out on

the boat-deck. The boats were swung out; two were already filled; the deck was littered with coils of rope, over which passengers were stumbling in the dark. A cold wind whipped a rough sea. I drew alongside the engine-room hatch. It was warm there, and one could look over the combing of the hatch and down into the bowels of the ship. A glance showed me that the ship was not taking water in that vital spot.

Before long, word was passed that we had been in collision: another steamer had struck us amidships, tearing a considerable hole just above the water-line. In half an hour we were told that we could go back to bed. I did so and almost instantly fell fast asleep again. At four o'clock I suddenly waked. Something was wrong: the ship had taken a big list; the engines were stopped. I jumped up and looked out. The water was only a foot or two from my port. I dressed again and went on deck. The ship had been canted to keep the waves out of the hole, while the carpenters patched it.

Three days later we had a tombola —a sale for the Red Cross. The red pajamas were put up at auction; they fetched six hundred francs.

At length the voyage was over. I hurried to my farm—sweet haven of rest. I visited my Guernseys. Incredible! I rubbed my eyes. The cows were quite unchanged. Ten million men were fighting for life and an ideal, but the herbivorous poise was not shaken.

For me, the old world had gone.

I could not rest. I was still pursued by the imperious fact that shock was most frequent after fractures and after multiple wounds through the subcutaneous fat. I took refuge in my laboratory, in experiment after experiment. The cause of shock was found, and a new remedy.

Fortune passed on, her ivory wheel half tarnished by the fumes of No Man's Land. I followed her again to France, to test this remedy, and to measure the blood-pressure in a fierce battle, during a barrage more violent than the worst in the great drive on Verdun.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROUMANIA

BY STANLEY WASHBURN

I

More than a year has now elapsed since Roumania entered the war. What it meant for this little country to abandon neutrality is not generally realized. Here in America we knew that so long as the British fleet dominated the seas we were safe, and that we should have ample opportunity to prepare ourselves for the vicissitudes of war and to make the preparations that are now being undertaken and carried out by the administration of President Wilson. Canada and Australia likewise knew that they were in no danger of attack.

But the case of Roumania was far different. She knew with a terrible certainty that the moment she entered

the war she would be the target for attack on a frontier over twelve hundred kilometres long. The world criticized her for remaining neutral, and yet one wonders how many countries would have staked their national future as Roumania did when she entered the war. In a short fourteen months she has seen more than one half of her army destroyed, her fertile plains pass into the hands of her enemies, and her great oil industry almost wiped out. To-day her army, supported by Russians, is holding with difficulty hardly twenty per cent of what, before the war, was one of the most fertile and prosperous small kingdoms of Europe.

When America entered the war she assumed, in a large measure, the obligations to which the Allies were already committed. It seems of paramount importance under these circumstances that the case and the cause of Roumania be more thoroughly understood in this country. Other countries entered the war through necessities of various sorts. America committed herself to the conflict for a cause which even the cynical German propaganda, hard as it has tried, has been unable to distort into a selfish or commercial one. We are preparing to share in every way the sacrifices, both in blood and wealth, which our allies have been making these past three years. And as our reward we ask for no selfish or commercial rights, nor do we seek to acquire extension of territory or acquisition of privilege in any part of the world. We have entered the war solely because of wrongs committed in the past, and with the just determination that similar wrongs shall never again be perpetrated. No country and no people on this globe are more responsive to an obligation, and more determined to fulfill such an obligation when recognized, than are the American people.

For nearly two years prior to the entrance of Roumania into the war I had been attached to the Russian Imperial Staff in the field, as special correspondent of the London *Times*. I went to Roumania in September, 1916, directly from the staff of the then Tsar, with a request from the highest authority in Russia to the highest command in Roumania that every opportunity for studying the situation be given me. These letters gave me instant access to the King and Queen of Roumania, to the Roumanian General Staff, and to other persons of importance in the Roumanian administration. I remained in that country until late in the autumn, motoring more than five thousand kilometres, and touching the Roumanian front at many places. My opinion, then, of the Roumanian cause is based on first-hand evidence obtained at the time.

When I arrived in Roumania, in September, the army was still at the high tide of its advance in Transylvania and the world was lauding without stint the bravery and efficiency of Roumanian troops. Two days after my arrival I lunched with the King, and had the first of a series of interviews with him on the status of the case of Roumania. Inasmuch as without the consent of its sovereign the entrance of Roumania into the war would have been impossible, I should first present the King's view of her case as His Majesty, after several conversations, authorized me to present it.

The King himself, as all the world knows, is a Hohenzollern. His personal feelings must, therefore, in a measure, be affected by the fact that most of his relatives and friends are fighting on the German side. There is, however, not the slightest evidence to indicate that he has ever allowed the fact of his German blood to weigh against the true interests of Roumania. A conversation which illustrates the

attitude of the King at this time is one which the Princess ——, one of the most clever and best-informed women in Roumania, related to me in Bucharest. The day before the declaration of war the most pro-German of the Roumanian ministers, who had the name of being the leader of the pro-German party in the capital, spent several hours putting forth every effort to prevent the declaration of war by the King. The minister, making no headway, finally said, 'The Germans are sure to win. Your Majesty must realize that it is impossible to beat a Hohenzollern.' The King replied, 'I think it can be done, nevertheless.' To this the defender of the German cause answered, 'Can you show me a single case where a Hohenzollern has been beaten?' The King replied, 'I can. I am a Hohenzollern, and I have beaten my own blood instincts for the sake of Roumania.'

One beautiful autumn afternoon, at the royal shooting-box outside of Bucharest, the King talked freely about his motives and the cause of his people. We had finished luncheon and he had dismissed his suite. He and the Crown Prince and myself were left in the unpretentious study. Here, over a map-strewn table, it was the custom of the King to study the problems of the campaign. A tired, harassed-looking man of about sixty, clad in the blue uniform of the Hussars of his Guard, he paced the floor, and with deep emotion emphasized the case of his country and the motives which had induced Roumania to enter the war.

This earnest presentation of his opinion I placed in writing at that time, and the sentences quoted here were a part of the statement published in the London *Times*. So far as I know, this is the only occasion on which the King outlined in a definite way his personal view of the Roumanian case.

His Majesty began by laying stress on the necessity for interpreting Roumania truthfully to the world, now that her enemies were doing their utmost to misrepresent her; the necessity for understanding the genius of the people and the sacrifices and dangers which the country faced. He urged that Roumania had not been moved by mere policy or expediency, but that her action was based on the highest principles of nationality and national ideals.

'In Roumania as in Russia,' said the King, 'the tie of race and blood underlies all other considerations, and the appeal of our purest Roumanian blood which lies beyond the Transylvanian Alps has ever been the strongest influence in the public opinion of all Roumania, from the throne to the lowest peasant. Inasmuch as Hungary was the master that held millions of our blood in perpetual political bondage, Hungary has been our traditional enemy. The Bulgar, with his efficient and unquestionably courageous army, on a frontier difficult to defend, has logically become our southern menace, and as a latent threat has been accepted secondarily as a potential enemy.'

After stating that, although at the beginning of the war Roumanian sympathy had leaped instantly to France and England, the Roumanians had realized that, economically, the friendship of Germany was an asset in the development of Roumanian industries, the King added that, nevertheless, as the Great War progressed, there had developed in Roumania a moral issue in regard to the war. The frightfulness and lawlessness practiced by the Central Powers had a profound effect upon the Roumanian people, and the country began to feel the subtle force of enemy intrigue endeavoring to force her into war against her own real interests. Let us remember, when we would criticize Roumania for her early inactivity, that she was, in the words

of her King, 'a small power with a small army surrounded by giants'; that she had a western frontier 1000 kilometres long, — greater than the English and French fronts combined, — and a Bulgarian frontier, almost undefended and near her capital, stretching for other hundreds of kilometres on the south. With Russia in retreat, Roumania would have been instantly annihilated if she had acted. She had to wait till she could be reasonably sure of protecting herself and of being supported by her allies. She waited not a moment longer.

After pointing out the great risks which Roumania had run, as a small country, and the deterring effect of the fate of Serbia and Belgium, the King continued, 'Notwithstanding the savagery with which the enemy is attacking us and the cruelty with which our defenseless women and children are being massacred, this government will endeavor to prevent bitterness from dominating its actions in the way of reprisals on prisoners or defenseless noncombatants; and to this end orders have been issued to our troops that, regardless of previous provocation, those who fall into our hands shall be treated with kindness; for it is not the common soldiers or the innocent people who must be held responsible for the policy adopted by the enemy governments.'

The interview ended with the King's assurance that Roumanians would not falter in their allegiance to England the just, to France, their brother in Latin blood, and to Russia, their immediate neighbor.

'With confidence in the justice of our cause, with faith in our allies, and with the knowledge that our people are capable of every fortitude, heroism, sacrifice, which may be demanded of them, we look forward soberly and seriously to the problems that confront us, but with the certainty that our sacrifices will not be in vain, and that ultimate victory must and will be the inevitable outcome. In the achievement of this result the people of Roumania, from the throne to the lowliest peasant, are willing to pay the price.'

When it is realized that these conversations took place in September and the first days of October, it must be clear, I think, that neither the King nor the Queen had ever felt that Roumania entered the war in absolute security, but that they always realized the danger of their situation and moved only because their faith in the Allies was such as to lead them to believe that they had at least a fair chance to coöperate with them without the certainty of destruction.

To emphasize further the fact that both realized this danger even before the war started, I would mention one occasion some weeks later, when the fear of the German invasion of Roumania was becoming a tangible one. During a conversation with the King and the Queen together, in regard to this menace, the Queen turned impulsively to the King and said, 'This is exactly what we have feared. We, at least, never imagined that Roumania was going to have an easy victory, and we have always felt the danger of our coming into the war.'

The King looked very tired and nervous, having spent all that day with the General Staff weighing news from the front which was increasingly adverse. 'Yes,' he said, as he pulled his beard, 'we were never misled as to what might happen.'

So much then for the psychology of the sovereigns of Roumania as I received it from their own lips.

II

Ever since the loss of Bucharest the world has been asking why Roumania

entered the war. It seems to be the general opinion that her action at that time was unwarranted and that she had been betrayed. There has even been a widely circulated report that Germany, through the King, had intrigued to bring about this disaster. Again I have heard that the Russian High Command had purposely sacrificed Roumania. At this time, when much of the evidence is still unattainable, it is impossible for me to make absolutely authoritative statements, but immediately after leaving Roumania I spent three hours with General Brussiloff discussing the situation. A few days later I had the privilege of meeting the former Tsar at Kieff (to whom the Queen had given me a letter), and I know from his own lips his feeling in regard to Roumania. Subsequently, I was at the headquarters of the Russian High Command and there learned at first hand the extraordinary efforts that Alexieff was making to support Roumania. The British efforts to cooperate with Roumania and prevent disaster I knew thoroughly at that time.

I never saw the slightest evidence that either Russia or her allies had any intention whatsoever of disregarding their duties or their responsibilities to this little country. That there was lack of vision and foresight on all sides is quite apparent. But that there was bad faith on the part of any of the contracting parties I do not believe. It is probably true that the reactionary government in Petrograd was glad to see the Roumanian disaster, but it must be realized that this was a military situation primarily, and that ninety per cent of it in the first three months was in the hands, not of the Petrograd politicians but of the military authorities at the front. Brussiloff and Alexieff are men incapable of intrigue or bad faith. The Emperor, with whom I talked at Kieff, and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlowna nearly wept at the misfortune of Roumania, and I am certain that the former Tsar was in no way a party to any breach of faith with this little ally.

I have said that there was not bad faith toward Roumania on the part of the Allies when they induced her to enter the war, and that there was not lack of intelligence on the part of Roumania when she followed their advice. In order to understand the point of view of the Allies it is necessary to have clearly in mind the military conditions existing in the whole theatre of operations during the six months prior to Roumania's fatal venture. In February the Germans had assembled a large portion of their mobile reserves for their effort against Verdun. The constant wastage of German human material continued almost without intermission into May, with spasmodic recurrences up to the present time. Hundreds of thousands of Germans were drawn from the visible supply of enemy manhood by these offensives. By early May the failure of the Verdun venture had probably become manifest to the German High Command, and there is evidence that they were commencing to conserve their troops for other purposes.

On the 5th of June there began in Galicia and Volhynia the great offensive of General Brussiloff which lasted, almost without intermission, on one or another part of his front, until October. By the middle of June this drive of the Russians began to divert German troops for the defense of Kovel. In July started the British-French offensive in the West.

With their reservoirs of men already greatly reduced by the Verdun attacks, the Germans, by the middle of July, were compelled to find supports to meet the continuous offensives on both the

Eastern and Western fronts. I cannot estimate the number of troops required by them against the French and British, but I do know that between the 5th of June and the 30th of August a total of thirty divisions of enemy troops were diverted from other fronts against Brussiloff alone. This heavy diversion was the only thing that prevented the Russians from taking Kovel in July and forcing the entire German line in the East. So continuous and pressing were the Russian attacks that more than two months elapsed before the enemy could bring this offensive to a final stop on the Kovel sector. Enemy formations arriving were ground up in detail as fast as they came, and by the middle of July it was clear to us, who were on the fighting line in Volhynia, that the Germans were having extraordinary difficulties in filling their losses from day to day. In June their first supports came by army corps; in July they were coming by divisions; and early in August we checked the arrival of single regiments, while the Austrians were often so hard pressed that they sent isolated battalions to fill the holes in their lines.

In the mean time the Russians had cleared the Bukovina of the enemy. It was believed that Roumania could put in the field twenty-two divisions of excellent troops. The enemy losses in prisoners alone, up to the first of September, from Brussiloff's offensive, were above four hundred thousand and over four hundred guns. It seemed then that these extra twenty-two divisions thrown in by Roumania could meet but little resistance.

In order that the Roumanian attempt to coöperate might be safeguarded in the highest degree, a coordinated plan of operations on the part of the Allies was agreed upon with Roumania. The allied force in Saloniki under General Sarrail was to commence a heavy offensive intended to pin down the Bulgarian and Turkish forces to the southern line, thus protecting the Roumanian line of the Danube. Brussiloff's left flank in Galicia was to start a drive through the Bukovina toward the Hungarian plain, thus relieving the Roumanians from any pressure on the north. A Russian force of fifty thousand men in the Dubrudja was to protect the Roumanian left. This, in view of the apparent shortage of enemy reserves, seemed to protect the army of Roumania on both flanks in its advance into Transylvania. In addition Roumania was to receive certain shipments of munitions of war daily from Russia. It was the opinion of the military advisers in Roumania that under no circumstances could the Germans divert against her within three months more than sixteen divisions, while some of the experts advising her placed the number as low as ten.

Now let us see what happened. For some reason, which I do not know, the offensive on the south was delayed, and when it did start it attained no important results nor did it detain sufficient enemy troops in that vicinity to relieve Roumania. On the contrary, heavy forces of Bulgars and Austrians immediately attacked the line of the Danube, taking the Roumanian stronghold of Turtekaia, with the bulk of the Roumanian heavy guns. In order to safeguard Bucharest, then threatened, the Roumanians were obliged to withdraw troops from their Transylvania advance, which up to this time had been highly successful. These withdrawals represented the difference between an offensive and a defensive, and the Transylvania campaign potentially failed when Bucharest was threatened from the south.

The Russian expedition in the Dobrudja, which was supported by a

Roumanian division and a mixed division of Serbs and Slavs, partially recruited from prisoners captured by the Russians, failed to work in harmony, and the protection of the Roumanian left became, after the capture of Turtekaia, a negligible factor which ultimately collapsed entirely. Thus we see in the beginning that through no bad faith the southern assets on which Roumania depended proved to be of little or no value to her.

There still remained the Russian agreement to coöperate in Galicia and the Bukovina. I can speak of this situation with authority because I had been on the southwestern front almost without intermission since June, and know that there was every intent on the part of Brussiloff to carry out to the limit of his capacity his end of the programme. The success of this, however, was impaired by a situation, over which he had no control, which developed in Galicia in September. It must not be forgotten that all the Russian troops on the southwestern front had been fighting constantly for nearly three months. When I came through Galicia on my way to Roumania I found Brussiloff's four southern armies engaged in a tremendous action. Early in September they had made substantial advances in the direction of Lemberg, and were in sight of Halicz on the Dniester when they began to encounter terrific and sustained counter-attacks.

That the force of this may be understood I would mention the case of the army attacking Halicz. When I first went to the southwestern front in June, there were facing this army three Austrian divisions, three Austrian cavalry divisions and one German division. In September, at the very moment when Brussiloff was supposed to be heavily supporting Roumania, there were sent against this same army — on a slightly extended front — three Austrian divisions, two Austrian cavalry divisions, two Turkish divisions, and nine German divisions. The army on the extreme Russian left, whose duty it was to participate in the offensive in the Bukovina, had made important advances toward Lemberg from the south, and just at the time that Roumania entered the war it also was subjected to tremendous enemy counter-attacks. For several weeks it held its position only with the greatest difficulty and by diverting to itself most of the available reserves. Something more than one army corps did endeavor to coöperate with Roumania, but the situation I have described in Galicia made it impossible for sufficient supports to reach the Bukovina offensive to enable it to fulfill its mission.

Thus we see that after the first month of the campaign the coöperative factors which alone had justified Roumania's entering into the war had proved to be failures. The arrival of material from Russia was delayed because, after Turtekaia was taken, a new Russian corps was sent to the Dobrudja to stiffen up that front. The railroad communications were bad and immediately became congested by the movements of troops, thus interfering with the shipping of badly needed material. I have since heard the Russian reactionary government charged with purposely holding up these shipments; but I am inclined to believe that my explanation of the cause of the delays in the arrival of material is the correct one.

The greatest mistake on the part of the Allies was their estimate of the number of troops that the Germans could send to Roumania during the fall of 1916. As I have said, experts placed this number at from ten to sixteen divisions, but, to the best of my judgment, they sent, between the 1st of September

and the 1st of January, not less than thirty. The German commitments to the Roumanian front came by express, and the Russian supports, because of the paucity of lines of communication, came by freight. The moment that it became evident what the Germans could do in the way of sending troops, Roumania was doomed.

The move of Alexieff and the Russian High Command in the middle of October, which is one of tangible record and not of opinion, should absolutely eliminate the charges of bad faith on the part of Russia, for he immediately appropriated for the support of Roumania between eight and ten army corps, which were instantly placed in motion, regardless of the adverse condition their absence caused on his own front. It is quite true that these troops arrived too late to save Bucharest; but that they came as quickly as possible, I can assert without reservation, for I was on the various lines of communication for nearly a month and found them blocked with these corps, which represented the cream of the Russian army, to make good the moral obligations of Russia to Roumania. In November I had a talk with Brussiloff, who authorized me to quote him as follows on the Roumanian situation: —

H.Q. — S.W.F. — *Nov.* 7.

Roumania is now feeling for the first time the pressure of war and the bitterness of defeat; but Roumania must realize that her defeats are but incidents in the greater campaign; for behind her stands great Russia, who will see to it that her brave little ally, who has come into the war for a just cause, does not ultimately suffer for daring to espouse this cause for which we are all fighting. I can speak with authority when I state that, from the Emperor down to the common soldier, there is a united sentiment in Russia that Roumania shall be protected, helped, and supported in every way possible. Roumanians must feel faith in Russia and the Russian people, and must also know that in the efforts we are making to save them sentiment is the dominant factor, and we are not doing it merely as a question of protecting our own selfish interest and our left flank.

It seems to me that the evidence I have submitted above clears the Allies, including Russia, of any wanton breach of faith toward Roumania, though the failure of their intention to relieve her certainly does not diminish their responsibility toward her in the future.

In the final analysis the determining factor in the ruin of Roumania was the failure of the Allies to foresee the number of troops the Germans could send against them. Their reasoning up to a certain point was accurate. In July, August, and for part of September it was, I believe, almost impossible for the Germans to send troops to Transylvania, which accounts for the rapidity of the Roumanian advance at the beginning of their operations. The fallacy in the Allied reasoning seems to me to have been that every one overlooked certain vital factors in the German situation. First, that she would ultimately support any threat against Hungary to the limit of her capacity, even if she had to evacuate Belgium to get troops for this purpose. For with Hungary out of the war it is a mate in five moves for the Central Empires. Second: the Allies failed to analyze correctly the troop situation on the eastern front, apparently failing to grasp one vital point. An army can defend itself in winter, with the heavy cold and snows of Russia sweeping the barren spaces, with perhaps sixty per cent of the number of troops required to hold those identical lines in summer. It should have been obvious that, when

the cold weather set in in the north, the Germans would take advantage of this situation, and by going on the defensive in the north release the margin representing the difference in men required to hold their lines in summer and in winter. Possibly the same condition applies to the west, though I cannot speak with any authority on that subject. Apparently this obvious action of the Germans is exactly what happened. When their northern front had been combed, we find forces subtracted piecemeal from the north, reaching an aggregate of thirty divisions, or at least nearly fifteen divisions more than had been anticipated. The doom of Roumania was sealed.

What happened in the Russian effort to support Roumania is exactly what has occurred in nearly all the drives that I have been in during this war. An army once started in retreat in the face of superior forces can hold only when supported *en bloc* or when it reaches a fortified line. The Germans with all their cleverness and efficiency were not able to stop the Russian offensive of 1916 until they had fallen back on the fortified lines of the Stokhod in front of Kovel. In the Galician drive against the Russians in 1915, the armies of the Tsar were not able to hold until they reached the San River, on which they fought a series of rear-guard actions.

So it was in Roumania. The Russian corps arriving on the installment plan were swept away by the momentum of the advancing enemy, who could not be halted until the fortified line of the Sereth was reached.

Whether one blames the Allies for lack of vision or not, I think one must at least acquit Roumania of any responsibility for her own undoing. Her case as represented by the King seems a just and sufficient reason for her having entered the war. Her action during the war has been straightforward and direct, and I have never heard of any reason to believe that the King or the Roumanian High Command has ever looked back in the furrow since they made the decision to fight on the side of the Allies. They followed the advice given them as to their participation in the war. They have played the game to the limit of their resources and to-day stand in a position almost unparalleled in its pathos and acuteness. In front of them, as they struggle with courage and desperation for the small fragment of their kingdom that remains, are the formations of the Turks, Bulgars, Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans, with Mackensen striving to give them a death-blow. Behind them is Russia in chaos. German agitators and irresponsible revolutionists have striven in vain to destroy the morale of their army and shake their faith in their government and their sovereign. It is estimated that three million Roumanian refugees have taken shelter behind their lines. Their civil population, or that portion of it which remains, will this winter be destitute of almost every necessity of life.

This, then, is the case of Roumania, and if we and the other Allies have not a moral obligation to the King and Queen and the government of that little country, to support them in every way possible, then surely we have no obligation to any one.

Sentiment, however, is not the only factor in the Roumanian case. There is also the problem of sound policy. In spite of all her distress and her discouragements Roumania has been able to save from the wreckage, and to reconstruct, an army which it is said can muster between three and four hundred thousand men. These soldiers are well drilled by French officers, filled with enthusiasm and fighting daily, and are even now diverting enemy

troops toward Roumania which would otherwise be available for fighting British, French, and American troops in the west. The Roumanians are the matrix of the Russian left flank, and if, through lack of support and the necessities of life, they go out of the war, the solidity of the Russian left is destroyed and the capture of Odessa probably foreordained. A few hundred million dollars would probably keep Roumania fighting for another year. It is a conservative estimate to state that it will take ten times that amount, and at least six months' delay, to place the equivalent number of trained American troops on any fighting front. It is, I think, obvious that from the point of view of sound military policy, as well as moral and ethical obligation, every American whose heart is in this war should be behind the President of the United States without reserve, in any effort he may make or recommend, in extending assistance to Roumania in this the hour of her greatest peril.

TORPEDOED

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

THE first torpedo struck us at a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning. I was down below in the saloon with E——. We had both kept a boat-watch during the night and were the last officers to come to breakfast.

The saloon was a fine large place, with lots of glass and tables and white-jacketed stewards. Above, on the decks, the men and most of the officers had fallen in at dawn and were to remain alert during our passage through the danger zone. A couple of Japanese destroyers, one to port and one to starboard, formed our escort. Our course was a series of zigzags at fourteen knots per hour by day and rather more at night.

E—— and I ate our bacon and eggs and drank our coffee. The steward waiting on us was a clean-shaven little fellow who looked much like a low comedian. When the torpedo struck, there was no mistaking it for anything else. E—— and I laughed, as much as to say, 'Here she is!' Then I put on my cork belt, asked myself whether any part of me had suffered in the explosion, and received a confident answer, and next I leaped up the three flights of stairs that led to the liner's deck and my own boat-station.

E—— raced with me. I have never seen him since. He had a lovable habit of mothering people. I dare say it cost him his life. There is something specially tragical about this officer's disappearance. He was the last of three brothers. Two had died gallantly in France, and so that one of her boys might be spared to the bereaved mother, E—— had been taken out of the trenches and given a 'safe' job at the base. Yet even so the Fates had followed him!

The stewards and cooks raced with

us too. There was something theatrical and cinema-ish about that picture — so many white jackets and blue uniform trousers and white overalls.

All this time — it might have been a couple of minutes — the greater part of me was so active that I have no recollection of any instant devoted to fear. Crude and horrible as it may sound, there was a large portion of my consciousness which was most vividly and delightedly enjoying itself. I will try to explain why.

Firstly, the torpedo had come, and with it an end to our suspense. A weight seemed lifted. I have crossed the Channel five times, the Mediterranean twice and a fraction — I call the last effort a fraction — during this war; and much of these twenty-three nights and seventeen days one was waiting. The Channel crossing is nothing. You turn in, go to sleep, and wake in safe waters. But from Saloniki to port, or from Europe to Saloniki, you are at the mercy of your digestion, your nerves, and, especially in my own case, an incorrigible imagination. I am a writer, and therefore have not spared that faculty. Well, the torpedo had come at last, and now farewell to fond imaginings.

Secondly and chiefly, *the whole thing was so terrible as to be quite unreal.* In that way it defeated itself. I, for one, simply could not believe in it. 'Such things are done at the "pictures" or at Drury Lane; they are not done in real life.' I was arguing something like that, very swiftly no doubt, very sub-consciously. I am not aware that I argued, but I do know that at the outset the whole thing seemed like an exciting, wonderful adventure, and withal quite unreal.

Just picture us, on a great liner, cosy as a grand hotel. Everything was remote from war and death, as I have seen them so constantly on land these last three years. No mud, no dirt, no continuity. And we were all at ease and leading civilian lives, with bathrooms, linen sheets, and even an American bar! I don't know why, but I had imagined it all quite differently.

As one rushed upstairs one thought of things one had valued yesterday, — two brand-new pairs of boots, one's field-glasses, some money, — they seemed now so utterly of no account. Providence must have been with me, for, arrived on deck, I stood flush before my boat, Number 13. I stood there and took charge. To left of me the right people were busy with our sixty-six sisters. These ladies were part of the staff of a new hospital unit. Safely they were put into their boats, safely lowered, and safely rowed away from us. We cheered them as they left, and they cheered back. Then Tommy, lined on deck, struck up a song. He always does in moments of emotion.

I had filled my boat as full as it would go. All was ready. I stepped on board and gave the signal. Then slowly we descended. Above our heads one of the ship's officers was seeing to it that we went down all right. Immediately below us was another boat. It pushed off at last, and now we were free to hit the water. Before we pushed off I took on five of the crew who had helped to lower us. They swarmed down the ropes and reached us safely. Then I refused to take anybody else and we got the oars out and rowed away. Only then did I notice that the ship had stopped dead. She looked perfectly steady, like a ship anchored.

On leaving her I had thought of the two other officers who should have been with me, and of the long rows of men I had seen drawn up on the decks. A moment I had hesitated, feeling very like a rat, but it was my duty to leave them and I had no choice. Three more boats were waiting to follow mine. I

pointed this out to the men I had to leave behind. And still I felt rather like a rat. Now, with a fuller knowledge, I am glad I went.

I was the only officer in our boat. All my fifty companions were 'other ranks' or else members of the crew. Straightway I took command. It seemed a relief to the men, and it was certainly a relief to me. I heard shouts of 'Listen to the officer,' and all those fifty pair of eyes I knew would judge me, and, if I were worthy, trust me. I had no cap, but I had my tunic and its rank badges for all to see.

Within me I knew that I was an absolute novice, as green as the green waters on which we now moved and had our being. 'Row away from the ship,' was my first order. Six or eight boats and numerous rafts were already floating on the water. They had put a safe distance between themselves and the ship, and I thought it right to do the same. One had heard stories about 'suction': how a sinking vessel draws down other craft with it. So away we rowed, very crowded and jammed together. When we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I turned to our professional sailors. Two were young negroes; the other three were white; but all five seemed to know little more than I. They were probably stokers or kitchen hands. In any case, I speedily realized that they could help me very little and that I must rely on my own judgment.

So we floated, one of many little units, on those waters; and for a long time we were kept passionately interested by what we saw. Speaking for myself, I have never lived through moments so tense, so big, so charged with all extremes and textures of emotion.

The big ship — she was near to 15,000 tons — stood like an island, and as if she could stand forever. While one of our destroyers went away on an unknown quest, the other drew alongside. We saw the little khaki figures swarm into her, and, to be frank, we envied them. Then the destroyer manœuvred, and there was a flash and an explosion. A second torpedo had struck and the Japanese commander had just dodged it. We now saw that his mast was broken and his wireless installation was sagging. But still the great ship stood there like an island. 'She's beached!' shouted some one; and for quite a while there were many of us who felt that this was likely.

Our next diversion came from the destroyer. Some one on board was signaling us to get out of the way, and some one else on board was firing the forward gun straight past us. We were in the line of fire and an obstruction. And so we rowed away from there, getting clear. Five or six shells were fired. We heard later that the target was a sailing boat which the submarine had used to screen her periscope. Personally, I saw nothing of sailing-boat, submarine, or periscope.

I imagine that I must have been uncommonly busy. The sea was now nursing a little fleet of boats and rafts, and some of my own men wanted comforting. One flash of the Comic Spirit cheered us all. He was a fat, bald-headed soldier on a raft, probably a quartermaster-sergeant. He sprawled at his ease, lying face to the sun, just like a man on a holiday. A pipe stuck in that calm and florid face would have perfected the picture. I hope his sublime coolness has been rewarded.

A similar raft, quite empty, floated by, and it is with a twinge of shame that I admit that I would gladly have swum to it. We were overcrowded, some of us had to be suppressed, and one or two of us were terrified. As an officer I was doing my duty, but as an individual I was not altogether happy! I envied the leisure, the spacious ease,

the care-free dignity of that fat man with a whole raft to himself.

That moment passed, as did many another. I remember especially seeing another boat with only five men on board, four rowing gayly past us, the fifth baling. It seemed to us a horrible injustice, and several of my men said so aloud. I negatived the proposition, however, that we should get alongside and in part transfer. We seemed all right, and it struck me as best to leave well alone.

There followed next the most dramatic period of that spectacle. So far the great ship had stood firm, as if anchored. We noticed now that she had a definite list to starboard. The angle grew steeper, and then suddenly her bow dropped, her stern lifted, and next she slid to the bottom like a diver. It was as though a living thing had disappeared beneath the waves. We watched her, open-mouthed, a tightness at our hearts. We missed the comfort of her presence, we felt the tragedy of her surrender. In her death and engulfment there was a something more than human. So might a city built by countless hands and quick with life pass suddenly away. From somewhere in the middle of her bled a great puff of smoke, and I noticed that her deck as she stood on end, one half of her submerged, was bare and naked. It might have been a ball-room floor. We said nothing, but it was evident that most of us felt and thought alike. We turned now a more searching eye upon the strange shores that lay some five miles distant, and upon the strange city whose central monuments fixed our attention. What kind of people lived there, and would they send us help? we seemed to ask. But already the latter question was answered. A small steamer, apparently a tug, was evidently the forerunner of rescue.

You must picture us now on an empty sea; for with the going of our ship, although some thousands of us were floating, struggling, and, alas, drowning, we made no great impression on that immensity. We felt very small and we felt very much alone and neglected.

II

So far, absorbed by the larger drama of those hours, I have hardly done justice to our own personal worries and hesitations. To begin with, either our boat leaked, or we had omitted to replace the plug which is part of a boat's equipment and the absence or presence of which regulates the escape of rain-water from a boat as it hangs on its davits. We leaked, and a rising sea added to this danger; for, besides taking in water from below, the big waves, when we met them broadside on, drenched us and filled us still more. To remedy this latter evil, and after discovering also that we were rudderless, I constituted myself coxswain of the boat. I stood up and shouted, 'Right,' or 'left,' as the case might be, and the men pulled bravely. Thus, by using our oars, — and though we lost one or two there were always sufficient, — we were able to keep our boat head on to the waves and rise or sink with them instead of meeting them sideways.

The leakage from below, however, was a far more serious matter. At first we tried to hold our own with an iron bucket which we had found aboard. This helped matters, but still the water was gaining on us. We sat in it and watched it climbing. Then one of the men baling dropped the bucket over the side. It was gone. I called him a particular kind of fool, in which opinion he certainly concurred; and then a happy inspiration caused me to remember a couple of fresh-water casks and

a couple of hatchets that I had noticed in the boat during my second watch at daybreak. We fished for the casks and found one, and we fished some more and found a hatchet. We stove in the cask, emptied it, and began to bale. Then I had the luck to discover the second cask, and soon we had both going as hard as willing arms could fill them and throw the water back into the sea.

I shall never forget the sigh of relief that went up from most of us as gradually we obtained the mastery over that relentless foe. From our waistline, the water sank little by little to below our knee; and I thanked God for it. We felt safe again. Now there were only two things to bear in mind: firstly, we must keep her head on to the waves, and, secondly, we must keep on baling.

During this critical period I made a closer acquaintance with my comrades. I had never seen any of them before, so I did not know their names or anything about them. Mentally, I described the more marked characters to myself, and even went the length of inventing nicknames. There was the Pop-Eye Man, for instance. He was a sailor or, rather, a member of the crew. He was so terrified that he shouted wild things at us and his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. What he yelled I neither knew nor cared. He made me realize that there are such things as cowards, and once or twice I caught myself wondering what it was that made him so afraid of death, so tenacious of life. Was it wife, children, or beer that so unmanned him? He had a beery look and rather a brutal, bullying manner. He is saved and is now probably lying hard about his confounded heroism. That type usually does.

Then there was the Cocoanut-Shy Man. At village and other English festivals there are men who keep up a continual shouting in a hoarse and blatant voice. They must have lungs of brass, and as often as not, they are attached to a cocoanut-shy outfit. I had one such man on board. He was probably shouting to keep his own courage up as much as ours.

'Three more strokes to the shore, boys!' he yelled. 'Three more strokes! Now all together!' And so on; and so on. He had a voice like a bull and made the welkin ring with encouragement and exhortation. Of course, not three nor three thousand strokes would have taken us to the shore. The sea, the wind, and our own dead weight were all against us. But, still, the Cocoanut-Shy Man, whether it was rowing or baling, worked like a man and encouraged others to work, and was a good fellow.

There was the Man-who-Nodded. He was a sailor in the stern. I faced him, and whenever I ordered the boat's head to be kept on to the waves, he nodded approval and seemed satisfied.

Other figures come back to me, other faces. One poor Tommy broke a tragic silence by crossing over to me, and, all tremulous, confessing, 'I have n't got my belt, sir.' Nor had he. I put him to baling — and bale he did! He was easily our champion.

Beside me all the time was a boy of about eighteen, fresh from home, a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He nestled beside me, with large trustful eyes, like a little dog, and whatever I asked him to do he did quickly and implicitly. If I have any touch of vanity it must have been tickled by that dear lad's faith in me.

There were two negroes — stokers, I believe — in the boat. They sat quite still, moving neither hand nor foot, a picture of resignation. Their passive silence was monumental. A fair young fellow, probably a shop assistant before the war, and, I believe, a corporal or sergeant in the Army Ser-

vice Corps, worked well and always with intelligence and coolness. And there was a plucky middle-aged man in the stern, who simply oozed calmness and confidence, though he once had me puzzled by telling me that the rudder was there and working as it should do. He admitted later that he had said this to cheer up the waverers.

Now, as to the waverers, they were mostly boys, and I think all of them were seasick. It is very difficult to be a hero when you are seasick. One or two whom I urged to row or bale replied, 'I'm done, sir.' And done they were, I suppose, poor beggars.

I, too, though smiling in the face of events, had a lengthy period of doubt, and even went so far as to loosen my soaked boots as a precaution. It was when the water threatened to sink or overturn us. I remember a few of the thoughts that criss-crossed with more practical reflections. Chief and foremost was the recognition that I had had forty-seven years of life and a d—d good time, all things considered. Friendships, love, books, pictures, music, I had had; and I had seen a good deal of the world and its adventures. And as I thought of these, it occurred to me that I had done pretty well everything except die, and that, after all, Barrie was right. In *Peter Pan*, you will remember, he makes his hero say that death is the greatest adventure of the lot. I probably misquote him, but that is the gist of it. Now, I had always thought that sentiment unreal and a piece of clap-trap. And so it was in a way. When I heard it, I was fresh from the Russian Revolution of 1905–1906. The audience who applauded struck me as about the last people in the world who wanted to die; in fact, London, after Russia, seemed a place where people wanted to go to offices, make money, and live forever, and Barrie's audience more so than any of them. But as I stood in the boat and contemplated the possibility and even probability of this last great adventure, it occurred to me that Peter Pan was right — exactly right.

It also annoyed me to think that the two books I have lived for all my life and have not yet written might get drowned. This annoyed me very seriously. They seemed such wonderful, splendid books, now that there was a chance of their going under! Parallel with these diversions was the discovery of the two fresh-water casks and their prompt utilization. I baled away myself and made others bale.

The sea now, or at about this period, held five good hopes for us. There were the two original Japanese destroyers, one Italian destroyer that was picking people up, and two Italian tug-boats. The submarine seemed to have finished for the day. My men, even earlier, had in part seemed to think that we were the only people who mattered. They had waved and yelled, and they had let off flares. These flares were to me a mystery and rather a source of laughter. Probably they formed part of our boat's furniture, but in broad daylight they could be of no real use and it was like setting fireworks off at midday. I had advocated patience and suggested that lots of people were far worse off than we were, which was indeed the case.

Now, although there were five authentic steamboats going and coming on the waters, the whole area in sight seemed so enormous and everything human on it so small, that I felt that help would take some time in getting to us. As a matter of fact, we survivors must have flecked a good many square miles of that vast carpet. We were a thin sprinkling, and we covered a considerable area. Hence it was largely a matter of luck who came first and last. And so I was content to wait our turn.

It came at length in the shape of a Japanese destroyer. She was taking in a boatload of survivors not fifty yards from us. And so, with hearts considerably lighter, we pulled toward her. We were on the wrong side at first, and wind and sea would have made our rescue from that quarter dangerous. But speedily we turned and came round her; she threw us a line which we caught and clung to; then came a rope, and our main adventure was over.

The first man to get aboard was the poor devil without a life-belt. He did not wait to be asked. Then all my men scrambled up the shallow side of the destroyer, helped by the strong brown arms of square-built little sailormen. Those Japs were all helpfulness and smiles of welcome. One or two of my own men paused to say, 'Thank you, sir,' before they left. It was nice of them, but I did not feel that they owed many thanks to me. I was the last to quit our boat, and we left it drifting. God only knows where it is to-day. It was Number 13; and in Italy, where we landed, 13 is a lucky number.

On the destroyer, now crowded with the rescued, I was welcomed by several of my brother officers. We even shook hands and made pretty speeches — a thing we rarely do. My gray hair and middle age seemed to make some of them think that I was more 'done in' than was actually the case. As a matter of fact, I was pretty fit and anxious only to get a smoke. It must have been shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had had nothing to eat since ten o'clock that morning. We were about four and a half hours in the boat. It did not seem as long as that; in fact, the time had gone rather quickly. To my companions, perhaps, free from responsibility or shaken by seasickness, it may have seemed longer.

Before I return to the destroyer, I would like to record a psychological experience which must be common to many men who 'live dangerously,' but which I have never seen stated in print or heard by word of mouth. I have lived much for sport, and have occasionally done things which the newspapers describe as 'brilliant.' Every athlete has done the same. These are almost 'impossible' things; but a perfect physical fitness makes them possible. You are praised for doing them, and you receive such praise almost with a certain disdain; for you did not really risk your neck or a split head; or even if you did, what of it? Most men, on their day, have physical courage. I personally do not value it at a tenth of the price I put on moral courage — the courage of the great artist, for instance, or the courage of the junior officer who stands up to a rascally or cowardly senior. These men are the heroes for my money. And I remember still how, when all that strain was over and I was free to leave our little boat, a touch of that old disdain humbled me. Most men who are praised for doing their job must feel as I felt, even — to compare small things with great — our most decorated and be-paragraphed.

III

Naval warfare is, I take it, a thing of contrasts. We retained two impressions of that particular Japanese destroyer: the first, fierce and catlike; the second, all smiles and willing helpfulness. I had seen it spit its shells, its battle-flag gleaming like a bloodshot eye. The red and white streaks of Japan's naval ensign had floated out on the breeze with an almost human intensity — a single splash of color, and that the absolutely right one. Now the same ship was moving hither and yon, intent on its work of rescue, picking up men in batches of two, or three, or four.

Ours had been the last boatload of

fifty souls or so to be taken aboard. The destroyer next dealt with the flotsam and jetsam that had held out on rafts, real or improvised. We huddled together on the narrow deck, and it was now our turn to watch — we, who a few moments before had ourselves provided the spectacle. In little groups we dragged them in. A line would be thrown, and, if it went true the first time, caught and held by eager hands, and the sturdy Japs would have our men on deck in a twinkling. Sometimes it missed, and then there followed a second shot that did the trick. Once a too-anxious Tommy made us shake with laughter.

'Hold tight!' he cried from the deck to a man on a raft who had caught a rope-end. As if that man would not hold tight!

Every now and again we passed the floating bodies of the drowned, their faces hid in the life-belts that made them bob so pathetically — as if they too were made of cork. Cold, seasickness, exhaustion, had made them give way; a man under these circumstances is as strong as his vitality.

We cruised for perhaps an hour, drenched with spray. A dry cigarette was treasure-trove to us. We shared those we had, taking our turns at them. I had at least four sucks at a fat Abdullah, Number 14: it was very good. Débris from the ship floated past us, noticeably a beautiful writing-desk, complete. It was there for anybody to take; I wonder what became of it. Two hydroplanes, part of our deck cargo, in enormous packing-cases, rode the waves, looking for all the world like huge Noah's Arks. As we watched we swapped stories, and those of us who were too cold drifted aft to the shelter of the ward-room. Our hosts passed round biscuit, and every now and then an officer on the bridge would chalk up some piece of information on a slate which he held aloft. It was thus we learned that we were bound for S——, a port in Italy. We could already see its churches, towers, and factory chimneys. But the warm heart of it we could not see; in fact, we were dubious, wondering what kind of a reception we should meet from these strangers, among whom, so nakedly and so unexpectedly, we were presently to descend.

They did not leave us long in doubt. Some of us had been in Italy before, as tourists; to-day we were her guests. Red Cross sisters had erected stalls on the quay and were active with hospitality. I drank coffee, wine, and beer indiscriminately, ate bread and biscuit, and smoked cigarettes.

Every available motor-car from far and near was there to fetch our wounded and our dead. There were men who had been hurt in the two explosions, and men who had jumped from ship to destroyer and broken a leg. On our destroyer's deck I now saw the body of Major B——. I had learned that he was lost; but I was yet to hear that he had reached a safe place on a raft, which, trusting to his powers as a swimmer, he had yielded to two men less able than himself. They were saved, but the cold of a long immersion had proved too much for Major B——. He was a partner in the famous bank which bears his name, a brave man who had died as unselfishly as he had lived.

I was hungry now, — in fact ravenous, — so I stepped into one of the motor-cars that were going inland. Half a dozen of us were packed in it, and we drove through long lines of excited people who cheered us, wept over us, pelted us with flowers, and made much of us generally. We cheered back, and when we were hoarse and had left the crowd behind, our car drew up at a large building on a hill. We discovered that it was a hospital. Half of us re-

mained there, the other half explained that what we wanted was a square meal and a place where we could dry our clothes. So downhill we went again, and on to the portals of the best hotel. There I ate the first real meal that I had had that day (it was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon). And afterwards I got into a bed and warmed myself and asked the chambermaid to dry my clothes.

We spent the best part of a week in Italy, among a population that no single one of us can ever thank sufficiently. High and low, rich and poor, there was nothing they would not give us or do for us. Many of us were taken to homes, and I have heard of poor working-people who went without food so that some British Tommy who was their guest might eat his fill.

The military authorities looked after our clothing, and we were really a sight one cannot readily forget. In *bersaglieri* fez and tassel we roamed about, in capacious gray cloaks, in gray peaked caps, in every shape and make of Italian uniform. We hardly recognized one another, and when we did, it was to stop and laugh and laugh again.

On the Sunday S—— gave the first twenty of our ship's company who had died or whose bodies had been washed ashore a public funeral. It was the most impressive funeral I have ever seen. In a procession fully a mile long we streamed away to the Campo Santo. The whole town and countryside were there to watch us, on sidewalks, crowded balconies, even on the house-tops. Many of the women were weeping as they stood there, thinking of their own men-folk away on the two fronts.

To the Italians the most interesting members of this stream of mourners were 'Le donne,' as they termed our own brave sisters. In scarlet and gray, those who had saved their uniforms marched gallantly down the long road that led to the cemetery. The whole sixty-six were present, many dressed in hats, skirts, and blouses provided by the ladies of S——. We were proud of our women — but that is an old story.

With the Italian and British troops marched the sailors of Japan, smart and workmanlike. I had never seen them in a body before, and I observed them closely. I may be mistaken, but to me they seemed as formidable as any seamen in the world. Physically and morally they impressed me deeply. One little thing won my particular regard: instead of machine-turned decorations, they wore real jewels, the work of a craftsman. It is a small matter, but a people that will do this will do much else. The Japanese officers were obviously men of breeding, and on more than one face I seemed to read a supreme disdain (which many of us share) for a civilization which expresses itself in mechanics and explosives.

'You Westerners have forced us to take a hand in this,' they seemed to say; 'very well then, we will take a hand, till, sooner or later, you reach our level of civilization, and then we can scrap all these toys and devilments and so go on with the realities that lead to God.'

Perhaps I imagined this; yet without those quiet figures whose pride it was to stand there as though carven, and from another world, I could not have imagined anything of the kind.

I had seven days in Italy. They are indeed unforgettable, but, before I am done with them, their light can support the shadow cast by the little spy. He is among the meanest of creatures, and he came to me snake-like, in the guise of a friend and comforter. But he spoiled his game by being far too eager, and so he is now in a place where his German friends cannot even pay him the thin rewards of his disgusting trade.

We had met on the quayside. There

he was very conspicuously free with Red Cross cigarettes and comestibles — a generous lad and a charitable. Later on he invited me to his 'house.' He was a great though wholly transparent liar and braggart. His 'house' turned out to be a mean room in a back street. When we arrived there, he put the usual questions, and I rewarded his confidence by giving him full particulars as to how many men we had lost, our destination, and the names of the various units that had embarked. In exchange I received two pocket handkerchiefs and a much darned pair of socks — both of which I needed badly. I am afraid that this young man now regards me as less of a fool than I appeared.

IV

Before closing this paper I would like to repeat a few of the stories told me by my brother officers.

There was Second Lieutenant F——, a boy of twenty. This young gunner had gone down with the ship. After a long descent, he had started to come up. In a few moments this upward movement ceased. F—— now found himself in a place where he could breathe, but so utterly dark that he concluded he was trapped in some watertight section of the ship many fathoms below sea-level. In this horrible solitude he waited. Death had but delayed a stroke which was worse than drowning. So he argued during minutes that seemed hours. After a while he began to feel around him. He could see nothing, but his groping hands at last reached a place where the walls of his prison gave way to water. He made up his mind to dive and chance it. He came up immediately into broad daylight. Two friends were perched astride the upturned boat whose dark interior he had so terribly misunderstood. They pulled him up beside them.

Second Lieutenant P—— I found in hospital with a badly bruised head. He too had gone down with the ship, and, ascending like a cork, had got his head jammed between two boats. He was taken on board one of these, insensible. Lieutenant S—— had gone down with the ship. His best friend Captain C—— and he had gone down together. S——, caught and held by some cruel piece of wreckage, had never been seen again; C—— was safe. Captain B—— of the R.A.M.C. went down with the injured men whose broken limbs he was bandaging. He escaped without difficulty. The swimmers I swapped stories with had suffered from cold and exhaustion; they had been rescued in the nick of time.

Summing up the whole matter, one may conclude: first, that it is inadvisable to leave the ship till she has stopped dead. The few men who jumped overboard at the first explosion, moved by a nervous impulse beyond their control, were left behind, and, it is believed, drowned. Secondly, when you jump and swim for it, get clear of the ship; for one may get caught in cordage or other tackle, and, bobbing up, one may bang one's head against something hard. A cork life-belt shoots a man up to the surface which, of course, is strewn with wreckage, rafts, and other hard materials. Thirdly, more than anything else it is advisable to keep a cool head on one's shoulders. Excitement is contagious and only leads to confusion.

Before we reëmbarked I 'censored,' as in duty bound, the letters of many of our rank and file.

'We've met with a bit of an accident,' wrote one, 'but it's no use grumbling; what I'm thinking about is Charlie Luck's new potatoes.'

If any German comes across this paragraph he may begin to understand that he is wasting both U-boats and torpedoes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE JUNIOR MEMBER IN THE ANCIENT HOUSE

DID you ever see the second generation enter into a business house? I am speaking of the second generation of the best sort, in whom the will and energy, and, under the downy exterior of youth, the ruthlessness, of the first, has been marvelously preserved, — the thrust-back-shouldered, grim-chinned, instant-speaking second generation, in which our fabricated-steel fiction of the popular magazines, all put together of standard parts like one of the Ford's Lizzies, delights, — have you ever seen such an one enter the commercial purlieus where age and decay have brought comfortable inefficiency? You know him, modest and self-conscious, expressing doubt of his powers, jostling no tradition, 'waiting to be shown,' grateful for the patience of his elders.

A little while passes and he begins to do things, always with an eye to the approval of his mentors. He begins to walk alone commercially, not straying off the premises, to be sure, while an admiring circle of other generations applauds — applauds and pats on the back. The youth is happy in this approbation. He begins to have a sense that the future is his, but in his kindness of heart he is willing to wait upon time. The earlier generation eyes him like an impending doom, but a considerate and patient doom that is in no hurry, which is all that may be asked of a doom.

Something happens. Unconscious growth takes place more rapidly than was expected. The taste for the balance-sheet which is in his blood asserts itself. The egotism of mastery hardens him. A sense comes that the fight before him is a real fight. And the new generation has arrived!

Well, this is a long way to it, but something like that has happened, is happening, and will happen, in the big firm of Allies & Son, '& Son' having only recently been added to the title. I should say that the Junior Member had passed through the first stage above described, was now in the second, and must, if the war lasts long enough, and is to be won, enter the third.

Let me give a few details of each phase of the Junior Member's consciousness. When the war broke out, I, in Washington and seeing the thing closely, was always on the point of writing a light article on 'The Most Modest of Nations.' It was amazing. It seemed the finest paradox that the chief word in the vocabulary of the boastful Yankee should be the word 'Can't.' We were so aware of our own weakness, our lack of preparation, our unmilitary character, and we had been scolded about them so often, that we even utterly underestimated our actual capacity. We could n't do this and we could n't do that, short of many months. We could n't get soldiers to France inside of a year. The French showed us that we could get them there inside of a month, but only by dint of Marshal Joffre's going directly to the President about it. The biggest steel-producing country in the world, we could n't build steel ships. We could-n't build many torpedo-boat destroyers, or build them fast. We could n't build war aircraft, or their engines, — at least, not short of endless preparation. Ultimately we should do wonders, but for the present we were full of doubt and self-abasement.

This phase has passed. Some of its doubts, or, rather, much of its lack of confidence, still inheres; but none the less we have found that we can do many things that at first we thought we could not. In a year, instead of just beginning, we shall have a big army in France. We have an enormous steel-ship-building programme. We plan a navy of destroyers unequaled by any other power. All this leaves a good deal to be desired, but it measures an immense stride forward in self-assertion. We begin to hear calmly, and as a matter of course, our Allies say, 'America, the unbeaten, — she will win the war.' We do not take in the full significance of that declaration. But our rôle somehow appears bigger to us. Our voice is heard first when terms of peace are proposed, and we are not covered with confusion at thus being thrust forward. We decide that Russia, now that her striking power is clearly gone, is worth being kept upon her feet, at the cost of diverting aid to the East which is sorely needed on the more hopeful Western front. Arrogance is lacking but there is a sense of maturing power.

And — here I enter the difficult area of the future — does any one suppose the Junior Member will stop where he is, content to play the good youth learning at his elders' knees, loving the older generation so much, that he will never grow impatient with its failures, never reach out for the power that is his by right of the adage, 'Youth will be served'? It would be better not so. The present phase of the Junior Member's consciousness leaves much to be desired. He is still content to think that he cannot begin to get a big fleet of merchant ships short of a year and a half. He is undisturbed by the knowledge that he will, so far as present shipping prospects go, as the General Staff sees them, be able to send an army to France at the rate of only 30,000 men a month. He is too well pleased with himself and with the applause of the generation that lingers on the scene. His present modesty may be more lovable than the strident self-assertion that is to come; but if a man is to be a man, he has to grow up, grow hard, give his egotism play, forget that others have ceased to love him in the ruthless effort to get results. And not only is the change a part of the history of individuality, but it is in this instance eminently desirable. The business of Allies & Son is not going well. The house lacks aggressiveness. It needs young blood. It requires an offensive policy on sea and land. Admiral Sims is abroad representing the Junior Member navally; Sims the arrogant smasher of traditions in our own navy. He is participating with men whose policy has failed, who are merely conservers of the existing situation instead of builders of victory. And yet he is only playing 'little brother' to them, playing his assigned part with small questioning.

This is typical of the existing state of the National consciousness. We are helping as best we can, not inspiring, leading, mastering. If 'America is to win the war' it must be upon a different conception than that. But let us watch the Junior Member when the final stage of consciousness comes and he begins to jostle the traditions of the ancient house!

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ONE

'Once upon a time a certain city was compelled to pay tribute to a terrible monster. Every year a beautiful maiden was chained to a rock outside the city, so that the dragon might come and eat her. At last, when fifty lovely maidens had been sacrificed the lot fell to —'

But it was unnecessary to read more from the old book. Of course, I was interested in the tragic fate of the prin-

cess and thrilled at her gallant rescue by the brave prince who came just in time. Still, I could not help wondering a little about those who had no rescuer, but were killed by the dragon.

I have wandered through many witches' collections of the original manuscripts from which all fairy-tales were written; but I found no mention of any of these maidens for a long time. At last one night, in the oldest, dustiest, most disorderly museum of all, I found a handful of dried leaves and grasses.

'What are these?' I asked the old witch who was the caretaker.

'They are sensitive leaves, that took part in a fairy story; very little leaves, that did not know yet that this was not a part of the real story. I can make out some of the words, but I cannot read the writing of the wind and the sea, nor the pictures of the shadows on the grass.'

We worked over them together, and at last understood as much of the record as had not been destroyed.

She was the thirty-seventh maiden to be led out from the city and chained to the rock. Not a very large concourse came with her. The whole city had poured forth for the first maiden and had suffered even more, perhaps, for the second and third. But there had been so many, and life had to go on in some way. They chained her to the rock with pitying words and left her alone.

Here the one leaf is mutilated. The next says that she stood quietly watching the sunshine on the ocean and thinking as she waited: —

'I am not very beautiful, so that no one would fight the dragon for me. Still I should have loved to live. There were more beautiful ones who were chained here, and I suppose there will be many more. There were braver ones and some not so brave. Some cried and some shrieked and some were just quiet all the time. I cried a little and then I was quiet. I wonder if they all loved to live as much as I? I wonder if there have been many days in the world as beautiful as this is? I wonder — But it had to be this way or the fairy-tale would not have come out right.'

There was nothing more except one tiny leaf which told how a bird kept whistling as she waited.

'Entirely unimportant,' said the old caretaker; 'we know from the rest of the story that the monster came. The leaves might as well be thrown away. What does it matter what happens to a minor character?'

'Still, I suppose it rather hurt,' I urged. 'Perhaps she felt it as much as if it had been important. Perhaps the minor characters do feel, sometimes, most foolishly — feel as bitterly as if their tragedy did count somewhere: the private soldiers whose deaths are counted by hundreds; patient women into whose lives nothing of importance has ever come or will ever come, who are mere background for more vivid lives, bits of babies who are born and die again in agony, so soon; all those in the monotonous danger of mines and factories, ground to unheeded dust beneath other lives — is there never, in all that indistinguishable mass, a despairing wish to be something more than an atom in a numbered nothingness? Somehow, somewhere, do the minor characters never count?'

'No,' said the old witch indifferently, contemptuously, 'the minor characters have never counted at all.'

And then an odd change came slowly into her face. A light I never saw in fairy-land broke over her, a light as from the dawning of a sun I had not seen.

'Never,' she said, 'never — as yet.'

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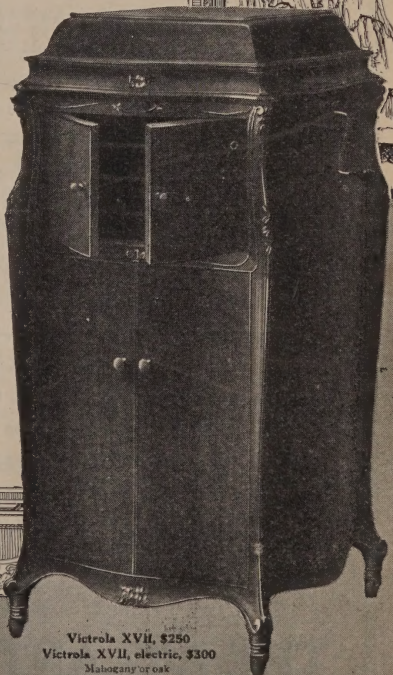

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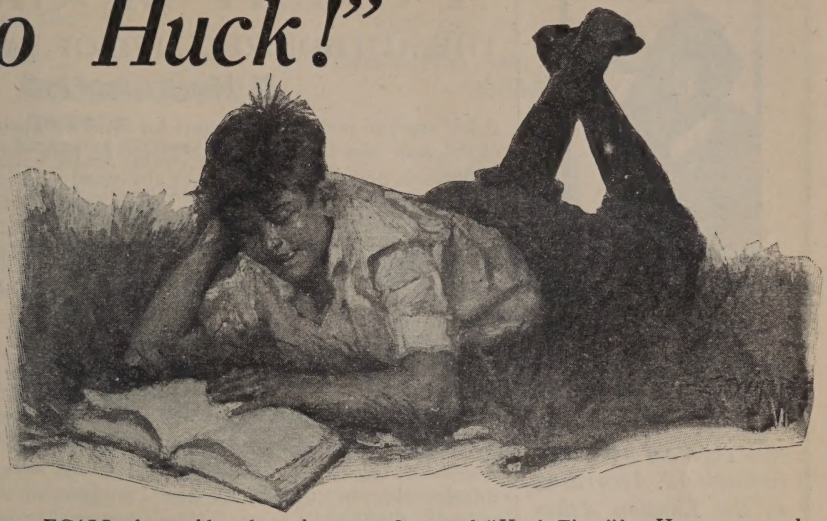

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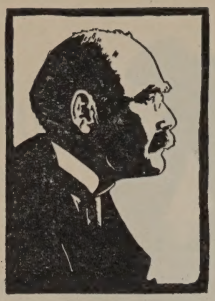

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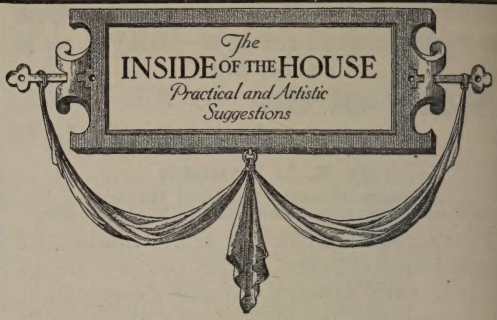

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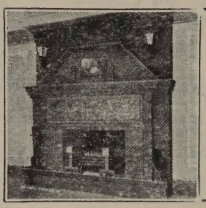

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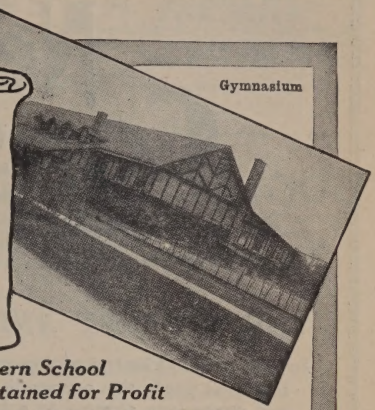

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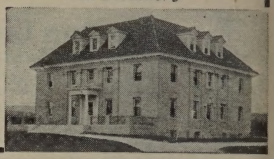

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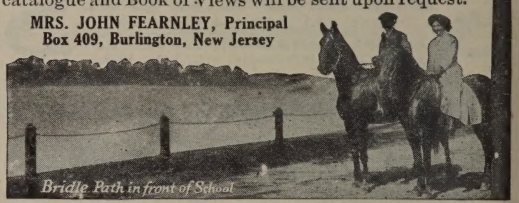

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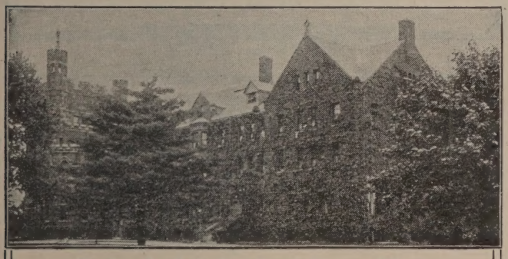

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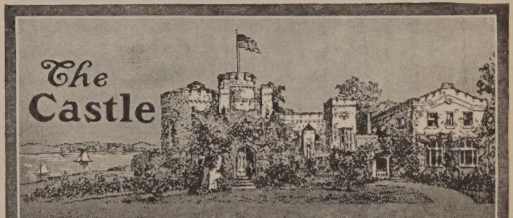

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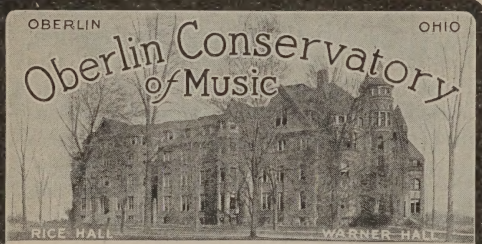

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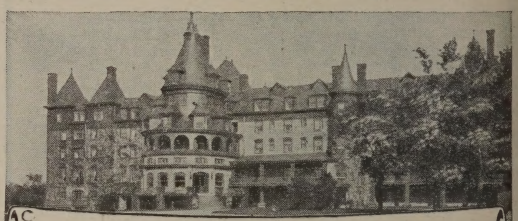

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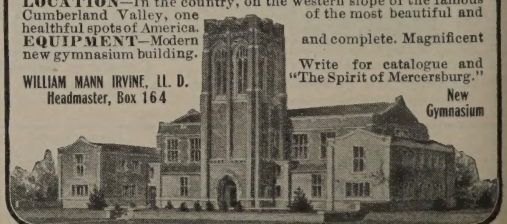

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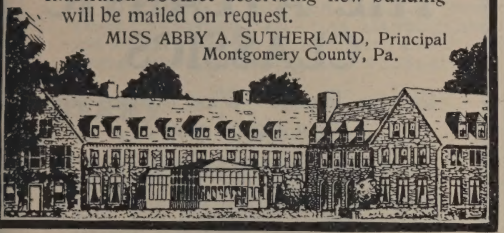

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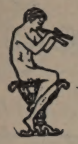

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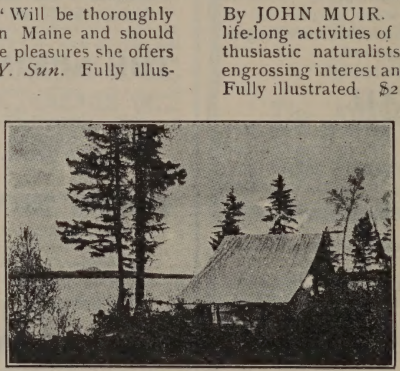

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"THE MARNE CAMPAIGN" deals with the operations on the Western front to the 16th of September, 1914. A summary of each day of battle is given, supplemented by a study of German strategy, an analysis of German blunders, and an examination of excuses for their failure by German writers.

"PAPERS FROM PICARDY" may be termed a war book that deals with the practical religious effects of the war upon the men of the fighting forces, and is written by two chaplains at the front.

Ramsay Muir in "THE EXPANSION OF EUROPE" deals with the colonial development of the European countries in its relation to world-policy.

The letters which comprise "WAR FLYING" were written by a young pilot in the Royal Flying Corps to his family. His adventures at the front are numerous and are told with a lighthearted vivacity, quite free from exaggeration.

DO WE REALLY KNOW THE FRENCH?

"There has been much talk of France having been reborn through the agony of this war," says Alexander Powell in "BROTHERS IN ARMS." "Therein we are wrong. It is merely that we Americans have known the French only superficially, and that, in thinking and speaking of them, we have indulged in the careless and inaccurate habit of generalization. We have believed them lacking in seriousness and perseverance, and we have thought them volatile and temperamental. . . . What have we known of the sober, simple-hearted, industrious, frugal, plain-living, deeply religious people who are the real France? France has not been reborn. It is an affront to her to say it. She has but cast aside the glittering garment which she wore for the gratification of strangers in order to free her sword arm."

TREAT THE PRIVATE WITH CONSIDERATION!

Roger Batchelder, in "WATCHING AND WAITING AT THE BORDER," has written the story of the National Guard's experiences at the border, from the point of view of a private. Mr. Batchelder, who is still an undergraduate at Harvard, was a member of the Machine-Gun Company of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. One of the most telling points in his uncommonly interesting book is his account of the treatment which the privates received at the hands of some of the civilians in Texas. "A soldier is never welcome anywhere — unless it is pay day," says Mr. Batchelder; "then he is greeted with the proverbial open arms. . . . I have heard accounts from other men of incidents which sound incredible, but to which I give credence. One man told me that a citizen attempted to charge him five cents for a glass of water. And at a dance-hall in Ysleta, a small town near El Paso, the proprietor placed the following sign at the door: 'Dancing for Ladies and Gentlemen: Soldiers and Dogs not allowed.'" The reading of Mr. Batchelder's book ought to arouse the public to a worthy determination to treat enlisted men with all possible consideration.

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By an unusual coincidence, two famous Massachusetts schools, founded within a few years of each other nearly a century and a half ago, have both within a month been the subject of authoritative histories. Phillips Academy, at Andover, has been described — with particular attention to athletics and schoolboy life — by Professor Claude M. Fuess, under the title "AN OLD NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL." "A HISTORY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE," by Professor Leverett W. Spring, goes back to the heroic death of Colonel Williams in 1855, and takes the story through many early hardships and vicissitudes down to the present day. Not only alumni, but every one interested in the history of American education, will welcome the publication of these two books.

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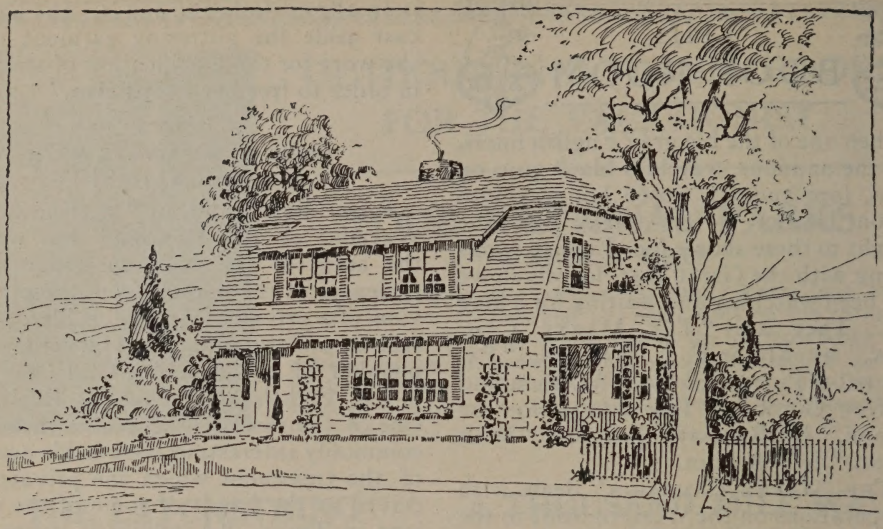

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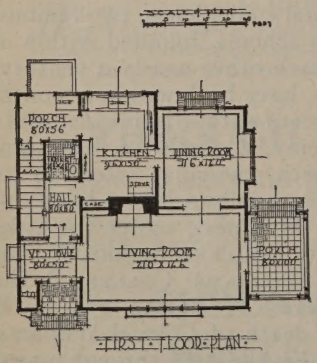

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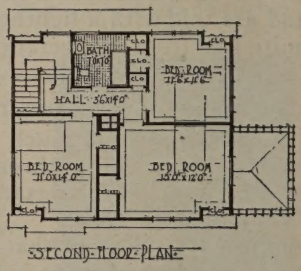

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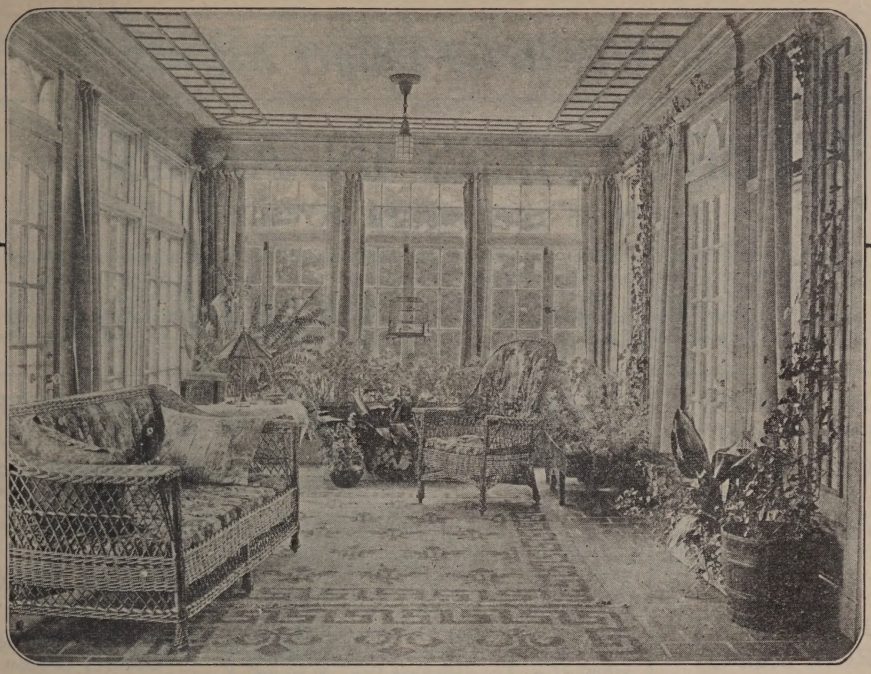

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN — JULY ATLANTIC

We once heard a wise teacher thus address a young woman of unalluring exterior: 'The plainer you are, my dear, the more intelligent you must be — and the better you must dress.' This advice the *Atlantic* took to heart. Like the young person in question, this magazine was born plain, and has so remained. Consequently its dress, as well as its intelligence, have been matters of constant solicitude to the editor. This month, for the first time, we are making a change in the appearance of the magazine that is not dictated solely by desire to appear to best advantage. We are trimming our pages to the dimensions of the bound volume, and dispensing with the unusually ample margin which we have used to give distinction to the page.

Since the war began, paper has about doubled in value. More than that, it has grown scarce at any price, and the existing supply must, as a national precaution, be carefully safeguarded. Furthermore, the increased tax in postal rates gives the light magazine an advantage. But disregarding this latter saving, the slight clipping of *Atlantic* margins in our present large edition is no matter of cheese-paring. It saves nearly 600,000,000 square inches of paper a year, or a total of some 1100 reams. This is an item worth saving, and we should like our readers fully to appreciate our motives in saving it.

* * *

In September, 1914, the *Atlantic* published an appreciation of **Maurice Barrès** by Randolph Bourne, written in the first flush of the young American's enthusiasm at discovering the tremendous impact of ideas in France. From this article a paragraph stands out as worthy of our attention now that the distinguished Academician speaks to us direct: —

'The youth of Barrès himself was spent in the years of disenchantment which followed the great war of 1870, the war that was a spiritual as well as a physical defeat. The almost mystical confidence in the power of the French genius to triumph over brute force had disappeared before the mailed fist of the Prussian. Even the Utopian flame, the revolutionary enthusiasm which might have rejuvenated the spirit of the people, was utterly stamped out in the ferocity of the suppression of the Commune. The apathy and torpor of the younger generation in this atmosphere of defeat are faithfully pictured in "Les Déracinés," based on Barrès's own days at the Lycée. Here he found an education, built upon the philosophy of Kant and his German followers, as if France were making a pathetic attempt, in the same way in which the Orientals are acting to-day with regard to the western world, to absorb the ideas which had made the strength of her victor. But in these ideas, "les plus hautes et les plus désolées," the youth of Barrès's day found no fortification of soul. The atmosphere of detached rationalism, the divorce of pure reason and pure sensibility, so uncongenial to the personal and artistic French spirit, could only tear up the youth from their French soil, without transplanting them into the rich German ground. Such philosophy could only make those who absorbed it candidates for nihilism. Abjuring this, the thought of Barrès set itself, almost unconsciously, the task of reacclimatizing the French spirit, of restoring its faith in itself.'

These words go far to explain why the writings of **M. Barrès** have been one of the most important forces in bringing about that solidarity, that *union sacrée*, which has been the glory of France and the civilized world.

* * *

Since the outbreak of the war **Paul Wharton** has had unique opportunities to travel throughout the length and breadth of Russia and to learn the truth, so far as a foreigner may, concerning the most mysterious of countries. It was a happy chance which brought to the editor's office, a few days ago, a bundle of the original proclamations mentioned by Mr. Wharton — great tattered sheets of cheapest paper, already disintegrating, the very ephemera of the Revolution, which were scattered broadcast throughout the city during those first tremendous days. A Russian acquaintance, happening in, released the portentous message of the sprawling Slavic characters. First came the Czar's *ukaz*, with all its imperial arrogance: 'We, Nicholas,' and so forth, ordering the dissolution of the refractory Duma; then followed the Duma's reply, simple and direct, refusing that dissolution. That was all there was to it. A touch — and the whole tremendous fabric of the Romanoff power and privilege vanished in a puff of smoke like Klingsor's dream-palace.

* * *

The claims of **Sidney Webb** to prominence are dismayingly numerous, but none are stronger than his authorship of the

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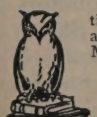

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classic 'History of Trades Unionism.' For years he has been active as a Fabian Socialist and a constructive student of labor problems. From 1892 to 1910 he was a member of the London County Council. His paper richly rewards the *Atlantic's* invitation.

* * *

No one of our British contributors is more warmly welcomed than **Professor L. P. Jacks,** Principal of Manchester College and Editor of the *Hibbert Journal* since its foundation. **Sidney Low,** another English author and publicist, has an international reputation as a student of British colonial problems in particular and *weltpolitik* in general. As *Atlantic* readers already know, **Lieutenant Milutin Krunich** is an invalided Serbian officer now convalescing in California, where he has found an able translator in Mrs. Leah Marie Bruce.

* * *

For the most part the first reactions of authors great and small to the stupendous fact of the war make strange reading today. In the midst of the hysteria of those earlier months, however, we occasionally hear the clear accents of a prophet. Such is **Guglielmo Ferrero,** most distinguished of modern historians of Rome. In November, 1914, he published an article in this magazine, 'The European Tragedy,' which contains notable phrases. He foresees that the one great issue of the war — the issue to which America pledges herself — is the downfall of Hohenzollern prestige and the democratization of Germany. Such vision lends added weight to his paper in the present number.

* * *

Readers of this magazine have enjoyed a long and delightful intimacy with **William Beebe** and his work at the Tropical Research Station at Kalacoon, British Guiana. No one is better fitted to speak with authority on the pressing problems of food conservation than **Eugene Davenport,** dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois. **Amory Hare,** a young Philadelphia poet, will be welcomed by readers who have enjoyed the delicate charm of her earlier contributions.

* * *

William Aiken Starrett comes of a remarkable American family. Our readers will take a sympathetic interest in the following paragraphs written to the *Atlantic* by his mother, Mrs. Helen E. Starrett of Portland, Oregon.

'William Aiken Starrett,' writes Mrs. Starrett, 'is the youngest of five brothers who thirty-five years ago were little, barefoot boys in the small home of a Presbyterian Home Missionary in Kansas, struggling with painfully straitened circumstances. All of these sons are now either the heads of, or otherwise importantly connected with three of the largest building construction firms in the United States. The Thompson-Starrett Company, founded by my oldest son, has built over one hundred of the largest sky-scrapers in New York City, as well as the beautiful Union Station in Washington, D.C. The George A. Fuller Company, of which my second son is president, built the Pennsylvania Station in New York, the Northwestern Station in Chicago, and the Union Station in Kansas City.

'The writer of the *Atlantic* story began at the age of nineteen as time-keeper in one of his brothers' firms. This position, but once removed from a day laborer's, was given him partly as an expression of their disappointment that he would not finish his college course at Ann Arbor. From the first he was intensely interested in the men who did the hard manual labor; in the men who dug and laid the foundations; in the hoisters of steel; in the riveters who put together the great steel skeletons and especially in the tremendous competitions in building these great structures in a race against time. "Marked 'Shop,'" his first story, had its inspiration in incidents that occurred during the building of the great Union Station at Washington, he having then risen to the position of superintendent of construction. He wrote it at one sitting — from seven in the evening till four o'clock the next morning — being, as he said, unable to stop till the story was finished.'

* * *

We are still at a loss to understand that slip of the pen in the June Contributors' Column whereby **Professor Paul Shorey** was cavalierly assigned to the faculty of the University of Illinois. Professor Shorey, as everybody knows, has occupied the

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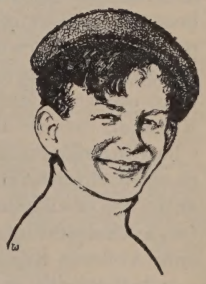

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chair of Greek at the University of Chicago for many years.

Professor Shorey is far too militant a defender of the classics to receive the assaults of his foes behind the fortifications of his new university library. His sally-port wide open, in this brilliant foray he carries the war into the heart of the enemy's country. To the editor, these timely papers of **Professor Shorey** seem to belong in the illustrious tradition of the classical method. Nothing could be better calculated to destroy, for one generation at least, the legendary stigma of 'the anæmic scholar' hurled at the classicists by their red-blooded critics. Such a defense of the learning inherited from our fathers deserves a longer life than the fragile covers of the magazine have to offer, so the *Atlantic* has combined both papers in a little volume advertised elsewhere in this magazine, which will, we trust, be the first of a series of short but important monographs borrowed from the *Atlantic's* pages, and reprinted in attractive and permanent form. This book may be had on remittance of the price, sixty cents postpaid.

Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, who lives in New York, made her first contribution to the *Atlantic* in June. We are divulging no military secrets when we say that **Lieutenant James Merriam Moore** sent his baffling story from the army post at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

* * *

Bertrand Russell, whose thought is familiar to readers of this magazine, has been the object of much comment, temperate and otherwise, because of his determined stand in favor of trial for 'conscientious objectors' in England. **Beatrice W. Ravenel,** whose name places her as a Charlestonian, is a newcomer in the company of *Atlantic* contributors. The many activities of **Charles Moreau Harger,** editor, author and business man, whose home is in Abilene, Kansas, fit him to interpret sympathetically and accurately the temper of our great West. **Joseph H. Odell,** who has served as the influential editor of several important newspapers, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, N.Y. **Frank Perry Olds,** one of the ablest of the younger journalists, lives in Milwaukee, where, as every one must admit, there are exceptional opportunities for obscuring the activities of the German-American press. His thought-provoking conclusions have been drawn from a wide and impartial reading of papers in the German language. We believe that his article is well within the established facts.

* * *

Mr. Olds' indictment of the German-American press is so disheartening, so amply sustained by facts, that we are glad to have reassuring evidence that another and better aspect of German-Americanism exists, and is not afraid to assert itself. This comes in the shape of a letter to the Editor, enclosing a note written in far from literary German, both of which we reproduce here: —

DEAR ATLANTIC: — I know you will be interested in the letter I enclose. They used to say that 'Heaven was not a place, but a state of mind.' Germany seems more and more resolving itself into a 'state of mind.' There is the American-born German depicted in your last issue, who goes stark mad over *kultur* though he 'knows not the land.' There is the German-born American, as of a staunch old New England family that I know, who renounces family and friends and even changes his name to German to fight for the Kaiser. And there are German-born Germans like the lad who writes this, who after less than three years in America enlists as a soldier and declares that he 'freewillingly' volunteers 'für Amerika das beste und freieste Land zu kämpfen und wenn Gott will bin ich auch bereit for the Old Glory zu sterben.'

I know some of the objections to enlistments of this sort, and I know, too, more than the papers have been free to disclose, as to what has happened as the result of such enlistments. Of the writer of this letter I know nothing but what the letter says. I had heard that he was very ill in hospital, and had sent a few trifles and a friendly word. But accustomed as you are to weigh words, knowing as you do how the spirit shines through words and how hard it is to deceive by them, I know that you will accept this simple little letter as the genuine expression of a lofty resolution and a dear love of liberty, — as above suspicion.

There follows a translation of the young soldier's letter:

DEAR MADAM: I have received the package, and I cannot help sending you my heartfelt thanks, although you wrote me not to take the trouble. I have been very sick, but am now on the way to recovery. Thank God, there are still people who know what it means to be sick and far from home. I came to America June 28, 1914, when I was 17 years old. I have lost my father, and three brothers in the war. Whether my mother is still alive I do not know, for I have not heard from her for 2½ years. When I learned that America had been forced to enter the world-

All Her Life She Had Longed For

something to happen, something to break the deadly monotony of a soulless existence in the village where she lived. How her heart hungered for a little real friendship, for life, for love! Must she go on forever, sitting alone in the village library where no one ever came?

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war I enlisted as a volunteer to fight for America, the best, the freest country, and if God wills I am ready to die for Old Glory. Down with the Kaiser and long live America! (Als ich hörte das Amerika gezwungen wurde in den Weltkrieg einzutreten war auch ich ein Freiwilliger um für Amerika das beste und freieste Land zu kämpfen, und wenn Gott will bin ich auch bereit *for the Old Glory* zu sterben. Nieder mit dem Kaiser, es lebe Amerika!) I am very sorry not to be able to write you in English, but I can't do it well. When I landed in America I could not write English or speak it. Again I thank you — and permit me, although I am a stranger, to send my best wishes.

* * *

How many readers of **M. Chéradame's** astonishing paper on 'The United States and Pan-Germanism,' which appeared in the June *Atlantic*, fully realize its truth! After all that the last three years have taught us of the full meaning of pan-Germanism, good-natured America is still incredulous that the apostles of those extreme doctrines, which are the negation of everything which we believe essential to international comity, are the actual arbiters of German destiny to-day. You hear everywhere easy-going talk that Germany, of course, does not really mean to keep Belgium. The bitter truth is that to-day Germany does mean to keep Belgium. She means to keep Serbia as her vassal. She means to hold consolidated Middle Europe as a cohesive unified military state. She means to keep the Poland which she won by right of theft, and to create of Russian Poland a buffer state subject to her own will. She means to sell to war-ruined France the right to rebuild French homes on French soil in return for an indemnity fabulously great, and the retention of border fortresses. For more — much more — than this she hopes. But these are what she means to have. They are great stakes, and the rulers of Germany are bold players. Let the American people fully understand the world-game which lies on the board before them.

* * *

The *Atlantic* has been the subject of debate in Parliament more than once since the Great War began. In respect to Mr. Nevinson's famous article on Sir Roger Casement, we are glad to say that, pursuant to a Parliamentary inquiry, the author has received the following note from the Home Office: —

The Home Secretary has now completed his inquiries concerning your article entitled 'Sir Roger Casement and Sinn Fein,' which appeared in the 'Atlantic Monthly' in August last, and he wishes me to say that he is fully satisfied that you acted properly in the matter of the transmission of your article to America.

* * *

There is no trace of the minor key in the following letter, though the charges it brings against the *Atlantic* seem to us a trifle Alexandrian. Our critic prefers to remain anonymous; we suspect him, however, of being a near relative of that Mr. Squem whom we introduced to our breathless audience last month. The letter, which enclosed a list of American recruits whose names bore evidence of heterogeneous origin, runs as follows: —

Editor of the Atlantic Monthly

Dear Sir: —

I love to read, day by day, the list of American names of men who have joined our army and our navy. I wish you would read 'em too and discover what American names are like. It might broaden (if not deepen) you. The old feminine sissified American mostly runs to school teaching now; if it were not for the emigrants they'd support themselves by teaching each others' children. Where are those good old Anglo-Saxon words 'hale, hearty and blunt'?

Why not do your bit to remove all this New England squeamishness, nicey-nice, perfect lady business and help the older N. E. stock to be human beings? A split infinitive is not the worst of crimes, and high spirits and virility are not essentially vulgar. Don't cater to the old-maidish side of older N. E. What if you lose a few subscribers? Come out and join the mixers. Meet the newer New Englanders half way; they are not half bad.

As salve to our feelings, we cannot resist the temptation of handing ourselves this charming bouquet of Southern flowers: —

May I take this occasion to express my appreciation of what I consider your wonderful magazine? I use the word 'wonderful' after due deliberation, and consider it justified, particularly when I think of the magazine for the past three years. I feel the greatest sympathy with the old man at the newsstand who trusted his customer simply because he wished to buy an *Atlantic*. Whenever I see the familiar yellow cover on some one's table, or notice it on a train, or subway, I am at once sure that the reader thereof is a person worth knowing. While I may not agree with the person who said 'that though all rich and aristocratic people were not Episcopalians, still *all* Episcopalians were rich and aristocratic,' yet I am certain all persons of real discernment and taste read — and therefore love — the *Atlantic*. The President is doubtless right when he urges every one to economize, but I think even he would not advise us to begin on the *Atlantic*. Meat is much less important.

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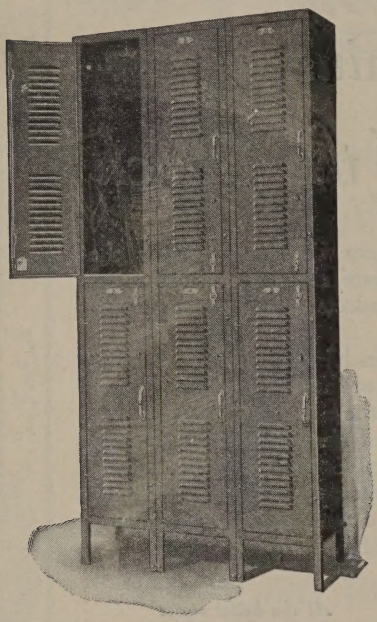

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that *a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Do not overlook the

Atlantic Book Announcements

in this number

A Tickling Throat

—the cause is irritation; irritation makes you cough; coughing leads to hoarseness and loss of voice. Soothe and relieve throat and voice with

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES

Promptly helpful to the vocal chords and bronchial passages. An effective and pleasant throat remedy—not a confection. Unexcelled for coughs, hoarseness and loss of voice. Before the public for over 70 years.

At all Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c, $1

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail any size upon receipt of price.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE

—for protecting the soundness and beauty of the teeth, and preserving the hardness and health of the gums. A refined preparation in which quality is emphasized. 25c at druggists.

CURTIS & BROWN MFG. CO., 144 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

The Fate of the Unprepared

Among the remarkable events of this war no fact stands out more startlingly than the tragic sacrifice of Russia's unequipped soldiers.

The army has been victimized by intrigue and treachery. Guns were sent to the front without ammunition and ammunition without guns. Supplies were provided that when unpacked proved to be rubbish. Left stranded by communications that broke down under slight pressure the brave Russian troops hurled themselves again and again against foes perfectly prepared.

From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

No thought can be more abhorrent to Americans than that of our boys ruthlessly slaughtered because of lack of equipment or support which it is the first business of us at home to supply.

Our Government, never before so powerful, is working prodigiously in the preparation of armies and means of warfare. Throughout the nation there is a unity of purpose that is piling on the altar of liberty every personal ambition and corporate gain.

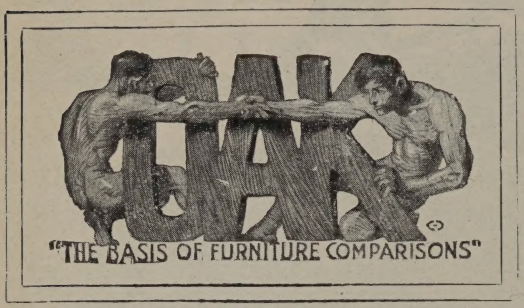
Mines, factories, farms, shipyards, the counting houses and shops of every industry are laboring day and night to supply the sinews of war.

The Bell System is co-operating to mobilize production, transportation and communication, and is using its every energy to speed up American defense.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

"The Return of the Prodigal Taste"—a true story in one adv. (See below.)



The following conversation really happened once that we know of. Probably it is paralleled many times—the country over. (Perhaps by *you.*)

"Every time I look around our new home, dear, I am thankful to the architect for being so insistent about this OAK furniture. He said we'd have to do a lot of insisting to get really *good* furniture in this noble wood—and it certainly is worth all the insisting we did."

"Well, I told you we had an architect who was well-grounded in both his taste and his knowledge. He says the 'come back' of OAK to the favor of people like us is 'not a fad but a recognition'—that's the way he put it. Now I begin to sense the full meaning of that advertisement we clipped and put in the 'new home box'—you remember?—something about OAK furniture having the qualities of BEAUTY, DIGNITY, POISE and PERMANENCE. I'm just as glad as you are to 'start worthy heirlooms.'"

There is no more satisfying possession than good OAK furniture. There is no more *safe* and *enduring* investment—none better worth *insisting* upon. *Have you tried INSISTING?* Try it (in your best store).

AMERICAN OAK MFRS.' ASS'N.

write personal letters worth getting. Tell us of your special interests.

ADDRESS ROOM 1404, 14 MAIN ST., MEMPHIS, TENN.

ASK FOR BOOKLETS AND FINISHED SAMPLES

For Home Enjoyment and Hospitality

A beverage of the better sort that can be taken with confidence and benefit by every one.

Cheeona

Evans'

NON-INTOXICATING

Ale

No Government License Required

Appeals primarily to persons who enjoy a full bodied, substantial, mellow, and fragrant non-intoxicating beverage. As full of pleasure as an egg is of meat—appetizing, satisfying, and nourishing. Fits in nicely with present day Food and Drink conservation requirements.

Order a supply for the Holidays from your Grocer, Druggist or Dealer

C. H. Evans & Sons Estab. 1786 **Hudson, N.Y.**

You are Interested in something . . .

Why not get the best things printed about it?

We read and clip thousands of newspapers and magazines every week; therefore, we can equip you SPEEDILY and economically for a debate, speech, lecture, essay, or anything else requiring up-to-date information, and MORE of it than your competitors are likely to get.

Twenty select clippings for $1.00.
By the month, $1.00 and upwards.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET, which explains the scope of the clipping industry.

20th Century Press Clipping Bureau

New York Life Building, Chicago

You look like a new person since-

Resinol Soap has cleared your skin

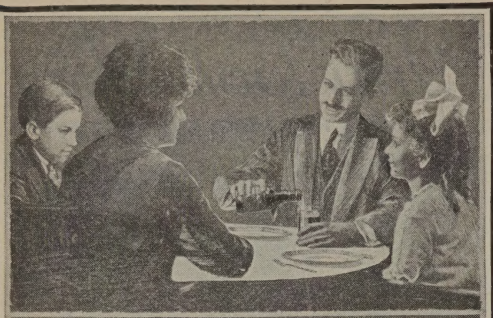
If *you* are having trouble with your complexion, if you find that an unattractive skin is your handicap, what wouldn't you give to have your friends tell you what this girl was told?

Resinol Soap brings out the real beauty of the complexion. The healing Resinol medication in it reduces the tendency to oiliness, soothes irritated pores, and gives nature the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

Try Resinol Soap a week, and you will know why you will want it all the year 'round.

Resinol Soap is equally effective in maintaining the health and beauty of the hair.

It contains absolutely no free alkali or artificial coloring, so may be used without hesitancy on the most delicate skin. Sold by druggists and toilet counters throughout the United States and Canada. For a trial size, free, and a miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 11-B, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.



To the well man, every day is a feast day

Business men. The daily grind and the nightly fag—the meagre appetite which makes fasts of feasts and unpleasant duties of what should be enjoyable dinners.

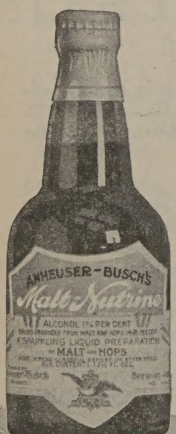
ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

helps the appetite, aids digestion, strengthens, builds—a tonic in the best sense of the word. Lightens the burden that over-work, over-play, years or sickness may place on one's shoulders. Take at each meal and before retiring.



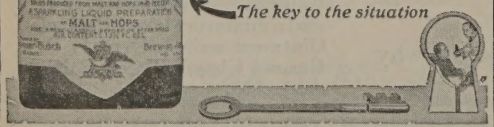
All Druggists—
Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product—not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

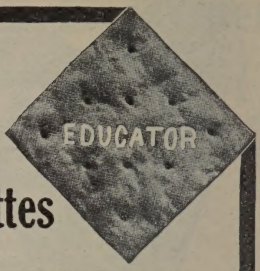
Interesting booklet on request

Anheuser-Busch
St. Louis, U. S. A.

The key to the situation



Toasty Tasty Toasterettes



Satisfy the Appetite

Please the Palate

You eat them because you like them—And the more you eat the *better* you like them.

Your Grocer Sells Them

Johnson Educator Food Co.
Educator Building, Boston

LE PAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
WILL MEND IT

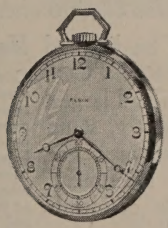
The St. James

Philadelphia
Walnut at 13th.
Centrally located
Distinctive service
Excellent cuisine
Room with bath, $2.50

R. J. Ritchie, Mgr.

Lord Elgin—

$100—



21 Jewels
8 Adjustments
Ultra Thin
Solid Gold

The watch of a gentleman.

Sterling character, in classic design, dressed in solid gold.

The newest and finest of a fine old line. A titled timepiece, whose possession instantly brands you a connoisseur.

A priceless heirloom—the gift that lasts a lifetime.

No man can know the fullness of *pride of possession,* till he owns the $100 Lord Elgin.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, U.S.A.

Designers and Producers

N.Y. CITY WARTIME REAL ESTATE

Located In The Dual Subway Zone

BROOKLYN'S EMANCIPATION

A FEW weeks ago the first link in the great Brooklyn-Up-Broadway Subway was opened for travel to 14th Street, Manhattan, enabling thousands of New York's congested population to secure cheaper rents and better living conditions. Step by step the operation of this great subway will be extended and by next year nearly two million people can reach $590 lots as easily as they can now reach $5,000 lots.

150 Brooklyn Lots At ½ Value

(To Close Estate of Late Chas. E. Wood)

$590 Each

$5 Down $5 Monthly

MANY of the country's largest fortunes are based on wise and TIMELY purchases of land in New York City. This advertisement offers a war time investment opportunity to the present generation, which fairly entitles it to be called the greatest "buy" in the United States to-day.

Mr. Chas. E. Wood, late member of the firm of Wood, Harmon & Co., had substantial holdings in the firm's various New York City realty developments. As Mr. Wood's heirs request a speedy settlement of his estate, WM. E. HARMON & CO., Inc., formerly Wood, Harmon & Co., must offer part of their Brooklyn holdings at ABOUT ONE-HALF VALUE, to ensure a quick sale.

These lots are most desirably located, being accessible to the Eastern Parkway Subway, part of the colossal $366,000,000 Dual System of Subways now within less than a year of completion. At present, trolleys on Church Avenue, East 98th Street and Rockaway Avenue convey passengers to Manhattan **for a 5-cent fare.**

The opening of the first subway from the center of Manhattan through Brooklyn should herald the coming boom in Brooklyn real estate. Foresighted people will not wait until the best bargains are picked up. It is better to be two months too early than two minutes too late. If we are not mistaken, the rise in values will be something like Washington Heights, where lots could be bought for $2,500 before the opening of the subway that sold for $6,000 afterwards.

Free Trip to New York

We want every customer to visit New York and inspect his purchase, and we therefore make the following offer, viz: We will allow your entire railroad fare to New York City and return, not to exceed $36, crediting the full amount on your purchase. We only require that the inspection be made with our representative, and within one year from the date of purchase.

CUT OUT ALONG THIS LINE, SIGN AND MAIL

Dept. L.A.5
Wm. E. Harmon & Co., Inc.,
261 Broadway, N.Y.

Please send me full particulars of your War Time sale of Brooklyn Lots at $590

Name.....

Address.....

Mr. Wood's interest MUST be disposed of at once. WM. E. HARMON & CO., Inc., the most widely known and largest realty operators in this country, stand behind the offer, which is an assurance of the soundness of the investment. "Buy now and share in the dividends of the future."

Don't wait! There may be a big response to this offer. It is an opportunity which rarely comes. ACT NOW!

Cut out this coupon and mail to

Wm. E. Harmon & Co., Inc.

(Formerly Wood, Harmon & Co.)

261 Broadway, Dept. L.A.5, New York

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Come to New York at any time within ninety days after date of your purchase; visit our properties with our representative; keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain in our $12,000,000 holdings; change it for any other lot if you will, or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us if you are not satisfied with any of our lots.

Our References

We have been in business over twenty-nine years and are considered the largest real estate concern in the world. We refer you to your own bank or any commercial agency regarding our financial standing and reputation.

COMMUNITY PLATE

GIFT SUGGESTIONS: *Sets of* COMMUNITY PLATE *in the beautiful* COMMUNITY GIFT CASES *of imported seal-grain leatherette. Any of the exquisite* COMMUNITY *designs can be obtained in similar cases, at prices ranging from* $3.25 *for a two-piece set, to the table service at* $53.00. *Of dealers everywhere. At your service for fifty years.*

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, *Ltd.*

A Motor Car Built By Craftsmen

LET men who have always built the most luxurious, and, incidentally the most expensive custom-built motor cars, design a car at a "happy medium" price—and they will very likely achieve the unusual—turn the prevailing standards topsy-turvy. And this is what has happened in the case of the Pan-American, "The American Beauty Car".

Built by designers, engineers and production men who have previously produced the most beautiful, most expensive motor cars in America, the Pan-American is a distinct innovation in automobile craftsmanship—a motor car with those finer features which have hitherto distinguished only the very expensive car, or those of foreign build. A motor car like no other in America,—low-slung, roomy, *svelte* design; specifications that read like a veritable "blue book" of materials. *The car with the white radiator.*

Every motorist, or prospective motorist in America, should write for the beautiful Pan-American book, No. 2.

General Sales Offices

PAN-AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION, CHICAGO

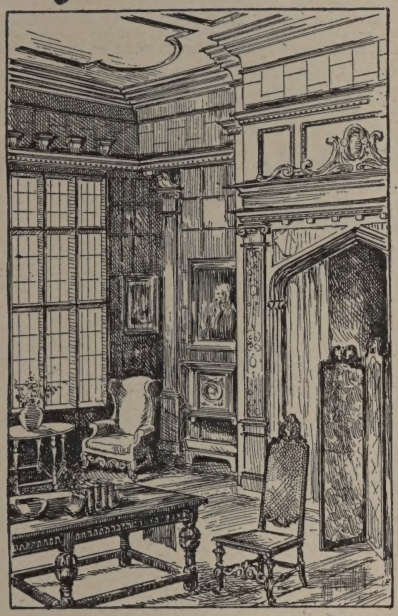
Factory at Decatur, Illinois

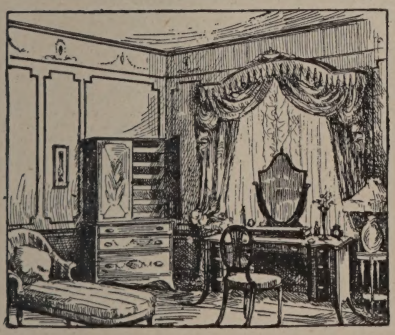
Pan-American

"The American Beauty Car"

The Hampton Shops

—A storehouse of delightful things with which to adorn the ideal room···





EVERY significant thing which helps in the beautifying or the adornment of the home is to be found, in its most exquisite expression, at the Hampton Shops with its eleven harmoniously composed Galleries of Display.

Not only Furniture—Hampton Reproductions and individual pieces of marked merit imported from the leading European Workshops and Ateliers—but a host of such things as contribute to the perfection of the well-arranged room, may here be found. Among them are Writing Tables of unusual character and charm, with their attendant Desk Sets of daintily tooled leather from Italy or France; quaint-appearing Boxes for a diversity of uses; attractive bits of Waterford Glass; Lamps fashioned of fine Chinese Porcelains, besides those smaller pieces of Mahogany which follow the traditions of Chippendale, Sheraton and the Brothers Adam.

Hampton Shops

18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York

Decoration Textiles Furniture

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The Atlantic accepts for this department only the announcements of reliable banking firms, brokers, trust companies, savings banks and other financial institutions.

The advertiser must be in every instance a house of unquestioned standing, and all investment offerings must be of high character.

War Tax Analysis

For Individuals, Partnerships and Corporations

A Study of the Law by Experts

Many perplexing problems confront the taxpayer in complying with the provisions of the new War Tax Law.

This 64-page booklet analyzes and explains the—

Income, War Income and
War Excess Profits Taxes

Tables show the tax liability on a wide range of net incomes and on varying percentages of profits on invested capital. The book is as complete a treatise as can be issued pending official interpretation.

A copy of this booklet A–65 will be sent upon request.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.—303 Baronne St.

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The compensation given to Executors or Trustees in this Commonwealth is subject to the control of the Probate Courts, which limit all charges for administration to those that are REASONABLE for the services rendered.

Therefore, whether you appoint an individual or the Old Colony Trust Company, the cost will be substantially the same. The only question to be decided is, as to how your estate may be handled most advantageously for your beneficiaries.

May we send you our booklet entitled *"Concerning Trusts and Wills"?*

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SLATTERY & Co

(Inc)

Investment Securities

(Established 1908)

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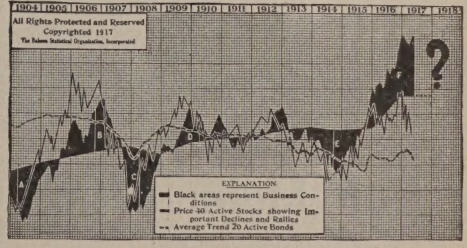
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Price 50 Active Stocks showing important Declines and Rallies
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War knocks ordinary good judgment into a cocked hat. To invest for safety and profit, you need firing-line facts. Babson Service gives them to you.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

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Largest Organization of its Character in the World

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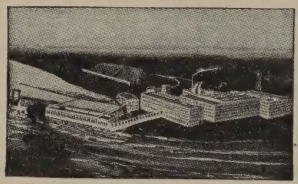
Attractive rates of interest paid on special deposits subject to thirty days notice of withdrawal

Capital $7,500,000 Surplus & Profits $18,300,000
Deposits $125,000,000.

ESTABLISHED 1865

Sound Short-Time Investment Netting Unusually High Rate



Natural advantages of the Company's location are unsurpassed for low-cost production and distribution of a commodity of prime importance. Net earnings many times interest requirements.

Denominations of $500 and $1000. We recommend this as an exceptional investment.

Write for Circular No. 940H

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(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Published monthly at Boston, Mass.

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Business Manager, MACGREGOR JENKINS	3 Park St., Boston, Mass.
Publisher, MACGREGOR JENKINS	" " " " "
Owners: ELLERY SEDGWICK	" " " " "
MACGREGOR JENKINS	" " " " "
GEORGE H. MIFFLIN	4 Park St., Boston, Mass.
M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE	26 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO.	3 Park St., Boston, Mass.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

Signed MACGREGOR JENKINS
Treas.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1917. ALFRED SHORE
[SEAL.] *Notary Public*

(My commission expires March 20, 1919.)

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

has a proposition of interest for those who wish to put their leisure to advantage by taking subscriptions for

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, ATLANTIC MONTHLY

3 PARK STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The Gift that endures

When you give a South Bend Watch you not only confer great pleasure for the moment, but you give, as well, a life-time gift of accurate service and beauty of design that will always be distinctive and in good taste.

Forty different combinations of movements, dials and cases, $16 to $125, at your Jeweler's.

South Bend Watch Company, 212 Studebaker St., South Bend, Ind.

For Years, Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

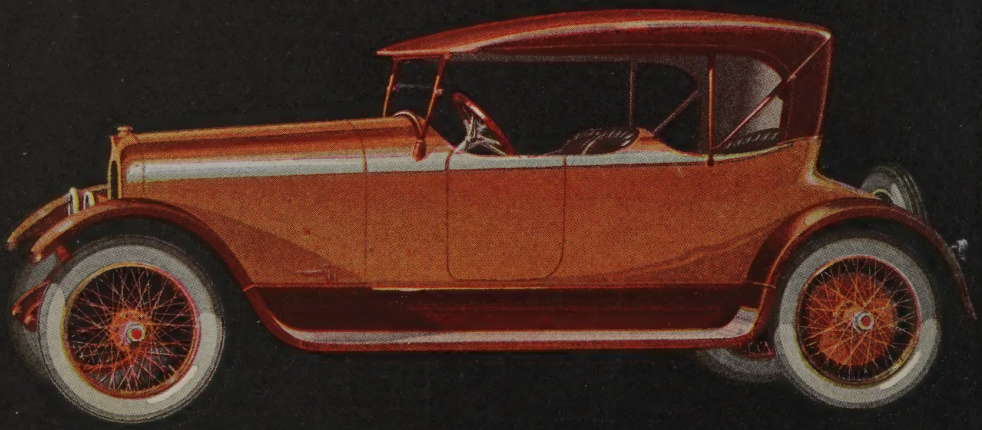
MARMON 34

The major car of the major class; a half ton lighter than others, yet constructed to hold the road better and ride with unmatched luxury.

Here is a stylish roadster, built of aluminum and steel, with ample room to seat four in comfort and power to carry them anywhere.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY

Established 1851 : Indianapolis



California this Winter

over 4000 miles of paved motor roads
- open air sports -
- summer sea -
- Luxurious resort hotels
- Grand Canyon of Arizona and
- Castle Hot Springs
on your *Santa Fe Way*
- Fred Harvey meals
- Hawaii afterwards

Santa Fe

Four daily California trains, including California Limited; also Santa Fe de-Luxe, weekly in winter.

our booklets tell of trains and trip
W.J. Black - Pass Traf. Mgr.
A.T. & S.F. Ry.
1056 Ry. Exch. Chicago

Help this sick soldier

He is one of thousands who have broken down with Tuberculosis in our Army or have been refused admission to the Army because of Tuberculosis.

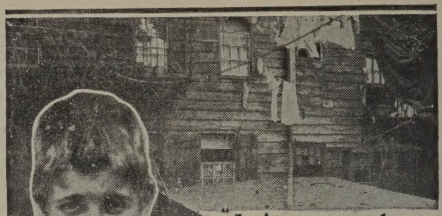
War always increases Tuberculosis

Red Cross Christmas Seals are sold in your community to protect you and your family from Tuberculosis and to provide proper care for your soldier boys who break down with this disease.

You must buy three times as many this year.

Put Red Cross Seals on all your holiday mail and packages. Buy a lot and resell some to your friends who might otherwise neglect it.

Buy RED CROSS Xmas Seals today!



"Is it gonna be a Merry Christmas for us kids?"

Hundreds of New York tenement kiddies are depending solely on the warmth of new friendships for gifts and necessities this year. Will you make a Merry Xmas for at least one of them?

Unless ***you***—and other readers—generously respond to this appeal, many little children of New York slums are going to look in vain for tokens of Christmas Day.

In many homes we know of there is barely enough food to sustain life, no winter clothing, no fuel, and in some cases the entire support of the family devolves upon the children for whom this appeal is made.

Will You Send Help For These Families NOW?

Whatever your contribution—$1, $5, $100 or more—it will be used solely for relieving the distress of the poor and for providing a real Merry Christmas. Address your contribution now to:

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

Room 250, 105 East 22d St., New York

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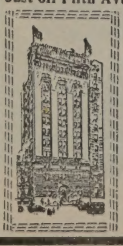

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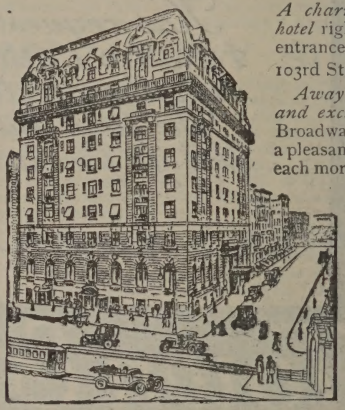

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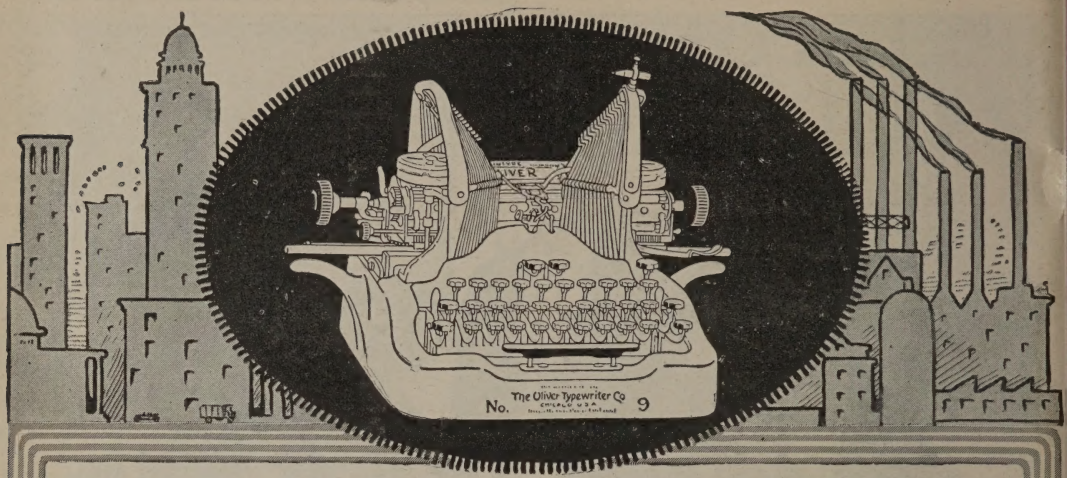

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A $100 Oliver for $49—this appeals not only to thousands of individuals, but to the largest concerns in the country.

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Now we are able to offer the identical $100 Oliver—our latest and best model—for $49. We save you the $51 that it used to cost us to complete each sale. Do not confuse this offer with those of second-hand or rebuilt machines of earlier types.

Note that this advertisement is signed by the Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a $2,000,000 guarantee that you get for $49 the exact $100 Oliver. Not the slightest change has been made. Each machine is brand new—never used before.

The entire facilities of this Company are devoted exclusively to production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

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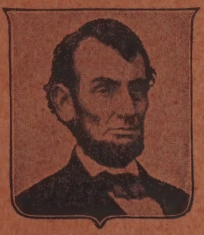

1864

"A Military Necessity"

—General Dodge.

1917

FROM its beginning, the Union Pacific has been "The National Railroad," a patriotic institution.

Lincoln and other great men urged its construction for national protection and development.

The prophetic vision of those who founded this great railroad during a period of national stress is now apparent in these times of international conflict. Again the Union needs its Union Pacific.

The Union Pacific is doing its utmost to expedite the enormous war shipments from the Treasure States it serves. Grain, cattle, minerals, lumber, wool and oil are needed as never before.

For new equipment alone the Union Pacific is spending over $16,000,000 to give American people and industries still better service.

This is aside from even greater sums necessary for double-tracking, additional yard and engine facilities and other improvements designed to add to the traffic carrying capacity of the property.

Just now some of our ordered equipment is unobtainable for immediate delivery because our Allies must be served first—so we will win. The Union Pacific and The Union Pacific States must use available equipment to its greatest efficiency.

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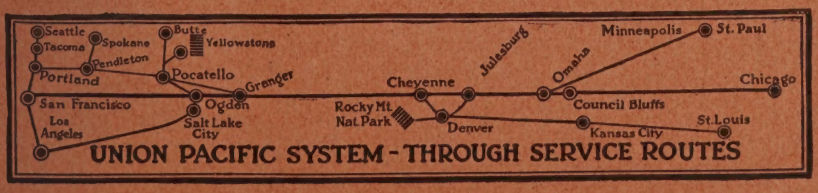
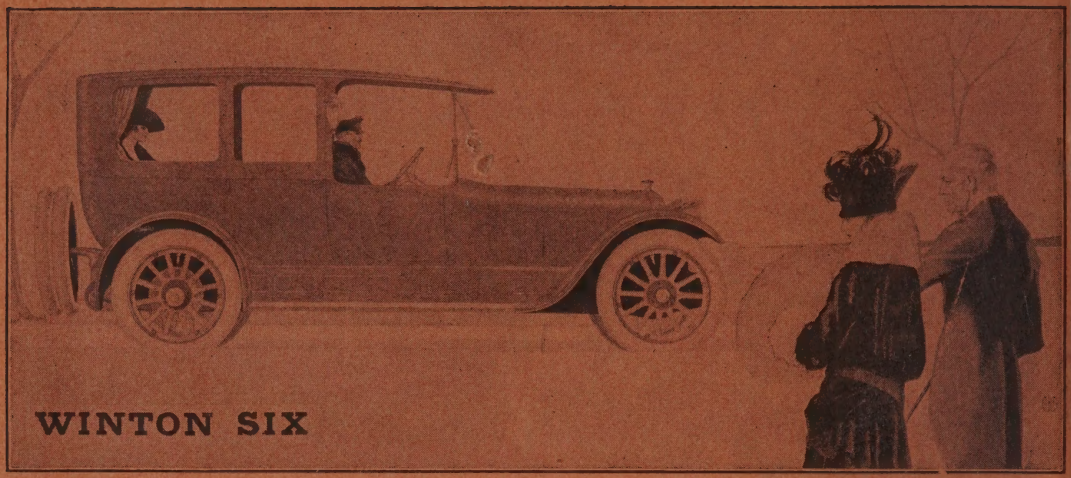
GERRIT FORT, *Passenger Traffic Manager*, Union Pacific System, Chicago





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